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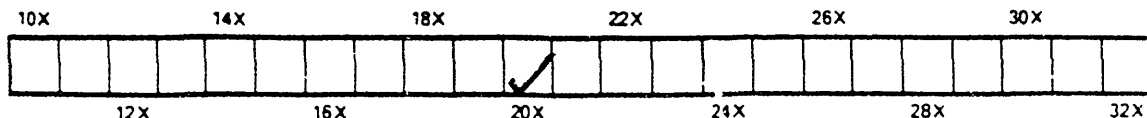
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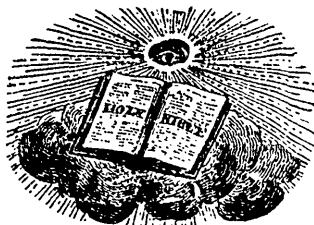
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SUNDAY SCHOOL GUARDIAN.



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

VOL. VII.] TORONTO, C. W., FEBRUARY, 1853. [No. 9

For the S. S. Guardian.

L. WOOLWICH S. S. EXAMINATION.

The yearly examination of the Lower Woolwich Sabbath School, held on the 13th of February, in the Wesleyan Methodist Chapel, under the superintendence of Mr. J. Hardy, is highly satisfactory. After an address to the congregation by our senior Minister, some twelve pieces were spoken by the Sabbath School scholars. The selection was good—well adapted to the capacities of the children—eminently calculated to impress the mind with virtue and religion more; especially so, as each child at the close of his or her piece, was addressed by the Minister, by way of explanation or application. The best of all is, the Father of mercies has set his broad seal of approbation on our labour of love, in the conversion of a number of the youth, who are meeting in class. Seven Teachers, 70 scholars, 200 vols. in library, L. W. W. M. Sabbath School.

JAMES ARISS,
Secretary.

E. GAUKLE,
Assistant.

From the N. Y. Sunday School Advocate.

A FEW WORDS TO MY CLASS IN THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

I have met you so often here, boys, and have so much reason to be pleased with your orderly and becoming manners, and we have spent so many pleasant hours together, that I feel greatly attached to you. You are my little flock, I often pray the good Shepherd to watch over you, and lead you all your life long in the pleasant and peaceful ways of true religion. And when the great day of eternity shall come, and the Lord shall call his dear disciples to the mansions prepared for them in our Father's house above, then shall we have the happiness to mark each other all present there.

Now, boys, as we have been friends for so long a time, and hope to continue our friendship through a long, happy future, you will listen attentively while I talk pleasantly to you about what I would like my class to be, and how I would have you to appear. Come close to me, then, James, and Robert, and Charles, and all of you. Let me look into your eyes while I speak.

1. I would like to have you all present, as you were this morning, promptly, at the hour. When you come in late you interrupt the order, and miss some of the most delightful exercises of Sunday School. I love to sing with you, and to hear you sing at the opening of the school. If you are tardy, I am anxious about you; I fear that you may be ill, or that you are playing by the way. And, besides, it is an honor, and creditable to yourselves and your teacher, when you are on the spot at the proper hour.

2. I would like to have you always exhibit the same orderly and quiet deportment which you have maintained this morning. The Sunday School room is not a place for play. The time is sacred; for it is the Lord's day. The employment is serious; for it is religious, or closely related thereto. The company you are in is honourable; here are your superintendents and teachers, visitors and strangers from abroad, and your minister. They have come here because the Sabbath school is a good place. I hope none of my class will ever forget themselves and dishonour their teacher by turbulence and disorder in such a place, and in such company. And, more than all, I hope they will remember that they honor God as their demeanor is reverent and orderly in his house.

3. I would like to have my class well posted up in all Bible-lessons, Scripture-proofs, and all other recitations that may be ordered for the school. I would like to have them prompt and ready to answer any questions that the superintendent or others may propose to the school. I would not have you forward or vainglorious. Let all your acts be chastened with becoming modesty. But when you know how to answer correctly a question that has been publicly proposed, do not fear to speak.

4. In this last last paragraph there are several miscellaneous things I will mention, which I desire very much to witness among my children. When I am detained from you by illness I would love to have you call and see me. Every teacher values highly such marks of respect from his pupils. When you receive books from the library, I love to see you careful of them, and thoughtful to return them in due time. I like to see my class-members severally, subscribers to the Sunday School Advocate. I would like to have my children skilful and diligent to bring new scholars into the school. Every child whom you can induce to forsake the companionship of Sabbath-breakers, and engage in the Sunday school is a brand plucked from the burning. These shall be as stars in that crown of heavenly joy which the Lord will give to you.

There are many other things I would like to say to you, children. I want you to be the best class in the school. But I have said enough now; will you try and remember it? Let me give it to you in brief:—*Prompt and uniform in your attendance; quiet and orderly in your deportment; accurate in your recitations, and generally improving.* When you come to be men, able to think for yourselves, you will see this is not unsuitable counsel, nor will you regret that you gave affectionate heed to it.

