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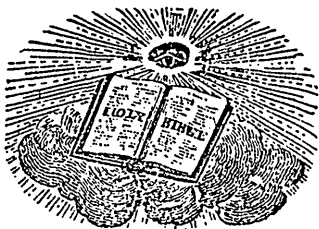
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SUNDAY SCHOOL GUARDIAN.



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

VOL. VIII.] TORONTO, C. W., FEBRUARY, 1854. [No. 9

PRINCIPLES FOR TEACHERS.

1. THE *doctrine, truth or duty* to be inculcated should be distinctly set forth.

Every teacher should endeavor to obtain clear views of the subjects which he has to inculcate. For no man can express himself clearly or intelligibly, who does not think distinctly and with correctness. The catechisms and the Hymn-Book may be studied with great advantage. The doctrines, duties, and privileges of Christianity are stated there with great perspicuity and force. Definitions to be remembered must also be short; but this brevity is likely to make the subject more difficult to be perceived by the youthful mind: hence the great necessity of a teacher obtaining clear views of the subject which he wishes to inculcate, that he may illustrate it in a variety of ways; for this is the only method by which the disadvantages connected with the

unavoidable conciseness of elementary works, such as Catechisms, can be counteracted. The teacher must enlarge when needful, and bring the subject before the mind's eye, in numerous forms in order to interest and instruct. But if the subject the first understood, this will be found a practicable task. When we thoroughly comprehend a truth, it is not very difficult to find illustrations by which to explain it to others.

2. Another characteristic of a good method of instruction is *brevity*.

By brevity I do not mean so much the use of few words, in teaching religion, as conciseness in the amount of truth propounded at one time. It may be needful to employ many words, to interest the young, and to convey correct views, by divers illustrations, to their minds; but the subject should be presented in small pieces easily grasped. A child may not be competent to grasp an orange, although it can seize and hide in its

hand a hazelnut. And if only a small amount of information is lodged in the mind, the possession of it is seen by the teacher, and felt by the pupil, to be something gained. But if he should compel his scholar to traverse an undue extent of surface, with a view to promote his benefit, by placing before him the whole system at once, he will be disappointed. The attention of the pupil will be distracted by the multiplicity of objects, and his capacity will be found inadequate to embrace it. The attempt to overdo produces the absence of interest, the want of attention, weariness, and exhaustion, so frequently manifested by pupils. If these views be correct, the folly of dragging a class of scholars through two or three long chapters of the Bible especially in a heated and polluted atmosphere, must be apparent. Let the attention be confined to five or six verses, in which some leading truth, duty, or fact is recorded; and while the children are pleased, they will at the same time be profited. Presented before them in distinct outlines, they will comprehend the truth. Feeling their competency for their task, they will apply themselves to it with renewed ardor; and application to their studies, instead of being a drudgery, will be a delight.

3. But in order to successful tuition there must be *repetition*.

No teacher can reflect upon his own experience without recalling proofs of the truth of this remark. It is found needful in day-schools, where the opportunities for teaching so greatly preponderate over those of the Sabbath; and, if it be needful where every facility is possessed, in reference to time experience, and constant practice, how much more is it required in the Sunday school! In reaping only, repetition is both desirable and requisite.

Let the class be confined to a few verses, and let the scholars be required to read them again and again.

Repetition is equally important with reference to a correct understanding of the subject of the lesson. How often do adults detect themselves, when listening to a sermon, in allowing their attention to be diverted? Vagrant thoughts intrude, and prevent close application. If this be the case with grown-up persons, how much more may it be expected to be so with children and youth, who have not yet acquired the art of self-control, and whose minds are yet without discipline! If the truth be not perceived by the understanding, and lodged in the memory, very little good has been effected. But to realize this, there must be frequent repetition.

4. In communicating instruction to youth in a Sunday School, it is important to make a *personal application of the truth*.

