

The Indian School Guardian

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[No. 14.



A YOUNG IDOLATER.

WE give in this number two pictures of mission scenes in India. Here you see a little boy being taught by his mother to pray to a stone bull. The god Shiva is said to ride upon a bull, and therefore all the followers of Shiva worship it. Is not this like making a polite bow to a horse, instead of to the gentleman upon its back? In all parts of India images of the bull are found. They are often very large, more than twenty feet long, and sometimes not more than half an inch. Incense is burned before them; flowers put upon their breasts; garlands and strings of bells round

their necks; and the people walk three times round them.

Some devout people consecrate bulls to Shiva. These are stamped with a seal that all people respect, and turned loose. They go in and out of the temples and people's houses at pleasure, help themselves from the baskets of grain and other things in the open shops, no one daring to interfere with them, and get so bold as to be dangerous.

Oxen are used for riding, drawing carriages, common carts, ploughs, harrows, etc., as horses are in Canada. But the followers of Shiva do not work their oxen on Monday. This is their day of rest.

But oh how sad to see people bowing down to and worshiping as God a bull made of wood, or stone, or metal, or mud! Millions of children are now being taught to do this. But many of them in Missionary schools learn that "an idol is nothing in this world, and there is no other God but one." These refuse to bow down to an image, and many of their parents, who are pleased to hear what their children learn in the schools, acknowledge that it is wrong to worship idols.

JACK.

(Continued from our last.)



A GAIN and again, as Jack listened, came the same words—the words which the preacher had spoken before he began his sermon (and Jack thought they must have something to do with the King in the hymn)—“Thine eyes shall behold the King in His beauty.” “What is it that is required of them that would see Him?” he said. “Look back a verse or two and you will find out. To be led away by no temptation from the devil, or the world, or the flesh. To let no shadow of falsehood or deception stain your lips, for the sake of either social advantage or personal advancement. Not to touch with so much as your little finger any gain obtained at the expense of one who had a better right to it than you. To be won over by no allurements, even though one of them be the offer of a prize after which you have spent half your life in striving, to do the smallest act of injustice toward your neighbour. To refuse to listen to any proposal involving the unrighteous shedding of a fellow-creature’s blood, and resolutely to shut your eyes to any prospect, and to any pleasure in which evil has part, even though you feel your determination to join in it unassailable. These things are required of whosoever would see the King in His beauty, for ‘without holiness shall no man see the Lord.’ I pray you, is there any one among you who is equal to these things? Any one among

you whose eyes and heart are pure, and whose hands and lips are unstained in this matter?”

Then he began to tell of the place where the King lived; and Jack, who had only been looking at him in wondering intensity, now began to understand something of what he said.

A shining city, with golden streets and great pearl gates, which were never shut, so that the weary, or sick, or needy, might always enter in, where no one was ever cold or suffering, where no one ever cried, or was unhappy, where hunger and thirst were things unknown, where no one should ever long or cry, or spend their lives in passionate prayer for a blessing which was evermore denied to them, for they should be wholly, wholly satisfied, and never be sorry any more!

Poor little Jack! he could scarcely believe it all, it was so beautiful, as he sat looking and listening, with his tangled hair hanging in festoons over his great, eager, childish eyes. He had never heard or dreamed of anything one half so good before. Could it be really true? It surely must be, for the man was so in earnest about it. Listen to him as he now describes the King who lives in this wonderful place—who gives all this happiness, and all these good things to His subjects, and whose own beauty it is which, reflected all round, makes His city and court what it is—who is so gentle, too, that there is no little child whom He will not take into His kingdom, if it means to try and please Him, and asks His Son to let it in.

Then again the preacher leaned forward, and pleaded with the people. “Is there none of you here,” he said, “who will go through the little strife now to win the great glory and peace afterward? When I stand watching the white-robed saints file in through the pearly gates, which are never shut, shall I not catch sight of one face among them which I see here before me to-night?”

