

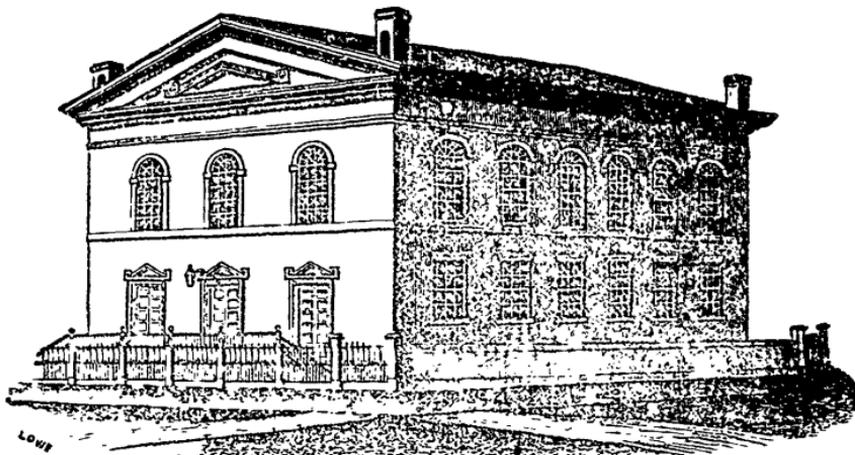
SUNDAY SCHOOL GUARDIAN

For the Province of Canada.

Vol. V.

TORONTO, JUNE, 1850.

No. 2.



WESLEYAN CHURCH, ADELAIDE STREET, TORONTO.

T E R M S .

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SUNDAY SCHOOL GUARDIAN.

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

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No. 2

PORRIDGE WITHOUT MEAL.

When Dr. Chalmers was first settled in the ministry, he was a stranger to piety in which he afterwards became so eminent. As he felt but little interest in the Gospel, he gave his mind to science. On one occasion he delivered a course of lectures on Chemistry to his parishioners. They were a plain, uneducated people, and all the facts presented by the lecturer were wonders to them. Among other experiments, he made some in bleaching. By applying a bleaching liquid to a brown, dirty looking piece of cloth, it was changed to a beautiful white in a moment. Soon after the lecture, the following passed between two old ladies of the parish.

"Our minister," said one, "is nothing short of a warlock; he was teaching folks how to clean clothes without soap."

"Ay woman," was the reply, "I wish he would teach me to make porridge without meal."

Porridge, you know, is made of meal and water. It could be made very cheap if one could do without the meal. You would think a per-

son very foolish who should attempt to make porridge without meal. Boys are often guilty of things well nigh as foolish. They sometimes attempt to write compositions before they have any thoughts on the subject. They might just as well attempt to make porridge without meal. They sometimes attempt to get their lessons without study. They sometimes resolve to be good without self-denial and effort. Nothing great or good can be done without labour, any more than porridge can be made without meal. One of the first habits to be formed by the young is the habit of industry. They must learn to enjoy the pleasures of industry. Many young persons will be disposed to smile to hear one speak of the pleasures of hard work. They can understand the pleasure of having nothing to do, but not of having a great deal to do. Be assured, my young friend, there is much more enjoyment to be found in labour than in idleness. We must labour. We cannot live without it. We should be thankful to God that he has made labour pleasant.

I do not say that it is pleasant at first. To one accustomed to idle-

ness, it may be unpleasant at first, and perhaps there may be some person so incorrigibly lazy that it may never be pleasant to them. To the great majority, however, habitual industry becomes pleasant—far more pleasant than idleness. Mark a plan for labour. Pursue it steadily and regularly for a short time, and it will become pleasant. You will love it. You will taste the pleasures of industry.

God would have made all his children industrious. He says to every one, “*go work* in my vineyard.” “My father worketh hitherto, and I work,” said the Saviour. We must follow his example. A lazy Christian is a contradiction in terms.

THE SAILOR'S DYING MOTHER.

During the last illness of a pious mother, when she was near death, her only remaining child, the subject of many agonising and believing prayers, who had been roving on the sea, returned to pay his parent a visit.

After a very affecting meeting, “You are near port, mother,” said the hardy-looking sailor “and I hope you will have an abundant entrance.

“Yes, my child, the fair haven is in sight, and soon, very soon, I shall be landed

“On that peaceful shore
Where pilgrims meet to part no more.”

