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SUNDAY SCHOOL GUARDIAN.



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

VOL. VI. TORONTO, C. W., MARCH, 1852. No. 10.

THE RIGHT METHOD.

A correspondent ordering ten copies of the *Sunday School Guardian*, writes thus :—

"A few days since, our esteemed Pastor, the Rev. JOHN BAXTER, handed me a few numbers of the *Sunday Sch. Guardian*, and at the same time wished me to show them to the children on the Sabbath after. I did so, and succeeded in getting seven subscribers. I enclose you two dollars, and I will thank you to send me ten numbers, as as I expect to obtain more names when the interesting periodical comes to hand."

Now this is the right way to do the work, and if all our agents, and Sabbath-school managers and other interested friends will adopt the same method to obtain subscribers for the *S. S. Guardian*, we have no doubt that our subscription list would very soon be more than doubled, and a larger number of children enjoy the pleasure and advantage of reading this little paper.

We would remind our friends of the cassity of making timely efforts to sustain and extend the circulation of the *S. S. Guardian*. Two more numbers will close the present volume, and we are very anxious to commence the next volume under the encouraging aspects of a greatly increased demand. Many schools that have been closed during the Winter will soon be commenced; and we would suggest that an immediate effort be made to accompany the opening of the schools with this interesting companion. The back numbers, with the exception of the first, can be supplied to those wishing to obtain the present volume.

GOLD COIN;

OR THE LITTLE STREET BEGGAR.

A STORY OF "A HAPPY NEW YEAR."

By George Channing Hill.

The following story is a jewel. We ask for it a careful perusal from all our young friends. What can candies, cakes, or any other entice-

ment of the confectionary, do towards giving a calm, happy temperament of mind, when compared with that produced by affording relief to a family blasted with poverty.—Young friends, read this story, act out its suggestions, and God will bless you.—ED.

It was the morning of the new year that had just set in, bright, golden, beautiful. The snow glittered like jewelled raiment in the cloudless sun. The chiming of the silvery sounds of the bell struck joyfully upon the listener in every street. The air was piercing; bracing, though not biting—just cold enough, in truth, to infuse life and elasticity into every one that moved.

There was a little girl, a child of poverty, on that beautiful new year's morning, walking the streets with the gay crowds that swept past her. Her little feet had grown so numb, encased only in thin shoes, those badly worn, that she could with difficulty move but one before the other. Her cheeks, shook at every step she took, and her lips truly purple. Alas, poor Elsie Gray! She was a little beggar.

Just like the old year was the new year to her. Just like the last year's wants, and last year's sufferings, were the wants and sufferings of this! The change of the year brought no change in her condition with it. She was poor; her mother was a widow and an invalid, and the child was a poor beggar.

In the old and cheerless room gleamed no bright fires of anniversary. No evergreens, no wreaths, no flowery, save a few old withered ones, decked her time-stained walls. There were no sounds of merry voices within the door to say to the Widow Gray, "A happy New Year to you Mrs. Gray!" Heaven seemed to have walled her and her apode

out from the happiness that was all the world's on that festive day of the year. It was provided to all appearances, no joys, no congratulations, no laughter, no flowers for them. Why? Were they outcasts? Had they outraged their claim on the wide world's charities? Had they voluntarily shut themselves out from the sunlight of the living creatures around them? No!—shame take the world that it must be answered for them. Mrs. Gray was poor.

Little Elsie stopped at times and breathed her hot breath up n her blue and benumbed fingers, and stamped her tiny feet in their thin encasement with all the force left in them; and then big tears stood trembling in her large blue eyes for a moment, and rolled slowly down her purple cheeks, as if they would freeze to them. She had left her mother in bed, sick, exhausted and "famishing!" What wonder that she cried, even, though those hot tears only dropped on the icy pavement. They might as well fall there as elsewhere; the many human hearts that passed her were full as icy and hardened.

She would have turned back to go home, but she thought of her poor mother and went on, though where to go she knew not. She was to become a street beggar! Where would street beggars go? What streets are laid out and named and numbered for them? Surely if not home, then where should they go? It was this thought that brought those crystal tears—that started those deep and irrepressible sobs that choked her infant utterance.

A young boy—a bright looking little fellow—chanced to pass her as she walked and wept and stopped. He caught the glitter of those tears in the sunshine, and the sight smote

his angel heart. He knew not what want and suffering were. He had never known them himself—never once heard of them—knew not what a real beggar was. He stopped suddenly before Elsie, and asked her the cause of those tears. She could make him no reply—her heart was too full.

“Has any body hurt you?” asked the feeling little fellow.