Jack was so carried away by the earnestness and fire of the preacher, that he was just going to start up and cry out that “he’d go if any one’d show him the way,” when he remembered

himself, and turned to look at his mother. She was still gazing before her, in that curious, absent way, as though she scarcely heard.

Then all the people stood up, and she took Jack by the hand, and hurried him out of church.

"They're all comin' out now," she said, as soon as they got outside; "we'd best get out of the way."

CHAPTER II.

"Did ye ever hear the like o' that, mother?" said Jack, when they had both slackened their pace a little. "I never known there was such a beautiful place anywheres as he talked about. Do ye know what king it is? Couldn't we go?"

"I reckon he wouldn't let us in, Jack."

"Nay, but didn't ye hear the gentleman say as he'd let in even little 'uns like me, if only they'd try and please him. Oh, mother! do 'ee let us go! May-be some one 'ud tell us where it is."

"I never heard of any king as was beautiful," she answered, thoughtfully, in that dense ignorance of the London poor scarcely to be imagined by those who have never come in contact with it. "We've got a queen, you see, and not a king, so it can't be in this land."

"But the gentleman 'ud tell us where 'twas."

"Aye, but we couldn't ask him"

"I could! Only fancy, mother! *never* hungry, *never* thirsty, *never* cold!" cried Jack, excitedly, "That's what he said, and you'd never cry no more, mother. Oh, do 'ee let us ask some one the way, and where it is. I know if we could only get a sight of the King it 'ud be all right. Don't ye mind how good the gentleman said He was, and so beautiful. Oh, mother, I *wish* we could see 'un!"

"Aye," she said, with quiet hopelessness, "that would be fine, Jack."

"Why didn't we never go to church afore?"

"I didn't know as they wouldn't turn us out if we tried."

"And you never been inside one?" continued Jack, thoughtfully.

"I was in one when I was married."

"Do ye think father knew anything about the King?"

"No, I doubt he didn't, Jack, or he wouldn't ha' died."

The tears gathered slowly in her eyes as she spoke. If it were true, if they could have only known where the good King was, He would have saved him perhaps. But she did not say anything. The poor are so used to suffering of all kinds. Suffering had made her incredulous, too, of any great good.

But to Jack it was otherwise. His mind harped constantly on one subject—if he could only see the King! Everything would be right if he could only see the beautiful King. Never hungry, never thirsty, never cold, never feeling any pain, he kept repeating over to himself, as he pattered along with his little, sore, frost-bitten feet on the icy pavement. Day after day the thought seemed to grow stronger in his mind, and often and often he talked it over with his mother. Not that she believed in the whole thing much, but it pleased the child to talk about it.

"You was servant in a jeweller's shop once, wasn't you?" he asked, one day

"Yes, afore I was married."

"Did you ever see an ammy—something?"

"Amethyst?" she said, "yes often; they're clear, shining, purple stones."

"Oh, aye!" said Jack, his eyes sparkling; "fancy a wall all trimmed wi' 'em, mother, mustn't that be fine? and the street below all gold! Why, I never had a bit of gold in my life, and the streets is all made of it, and great, big pearls for gates; and never hungry, never cold, and never have bad hands and feet any more. Oh, mother! I do wish we could find out where it is! I know the King 'ud let us in."

By Jack's wish they went many times to the dark corner in the church, but they never heard the pale, earnest preacher, or the words about the King again; and poor little Jack cried for disappointment at last. "We shall never see 'un," he said, "if there's no one to tell us the way."

(To be continued.)

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The Sunday School Guardian

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

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A WORD TO BOYS.

WHAT do you think, my young friends, of the hundreds of thousands who are trying to cheat themselves and others into the belief that alcoholic drinks are good for them? Are they not to be pined

and blamed? Do you want to be one of these wretched men? If we are to have drunkards in the future, some of them are to come from the boys to whom I am writing, and I ask you again if you want to be one of them? No! Of course you do not!