“You have weathered many a storm in your passage, mother; but now God is dealing very graciously with you by causing the winds to cease, and by giving you a calm at the end of your voyage.”

“God has always dealt graciously with me my son; but this last expression of his kindness, in permitting me to see you before I die, is so unexpected, that it is like a miracle wrought in answer to prayer.”

“O, mother!” replied the sailor, weeping as he spoke, “your prayers have been the means of my salvation, and I am thankful that your life has been spared till I could tell you of it.”

She listened with devout composure to the account of his conversion and at last, taking his hand, she pressed it to her dying lips, and said, “Yes thou art a faithful God! and as it hath pleased thee to bring back my long lost child, and adopt him into thy family, I will say, “Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.”—*Day Star.*

The Useful Scholar.

“I recently visited,” says a gentleman in America, in 1828, “a well conducted Sabbath school consisting of nearly 200 children, seated on circular forms. The director gave out a hymn, which was sung by the children. He then told them he would introduce to them four new scholars, who were arranged before the desk, and their names were mentioned. The superintendent read the rules of the school, which were printed on a card, and were very simple and appropriate, and explained them to the scholars then to be received. He then prayed for each one of them, after which the following verse was sung by the children’ who were seated:

“We welcome you to this dear place,
Where kind instruction’s given;
And hope that you may see the face
Of Jesus Christ in heaven.”

“I do not remember all the rules on the little card, but the last was, ‘I must get as many children to go to the Sabbath school as I can.’—This rule will not be forgotten, from an interesting circumstance which the superintendent stated, of a little boy whose name was Samuel. He always made it a practice to invite

every child he met, who did not belong to the Sabbath school to attend. He one day found a little boy who was so lame that he could not walk, and asked him if he would not be glad to attend a Sabbath-school.—The boy replied, ‘Yes; I am so lame that I cannot walk: my father is dead, and my brother is gone to sea, and I have no-body to carry me.’ ‘Oh I will carry you!’ said Samuel: ‘I will come for you every Sabbath, and bring you home again. I should like to do it.’ I’ll carry you on my back; you are not very heavy, and I had a good deal rather do it than not.’ And every Sabbath morning, Samuel was seen carrying the lame boy on his back to the school. Now, if all Sabbath school children had the same disposition as little Samuel, how few idle children should we see in the streets on the Sabbath.”

THE DYING GIRL.

A child of nine years old, in St. Giles’s, London, had gone for a long time to school, in which the children of Roman Catholics are taught, by Protestants, to read the Bible. The little girl was taken very ill, and when there seemed no hope of her getting better, her parents sent for a popish priest. When he came, he thus spoke to her: “Child you are in an awful state; you are just going to die. I beg you, before you depart, to make your dying request to your father and mother, that they will not send your brothers and sisters to the school that you went to.” The little girl raised herself up in bed, and said, “My dear father and mother, I make it my dying request, that you WILL send my brothers and sisters to that school; for there I was first taught that I was a sinner, and that I must depend alone upon

Jesus Christ for salvation.” She then laid her head back, and expired.—*Child’s Companion.*”

“DO AS YOU WOULD BE DONE BY.”

“I never will play with Charley Mason again, mother. He’s a naughty boy, and I don’t love him.”

“What is the matter now, my son? I thought you and Charley were very good friends.”

“Why, mother, he’s got my new India-rubber ball, which sister Anne gave me, and he says he will keep it all the time. But I say he shan’t—shall he?”

And saying this little George Hammond burst into a sad fit of tears. His mother spoke gently to him and said:—

“How come Charley to run away with your ball?”

“Why, mother, he wanted to play with it, and so did I. I let him look at it, and then took it again, because it was my ball, you know; and by and by, when I was playing bounce, it rolled away. I ran after it, and so did he; and he got it before I could, and carried it home.”

“Well, George, it was wrong for him to carry it away in such a manner; but let me ask you, my son, if Charley had a nice ball, and you had none, don’t you think you should like to have played with it?”

“O, yes, indeed.”

“And do you think Charley would have let you?”

“O, I guess he would, for he’s a real nice boy, sometimes.”

“Well, Georgy, do you remember what pappa told Fanny yesterday—‘to do as you would be done by?’ You would like very much to play with Charley’s ball, and yet were not willing to let him play with yours. This was not right. You did not do as you would be done by. You did wrong, and so

did he. If you had let him play 'bounce' with you, then you would both have been happy little boys, and now you have been both wrong and both angry. I admit that Charley did wrong, but you did wrong first."