She shook her head negatively.

“Have you lost your way?” he persisted.

“No,” answered the child audibly.

“What is the matter, then?” he asked.

“Mother is poor and sick, and I am cold and hungry. We have nothing to eat. Our room is quite cold, and there is no wood for us.—Oh you do not know all—you cannot know all.”

“But I will,” replied the boy manly.

“Where do you live?”

“Will you go with me?” asked Elsie, her face brightening.

“Yes; let me go with you,” said he; “show me the way!”

Through street, lane, and alley, she guided him. They reached the door of her hovel. The cold breaths of the wind whistled in at the cracks and crevices and key-hole before them, as if inviting them in. They entered, a sick woman feebly raised her head from the pillow and gave her a sweet smile. “Elsie have you come?” she faintly said.

“Yes mother,” answered the child; “and I have brought this boy with me. I do not know who he is, but he said he wanted to come and see where we lived. Did I do wrong to bring him, mother!”

“No, my child,” said the mother, “if he knows how to pity you from his very heart, but he cannot pity

me yet—he is not old enough.”

The bright-faced, sunny-hearted boy gazed in astonishment upon the mother and child. The scene was new to him. He wondered if this was what they called poverty. His eyes looked sadly upon the wasting mother, but they glittered with wonder when turned towards Elsie.—Suddenly they filled with tears. The want, the woe, the bareness, the desolation were all too much for him. He gazed mournfully into the empty fire place. His eyes wandered wonderingly over the naked walls looking uninvitingly and cheerless. Putting his hand into his pocket, he grasped the coin that his mother had that very morning given him, and drew it forth. “You may have that!” said he holding it out to the child.

“Oh, you are too good! you are too generous, I fear!” broke in the mother, as if she ought not to take it from him.

“Mother will give me another if I want,” said he; “it will do you a great deal of good and I know I don’t need it. Take it, you shall take it!” and he was instantly gone.

It was a gold coin of the value of five dollars.

Mother and child wept together; Then they talked of the good boy whose heart had opened for them on the new year’s day. Then they let their fancies run and grow wild and revel as they choose. They looked at the glistening piece. There was bread, and fuel, and clothing, and every other comfort in its depths. They continued to gaze upon it.—Now they saw within its rim pictures of delight and joy; visions of long rooms, all wreathed and decorated with evergreens and flowers; visions of smiling faces and happy children; sights of merry sleigh rides, and the glistening of bright

runners over the smooth-worn snow. They listened; they heard the mingled sounds of merry voices, and the chiming music bells, the accent of innocent tongues, and the laugh of gladsome hearts. Ah! what a philosopher's stone was that coin! How it turned everything first into gold and then into happiness! How it grouped around them kind and cheerful friends, and filled their cabin with kind voices! How it garlanded all hours that day with evergreens and full-blown roses! How it spread them a laden table, and crowded it with merry guests! and those guests, too, all satisfied and happy! O, what bright rays shone forth from that trifling coin of gold! Could it have been as bright in the child's or the man's dark pocket? No! else it had burned its way through, and lent its radiance to others. Could it have shone with such vision in the rich man's hands? No! else his avarice would have vanished at once, and his heart have overflowed with generosity! No, no, it was only to such as the widow and her child that it wore such a shine, and emitted such brilliant rays, and revealed such sweet and welcome visions! Only for such as they!

That night returned this angel boy to the bleak room, then filled with happiness and lighted with joy; but he was not alone, his own mother was with him. Blessed boy! He passed the whole of New Year's day in making other's happy. And how much happier was he himself! How his little heart warmed and glowed to see the child uncover the basket he had brought with him, and take out, one by one the gifts that were stowed there! And how overjoyed was he to see his mother offer the sick woman work and a new home and the sick woman grow

suddenly strong, and almost well, under the influence of kind offers! He wondered if their happiness could possibly be as deep as his own, if their New Year's was as bright to them as his was to him. He knew not how any one could be happier than he was at that moment.

Years have rolled away into the silent past. That little girl—Elsie Gray—is a lady. Not a lady only in name, but one in every deed, in heart, in conduct. She dwells in a sweet suburban cottage, and her husband is devoted only to her. The husband is no other than the generous boy who on New Year's festival accosted her so tenderly in the street, and went home with her.—Her poor mother sleeps quietly in the little church yard; yet she lived to know that God had provided for her child. She died resigned and happy. Are the coins either gold or silver, that must be locked away from sight on this day of the new year? Are there any containing within their depths such sweet visions, such happy sights, they must lie under lock and key all this day, lest happiness and comfort may become too universal.