Well, I have a plan for you that is just as sure to save you from such a fate as the sun is to rise to-morrow morning. It never failed; it never will fail; it cannot fail; and I think it is worth knowing. *Never touch liquor in any form.* That is the plan, and it is not only worth knowing, but it is worth putting into practice.

I know you do not drink now, and it seems to me as if you never would; but your temptation will come, and it will probably come in this way: You will find yourself some time with a number of companions, and they will

have a bottle of wine on the table. They will drink and offer it to you. They will regard it as a manly practice, and very likely they will look upon you as a milk-sop if you do not indulge with them. Then what will you do, eh? What will you do? Will you say, "Boys, none of that stuff for me! I know better than to drink that?" Or will you take the glass, with your own common sense protesting, and your conscience making the whole draught bitter, and a feeling that you have damaged yourself, and then go off with a hot head and a skulking soul that at once begins to make apologies for itself, just as the soul of Colonel Backus does, and will keep doing all his life.—
Dr. Holland.

THE DEWDROP'S ERRAND.

SPARKLING little dewdrop,
Nestling in the rose,
Beading, as with jewels,
Every leaf that grows;

What can you so tiny
Do to man, that's good!
What—to the silver streamlets,
Or the thundering flood!

Think of the broad river,
Where gallant navies ride,
Think of the sweep of ocean—
What are you, beside!

In the morning gloaming,
An answer met my ear;
Soft, sweet and musical,
A whisper in the air.

"The tender, all-wise Father
Maketh great and small;
For each He sends a mission,
A love-work unto all.

"I brood all night with flowers,
Bathing violet eyes;
Cool their cheeks' red satin,
Deepen their gorgeous dyes.

"God and the stars behold
The work we do within,
And in the morning glory
Man knows where we have been."

I saw it in a lesson:
Call nothing mean or small;
Fill thy lot though lowly;
For God hath need of all!



DOLLY'S BOOTS.

ALICE is getting her doll's foot measured for a pair of boots. She makes her request to the patient old cobbler in these words :

"Please, will you measure Dolly's feet,
And make her a pair of boots so neat?
Make them the best you ever have made,
And when they are done I'll see you paid "

Please don't laugh at Alice? See how earnest she is! To *you* it may seem a small matter whether Dolly is shod in morocco or whether she goes barefoot; but to *Alice* it is a very serious matter. *She* prizes her doll as highly as *you* value your books, your piano, your silk dress, or your last new bonnet. Dolly is her most valued possession.

FAITH ILLUSTRATED.

[The following poem is founded on fact: the story being well known, and often told in Sabbath Schools as an illustration of faith.]

THE night was calm and still, the moon shone bright,
 And lent the silver-sweetness of her light
 To guide the lonely patrol on his beat,
 As with a measured step, from street to street,
 His echoing footsteps beat a solemn tread;
 And from the city towers, far over head,
 The midnight hour rung out with mournful chime,
 Telling the wakeful of the march of Time!

But hark! what awful sound is that I hear,
 Which falls like thunder on my closing ear?—
 "Fire!" "fire!" "FIRE!" 'tis the patrol's warning cry
 That rings from house to house, from earth to sky,
 Rousing the wakeful, scattering the dreams
 Of love and joy, and for a moment gleams
 From face to face—from eye to eye,—
 A terror as of death or danger nigh.

"Fire!" "fire!" "FIRE!" onward press the anxious
 crowd

With rushing, hasty steps, and noises loud,
 To yonder mansion, where the ruddy g'are
 Speaks louder than the groans of dark despair!
 The greedy flames surround with furious power
 The doomed abode; and in that midnight hour
 Strong men are weak, and none but they are brave
 Who look to Him whose power alone can save!