"Well, mother, I dare say that is all true; but Charles has got my ball."

"Charley will not keep it long, my dear. He only took it to trouble you a little; he will give it to you, I dare say, this afternoon."

"But Charley did not do as he would have been done by, mother, when he ran home with it."

"No, I suppose he did not think anything about it, any more than you did in not letting him play with you. Don't you remember how kind Charley was, a little while ago, when he had his new balloon? Did not you play with it?"

"Yes, mother; and don't you know how I let it blow away into the big tree, and Patrick could not get it down again, and how long it was up there?"

"And did Charley cry about it?"

"I guess not; but he was very sorry, and so was I; and I took the money uncle gave me, and bought some more paper, and sister Anne made him a real nice balloon, bigger than his first one was."

"And did you not feel happy, when you carried it to him; and was not Charley very glad to have it?"

"Yes, indeed, and he's got it now, and we play with it sometimes."

"That was doing as you would be done by. You lost his balloon, and gave him another to replace it, which was just."

"Mother, if Charley loses my ball, do you think he will be *just* too, and bring me another?"

"Certainly, if he does what is

right. But I think I hear Charley's voice in the hall. Go and see if it is he."

"Yes, mother, 'tis Charley," said Georgy, as he ran into the hall to meet him; and the mother followed him.

"I've brought home your ball, Georgy," said Charles. "Mother said I was a naughty boy to run away with it, and she told me to come and bring it right back. I'm sorry I plagued you, and I won't do so any more."

"And I'm very sorry I refused to let you play with the ball," said George, "for I know it was that which made you think of running off with it."

Thus the two boys were soon reconciled; and George's mother was glad to see her son understood his error, and the way to atone for it. We have only to add, that if children would all do as they wish others to do to them, there would never be any snatching of one another's things, no harsh words, no angry feelings among them.—*Merry's Museum.*

A LAW AGAINST KILLING CHILDREN.

What would our young readers say were they to hear of a law that forbade fathers and mothers from killing their children? Would it not be very strange if the Governor of New-York or the President of the United States should publish a law that little girls should not be killed? I have a doubt the boys and girls of America would be very much surprised. But such a law has been made. Only a little while ago, Le, one of the rulers of Kwangtung, a province of China, issued an edict strictly prohibiting the drowning of female children, which, he says, is very common at Canton. He says:

"Look at the insects, birds, beasts, and fish, even they love their off-

spring : how then can you bear to murder the little ones so near to you, and who are as the very hairs upon your heads ?”

How many poor little children have been drowned or killed in some other way in China ! If the boys and girls of America could look across the continent and over the rolling wave of the Pacific, and past the islands of the ocean, and see a hundred children every day thrown into the river by their fathers and mothers, I think they would not only be verry sorry for them, but they would do all they could to send the Gospel to those blind idolators.

All over the world, where the poor heathen worship false gods, they have been just like the Chinese. In the Sandwich Islands, in Tahiti and all the islands of the sea, in Siam, and India, and Africa, and Greece, and Rome, in ancient days as well as in our own days, the “dark hearts” of the heathen have been so cruel as this. If Christian children only loved the Bible as they should, and loved the Saviour as they should, they would do more than they do to send the Holy Word and missionaries to the lands of darkness, to let the light shine, and tear down the temples and the alters of false gods of wood and stone. If any boy or girl is thankful for being brought up in the land of the Bible, let him or her try to show their love to God by being devoted to his service.

MANNERS AT TABLE.

1. Never be tardy ; always be in your seat in due time.

2. Never stare about, or be indifferent when the blessing is pronounced, but close your eyes, and with great solemnity raise your heart to God in devout thankfulness.

“Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above.

3. Never come to the table with dirty hands, face, or nails, or your head looking like a brush heap.

4. Never help yourself until others around you are served, or what is more commendable for young persons, wait till supplied by those who serve at table.

5. When permitted to help yourself, never select the best articles of food. Some little folks, we believe, are in the habit of choosing the largest and best fruit, potatoes, &c. This is not merely impolite, but selfish in the extreme.