Here is one. Where comes another?—*Flower Basket.*

From the New York Observer.

THE LOST LAMB.

Among the pets and playthings gathered in and about the beautiful mansion of Mr. Lee, few were more loved by the children of the family, or attracted more attention from visitors, than a little lamb, the property of sweet Annie Lee, a bright child of about six, the pride and darling of the house.

One morning Annie entered the breakfast room, her face drenched with tears, and running to her moth-

er cried her lamb was lost. A few moments soothing pacified her, and a man dispatched for the straggler, who soon returned, carrying the little lover in his arms. After Annie's transports had subsided, Mrs. Lee drew her aside, and in simple but beautifully touching language, told her of the Saviour calling little children, His lost lambs to come to Him, to leave the thorny path of the world, and rest in the sheltering care of the good shepherd. Annie lost not a word, like an unsullied mirror, her fair young face portrayed the deep workings of her little heart, and forgetting her lamb, her grief at its loss, her joy at its recovery, she sobbed, 'Mama, I do love that good Saviour.'

That night we were hurriedly aroused from slumber. Annie had been seized with the croup, that disease which causes many a mother's heart to quiver with agonizing fear. The efforts of friends, medical skill, the earnest prayers that the hand of the destroyer might be stayed, were alike powerless, and as the bright sun dawned, it was sadly evident its setting rays would not see our Annie with us. Her mother clung to her, pouring the bitter tears which none but a mother who has watched over a fading flower, feeling that in her heart flowed a spring of love powerful enough to quench the fever fires of death—can know, when Annie summoned her failing strength, and clasping her arms about her mother's neck, murmured, 'Mama dear, the Good Shepherd calls his little lamb, may not I go?' The faint words were like a message from heaven to that stricken mother, she relaxed her agonizing grasp, and an angelic smile rested on the lip, and a holy light on the brow of the cherished one, as her gentle spirit passed to

the fold of Him whose gracious utterance was, "suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." R.

A SAD CONTRAST.

A painter once met with a beautiful child. So enraptured was he with its countenance and its expression of loveliness that he resolved to paint it. He did so; and hung his favorite picture in his study. He made it his guardian angel. In sorrow and passion, he sought relief and tranquillity in gazing upon that charming countenance. He purposed, if he ever saw its contrast, to paint that also. But years passed away before he found a face so infernally ugly as to satisfy his idea of a perfect contrast to his darling picture. It was that of a wretch, lying in despair, upon the floor of his cell. He painted that terrible countenance. But what must have been his emotion, when he learned that it was the very same person he had painted before? The first was the face of the innocent child; the last that of the reckless ruined youth. The best things perverted become the worst. The sweetest juices changed produce the sharpest acids. That little angel likeness had been metamorphosed into the reality of a fiend.

A NOBLE BOY.

"A boy came to me last winter," says a Michigan colporter, "for temperance tracts. Of this noble spirited boy I afterwards learned the following fact: A relative of his in a grocery had poured out a dram of liquor to drink. The boy stepped forward, and put a temperance tract over the mouth of the tumbler. The man took it up, and looked at it, and the first words he cast his eyes upon were, 'No

drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God.' He dashed the glass upon the floor, exclaiming, 'That is the last of my drinking liquor, God being my helper.' He has kept his reslution."



THE CHRISTIAN'S CONFLICTS.

(CONCLUDED.)

This is a picture of *leaping* over a bar placed at different heights according to the ability of the person to leap higher or lower. But the Scriptures make no mention of this game, and hence we may learn that we are not to *leap* our way to heaven; though many persons act as though they believe they could succeed in this way. They are always trying to *leap over* the crosses which they ought to *bear*; to leap over

their duties, or in other words to attend to them very irregularly, at their own convenience. But it is not by sudden fits and starts that we can "work out our salvation," but by a patient, earnest and persevering attention and obedience to the Divine commandments. The Saviour says "Work," but how long? "while the day lasts," that is, all our life; we are to be continually at it: *walking* and not *leaping*.



Here is another picture which does not represent any thing which belongs to the Christian's life : it is, *Pitching the quoit*. As we cannot obtain heaven by the *merit* of even our good works, much less can we hope for it on account of our learning, or good name amongst men, or our riches, or worldly honour, or the branch of the Christian church to which we may profess to belong. An attention to the mere outward duties of religion, however well we may perform those duties in the sight of men, will not be sufficient to fit us for heaven. Our Saviour says, "Not every one that saith Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven ; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven."