From your affectionate friend and teacher,

H. D. LATHAM.

ATLANTIC-DOCK, SOUTH BROOKLYN.

EARLY RISING.

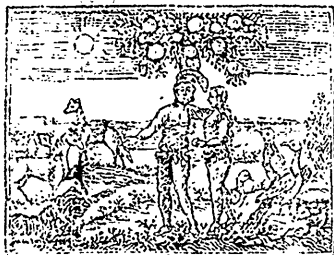
Said the distinguished Lord Chat-ham to his son, "I would inscribe on the curtains of your bed and the walls of your chamber, If you do not rise early, you can make progress in nothing.

BIBLE STORIES.



OF THE CREATION.

You all know, I suppose, that "in the beginning God created the world." You know also that Adam was the first man; and that God placed him in a delightful spot, called the Garden of Eden, and gave him a woman, called Eve, to be his wife.



Now in this garden was a tree, called "the tree of the knowledge of good and evil," of which the Lord told Adam he was not to eat. But Satan took upon himself the form of a serpent, and tempted Eve to eat some of the fruit of this tree; and she did eat, and gave some to Adam, and he did eat.

Then they were ashamed, and hid themselves among the trees in the garden. "And the Lord God called unto Adam, and said, Where art thou?" He said, "I heard thy voice in the

garden, and was ashamed; and went and hid myself. The woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat."

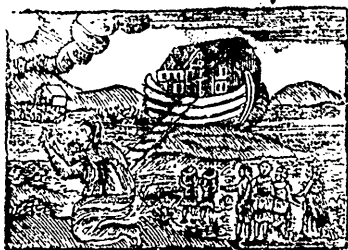
And the Lord God said unto the woman, "What is this thou hast done?" And the woman said, "The serpent beguiled (or tempted) me, and I did eat."

Then was the Almighty much displeased with them, and turned them out of the garden into the wide world, where they were obliged to till the ground, that is, to work hard to get bread to eat. Instead of having fruits growing ready for them, as they had in their beautiful Paradise, they were obliged first to prepare the ground, which had become unfruitful,—thus sharing the displeasure of the Lord,—then sow their seed, and after it had ripened, to make it ready for their food.

Have you not, my young readers, in some instances, disobeyed the commands of your parents when they wished you to deny yourselves anything not proper for you? Have you not said in your hearts, "Where can be the harm of this little thing?" and have you not done it, even when you knew it to be wrong?

I beg you to consider, that the only

way to have a peaceful heart and be happy, is to do nothing which you deem evil, and neglect to do nothing which you esteem it your duty to perform.



OF NOAH AND THE FLOOD.

Some years after the death of Abel, Adam's son, men became numerous on the earth; they also grew so wicked that the Almighty determined to destroy them.

But there was one man who found favour in his sight, whose name was Noah; the Lord, therefore, told Noah, to build an ark, that is, a wooden house, which should float upon the waters—large enough to hold himself, his children, and such of the birds and beasts as were to be saved.

He was commanded to take some of all kinds of living things with him into the ark, and some of all food that was eaten both for himself and for them; and God declared that as a punishment for the sin of the world, He would bring a flood of waters upon the earth that should destroy every other living thing.

Noah did as he was commanded, and he was six hundred years old when he entered the ark with all his family; and as soon as they were safely shut in, the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened. The rain poured down in torrents for 40 days and 40 nights, and the flood was so great, that the tops of the highest mountains were covered.

At the end of one hundred and

fifty days, it did not rain so much; and after Noah had been some time in the ark, he sent out a dove, because he thought, if the waters were gone, she would not return; but she could find no place to rest upon, and returned to him again.

In a few days, he sent the dove out once more, and she brought back a small olive branch in her mouth. By this Noah knew that the waters were partly dried up; and when he sent her out the third time, she returned to him no more. After this, the Lord told Noah to come out of the ark with his family, and all the birds, beasts and creeping things; and when they were all once more on the earth, Noah built an altar, and offered burnt offerings to that God who had so wonderfully preserved him.

And God promised Noah that he would no more destroy the earth with a flood: and He said, "This is the token of the covenant which I make between me and you, and every living creature that is with you, for perpetual generations; I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth. And it shall come to pass, when I bring a cloud over the earth, that the bow shall be seen in the cloud: and I will remember my covenant which is between me and you, and every living creature of all flesh; and the waters shall no more become a flood to destroy all flesh."

You have all, I do not doubt, seen the beautiful rainbow in the sky. It must have been a cheering sight to Noah and his family, when they had so long beheld nothing but torrents of rain, to see the clouds break, and once more to behold the bright sun after his long absence; but when, for the first time, they beheld this beautiful arch in the dark cloud, they must, indeed, have praised him who rules the storm, and owned the Lord for their God.