Without this, it is well known, the truths of our holy religion may be heard again and again, even by adults, without any impression having been made on the mind. One of the most instructive examples furnished in the Scriptures, of the necessity and efficacy of personal application, is that of David. 2 Sam. xii. When the parable delivered by Nathan, exhibiting the oppressive, cruel, and unjust conduct of the rich man in taking the "one little ewe-lamb," and sparing "to take of his own flock," was first brought before David's mind, the iniquity of the proceeding roused his ire, and excited strong feelings of indignation, and led him to say, "As the Lord liveth, the man that hath done this thing shall surely die; and he shall restore the lamb four-fold, because he did this thing, and because he had no pity." But, in the mean

time, he lost sight of his own conduct in seducing Bathsheba, and then murdering Uriah. He little imagined that he was thus expressing just views respecting his own deserts, and passing sentence upon himself for his own wicked proceedings. But when Nathan applied the parable, saying, "Thou art the man," and showed the parallel in all its parts, David confessed, "I have sinned against the Lord." Had Nathan neglected, or wanted the moral courage, to make a faithful and pointed application of his parable, David would not have been at that time brought to feed his guilt, and seek mercy.

When our youth are taught that repentance is a conviction of sin, sorrow on account thereof, hatred and renunciation of it, they should be asked, Whether they have been convinced of sin; whether they have sorrowed on account of it; whether they hate and renounce it. Thus, with respect to all the doctrines and privileges of Christianity, pupils ought to be examined constantly, whether they have an experimental and saving acquaintance with them.

5. When engaged in teaching his pupils, the Sunday-school teacher should always manifest *serious earnestness*.

As is our own state of mind, so, commonly, will be the condition of those who are listening to our instructions. If we are cold and lifeless, they will be indifferent; if we are earnest, they will be interested and attentive. This is especially the case when religious truth is inculcated. On this topic, if on any, it is allowed, the teacher ought to be warm. The nature of the subject, the important results that may follow, the interests that are at stake, the brief period that can be devoted exclusively to this duty, justi-

fy and demand great fervor; and so general and deep is this conviction, that, where it is absent, the sincerity and honesty of the teacher are often called in question. Each teacher should seek a portion of that feeling which animated the apostle when he said, "The love of Christ constraineth us," or bears us away, as the stream the vessel floating on its bosom. The power of sympathy is well known to be great; and when a teacher's best feelings and affections are awakened and manifested, in the performance of his duty, he will secure esteem and attachment, and thereby promote the best interests of his pupils; they will listen with attention to his instructions, and receive them with docility.

6. *The manner of the teacher should be kind, affectionate, and patient.*

This is expected of a Sunday-school teacher, from the very nature of the instruction he has to communicate, the character he sustains, and the object he ought to have in view. In teaching the principles of Christianity, the teacher will have to inculcate kindness of manners, an affectionate regard for the interests of others, and patience under provocation and injury; and unless he exemplify these marks of character, at least in some degree, in his own proceedings, he is not likely to be very successful in his efforts. Should his own temper and conduct contradict the lesson he is enforcing, he may be building up with one hand, but he will be pulling down with the other. But while these characteristics are fully developed, there should always be associated with them a strict requirement of order, and a firm maintenance of authority. It is a mistaken notion, that the proper manifestation of kindness and affection requires the sacrifice of discipline and obedi-

ence. Nay, it may be safely affirmed, that where these are absent, there will not be much room for the former to flourish.

Children are generally quick in discerning improprieties in the conduct and tempers of their seniors; and though they may not be set forth in language, these errors generally make an impression on the mind that is not soon or easily effaced. It is justly assumed, that a Sunday-school teacher is a religious character, and if he does not act in accordance with that character, he will neither have the influence with his pupils which is secured by consistency, nor that authority among them which weight of moral character usually establishes. To profess to be teaching a religion which is contradicted by the whole demeanor, is so manifest an inconsistency, that the most limited capacity has no difficulty in discovering it. And when the object which ought to be kept in view is considered, that is, the salvation of the soul, it will at once be seen how kind, affectionate, and patient the manner ought to be. The Sunday-school teacher has to deal not merely with the understanding, but with the passions; not merely with the memory, but with the heart; he has not merely to communicate knowledge, but to allure and persuade into the paths of righteousness and peace. It behoves him, therefore, not to increase his own difficulties by turning the current of affection and feeling against himself through any inconsistency of spirit or conduct, but by suavity of manners, and a firm gentleness of spirit, to enlist the heart of his pupils on the side of prospective success.—*Plan of Instruction for Sunday Schools.*

From the American Messenger.