Our young readers will observe that the persons in these pictures are represented as being naked, or having but very little clothing on them. Now this is necessary to give

a proper idea of the manner of performing the exercises of these games, and the care which the candidates took to prepare themselves for these exercises. They were previously trained to these exercises, and when they engaged in a contest for the prize they threw off all such clothing as was in any way calculated to hinder the free exercise of all their powers in the contest. This is what the Apostle Paul refers to, where he says to his Christian brethren who were running in the heavenly race, "Let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us."

The candidates in the Grecian games abstained from all kinds of food and drink that would weaken their bodies, or disqualify them for the most rigorous exercise of all their strength. And we may safely say, that they would most cheerfully avoid partaking of any thing so injurious as *intoxicating drinks*. They

were too-tallers every man of them. For says Paul; And every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things. (i. Cor. 9, 25.)

These games had their rules and regulations which all were required to observe who contended for the prize; and if any were guilty of a violation of them, he not only lost the prize but was also severely punished. And this will be the case with those who do not obey the laws of God; they will not merely miss of heaven, but go down to hell.—“And if a man strive for the mastery, yet is he not crowned, except he strive lawfully.” (2 Tim. ii, 5.)

Now if the persons who contended for the prizes in these games, made all these exertions for the sake of a wreath of mere fading flowers: how much more anxious and earnest should the Christian be, who is offered a “crown of glory that fadeth not away” as the reward of his faithfulness and success in the spiritual contest. “Now they,” that is, the candidates in the Grecian games. “do it to obtain a corruptible crown; but we an incorruptible.” (1 Cor. ix, 25.)

But lastly these games were celebrated in the presence of vast numbers of spectators. On all sides of the places set apart for these games, seats were erected, and these were generally filled with persons, who were anxiously looking upon those who were contending for the prize. The picture on the following page,

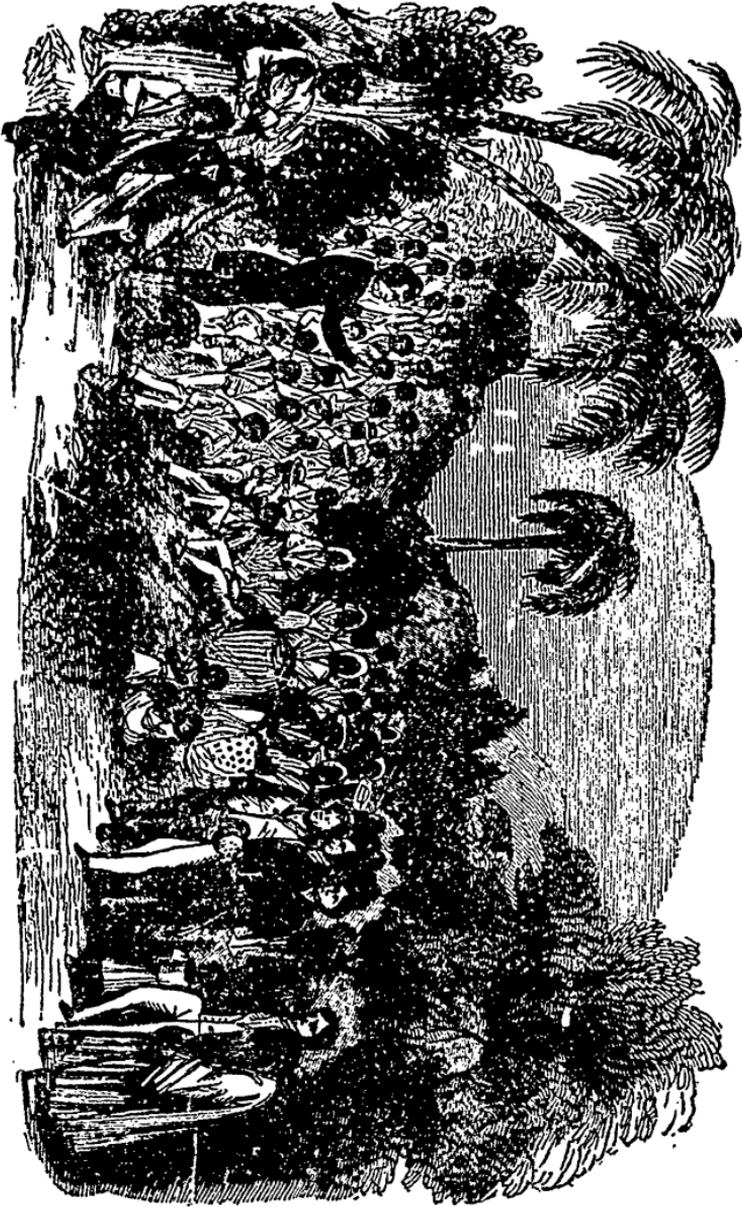
though it is not a correct representation, may serve to give a view of the scenes presented at these games.