6. Never extend your arms across the table, you may by this movement brush some one in the face, upset some dish, and do great mischief. Are you in want of some articles at a distance ? Ask for it politely, in a distinct, audible voice, thus : “Father, will you please pass the fruit ?” “Will you have the goodness to help me to some pie or pudding ?” (as the case may be.) “I will thank you, father, for a few more beans, if you please.” Some children mumble their words, speak very indistinctly, through their teeth or nose, or in so low a voice as to render it very difficult to understand them. These evil habits should be corrected as early as possible.

7. Never make knives and forks of your fingers, when you have the former by you.

8. Hold your knife, fork, and spoon in the most convenient and genteel manner.

9. Hold up your head. Some youth have acquired the vulgar habit of putting their face almost into their plate, dish, or bowl, and eat with great rapidity. This habit is justifiable only in persons of extreme old age, and so bowed down with infirmities as not to be able to

raise their heads; but to see a sprightly lad in this uncouth position, eating with great voracity, is almost unpardonable. Better do as Solomon says, "Put a knife to thy throat."

10. Talking with your mouth full (especially at table), is very impolite.

11. Never wipe your hands or mouth on the table-cloth or garment. See that you are always furnished with a napkin.

12. Never suffer your plate to be unduly loaded with various articles of food. We have known some persons, who value themselves very highly for polite etiquette, leave their plates almost heaped with mangled fragments, a kind of hotch-potch! Shocking! This habit is both impolite and criminally wasteful.

13. Eat slowly, masticate freely and thoroughly. We have known some individuals (especially at public tables) eat as though they were fearful of losing their dinner, with all possible speed! Better lose your dinner, than your conscience or reputation. There are three special evils resulting from this wolf-like voracity: 1. Danger of being choked. 2. It is impossible to do justice to mastication, from which neglect result the most serious consequences. 3. Great danger of eating too much.

14. Never rise from the table till you have finished your meal. Some children eat awhile, leave the table, and return a second or third time.—*Golden Rule.*

THE BULLIES.

As young Francis was walking through a village with his tutor, they were annoyed by two or three cur dogs, that came running after them with looks of the utmost fury, snarling and barking as if they

would tear their throats, and seeming every moment ready to fly upon them. Francis every now and then stopped, and shook his stick at them, or stooped down to pick up a stone; upon which the curs retreated as fast as they came; but as soon as he turned about, they were after his heels again. This lasted till they came to a farm-yard through which their road lay. A large mastiff was lying down in it at his ease in the sun. Francis was almost afraid to pass him, and kept as close to his tutor as possible. However, the dog took not the least notice of them.

Presently they came upon a common, where, going near a flock of geese, they were assailed by hissings and pursued some way by these foolish birds, which stretching out their long necks made a very ridiculous figure. Francis only laughed at them, though he was tempted to give the foremost a switch across his neck. A little further was a herd of cows with a bull among them, upon which Francis looked with some degree of apprehension; but they kept quietly grazing, and did not take their heads from the ground as he passed.

"It is a lucky thing," said Francis to his tutor, "that mastiffs and bulls are not so quarrelsome as curs and geese; but what can be the reason of it?"

"The reason (replied his tutor) is, that paltry and contemptible animals, possessing no confidence in their own strength and courage, and knowing themselves liable to injury from most of those that come in their way, think it safest to act the part of bullies; and to make a show of attacking those of whom in reality they are afraid. Whereas animals which are conscious of force sufficient for their own protection, suspecting no evil designs from

others, entertain none themselves, but maintain a dignified composure.

“Thus you will find it among mankind. Weak, mean, petty characters are suspicious, snarling, and petulant. They raise an outcry against their superiors in talent and reputation, of whom they stand

in awe, and put on airs of defiance and insolence through mere cowardice. They fear no injury, and offer none. They even suffer slight attacks to go unnoticed, conscious of their power to right themselves whenever the occasion shall seem to require it.”

NATURAL HISTORY.



THE BOBALINK,

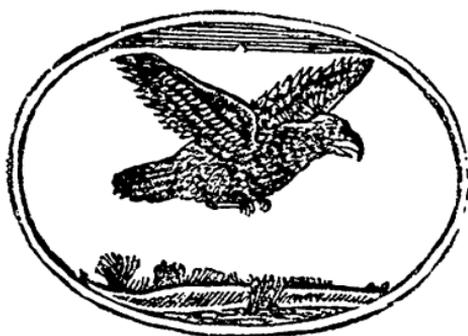
The Bobalirk has an instinctive horror for cold lead, and the faculty of dodging out of the way, which no other bird, so far as our ornithological knowledge extends, is possessed of. Frequently have we crept under a low ash or alder, upon the top of which one of these chattering was perched, taken deliberate aim, and blazed away. Down the bird would come all but to the ground; and when we thought we had him secure, off he would fly.