MOSES AND THE ISRAELITES.

After the Israelites left Egypt, they had a long and dangerous, and weary journey before them: they were a great multitude. The little food which they took with them could not be expected to last long, and they had the prospect of passing through a dreary desert, where neither meat nor drink was easily found.

But that God who had caused Pharaoh to let them go, would not permit the people to want: He led them over the pathless sands, by means of a cloudy pillar, which moved before them all day,—and a pillar of fire, which shone on their path by night. When they were to rest, these guides stood still; when they were to proceed, they again moved on.

Now when they were gone, the king of Egypt was sorry that he had suffered them to depart, and took all his chariots and horsemen, and went after them. When the Israelites saw them coming, they had arrived on the shores of the Red Sea, which they had no means of crossing. Behind them were their enemies, and before them the water. They feared to go on; but Moses commanded them to stand still and see the salvation of the Lord. Then God caused the waters of the sea to divide, and the people passed through on dry ground. But when the Egyptians attempted to pursue them, the waters returned to their place, and the whole of Pharaoh's host was drowned.

Thus they went on, meeting with many miraculous escapes, and led by

an all-powerful arm, until they came to the foot of Mount Sinai. There is much that is miraculous in the history of this wonderful people. Moses, their leader, may be said to have been preserved by a miracle.



HOW THE ISRAELITES WENT TO THE LAND OF CANAAN.

After the death of Moses, their new leader led the people over the river Jordan. He who had so miraculously made for them a dry path through the Red Sea, also caused the waters of this river to divide when the priests stepped in: they thus safely entered into the promised land.

Then Joshua, at the command of the Lord, caused twelve stones to be dug from the bottom of the river Jordan, and set up at this place, as a memorial unto the children of Israel, forever.

While they were encamped before Jericho, He caused the walls of that city to fall down flat to the ground, that they might go in and possess it. Whilst they were fighting for the men of Gibeon, God caused the sun to stand still, and the moon to be stayed in her

course, by which the day was lengthened until the victory was completely obtained.

You may read this for yourselves in the book of Joshua, and you may there find how the land was divided among the ten tribes.



"THE HARDEST PART OF THE VERSE."

Among the girls of a district school was one named Lydia, a studious obedient, serious-minded child. Lydia and the teacher went down the same green lane on their way home, and became well acquainted; and Lydia lost her bashfulness, and used to ask the teacher of many things which she did not quite understand, especially about the Bible verses and stories which the teacher used to read and talk about at the opening of the school. The child's turn of mind interested the lady very much, and she could not help hoping that the Spirit of God was teaching her the way of truth and duty. She sat in school beside Elsie Graham, a poor lame child, who was often absent from school, and was quite backward in her studies. Lydia was very kind to Elsie, and used to help her about her lessons; indeed, Lydia was a great friend to all the neglected children in the school. If any one fell down, she was sure to run and pick her up; if any one cried over a hard lesson, she was by her side, trying to help her out of her perplexities. The teacher often thought, if any body was mindful of the precept, "Weep with them that weep," it was Lydia.

It happened, one day, that Elsie Graham got to the head of her class, above Lydia. It was the first time, and she was very happy. At recess the girls cried out, "Elsie Graham has got up to the head!" and all flocked around her, except Lydia, who kept her seat, with her hand over her eyes, and her eyes on her book. The rest of the

day the teacher saw that she looked very sober, and staid at her desk.

When school was done, she overtook Lydia trudging slowly home, with her dinner-pail on her arm, and she asked the little girl if she did not feel well.

"Yes, ma'am, I feel very well," answered Lydia. "I thought something seemed to be the matter with you," said the teacher.

Tears came into her eyes; but after a little kind talk from the teacher, Lydia said, in rather a hesitating manner, "You see I don't feel glad Elsie has got up to the head, and I know I ought to; for you know the verse you read to us, and what you said, 'Rejoice with those that rejoice.' O, *that's the hardest part of the verse;*" and the child looked down, seeming quite ashamed.

Poor Lydia! And is this true? Are there boys who, provoked by the praises bestowed upon a school-fellow, ever meanly try to lessen his merits? Are little girls ever sorry if others have what they have not? Do children ever seek to undervalue what is pleasing to their brothers and sisters? Is not this breaking the blessed Bible rule, to "rejoice with them that rejoice?"

And how is it with children of a larger growth? Does jealousy never breed hard thoughts against those more favoured than ourselves? Does envy never seek to disparage the merits of a friend? Are we not sometimes too pleased to hear our neighbour evil spoken of? And is not all this breaking the blessed bible rule, to "rejoice with them that rejoice?"