The Apostle in the 12th chap. of the Epistle to the Hebrews, makes use of the circumstance of the numerous spectators at the games, to incite his christian brethren to diligence and earnestness in running the heavenly race: “Wherefore seeing that we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us.” He here represents to them that all their fathers who had gone before, were looking upon them, and with more interest, if possible, than the spectators at the Grecian games.

Now our young readers will understand that our object is to remind *them* that they are running a race, or a race is set before them; the prize is a crown of glory that fadeth not away; but those who come short will be cast down to hell. How earnestly then should they strive to run this race, so that they may obtain the prize at last.

VICTORY IN DEATH.

A boy, ten or twelve years of age, who was sinking to the grave by a painful illness, was asked by a missionary, ‘Would you like to go to heaven when you die?’ ‘Yes, sir.’ ‘Why?’ ‘Jesus Christ there good people there, God there.’ ‘Do you love Jesus Christ?’ ‘Yes, sir.’ ‘How do you think to get to heaven if you are sinful?’ ‘Jesus Christ take away all my sin.’ He had been taught in a mission school, and left pleasing evidence that he was safe for eternity.



ILLUSTRATIONS OF ASTRONOMY.

No. 2.—COPERNICAN THEORY OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

Having illustrated the Ptolemaic Theory of Astronomy and noticed some of the absurdities involved in it, we now proceed to illustrate that theory of the Solar System which has obtained during the last three

centuries, and which, from its author, is termed the Copernican Theory.

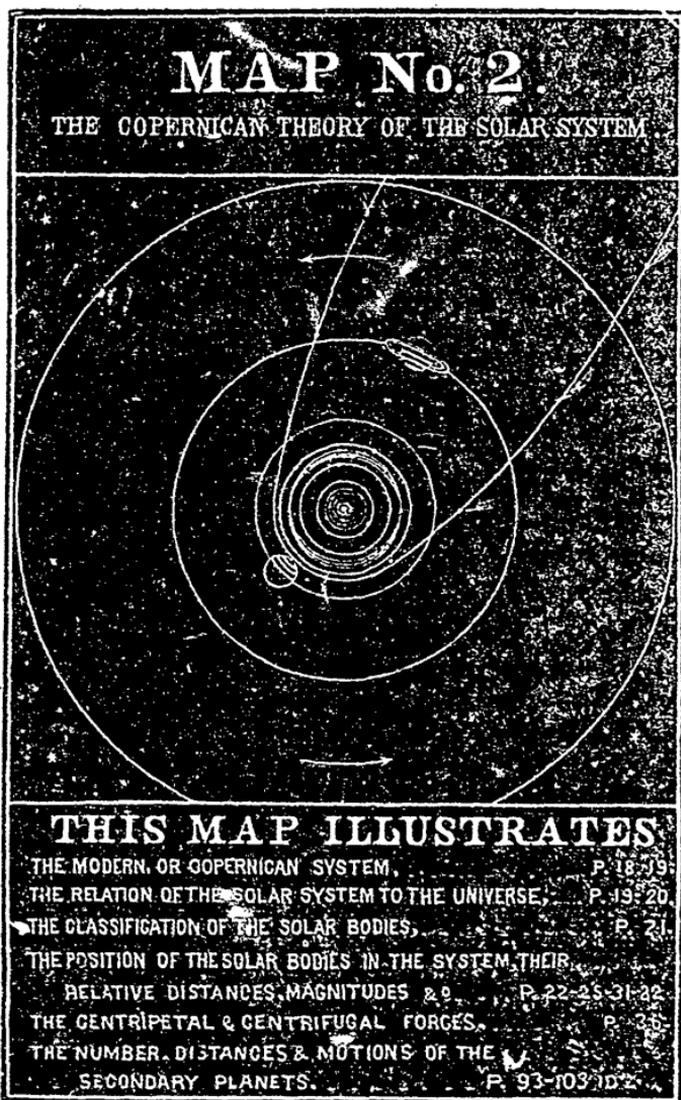
The word *solar* is derived from the Latin word *Sol*, which signifies the Sun. The Solar System, therefore, is the system of the Sun—the system of

which the Sun is the centre—including all the heavenly bodies which revolve around him.

The bodies which revolve around the Sun, are called Planets—from the Latin word *Planeta*—a wanderer; and this word is applied to the Solar bodies because they change their relative positions, or seem to wander among the stars.