After performing divers fantastic gyrations, and flapping his wings to convince us that we had not wounded him, he would suddenly stop still in the air, perk knowingly and wickedly in our face, and, in a joyousness of his exuberant fancy, would open with a song of his own composition, the burden of which sounded to us like the following:—

“Ha, ha, ha, ha,—don't you wish you could—Click, bang! Wasn't I off in season? Hitti ca dink. Put in more powder. Chickadee, de, de.

You can't come it. Didn't you think you had me? But you hadn't though. Call again to-morrow—always find me at home. Chicadee—tip, whreet! Never felt so well in my life. Don't you feel cheap? Ha, ha, ha, Ripsidady! Catch a bobalink asleep! Zitka wheet! You are the greatest fool I ever saw. Lickate splist! Give my respects to your aunt,—How's your ma. Takes me. Hip! sip! rattle bang! Ha, ha, ha! Skeet!"

After indulging in this bit of extemporaneous raillery; laughing all the time—we could fairly see him laugh—the bobalink would run and fly off to the next bush, leaving us to load, creep up, and bang away again or not, to suit our own fancy. Pert, saucy, noisy, witty fellows are these bobalinks—the Mercutios and Gossamers of the feathered tribe—but they never meddle with politics.
—Oasis.



The Bald Eagle.

The celebrated Cataract of Niagara is a noted place of resort for the bald eagle, on account of the fish that abound there. In procuring these, he displays in a very singular manner, the genius and energy of his character, which is fierce, contemplative, daring, and tyrannical,—attributes not exerted but on particular occasions, but, when put forth, overpowering all

opposition. Elevated on the high dead limb of some gigantic tree that commands a wide view of the neighbouring place and shore, he seems calmly to contemplate the motions of the various feathered tribes that pursue their busy avocations below; the snow-white gulls slowly winnowing the air; the busy tringa coursing along the sands; trains of ducks streaming over the surface; silent and watchful cranes, intent and wading; clamorous crows; and all the winged multitudes that subsist by the bounty of this vast liquid magazine of nature. High over all these hovers one, whose action instantly arrests his whole attention. By his wide curvature of wing, and sudden suspension in air, he knows him to be the fish-hawke, settling over some devoted victim of the deep. His eyes kindles at the sight, and, balancing himself, with half opened wings, on the branch, he watches the result. Down, rapid as an arrow from heaven descends the distant object of his attention, the roar of its wings reaching the ear as it disappears in the deep, making the surges foam around! At this moment the eager looks of the eagle are all ardour; and levelling his neck for flight, he sees the fish-hawk once more emerge, struggling with his prey, and mounting in the air with screams of exultation. These are signals for our hero, who, launching into the air, instantly gives chase, and soon gains on the fish-hawk; each exerts his utmost to mount above the other, displaying in these recontres the most elegant and sublime ærial evolutions. The unencumbered eagle rapidly advances, and is just on the point of reaching his opponent, when with a sudden scream, probably of despair and honest execration, the latter drops his fish: the

eagle poising himself for a moment as if to take a more certain aim, descends like a whirl-wind, snatches it in his grasp ere it reaches the water, and bears his ill-gotten booty silently away to the woods.

These predatory attacks and defensive manœuvres of the eagle and the fish-hawk, are matters of daily observation along the whole of our sea-board, from Georgia to New England, and frequently excite great interest in the spectators. Sympathy, however, on this as on most other occasions, generally sides with the honest and laborious sufferer, in oppositson to the attacks of power, injustice and repacity,—qualities for which our hero is so generally notorious, and which, in his superior, *man*, are certainly detestable. As for the feelings of the poor fish, they seem altogether out of the question.

When driven, as he sometimes is, by the combined courage and perseverance of the fish-hawks, from their neighbourhood and forced to hunt for himself, he retires more inland, in search of young pigs, of which he destroys great numbers. In the lower parts of Virginia and North Carolina, where the inhabitants raise vast herds of those animals, complaints of this kind are very general against him. He also destroys young lambs in the early part of spring; and will sometimes attack old sickly sheep, aiming furiously at their eyes.—*Wilson's Ornithology*.

The Lace Merchant's Dog.