HENRY AND HIS HALF DOLLAR.

Henry — was the son of an industrious farmer in V—. He was prompt and active at work, and as active at play when he could get time for recreation. One day when he was about thirteen, he was at a mill in his father's neighbourhood, and an old man who lived a few miles up the river, came to get a small quantity of flour on credit. The old man said his aged wife was sick, and he wanted a little flour to make her something that she could eat; but he had no money to pay for it, and was obliged to ask a credit of a few weeks. The miller positively refused to let him have the flour, and the poor old man, dispirited and sad, turned towards his home. He knew not what to do. He disliked to go to his neighbors and beg for bread; and he feared that if he asked for credit, he might meet with the same repulse the miller had given him.

Young Henry heard all that passed between the miller and the old man; and he saw him leave the mill for his home, without flour to make even a cake for his sick wife. He saw his sorrowful face and his tearful eye, and the boy's heart was touched. As soon as the old man was gone, Henry went to the miller and begged him to send the poor man some flour; but he would not. "Then," said the generous-hearted boy, "here is a half dollar—it is the only money I have in the world—give me its worth in flour, and I will give it to that poor man's wife." The miller measured up the flour, and Henry took it on his shoulder and away he went. He got tired and sat down and rested, and then

he arose and pushed on, panting and tugging along with his load. At length he reached the poor man's cabin upon the bank of the mill-creek, just after the old man had got home and told his sorrowful tale to his sick wife. He was sitting in the corner in deep dejection of spirits; but she, with humble confidence in God, had just said, "The Lord will provide." She did not murmur or complain, but told her husband to be of good courage, and not despond. Just at that moment Henry entered with his bag of flour, and gave it to the old man. The sick woman blessed him and prayed for him; the old man was too full to say a word, but shed tears of gratitude on the reception of the unexpected favor from the hands of his young benefactor.

Henry grew up to be a man. The Lord prospered him in business. He became wealthy, but never forgot the poor. He was always liberal in his donations for benevolent objects; but I have often heard him say, that the bag of flour which he gave to the poor sick woman when he was a boy, purchased with the only piece of money he had in the world, afforded him more real pleasure than any act of his life. This was a noble generous deed. It augured well for the man; and he turned out to be all that such an act, at so early an age, indicated he would be. He was unselfish, kind-hearted, and full of charitable deeds.

I know that all my young readers admire this noble act in Henry —. But if such an act was noble and praiseworthy in him, would it not be equally noble and praiseworthy in you? Go and do likewise. You may not find just such a case as he did, but you will meet, now and

then, with similar cases. You will find poor, honest persons, sometimes old and afflicted, who need the necessaries of life. When you meet with such cases, can you not spare a portion of your money to buy something for such persons to eat? Can you not give something to buy fuel to warm them when they are shivering in the cold? Can you not help to send the gospel to those who are perishing in sin? You would not miss what you give; and if you did, it would always be a pleasant thought, that you had sacrificed something to make others happy. "Blessed is he that considereth the poor: the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble." "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord; and that which he hath given, will he pay him again." "Give, and it shall be given to you." J. E. E.

WHAT WILL THE END BE.

When I see a boy angry with his parents, disobedient, and obstinate — determined to pursue his own course — to be his own master — setting at naught the experience of age, and disregarding their admonitions and reproofs — unless his course of conduct is changed, I need not inquire, "What will his end be?" He disobeys his parents, insults his friends, disregards the voice of God, and is pursuing the path that leads directly down to the gates of death and woe.

When I notice a little girl fond of dress, dissatisfied, and unpleasant at times if she cannot obtain her desire, and anxious to appear better clothed than circumstances will permit; her thoughts occupied with what she will wear, and what others

will think of her dress—unless she changed her course of conduct, I need not ask what her end will be. She regards her apparel more than God; and although she may be fancied and greatly admired by the world, God will abase her pride, and punish her for her vanity.