The fixed stars are another class of heavenly bodies which do not revolve

around the Sun—which do not seem to wander or change their relative position in the heavens. They are farther from the Sun than the planets; and the more distant part of the firmament which they occupy is called the *Sidereal* or *Starry Heavens*. The following map illustrates these remarks, and represents the Copernican System in contra-distinction to the Ptolemaic, represented in the last number of the *Journal of Education*.



In this Map the Sun is represented in the centre in a state of rest; and around him at various distances are represented the planets or fixed stars—the former revolving around him from west to east, or in the direction of the arrows,—the latter occupying the spaces in every direction beyond the largest planetary circle. The white circles represent the *orbits*, or *paths*, in which the planets move around the sun. On the right is seen a *comet* plunging into the system around the sun, and then departing. It is distinguished from the other bodies belonging to the solar system by its form, its orbit and its trains of light.

There are two kinds of planets—*primary* and *secondary*—the former revolving around the sun only as their centre of motion, like our earth—the latter revolving around a primary planet also, like our moon.

The planets are also called *inferior* and *exterior*; the inferior, or interior, being those (Mercury and Venus) which are closer to the sun than the earth—the exterior, or superior, being those which are farther from the sun than the earth, as Mars, Jupiter, &c.

The *primary planets* are nineteen in number; of which eleven are called *asteroids*, or star-like planets, and are situated between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter.

On the above map *Mercury* may be seen close to the sun, and a little below him—yet in reality distant from him 37 millions of miles. *Venus* is west, a little above the sun, on the left—distant from him 69 millions of miles. The third is the *Earth*—at a distance from the sun of 95 millions. The fourth *Mars*—145 millions. Then follow the eleven small planets called *asteroids*, but too close together to be individually identified. *Jupiter* is the large planet below the sun, with four moons, and distant from him 495 millions of miles. *Saturn* is shown

above the sun, with his *rings* and eight moons—distant from the sun 900 millions. *Herschel* is far on the left in the outer circle, with his six moons, and at a distance from the sun of 1,800 millions. Lastly, *Neptune*, the planet lately discovered by the calculations of the French Astronomer LE VERRIER, is not shown on the map, for want of room. He may be imagined more than 1,000 millions of miles beyond the orbit of *Herschel*, or 2,850 millions of miles distant from the sun. Beyond these planets, in the immensity of space, are situated the fixed stars, or *sideral heavens*—supposed by theologians to be the *third heavens* of the Sacred Writings.

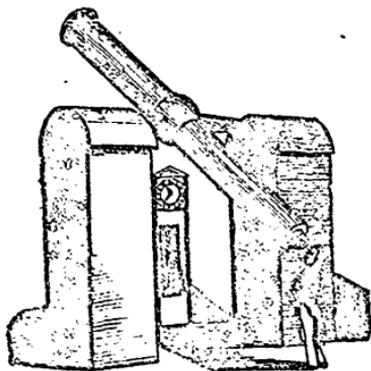
Now according to the *Copernican Theory*, these planets all move around the sun, as their centre of motion; and so conclusive is the evidence of the theory, that eclipses of the sun and moon are calculated upon it, and astronomers are able to predict their commencement, duration, &c., to a minute, hundreds of years before they occur.

The distances of these planets from the sun are not easily conceived; but some conception or faint impression of it may be found from the following calculations:—Imagine the construction of a Railroad from the sun to Neptune, with a station for refreshments and supplies at each of the other planets; and imagine the rail cars to travel at the rate of 30 miles an hour, day and night; the time table of the rail train on such a journey would be as follows:—From the sun to

Mercury,	152	years.
Venus,	264	“
Earth,	361	“
Mars,	554	“
Jupiter,	1,884	“
Saturn,	3,493	“
Herschel,	6,933	“
Neptune,	10,650	“

Had a train of cars started from the sun at the morning of his creation (about 5,852 years ago) to visit the planet Herschel, and travelled day and night ever since at the rate of 30 miles per hour, they would still have 284 millions of miles to travel before they could reach the end of their journey. To finish the passage would require 1,081 years longer—the whole of time past since the creation and more than a thousand years to come! To reach Neptune the same train, proceeding at the same rate, would require nearly 7,000 years longer! Such is the vast area embraced within the orbits of the planets; and such are the spaces over which the sunlight travels, to warm and enlighten its attendant worlds!

Yet beyond these distant orbs, in the amplitudes of space, there are suns, and worlds, and systems! How appropriate and forcible are the words of the Sacred Writer—"When I consider the heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained; what is man that thou art mindful of him? and the Son of man that thou visitest him?"—*Journal of Education for February.*



This is a *Telescope*, used for surveying those heavenly bodies.