Who would have imagined that a dog had been made serviceable as a clerk, and had thus made for his master upwards of one thousand crowns? And yet an incident like this happened upwards of 30 years since. One of these industrious

beings who know how to make a chaldron of coals out of a billet of wood, determined in extreme poverty to engage in trade. He preferred that of merchandise which occupied the least space, and was calculated to yield the greatest profit. He borrowed a small sum of money from a friend and repairing to Flanders, he there bought pieces of lace, which, without any danger he smuggled into France in the following manner:

He trained an active spaniel to this purpose. He caused him to be shaved, and procured for him the skin of another dog of the same hair and same shape. He then rolled the lace round the body of the dog and put over the garment of the stranger so adroitly, that it was impossible to discover the trick. The lace being thus arranged in his pedestrian bandbox he would say to his docile messenger: "Forward my friend." At these words the dog would start, and pass boldly through the gates of Malines of Valenciennes, in the face of the vigilant officers placed there to prevent smuggling. Having passed the bounds he would wait for his master at a little distance in the open country. There they mutually caressed and feasted, and the merchant placed his packages in a place of security, renewing his occupation as necessity required—Such was the success of the smuggler, in less than five or six years he amassed a handsome fortune and kept his coach. Envy pursues the prosperous; a mischievous neighbour betrayed the lace merchant, and notwithstanding his efforts to disguise the dog, he was suspected, watched, and discovered.

How far does the cunning of some animals extend? Did the spies of the custom-house expect him at any one gate, he saw them at a distance,

and instantly went towards the other. Were the gates shut against him, he overcame every obstacle—sometimes he leaped over the wall, at others, passed secretly behind a carriage, or running between the legs of travellers he would thus accomplish his aim. One day,

however, while swimming a stream near Malines, he was shot and died in the water. There was then about him five thousand crowns' worth of lace—the loss of which did not afflict the master, but he was inconsolable for the loss of his faithful dog.

BIBLE HISTORY.



CHRIST IN THE STORM.

THE STILLING OF THE TEMPEST.—In the hour of her wildest uproar nature yielded obedience unto Him, who was come to reassert man's dominion over her, and over the evil powers which had held her in thrall, and had made her, who shall have always been his willing handmaid, to be oftentimes the instrument of his harm and ruin.—And his *word* was sufficient for this. He needed not, as Moses, to stretch a rod over the deep;—he needed not as his servant had needed, an instrument of power, foreign to himself, with which to do his mighty work; but only *at his word* the wind ceased, and there was a great calm. . . . As the kernel of the old humanity, Noah and his family, was once contained in the ark which was tossed upon the waves of the deluge, so the kernel of the new humanity, of the new crea-

tion, Christ and his apostles, in this little ship. And the Church of Christ has evermore resembled this tempested bark, in that the waves of the world rage horribly around it, in that it has evermore been delivered out of the perils which seemed ready to overwhelm it, and this because Christ is in it.

THE WALKING ON THE SEA.—In the first storm he was present in the ship with them. . . . But he will not have them clinging only to the sense of his bodily presence—as ivy needed always an outward support—but as hardy forest trees which can brave a blast; and this time he puts them forth into the danger alone, even as some loving mother-bird thrusts her fledgings from the nest, that they may find their own wings and learn to use them. . . . As that bark was upon the stormy sea, such is oftentimes the Church. It seems as though it had not its Lord with it, such little way does it make; so baffled is it and tormented by the opposing storms of the world. And when, at length, the time of urgent need has arrived, he is suddenly with it, and that in marvellous ways, past finding out—and then all that was before laborious is easy, and the toiling rowers are anon at the haven where they would be.—*Trench.* *

A N E C D O T E S.

RICHES FOR CHILDREN.

The present Post Master General of the United States was once a very poor boy, so poor that he could ill afford a pair of shoes, without which "the master would not allow him to come to school." Our boyhood was passed in the village in which were spent his earlier professional years. We remember once being in his company after he had been elevated to the supreme bench in his native State, and hearing him make, in substance, the following statements :

I remember, said he the first time I visited Burlington as a Judge of the Supreme Court—I had left it many years before a poor boy. At the time I left, there were two families of special note for their standing and wealth. Each of them had a son about my own age. I was very poor, and those two boys were very rich. During the long years of hard toil that passed before my return, I had almost forgotten them. They had long ago forgotten me.