When I see a boy in the habit of lying, and no confidence to be placed in what he may say, always ready with a falsehood upon his tongue; unless he alters his course I need not inquire what his end will be. The curse of God is upon him. He is despised by the good, and his own friends have no respect for him. He must dwell through eternity with the unhappy number of the fearful, unbelieving, abominable, murderers, and liars, who have their part in the second death.

When I see a boy desiring the society of the wicked and depraved, associating with those who will swear, lie, cheat, and steal; seeking their company, making their friendships—I need not inquire, unless he alter his course, what his end will be. He will soon be as bad as his companions, or worse. He does not fear nor love God, or he would not seek the society of those that set at naught his counsel and despise his reproofs.

When I see a boy, kind, affectionate, respectful, obedient to his parents; keeping holy the Sabbath-day; found in the sanctuary, joining God's people in his worship; loving to pray to him; who is punctual at the Sunday school, attentive, quiet, with his lesson well committed to memory, and repeated accurately; keeping good company, forming good habits, I can predict what the end of that boy will be. Respected by all that know

him, a useful member of society, and an ornament as he advances in age, under the supervision of the God he loves; pursuing the path of the upright, having his heart sprinkled with that blood which cleanseth from all sin, the truth of the expression of Addison, "Behold how calm a Christian can die," will be verified in his death. Yes, when his earthly tabernacle shall fall, he will find a "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," and exchange this world of sorrow for the abode of the just in the paradise of God.

EXERCISE.

A great deal has been written and said on the best invented plays for the exercise of the young; dancing, jumping rope, calisthenics, mountain walks, horseback riding, &c. The evil influences connected with some of these are a sufficient reason why they should be totally abandoned. I have seen little girls jump the rope, until they were completely prostrated, in striving to rival some little competitor in the number of unbroken swings. Only a few days since, I noticed the death of a little girl in New-York occasioned by jumping the rope two hundred times in succession. This violent and unnatural exercise has long been approved of and recommended. Dancing has been resorted to by the high and low, rich and poor; in the palace, in the gardens, on the heath, and on the moor; by the barbarous and the civilized. It is an exercise as elevated as might be expected from those dark and ignorant portions of the globe, where light and civilization have never dawned upon the

human mind, where the female is a slave to the baser passions of man, and personal cleanliness, household comforts, and the cheerful interchange of social domestic intercourse, never come. It is well enough for minds thus debased to spend their miserable leisure in kicking and jumping upon the harvest-green. And there is a refined dancing, practiced by those in the higher walks of life, who have been drilled, night after night, in the art of step and figure. These cannot be classed among the intellectual, for intellect has its seat in the head and not in the feet. We are too utilitarian in our feelings and habits to require an importation of this kind. And here, too, where all classes are intellectually and religiously trained, and so much industry is required to preserve the purity and health of body and mind, and where the poor and the sick make such unremitting demands upon the active and generous sympathies of our hearts, and the practical and efficient co-operation of our feet and hands, it is a libel on the purity of our morals to descend to those indelicate waltzes, those pernicious and destructive public balls, where the whole night is often appropriated with its paraphernalia of show, music, dress, wines, champagne, false lights, false teeth, false hair, false hearts, rouge, and perfumery, to smooth the wrinkles and disguise the age; and, worse than all, the false pretensions of love that are often made to the confiding and inexperienced girl, who has not been thoroughly initiated in the arts of coquetry and deceit. No female can long endure the excitement of the public ball-room without a nervous and broken-down constitution.

There is no place, not even the theatre, that will afford such a rich harvest as the ball-room, of the delirium of reason, the bewildering insatiation of pleasure, the reckless and daring prodigality of health and strength, from the imprudent exposure of feet and limbs to the chilly damps of night dews, frost, and snow.

No amusement should be indulged to the exclusion of those more homely duties of sweeping, dusting, putting the parlor in order, washing dishes, making bread, preparing meats and vegetables in a digestible manner. These, and innumerable other little services, interspersed with walks and rides in the open air, will afford them not only fine exercise of limbs and chest, but will give them a practical acquaintance with those domestic arrangements which are so indispensable to every well-regulated household.