BISSEXTILE.

This hard word is found in the title page of the Almanac for the present year. It is explained by the easier

word, *leap-year*. But many people do not know the meaning of either, except that leap year has 366 days in it, and February 29. *Bissextile* is a Latin word, formed of *bis*, twice, and *sextilis*, sixth. Julius Cæsar made the year consist of 365 days, except every fourth year, which should have 366, the 24th February being then counted twice. This day was the *sixth calend* of March. Our word *calendar* comes from *calends*. The calends were reckoned backward from the first day of the month. Thus the 28th, or last day of February was the second calend of March, and of course the 24th was the *sixth*. We do not double the 24th February, but *intercalate*, as the Almanac maker would say, but *we* must not use hard words—*put in* a day at the end of the month and call it the 29th. But why call it *bissextile*?—Simply because old words, like some old friends, are hard to be shaken off, when they have lost their character and their use. Leap-year is a better term. It is a translation of the Latin *annus sultans*, and is applied to every fourth year, because it *leaps over* or exceeds every other year by one day.



A FOX STORY.

We doubt if any animal, having the smallest claim to respectability, has had so many tales told about him as Mr. Reynard. We do not believe one half of them. Still it must be confessed, our bushy-tailed friend is a little too cunning, to be honest. We do not much like your very cunning people. They are not to be trusted. It is hard

to be cunning without being sly, and people that are sly are apt to be treacherous and treacherous people of course cannot be trusted. So much for the moral. Here is the tale to point it : "An old and respectable man of the county of Montgomery, N. Y says the Rev. J. Murray, in his work on Creation, resided in his youth on the banks of the Hudson. One day he went to a bay on the river to shoot ducks or wild geese. When he came to the river he saw six geese beyond shot. He determined to wait for them to approach the shore. While sitting there, he saw a fox come down to the shore and stand some time and observe the geese. At length he turned and went into the woods, and came out with a very large bunch of moss in his mouth. He then entered the water very silently, sank himself, and then keeping the moss above water, himself concealed, he floated among the geese. Sudden-

ly one of them was drawn under the water, and the fox soon appeared on the shore with the goose on his back. He ascended the bank and found a hole, made by the tearing up of a tree. This hole he cleared, placed in the goose, and covered it with great care strewing leaves over it. The fox then left, and while he was gone the hunter unburied the goose, closed the hole and resolved to wait the issue. In about half an hour the fox returned with another in company. They went directly to the place where the goose had been buried, and threw out the earth. The goose could not be found. They stood regarding each other for some time, when suddenly the second fox attacked the other most furiously, as if offended by the trick of his friend. During the battle the man shot them both." Foxes, you see, stand upon their honour, as well as other people; and you see what they sometimes get by it.



THE SMOKER.

Here is a portrait of an old smoker; not merely of an old man, but an *old smoker*, for he began when he was a boy: and now see what a picture he makes.

A fine specimen this of a smoker. Dirt, ignorance, rags, and tobacco smoke! What a fitting union!

Look here, boys; and see if the picture does not make you sick of the

very thought of tobacco. If not, the nauseous weed itself will be sure to make you sick, even to vomiting.— Only think what many boys undergo, in order to accustom their mouths and stomachs to the vile weed. All this in order to be *smart*; and yet the va-

gabond in the picture is ahead of them even in smartness. See what a cloud he raises.

Let all our young readers learn to avoid the habit and the consequences of using that poisonous weed called tobacco.



POETRY.

For the Sunday School Guardian.

COME UNTO ME.

Live not, O man unblest,
 'Midst sinful crowds, 'midst lovers of the world,
 Those who despise, and laugh to scorn the warnings
 hurl'd,
 And thunder'd forth with solemn truth and earnest-
 ness,
 By God's own messenger.

The time is fast approaching,
 When we must all proceed by God's decree,
 To occupy a place among the mansions of the
 blest;
 Or else depart to the dark regions of the damn'd—
 O may we join the blest!

The eagle hath her home,
 The lamb hath shelter in the guarded fold,
 The flower doth sleep 'neath heavens azure vault—
 The tossed ship finds rest and safety in the haven,
 Wilt thou find peace except thou seek'st salvation?

No! never shall it be,
 Though by the world carressed,—
 Tho' diadems and jewels glitter at thy feet,—
 Tho' far famed treasures thou can'st call thine own,
 If thou wilt not return to God,
 Thou never can'st find rest!

In summer's gladness come,
 When nature saith unto the meditative mind—
 Behold the wondrous works of God's own hand;
 A lesson learn from these and yield
 To Jesus gracious words and come,
 And mercy find.