Many, perhaps, feel so without considering, as Lydia did, how opposed such feelings are to the temper of the Gospel; and, in fact, this brings forcibly out the *necessity* and the *beauty* of the one grand regulating principle of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, which is *love*, "*good-will*," as the angels sung to the shepherds. It is this prin-

iple, this principle above all others, which will enable us to exercise right feelings, and make us "rejoice with them that rejoice," as well as "weep with them that weep."—*Child's Paper.*

"THE BOY THAT WOULDN'T GET MAD."

I once heard an interesting story about two little brothers. One of them was ten years old, and the other eight.

The oldest boy had, within a few months past, indulged the hope that God had given him a new heart. He thought he was a Christian, that he loved the Lord Jesus Christ.

But his little brother did not believe that his heart had been changed. He thought his brother was no more a Christian than he had always been. He said he could not see any difference. Yet he meant to try and see; for as his brother appeared more sober than usual and was more willing to go to meeting than before, he did not feel certain that he was not a Christian.

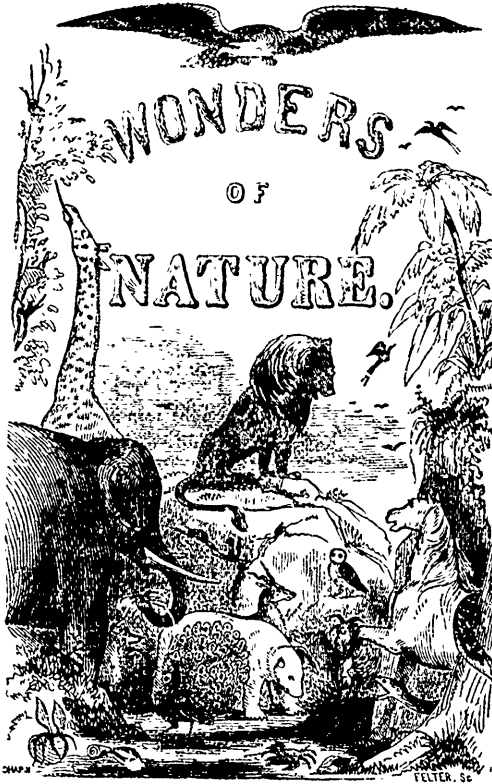
Now, how do you think this little boy, eight years old, undertook to find out whether his brother was really a Christian? Why, every time he could get a chance, he would tread on his brother's toes, kick his heels, or pinch his arms, to see if he wouldn't get mad, as he used to do. But his brother bore it all with meekness and good nature, without an angry word or look. This was very different from what he used to do. He had before always been ready to take revenge on the spot for such an abuse. The youngest brother was sure that he could not do so; for he knew he would get mad if any body should treat him so unkindly. He soon became convinced that his brother was a Christian and that he was not. He became very anxious about salvation of his soul, and in a short time he too indulged the hope that God had pardoned his sins and given him a new heart.

PRAYING BOY AND THE WHIP.

A boy attending a Sunday School was brought to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and began to pray in his father's house. His father, being a wicked man, was quite enraged when he heard of his little boy's praying. He took a whip and lashed him severely. The poor boy, not daring to continue his practice, resorted to an adjoining plantation. There he knelt among the trees, and prayed to his father who seeth in secret. The father hearing of this new haunt, took his whip and followed him. When he came within sound of the little boy's voice, he thought that before he whipped him, he would listen to hear what he was saying. The boy, at this moment, was earnestly praying on behalf of his wicked father. The father's conscience smote him—he wept. The boy having concluded his supplications, rose from his knees, and turning round, saw his father weeping. The trembling father, addressing his astonished son, said:—"I came to whip you, but you have whipped me."

AN APPEAL TO THE YOUNG.

A young man has lately been convicted in Virginia of robbing the mail, and has been sentenced to the penitentiary. "There is an affecting and melancholy incident connected with this young man's criminal history, which goes to exhibit the strength of parental affection. When the father heard that his son had been arrested on charge of robbing the mail, he exclaimed—"Have my grey hairs been brought to see this?" and then fell. He was taken to his bed, and died in a few days of a broken heart." If the young would not bring the grey hairs of their parents to the grave in sorrow, let them avoid the first enticements of sin. Once in the downward path, they know not where they stop.



THE CROCODILE.

This is the largest animal of the *genus of amphibia*, and belongs to the *order of reptilia*. It is a kind of lizard, of which there are at least eleven different species. The crocodile has a compressed, jagged tail, five toes on the fore, and four on the hind feet; sometimes it measures thirteen yards in length. The skull is so hard, that a musket-ball will only render the part against which it strikes a little whitish. The colour of the body is dark brown on the upper part and yellow-white below, with large spots of both colours on the sides. From the shoulders to the tail, it is covered with large square scales; but those near

the tail are not so thick as the others. The skin is defended by a sort of armour, which, however, is not proof against a musket-ball. This animal has no tongue, but in place of it a membrane, attached by its edges to the two sides of its under jaw. In some places, crocodiles are seen lying for hours, and even whole days, stretched in the sun, and motionless; so that one might mistake them for trunks of trees, covered with rough and dry bark; but the mistake would soon be fatal; for the seemingly torpid animal, at the near approach of any living creature, instantly darts upon it, and carries it to the bottom of the river.