The appliance of the sciences (with which the young lady is daily toiling to store the mind) may give a finer relish to those varied and complicated duties. Calculating mathematically the saving of expense to parents by each hour's labour of a faithful and affectionate daughter, in the economical arrangement of food and fuel, will be an excellent exercise, and also care in preserving furniture from the merciless buisies, and crockery from those avalanche crashes of careless and uninterested persons who may be employed. Physiology may be applied in looking after little brothers and sisters, preventing untimely falls and other accidents to which they are exposed without a guide, and providing against atmospheric changes by suitable articles of raiment.

Children may be easily taught to love labour, if they commence in season. Habits of industry are as necessary to a high moral sentiment as to a vigorous physical ability.

Very little good will result from the loftiest conception of the mightiest intellect, unless it be accompanied by some practical demonstration to the world.—*Mother's Journal.*



GAMBLING.

But you do not mean to gamble, nor advocate it. I know it. But I also know that if you play at all, you will ultimately do both. It is but a line that separates between innocence and sin. Whoever fairly approaches this line, will soon have crossed it. To keep at a distance, therefore, is the part of wisdom. No one ever made up his mind to consign to perdition his soul at once. No man ever entered the known avenue which conducted to such an end with a firm and unshaken step. The brink of ruin is approached with caution, and by imperceptible degrees, and the wretch who now stands fearlessly scoffing there, but yesterday had shrunk back from the tottering cliff with trembling. Do you wish for illustration? The profligate's unwritten history will furnish it. How inoffensive its commencement! how sudden and how awful its catastrophe! Let us review his life. He commences with play; but it is only for amusement. Next he hazards a trifle to give interest, and is

surprised when he finds he is a gainer by the hazard. He then ventures, not without misgivings, on a deeper stake. This stake he loses. The loss and the guilt oppress him. He drinks to revive his spirits. His spirits revived, he stakes to retrieve his fortune. Again he is unsuccessful, and again his spirits flag, and again the intoxicating cup revives them. Ere he is aware of it, he has become a drunkard; he has become a bankrupt. Resources fail him. The demon despair takes possession of his bosom; reason deserts him. He becomes a maniac: the pistol or the poniard closes the scene; with a shriek he plunges unwept and forgotten into hell.

As we have said, the finished gambler has no heart. The club with which he herds would meet though all its members were in mourning. They would meet though the place of rendezvous was the chamber of the dying; they would meet though it were an apartment in the charnel house. Not even the death of kindred can affect the

gambler. He would play upon his father's sepulchre.—*Dr. Vott.*

In connexion with gambling we would make a few remarks on the seductive habit of attending horse-races. Various excuses can be found to cover the beginnings of this evil course. But let a young person once give way to an attendance at such scenes, and who knows at what point of degradation he will stop. How easy for him gradually to acquire a taste for betting: from betting in a small way how imperceptibly may he not slide on to practised gambling—yea possibly to hardened robbery; and at last you may fancy him in such an assemblage as our illustration at the head of this article represents, indulging his low passions, though without sound of the groans of the wounded and the moans of a suffering sympathiser.

ADDRESS TO YOUTH.

BY SAMUEL STENNETT, D. D.

YE children that are just rising into life, cast your eyes backward to the first moment of your existence, and realize the innumerable expressions of parental affection with which you have been followed to the present time. What pangs did not your tender mother endure when she brought you into life! With how fond a heart did she clasp you in her arms, lay you to her breast, and pour her very soul upon you! With what painful anxiety did she anticipate your wants! With what unwearied attention did she provide for them! And from how many evils did she hourly protect you, gathering you as a hen gathereth her chickens! What a variety of comforts have your parents, each of them, denied themselves, and what a variety of labours have they incessantly undergone, in order to procure you a thousand enjoyments! Your happiness, your usefulness, your honour, your final salvation, were their grand objects through the term, the long and tedious term, as it seemed to you, of nonage. How often, shaken with alternate hopes and fears, have they stood trembling by