The accepted hour has come,
 'Then let us rise with hearts resolved,
 To seek and find the priceless pearl
 Which Jesus offers unto all,
 Who his mandate obey,
 "Come unto me!"

I. R. B.

March 1st, 1832.



KNEEL, MY CHILD, FOR GOD IS HERE!

Kneel, my child, for God is here!
 Bend in love, in holy fear;
 Kneel! before him now in prayer;
 Thank him for his constant care;
 Praise him for his bounties shed
 Every moment on thy head:
 Ask for light to know his will;
 Ask for love, thy heart to fill;

Ask for faith to bear thee on
 Through the might of Christ his son;
 Ask his Spirit still to guide thee
 Through the ills that may betide thee;
 Ask for peace, to lull to rest
 Every tumult of thy breast;
 Ask in awe, in holy fear;
 Kneel, my child, for God is here!

THE DYING GIRL.

The following lines are a pious poetical effusion on the death of Bessy Holmes, daughter of Rev. John Holmes, Wesleyan Minister, Ireland, and are rich in poetical imagery :—

I fade—but though lost to mortal eye,
Like the unseen stars in the noon-day sky,
I shall live in a land of life and light ;
Beyond the region of mortal sight.
Shall wander where rivers of gladness glide,
In shining robes by my Saviour's side ;
Far from the reach of pain and care,
Mother, oh Mother, I'll meet thee there !

It wrings my soul that I must part,
Though but for a time, from thy bleeding heart ;
Or leave in sorrow thy faithful breast,
Where oft my pains were soothed to rest.
But I go to a land where Jesus reigns,
To hymn His glory in endless strains ;
To fadeless suns and purest air,—
Mother, oh Mother, I'll meet thee there !

Cold are the surges of death's dark wave,
But Jesus is with me to cheer and to save ;—
Beyond the outstretched watery gloom
Rises that land of light and bloom.
Gladly I hail from the shores of time,
The green clad hills of that cloudless clime,
Serene in loveliness,—oh prepare,
My darling Mother to meet me there.

Though I fade unknown in life's slow vale
In the early spring, like the primrose pale ;—
I go where blossoms of Eden blow
By rivers of bliss, that sparkling flow ;—
No pain is there—nor deaths' dark power—
Nor withering grass—nor the fading flower—
But beauty and verdure eternally fair,—
Mother, oh Mother, I'll meet thee there !

My spirit is sighing to be away,
To that calm region of peace and day ;
There ages of bliss for ever shall roll,
O'er the waveless calm of my raptured soul,—
List ! 'tis the voice of its sweetest lay,
They beckon me over and hide my stay ;
They wave their palms on the purple air,—
Mother, my Mother, I'll meet thee there ! !

One look of love, and she took her flight
To Jesus and Heaven—from earth's dark night ;
And lovely in death as the cold corpse lay,
The spirit was winging its viewless way ;—
Like a dove's white plume, 'neath a stormy sky
It rose o'er the waters of death on high ;
While forms celestial thronged to behold,
From walls of jasper and gates of gold.

THOMAS RICHARDSON.

Carlow, March 2nd, 1850.

THE MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.

Along the smooth and slender wires
The sleepless heralds run,
Fast as the clear and living rays
Go streaming from the sun.
No peals or flashes, heard or seen,
Their wondrous flight betray ;
And yet their words are quickly felt
In cities far away.

No summer's heat or winter's hail,
Can check their rapid course ;
They meet unmoved the fierce mind's rage,
The rough wave's sweeping force.
In the long night of rain and wrath,
As in the blaze of day,
They rush with news of weal or woe,
To thousands far away.

But faster still than tidings borne
On that electric cord,
Rise the pure thoughts of him who loves
The Christian's life and Lord,
Of him who taught in smiles and tears
With fervent lips to pray.
Maintains high converse here on earth
With bright world far away.

Aye, though no outward wish its breath'd,
Nor outward answer giv'n,
The sighing of that humble breast
Is known and felt in heav'n :—
Those long frail wires may bend and break,
Those viewless heralds stray,
But Faith's least word shall reach the throne
Of God, though far away.

HYMN FOR A CHILD THREE YEARS OLD.

Great Father on high!
Look down from the sky
And listen to me,
While trying to lift up my heart unto thee.

My sins I confess—
O give me thy grace,
And pardon my guilt,
Through Jesus, whose blood for my pardon
was spilt.

My nature subdued,
And form it anew:
Thy Spirit impart,
Both now and forever to dwell in my heart.

Thus, Father, shall I
To thee live and die;
And finally be
By angels caught up to live ever with thee.

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