Except, however, when pressed with

hunger or with a view of depositing eggs, it seldom leaves the water. Its usual method is to float along upon the surface, and seize whatever animals come within its reach; but when this method fails, it then goes close to the bank. There it waits in patient expectation of some land animal that comes to drink; the dog, the bull, the tiger, or man himself. It seizes the victim with a spring: then having secured the creature with teeth and claws, it drags it into the water, and quickly drowns it.

Combats often occur between the crocodile and the tiger. All tigers are continually oppressed by a parching thirst, that makes them frequent great rivers, whither they descend to drink. On these occasions they are seized by

the crocodile, upon whom they turn with the greatest agility, and force their claws into his eyes, while he plunges with his fierce antagonist into the river. There they continue to struggle, till at last the tiger is drowned. A negro, however, with no other weapon than a knife in his right hand, and his left arm wrapped round with a cow-hide, will often venture boldly to attack this monster in its own element. As soon as he approaches the crocodile, he presents his left arm, which the creature swallows; but as it sticks in his throat, the negro has time to deal several stabs below the chin, where it is easily vulnerable; and the water also getting in at the mouth, which is held involuntarily open, the crocodile soon expires.



POOR JACKO.

This was the designation which affection had bestowed upon a monkey on board the *Alexander Baring*, in which the writer was a passenger, in his voyage to China. It was of a middling size, and wore a fur of a deep olive brown. It belonged to the

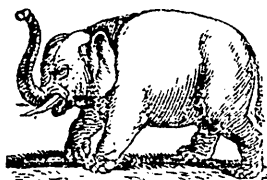
genous or cercopithecus kind; and though, like them, full of freaks, and soon angry, had a gentle good nature about it, which made it the favourite of all. It had no small degree of versatility, as it would be gay with the merry-hearted, and serious with those who were given to thoughtfulness. If

the light-hearted sea-boy passed by, it would leap upon him for a game of play; but if the writer went near, he was received with looks as pensive as his own. It would sit with the greatest composure while an attempt was made to count the pulsations of his heart, to ascertain the form of the head, colour of eyelashes, state of the eye, &c. It would sometimes lean its head on one side, and assume such a demure countenance, that the officers and the crew affirmed that it was acting the sick man. Perhaps it was the pleasure of being handled in this way that made him sit quietly; but whatever might be the cause, the imitation was exact and very natural. What rendered it like acting, was an unwillingness to mar the decorum of the character. The sight of a gold watch was a great temptation; but the wish to possess so shining a treasure was only expressed by a paw laid softly upon it, without any attempt to pull it away.

While we were hastening towards the cold regions, on the south side of the equator, somewhere between thirty-six and forty degrees, poor Jacko was forgotten one night, and left to take his chance upon the cold deck. In the morning he was found clinging to a spar, in a torpid condition. The writer was asked what could be done for the restoration of the poor animal; he recommended that it should be wrapped in flannel, and be dieted on gruel till it was better. A shorter method was, however, resorted to: the cook carried it into the galley, or cooking-room, gave it some food, which it devoured with great eagerness, and the man began to compliment himself on the success of his measures. When the writer inquired if his advice had been adopted, he was assured that all was well. About two or three hours after, word was brought that the cold-stricken monkey was bleeding at the mouth.

The writer applied a stethoscope to its chest, and soon found that the lungs were gorged with blood, from the rattle that could be distinctly heard within the chest. The only remedy is bleeding, in such cases, which could not be easily done, as the veins are hidden beneath the loose skin. The poor animal, therefore, soon expired from suffocation.

G. T. L.



INCIDENTS IN MISSIONARY LIFE, TAMING ELEPHANTS.

Some time ago, I gave an account of an elephant which I saw caught in a pit, and promised to write something about taming and training of an elephant. The hunters, having caught a wild one, as already described, fasten a large chain to one of its legs, just as some people do a clog to a donkey.