your cradle and your bed, watching the event of threatening disorders! With what solicitude have they led you on every step, through the devious paths of childhood and youth, holding you back from this and that insidious snare, and shielding you against this and that violent assault of temptation! What various reasonings, apprehensions, and cares have agitated their minds respecting your education, the manner in which they should conduct themselves towards you, and the hands to whose guidance they should entrust you! How often have their hearts bled within them, when regard to your real interests obliged them to sacrifice fond indulgence to the demands of rigorous correction! How often have they restrained your impetuous passions, borne with your childish prejudices, gratified your innocent wishes, pleaded with you on your best interests, and poured out their cries and tears to heaven on your behalf! And with what painful anxiety, mingled with eager hope, have they looked forward to the event of all those measures they have taken with you, to prepare you for the station of life you are perhaps now just entering upon!

And now are there no returns due to all these expressions of parental kindness? Shall inattention and neglect, on your part, draw tears and sadness from those eyes which have so often looked on you with tender pity? Shall harsh and disrespectful language grate on those ears which have been ever open to your cries? Shall unnatural disobedience pierce the bosom that has so passionately loved you? Shall sullen ingratitude crush the heart that has doted upon you? Shall folly and sin, in a word, bring down those grey hairs with sorrow to the grave, which affection for you, as well as old age, hath rendered truly venerable? God forbid! On the contrary, does not every ingenuous sentiment, and every pious feeling of the heart, call loudly on you to exert your utmost efforts towards discharging a debt, which after all it will never be in your power to repay? Ought you not to revere their

persons, and hold their character sacred? Ought you not to approach them with respect, and to kindle into a flame at every insult offered them? Ought not their commands to be a law with you? and every deviation from them a force put upon your nature? Ought you not religiously to regard their admonition, and patiently submit to their censures? Ought you not to consult their happiness in every step you take, and accommodate yourselves even to their humours? Ought you not, when they are in the decline of life, to afford them all the assistance in your power? to watch their looks with assiduity and attention; to bear their pains with them; to soothe their ruffled passions; support their feeble steps; make their bed in their sickness; and, if you cannot hold death back from them, yet by your sympathy and prayers disarm him at least of some of his terrors? Gratitude for a thousand kind offices you have received, demands all this at your hands.

“AH, MASSA, YOU NO UNDERSTAND IT.”

A few years since, there lived in one of our large cities a poor colored woman, named Betty, who had been confined by sickness for nearly twenty years. By the few friends that knew her, she was familiarly called poor Betty. Betty had seen comfortable days. She had been kind and good at service. Eight years had shed their blight upon her robust limbs before they yielded to the hardship of toil. She had acquired a hale constitution by sporting for twenty years upon her native hills, upon the burning sands of Africa, before the slave-ship stole its guilty, accursed way over the waters, laden with chains and manacles to bind her limbs and to mar her sable beauty, to agonize her soul, and to subject her to the horrors of the middle passage. Betty had long been blind, and was said to be 105 years old. An aged daughter,

whom God, in mercy to this bruised reed in a strange land, had kindly permitted to be the companion both of her bondage and her freedom, arranged and administered the few comforts with which former industry and present charity had furnished her decayed cottage. Betty was indeed a relic of former days, and was noted for her good sense and her discreet warm-hearted piety.

Mr. B. was a man of wealth and business in the same city. His signature was better than silver on the Exchange, because it was more easily transferred. His sails whitened the ocean, his charity gladdened many hearts, and his bounty gave impulse to many benevolent operations. Notwithstanding the pressure of business, Mr. B. often found time to drop in and see what became of poor Betty. His voice and even his step had become familiar to her, and always lighted up a smile on her dark, wrinkled face. He would often say some pleasant thing to cheer this lonely pilgrim on her way to Zion.

One day Mr. B. took a friend from the country to see Betty. As he stopped and entered the cottage door, he said, “Betty, you are alive yet,” “Yes tank God,” said Betty. “Betty,” said he, “why do you suppose that God keeps you so long in this world, poor, and sick, and blind, when you might go to heaven and enjoy so much?”

While Mr. B.’s tone and manner were half sportive, he uttered a serious thought, which more than once came over his mind. Now comes the sermon.