Approaching the Court House for the first time, in company with several gentlemen of the Bench and Bar, I noticed in the Court House yard, a large pile of old furniture about to be sold at vendue. The scenes of early boyhood, with which I was surrounded, prompted me to ask whose it was. I was told it belonged to Mr. A., (we use fictitious initials.) "Mr. A.? I remember a family of that name, very wealthy—there was a son too—can it be he?" I was told it was even so. He was the son of one of the families already alluded to. He had inherited more than I had ever

earned, and spent it all, and now his own family was reduced to real want, and his very furniture was that day to be sold for debt. I went into the court room saddened, yet almost glad that I was born poor. I was soon absorbed in the business before me. One of the first cases called, was that of B. vs. C.—a case that had come up on appeal, but which, if we remember rightly, originated in a low drunken quarrel. Mr. B.? thought I, that is a familiar name. Can it be? In short, I found that this was indeed the son in the other wealthy family referred to! I was overwhelmed, alike with astonishment and thanksgiving—astonishment at the change in our relative standings, and thanksgiving that I was not born to inherit wealth without toil.

A QUIET REBUKE.

The late Rev. B. Jacobs, of Cambridgeport, could, when necessary, administer reproof very forcibly, though the gentleness of his character was always seen in the manner in which it was done. Some young ladies at his house were one day talking about one of their female friends. As he entered the room, he heard the epithets "odd," "singular," &c., applied. He asked, and was told the name of the young lady in question, and then said, very gravely, "Yes, she is an odd young lady; she is a *very* odd young lady; I consider her extremely singular." He then added, very impressively, "She was never heard to speak ill of an absent friend." The rebuke was not forgotten by those who heard it.

P O E T R Y.



CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

'Tis time to go to bed,
And shut my weary eyes :
But first I'll thank, for daily bread,
My father in the skies.

I fear that I this day
Have not obeyed my God ;
Blest Saviour, pardon me, I pray,
And wash me in thy blood.

I now am very young ;
But as I older grow,
I hope to praise thee with my tongue,
And more of thee to know.

SPEAK NO ILL.

Nay, speak no ill—a kindly word
Can never leave a sting behind ;
And oh, to breathe each tale we've heard,
Is far beneath a noble mind.
Full oft a better seed is sown
By choosing thus the kinder plan,
For if but little good be known,
Still let us speak the best we can.

Give me the heart that fain would hide—
Would fain another's faults efface ;
How can it pleasure human pride,
To prove humanity but base !
No, let us reach a higher mood—
A nobler estimate for man ;
Be earnest in the search for good,
And speak of all the best we can.

Then speak no ill, but lenient be,
To others' failings as your own ;
If ye're the first a fault to see,
Be not the first to make it known.
For life is but a passing day—
No lips may tell how brief its span—
Then, oh, the little time we stay,
Let's speak of all the best we can !

THE DAISY.

Not worlds on worlds, in phalanx deep,
Need we to tell a God is here :
The daisy, fresh from winter's sleep,
Tells of his hand in lines as clear.
What power, but his who arched the skies
And poured the day spring's purple flood
Wond'rous alike in all its dyes,
Could rear the daisy's curious bud ;
Mould its green cup, its wiry stem,
Its fringed border nicely spun,
And cut the gold embossed gem,
That, set in silver, gleams within :
And fling it with a hand so free,
O'er hill and dale and desert sod,
That man, where'er he walks, may see—
In every step, the stamp of God !

BAPTISM.

Behold the hallowed emblem flowing,
Pure water o'er the infant brow ;
Behold the little wonderer glowing,
As the strange gift bedews it now.

The sign and seal of purifying
Tells me of washing in Christ's blood,
Tells of the virtue of his dying
Tells of the Spirit's cleansing flood.

These drops my brow was once receiving ;
Thus was I offered by the love
Of gentlest parents, when believing
They gave their child to God above.

Then am I his, by faith's devotion,
Never to wander from my God,
Never to yield to Satan's motion,
Never to quake at Satan's rod.

Keep me O Father, let me never
Forget how closely I am thine ;
O may it be my soul's endeavour,
Living and dying to be thine.

Yet 'tis not sign or seal can merit
Bliss so divine as that I crave ;
Lord, let a sinful child inherit
Favour, through him who died to save !

Catch then, O catch the transient hour,
Improve each moment as it flies ;
Life's a short summer—man a flower,
He dies—alas ! how soon he dies !

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