So felt a father when he saw his child,
 Far out of human reach, 'mid danger wild,
 On top-most story, and in bank despair,
 His piteous cries resounding through the air.
 At last he heard his father's well known voice,
 Which made his sinking heart with hope rejoice,—
 "Spring to my arms, my son! do not delay,
 Haste! haste! and I shall bear thee safe away!"

The brave child heard, and stepping on the sill,
 Prepared to execute his father's will;
 He looked from death to life with anxious eyes,
 And ceased his murmur and despairing cries.
 Then, with his tiny arms outstretched to heaven,
 Heroic courage to his soul was given;
 He fearless sprang from all the dread alarms,
 And, fainting, dropped into his father's arms!

Oh, let such faith be mine,—such child-like faith
 In Thee, O God, then neither fear nor scathe
 Shall hinder me from clinging to Thine arm,
 For Thou alone canst save from fear or harm!
 And when, at last, Thy call from earth I hear,
 No doubt shall hinder nor despairing fear;
 But, looking up to Thee with heart and eyes,
 Thou wilt accept and bear me to the skies!

"CLEAN HANDS."

SAY, Harry, what has made you
 take this wonderfully clean fit all of
 a sudden?" asked John Shelford of
 his little brother, who was drying
 his hands after a vigorous pumping.
 "This is the seventh time I have
 seen you go to the pump and wash your hands
 to-day."

"Because I want to be strong," replied Harry.

"Well, but washing your hands won't make
 you strong."

"Yes it will; the Bible says so."

"I don't believe it does," said John.

"I'm sure it does though," returned Harry
 positively; "papa read it at prayers this morn-
 ing; 'He that hath clean hands shall be stronger
 and stronger and stronger;'" and Harry waved
 his arms in the air, and went through sundry
 gymnastic exercises, as if to see whether his
 numerous washings during the day had increased
 his strength.

"Well, you don't suppose that means really
 clean hands. You are a silly boy. You have
 had all your trouble for nothing."

"No I haven't. I'll ask papa to-night if the
 Bible doesn't really mean what it says."

So, in the evening, when Mr. Shelford had
 come home from business, as soon as he had
 finished his tea, Harry began:—

"Doesn't the Bible say that if you have
 'clean hands' you'll be strong?"

"Certainly, my boy," said Mr. Shelford,
 smiling; "I see you remember what we read
 this morning—how Job said: 'The righteous
 also shall hold on his way, and he that hath
 clean hands shall be stronger and stronger.'"

"There," cried Harry, "I knew I was right;
 and washing your hands will make you strong,
 won't it?"

"It is very good for little boys to wash them-
 selves, and it helps to make them strong and
 healthy if they keep clean; but there are some
 stains that we can't get out with soap and water,
 and it was freedom from these stains that the
 Bible meant. The other day I saw a little boy
 lift his hand to strike his sister. That made it

far dirtier than if he had been making mud pies for a whole day."

Harry blushed, and his papa went on:—

"When I was a little boy I was taught that it was my duty to keep from picking and stealing—picking you know means taking little things that don't belong to you; like stealing lumps of sugar out of mamma's cupboard, or picking fruit off the young trees that I tell you not to touch."

"Then Eve made her hands dirty when she took the forbidden fruit," put in John, who feared the conversation was getting personal.

"Yes, indeed, she did; and no one can tell the number of soiled hands that have been the result of that action. Now, John, can you remember the name of a man who 'stretched forth his hands to vex certain of the Church?' That made his hands very dirty indeed."

"That was Herod, papa; when he killed James and put Peter in prison."

"Yes; and do you know who it was who tried to clear himself from the blame of a very terrible act by washing his hands?"

Both boys were silent, and Mr. Shelford asked again:—

"Who took water and washed his hands, saying 'I am innocent of the blood of this just person?'"

"O, that was Pilate, papa," said Harry; "when he let the people crucify Jesus."

"Yes, but the stain of sin was just as much on his soul after he had washed his hands as before; and it is the same with our hands, whether we call them little or great, we cannot get rid of them, or of the consequences, however we try to clear ourselves. No washing of our own will do it. So what must we do, Harry? When you make your hands dirty with doing wrong things, how can they be made clean?"