Betty assumed her serious and most animated tone, and replied, “Ah, massa, you no understand it. Dare be two great tings to do for de Church: *one be to PRAY for it t’other to ACT for it.* No, massa, God keep me alive

to pray for de Church, and he keep you alive to act for it. Your great gifts no do much good without poor Betty's prayers."

For a few moments Mr. B. and his friend stood silent, thrilled, astonished. They felt the knowledge, the dignity, the moral suavity of this short sermon. It seemed to draw aside the veil a little, and let him into heaven's mysteries. "Yes, Betty," replied Mr. B. in the most serious and subdued tones, "your prayers are of more importance to the Church than my alms."

This short sermon, preached by poor Betty, was never forgotten by Mr. B. or his friend. It made them more humble, more prayerful, more submissive in afflictions.—*Parent's Magazine.*

Ignorance may be pleaded in extenuation of love of the world in youth; but what excuse can he have for his folly, who has long tried the world and found it to be emptiness and vanity.

OUR HEAVENLY FATHER SPEAKING.

A Christian lady read the twentieth Psalm to her little son about five years old, and explained to him how "the God of glory thundereth;" and that "the voice of the Lord is powerful."

A few days after, during a thunder shower, she overheard him saying to his sister younger than himself: "Anna, you need not be so afraid; that is OUR HEAVENLY FATHER SPEAKING." A heavy clap of thunder just then rolled through the vaulted heavens and shook the house; but the timorous little girl only said, "IT IS DOD 'PEAKING."

How much religious instruction can be conveyed to the young mind;

how much fear can be prevented, and how much happiness conferred by suitable explanations!—[Well-Spring.

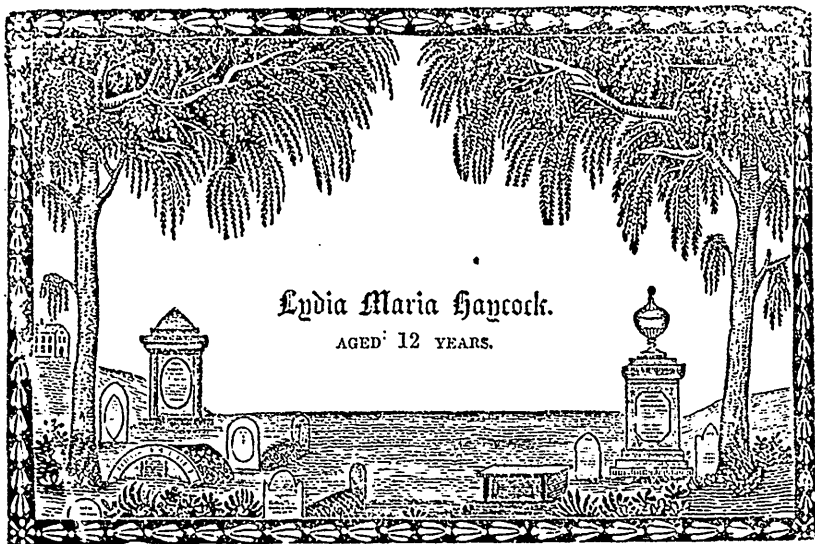
CRUELTY TO A KAFFIR GIRL.

I have just returned from one of my country journeys, in which I met with another painful instance of the cruel nature of Heathenism: it was the case of a young girl who was required to marry an old man, who had three or four wives before: to this she objected; persuasion was used, but in vain; so that they at length proceeded to torture. She was beaten with a *lanbock*, that is, a thong made out of the hide of a sea-cow, being about as thick as a man's finger at the top, and pared down towards the end to the thickness of the point of the little finger, being the instrument used often instead of a whip for driving horses and oxen. She was then tied to a post, and her feet made fast together. This done, her hands were tied behind her, by the middle finger on the right hand, and the fore-finger on the left, above the second joint. This was done so tightly as to cause the blood to collect until the fingers were quite black, and the pain became extreme. They then took a burning stick out of the fire, and, holding it near the tortured fingers, blew the heat of it upon them, until the pain became so excruciating as to compel the poor creature to consent to take the wicked old man for her husband. These facts were related to me by faithful and trustworthy Kaffir members of Society; but they requested me not to take their word alone, but go and see for myself, as the kraal was not very far distant, and the matter could be so managed as to prevent the husband from putting the girl away in secret.