They then make it walk, from the jungle to the town, between two strong tame elephants, to one of which it is tied with thick ropes or chains; and, if it does not walk quietly, the tame elephants beat it with their trunks. Men ride on the tame elephants, and direct them what to do. A good deal of instruction is thus imparted to the country elephant on its way to the city; so that, when it arrives in the streets of Mysore, it does not try to knock the people down and trample them under its feet, but passes along quietly and dejected, like a culprit who has handcuffs on, and a policeman on each side of him. It is taken out every day, up one street and down another, until it is very tired and submissive. One day I saw one under this course of training in the city of Mysore, which was

tired, and faint, and vexed with the chain that had rubbed the skin off its leg, that it fell down near my garden gate and cried aloud. I fancy it had been showing some bad tempers, like a naughty boy who would not learn his lesson; and therefore, the men had to use measures rather more harsh than usual. In general, a man walks before the elephant which is under training, and sings its praises, just as if he thought the elephant understood all he said, and would be pleased with flattery. The man does not make a long song about it; but he repeats the same thing over and over again many times, something in the following strain: "In the jungle this elephant was a King;" or, "Here comes the Queen of the jungle. It was admired for its beauty. It was feared for its power. It had large possessions. It was the lord of the forest." &c., &c. If it seems to be soothed in its captivity by these praises, and walks very quietly and prettily, as a respectable elephant ought, the man stops, and gives it a bit of sugar-cane as a reward. But if it is disobedient or refractory, and tries to run too fast, he pricks it on the upper part of the nose with a spear: if it refuses to go on, another man with a spear pricks it behind. This course of instruction is carried on for about six weeks or two months. By that time it knows what it has to do, and thinks it is best to obey. A well-trained, good tempered elephant is a very valuable animal in India; but, as I do not wish to tire my youthful readers, I will say no more about them just now. But I may, perhaps, some-time tell them how children in India are taught to worship an idol with an elephant's head. They suppose it is a God, who can give wisdom, and that the children who worship it will thereby be able to learn their lessons well, and become very clever. What a shocking thing it is that the Hindoo teachers know no better

It is hoped that the Juvenile Collectors, will still persevere, that more Missionaries may be sent to teach the Indian children the truth.—*Luv. Offering.*

THE NEEDLE'S EYE.

Lord Nugent, when travelling through Palestine, relates in one of his letters to a friend in England: "I was one morning taking a walk, accompanied by a friend, (a native resident) and coming to the great gate of Hebron, we were suddenly met by a train of camels, when my friend catching me by the arm said, "Let us go through the needle's eye," a small gate (so called in parlance of the country) hanging on the opposite side of the post on which the great gate hangs, and only large enough to admit one person at a time. This incident, said he, is the happiest illustration I ever met, and is, no doubt, the same illustration our Saviour had in view, when asserting the difficulty of "a rich man entering the Kingdom of Heaven;" because, says his Lordship, "it is impossible for a camel to pass through the eye unless stript of his merchandize and trappings."

A GOOD RULE.

A man who is very rich, 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 my work was finished, and never to spend my money until I had earned it. If I had but an hour's work in a day, I must do that the first thing, and in an hour. And after this I was allowed to play; and I then could 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 time, and it soon became perfectly easy to do so. It is to this I owe my prosperity. Let every boy who reads this go and do likewise.



THE HERMIT OF THE FOREST.

More than four hundred years ago there dwelt in a forest of France, near to the city of Paris, a hermit, who had taken up his solitary abode there, according to the ideas then current, in order, by a life of solitude and retirement from all the cares, occupations, and temptations of the world, to render himself more holy, more devout, and more acceptable to God.

At the time referred to, the light of the gospel, which had so long been hidden from the world, had dawned upon France. Even before the Reformation broke forth in Germany, that light, so soon to be smothered, if not quite extinguished, had beamed upon France and many rejoiced in it—many were willing for a season to abide in it and many died rather than even pretend to close their eyes against it.

One day the hermit went from his cell in the forest to look for food; he received the usual alms of some coarse bread, which, with roots and water, was all his diet. But Christ had told his disciples of a bread that cometh down from heaven, and giveth life unto the world, and on this occasion the hermit received a double portion, the bread that perisheth and the bread that endureth unto everlasting life.

Some charitable Christian hand supplied the one, some still more charitable Christian heart afforded the other. The good old doctor Lafievre had just then caused the gospel to be made known to many a weary and heavy-laden soul, who, like this hermit, was seeking to be justified with God by his own works. The New Testament, translated into their own language, and published among them, was eagerly received as a boon by numbers of the French people.

By some means the hermit heard the good tidings of great joy, the gospel, and learned what he never knew: that his life had been a mistaken one, his devotion a delusion, and his self-righteousness an insufficient garment. He heard for the first time the precepts of Christ, and found that they called him to activity, and not to idleness; to a combat in the world, and not to a retreat from it. He discovered that there was no salvation but through Jesus Christ; no means of access to God but by the one Mediator, God's well-beloved Son, Christ Jesus. By God's grace he believed to the saving of his soul, and renounced his superstitions.

He became a humble missionary; and in the villages and highways, in the

poor cottages, and among the old and young who came within his reach, he told what God had done for his own soul, and freely, as far as human power could go, imparted of the good he had so freely received.