"God can wash them, papa; that is what you mean, isn't it? Because David said, 'Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow?'"

"And Peter," added John, "asked the Lord Jesus to wash not only his feet, but his hands and his head; but Jesus said he need only have his feet washed."

"Yes, because, as the Lord said, he was washed already, by faith in Christ's cleansing word. It was the same cleansing that David meant when he prayed 'Create in me a clean heart, O God.' And I want my dear boys to pray too:

'Wash me, but not my feet alone,
, My hands, my head, my heart.'

LESSON NOTES.

A.D. 60.] **LESSON V.** [August 3.

THE MINISTRY OF RECONCILIATION; OR, THE CHRISTIAN'S MINISTRY.

2 Cor. 5. 14-21. **Commit to memory verses 18-21.**

OUTLINE.

1. The love of Christ. v. 14, 15.
2. The life in Christ. v. 16, 17.
3. The labour for Christ v. 18-21.

GOLDEN TEXT.

We pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God. 2 Cor. 5. 20.

1. Think how much Christ loves you.
2. Show your love to him by your new life in Him.
3. Try to win others to his service.

Find at what time Paul saw and heard Jesus..... Find Christ's call to Andrew, Peter, James, and Matthew..... Find Christ's charge to his apostles.

A.D. 58.] **LESSON VI.** [August 10.

THE FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT; OR, THE CHRISTIAN'S LIFE.

Gal. 5. 22-23; 6. 1-9. **Commit to memory verses 22-23.**

OUTLINE.

1. The source of character. v. 22-26
2. The test of character. v. 1-6.
3. The result of character. v. 7-9.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. Gal. 6. 7.

1. Show your religion in your life.
2. Be patient and kind toward the faults of others.
3. Don't grow tired of doing good.

Find a sum in addition in 1 Peter..... Find a parable of Christ about sowing..... Another parable, about tares and wheat.



PORTRAIT OF A BRAHMAN PRIEST.

SOME of our young readers, as they look at the picture, will be ready to ask, "Is this a man or a woman? And what is that queer thing on the forehead and nose?"

This is a Brahman priest, who thinks his face is greatly beautified by that ugly mark. He is a follower of the Hindu god Vishnu, and the mark like a trident tells everybody he meets that he is so. Every morning, when he dresses himself, bathes and says his prayers, after he has washed his face he takes a paste made of yellow earth, and makes that middle mark just over his nose; then, with similar material, he puts a broad white line on each side, and joins them across his nose. To be

without this mark he would consider worse than being without his clothes. A crowd of half naked Brahmans, all marked like this, makes one think of that verse in the Book of the Revelation, which speaks of the men who "worship the beast and his image, and receive his mark in their forehead, or in their hand." (Rev. xiv. 6.)

Our friend, whose likeness we give you, is a very respectable man, of gentle disposition, worshiped as a god by the followers of Vishnu. His mind is dark, deluded by superstition. If he were a Christian, he would be an intelligent, pleasant companion.

He is not usually dressed as you now see him, for he very rarely wears anything at all above his waist. But, as he wished to show his respect to English manners, he borrowed a shawl and turban to visit the Missionary, and have his likeness taken.

Pray, dear young friends, when you pray for yourselves,

that this priest, and the multitude of his countrymen, may accept the Gospel, and, being saved through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, may, instead of this ugly mark of heathenism, receive the seal of God in their foreheads.

A LESSON FROM A DOG.

"I wish I could mind God as my little dog minds me," said a boy, looking thoughtfully on his shaggy friend. "He always looks so pleased to mind, and I don't."

What a painful truth did this child speak! Shall the poor little dog thus readily obey his master, and we rebel against God, who is our Creator, our Preserver, or Father, our Saviour, and the bountiful Giver of every thing we have?