Just at that time the Queen-regent of France wished to please the Pope of Rome, because her son, Francis I., was then a prisoner in Italy; and many doctors and priests and great men of Paris were anxious to have all the so-called heretics, or Protestants of France, quite destroyed.

Surely, however, the poor hermit of the forest was too lowly, too meek, too ignorant, to be noticed by these learned and powerful men. They had known nothing about him when he was living idly and self-deluded in his cell; but the darkness hateth the light, and lowly and glimmering as was the ray of that light which streamed from the depths of the forest, it was discovered by some of those who hated it; and persons who had perhaps admired the hermit for sanctity when he was not so holy as he now was, cried out: "Away with such a fellow from the earth; it is not fit that he should live!" so a band of soldiers came forth from the city, and searched the forest; they seized the poor hermit, dragged him from his cell, and carried him back in triumph.

Then the poor hermit was brought before the priests and rulers, who tried all persons that would not believe and act in religion as they did themselves; and the unlearned man, "who knew, and knew no more, his Bible true," confessed that truth in humility, but in steadfast faith. He was told to recant, but he would not do so; he was commanded, but he refused; he was threatened, but he continued firm. Then he was condemned—condemned to be burned at a slow fire.

They tolled the great bell of the great church of Notre Dame at Paris; and in the square, or place around it,

was a pile of faggots heaped, and a stake erected. The great bell tolled out, and called all the multitude of Paris to see a strange sight. It was a very strange sight—a poor, humble hermit burned alive for his religion!

When he was going to the stake the ministers of the religion he had left—alas! they professed to be the ministers of the Christian religion—came to him and said: "Forsake your heresy, and secure your pardon." But the hermit answered: "My only hope is the pardon of God."

Then they brought him to the stake, and the priests pressed upon him again, and urged him to return to the faith of the Church. But the hermit answered: "I wish to die in the faith of Christ."

And so he died; while that great bell kept tolling out, and calling the gay, dissipated city to behold the sight. Yet, strange to say, while all this noise was made about him, even his name was unknown; and the historians who mentioned his fate in their writings never recorded it. But there is a book of remembrance wherein it was doubtless written—the Lamb's book of life. Blessed are they whose names are inscribed therein; for "they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in the day when I make up my jewels." Mal. iii, 16, 17.

He was only known as the hermit of the forest, and bigotry and superstition alone conferred fame upon him. His faith was tried with fire; and no doubt it shall be found to praise, and honor, and glory, at the appearing of the Lord Jesus Christ.—*Tract Mag.*

MARTIN LUTHER, in writing to a friend, said: "I regard it as an abundant reward of my labours to know that I live only to serve others."

The time may be very long, but a lie will be detected at last.



THE DYING GIRL.

BY MARY A. ADAMS.

Her spirit was leaving its temple of clay,
And on wings of purity vanished away,
While she raised her hand in the gesture of prayer
That the God of Heaven would welcome it there.

Then the tears rolled down her cheeks of snow,
As she murmured it forth in accents so low,
That you saw but the motion her pale lips gave,
While her bosom heaved like the swelling wave.

And her white hands shook as she held them in air,
Like autumn leaves they seemed withering there,
Till like autumn leaves they fell to rest,
On a pulseless heart and a silent breast.

And thus death had won for his chamber so dark,
With an arrow that ne'er had missed its mark,
A form that seemed like a transient from Heaven,
And that never sinned but to be forgiven.

Though death was so stern, yet he left the trace
Of a holy smile on her calm, white face;
Methinks 'twas a shade that the spirit had cast,
As away from that temple so lovely it pass'd.
DURHAM, N. H.

From the Christian Guardian.

ELLEN HESS, of Tuscarora.

DIED,—At Tuscarora, the 9th ult., Ellen Hess, youngest daughter of Sampson Hess, sen., (one of the Chiefs of the Mohawk tribe of Indians), aged 9 years and 6 months and one day. Her parents state, at the earliest development of reason, she evinced an unusual reverence for the worship of God. When first she began to walk and talk, she invariably knelt by her father's side, while attending family worship, which was attended to regularly.

At the age of four years, she commenced attending the Mission School, where she was taught the Lord's prayer, with instruction to repeat it at least morning and evening, which instruction she punctually attended to before retiring to rest. During her protracted illness she neglected not this interesting duty, but took pleasure in unboresoming her little heart to her Heavenly Father, as will appear from the following reply to her father's enquiry, whether she prayed. "Yes, I always pray, except when in great pain, then I cannot pray."

Such was her intense desire to unite in the family devotions, that when so debilitated by a wasting disease, unable to help herself, she would insist on being helped from her bed, that she might kneel by her father's side; this practice she continued even when so weak, that frequently her mother had to assist in raising her from her knees.

A few nights previous to her decease, her father was aroused from sleep, at midnight, by the praying of some person, from the propriety of which he supposed some grown person was at prayer; but soon found it was his little daughter. He then went to her bedside, and was requested by her to pray

with, and for her; while thus exercised in prayer, she remained quiet and attentive. When her father had ceased, she said, "The Lord is directly over my head, and knows my pain, and is coming to take me;" and then in prayer further said, "The Lord have mercy upon me, and take me;" saying also, "I see my brothers and sisters (who died before her birth) and am going to Heaven to be with them."

When speechless, and in the agonies of death, she clapped her hands in seeming joyful emotions.

In confirmation of the above facts, the teacher of the deceased assures me that she was a most interesting and amiable little girl. He also states that on one occasion, when exercising the class to which she belonged, in the repetition of the Lord's prayer,—and after endeavouring to impress on the class the character of God; the importance of prayer; their need for help; and that prayer should be made at least morning and evening; that they should ask God to make them good boys and girls;—he interrogated them individually, whether they had attended to his instruction? Some were silent, others answered in the negative, while she, with a sincere and placid countenance, answered in the affirmative.

The particulars of the deceased, as above related, suggest a few reflections, which I take the liberty of submitting.

Although there are many things in connection with *Mission work*, especially among the *Six Nation Indians* upon the Grand River, of a discouraging and disheartening character, the effect of the Gospel upon the parents of the deceased, in leading them to establish and maintain family worship (and theirs is not an isolated case, for there are many of our brethren who invariably attend to this important duty) and the power of the gospel to sustain the deceased, so that she, when "earth's shadowy scenes were receding from

her view," felt that death had lost its sting; and not only her, but many others of riper years, who have died in the triumphs of the Christian faith, tend to raise my bowed head and drooping spirits, and serve to encourage to renewed energy, leading me to feel that if all that is desirable cannot be effected by the labours of your Missionary Society, yet there are results that may swell the *celestial choir* through eternity for your benevolent and Christian exertions, in sending us the Gospel. Oh! glorious Gospel! that teaches us how to live well, prepares us for death, and introduces us to a glorious immortality! Will you not continue to us this gracious boon? As nothing but the Gospel can counteract the baneful influence of early, strong impressed feelings and habits, and elevate us to the rank and happiness of civilized and christianized nations.

Yours sincerely,

A. W. SICKLES.

Tuscarora, Jun. 20th, 1853.



LITTLE THINGS.

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the beautiful land.

And the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

So our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the paths of virtue,
Oft in sin to stray.

Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heav'ny above.

Little seeds of mercy,
Sown by youthful hands,
Grow to bless the nations,
Far in heathen lands.



POETRY.



MUSIC'S CALL.

Come, when sad and weary,
Life seems lone and dreary,
Cheerful music bring:
While its spirit breathing,
Charms thy soul are wreathing,
Then sing, O! fondly sing.

Sing, though darkly dreaming,
Sing, though tears are streaming,
Morn will soon be gleaming,
Brightly on hope's wing,
Soon thy heavy sadness
Thou'st shall turn to gladness:
Then sing, O! gladley sing.

Come, when hopes are brightest,
And thy heart is lightest,
Breathe thy joys in song,
While thy voice is swelling,
Angels pure are dwelling
In thy heart a throng.

There forever singing,
Joys celestial bringing,
Live they, fondly clinging
To their home of song.
Thus, forever cheering,
Always bright appearing,
They thy heart make strong.

When sweet morn is breaking
Brightly o'er thy waking,
Thankful praises sing.
When, at eve retiring,
Peaceful rest desiring,
Prayerful music bring.

Fleeting sorrows never
From the song should sever,—
Music lives forever
In eternal spring.
Thither thou art tending
While thy heart is blending,
With thy voice to sing.



A CHILD'S EVENING THOUGHTS

All the little flowers I see,
Their tiny eyes are closing;
The birds are roosting on the tree;
The lambkins are reposing.

The sun, where that dull streak of red
Is faintly glimmering still,
They say has gone to seek his bed
Behind the purple hill.

And I, through all the quiet night,
Must sleep the hours away,—
That I may waken fresh and bright,
To live another day.

And well I know whose lips will smile,
And pray for me, and bless me;
And who will talk to me, the while
Her gentle hands undress me.

She'll tell me there is One above,
Upon a glorious throne,
Who loves me with a tender love,
More tender than her own.

And we shall live with him in heaven;
For he has sent his Son
To die, that we may be forgiven
The sins that we have done.

He'll make my heart grow, like his own,
All loving, good, and mild;
For he will send his Spirit down,
And take me for his child. E. S. R.

THE ANT.

See the small ant,
Who, while the sun
Shines so bright and strong,
In work goes on,
And lays up in store
For the cold hour,
When winds may blow,
And rains may pour.
These say to man,
"Waste not in sloth
Thy life's short span,
But do His will who gave it."