THE ARABS IN PRAYER.

I must not omit the mention of the strict and scrupulous exactness with which all the Arabs prayed in the journey. Five times a day is prescribed by the Koran. Most of them pray the five times, but not all together; some choosing their own time—a liberty allowed to travellers. It was a refreshing sight, though, at the same

time a saddening one, to see the poor Arab camel-drivers pray so devoutly, laying their naked foreheads upon the sharp stones and sand of the desert; people who had so literally so few of the bounties of Providence, many of them scarcely anything to eat. And yet these travelworn, famished men supplicated the eternal God with great and earnest devotion. What a lesson for the over-fed Christian.—*Richardson's Travels in Sahara.*



I send you a short account of one of the lambs of Christ's flock, whose early piety and happy death were very affecting and profitable to those who were near her; and I hope that this account will make her death useful to many who never saw her.

Lydia Maria was born in Kingstons, March 8th, 1841, and died in

Yorkville, on the Toronto East Circuit, on Christmas day 1853. She had been a member of the Methodist Church for several years, and her conduct and conversation gave remarkable evidence that she had been with Christ. Though so young, she was very faithful, never missing class-meeting, and always striving to be a true disciple of Christ. She was much

attached to her Sunday School, and as a member of the Rev. W. H. Pool's Saturday Juvenile Bible Class, her answers and remarks often showed a surprising knowledge of scripture. She had such a thirst for religious knowledge as led her to read eagerly many books which were lent to her; she tried to understand them too, and converse about what she had read, often showing that she had a clear view of what Christ had done for our salvation. Those who love the Saviour want all the world to love him too, and Lydia Maria often talked about the glorious Missionary cause, and prayed for the poor perishing heathen.

She had many friends, for all good people love a good and pious child. She *made* every one love her, for she loved to be kind to all.

But it was in her last sickness that her soul was made most happy, and her tongue spoke most in her Saviour's praise. A great deal that she said has been forgotten, so that we cannot give it here; but it was wonderful to see this blessed child so happy when she was in such dreadful pain; and it was wonderful to hear the things which she spoke. If those young persons who *read* this had been *there*, and had *heard* her praise the Saviour, I am sure they would want to praise Him too. A kind sister, who was much with her, has given me an account of *some* of her words, and I will give them, just to show how happy a child may be, even when she is in pain, and when she is going to die.

Ten days before her death, the lady asked her if she was in great pain, and she answered that her suffering was very great, and then she broke out in this prayer:—"Jesus help me! Oh my Saviour help me! and if it be thy will grant me a little *ease*, but if not,

give me *patience*, and may I say, Thy will be done. My precious Saviour! my loving Jesus! what Thou doest is *best*. Oh, that I may be fully sanctified, body and soul, and I will praise Thee, O my gracious Saviour! Oh! I cannot praise Him as I ought." Once on appearing to awake from sleep, she said, "My way appears dark and dreary." Her friend expressed a hope that it would not be long so; she answered, "I hope the Sun of Righteousness will shine, and then all will be *bright*." She then requested prayer to be offered up for her, and after prayer she exclaimed, "The clouds disperse, the shadows fly," and after that was continually praising her loving Saviour who had done so much for her. On Sunday morning she prayed earnestly, and asked others to pray that she might be sanctified and made fit for heaven. She prayed for her father and mother, and on seeing her father weeping she said, "Tell father not to weep for me, but endeavour to meet me in yonder bright world above. Father! you cannot bear to see me suffering; if you would leave the room you would not see me, and it would not pain you so. My dearest Saviour! give me grace that I may bear my sufferings without murmuring, Thou *knowest* what is *best*, and I know that thou *lovest* me." It was remarked that whom he loves he chastens. "Oh help me to praise my Redeemer for those words! I will praise thee while I have breath, for thou hast pardoned all my sins, and washed me in thy precious blood." She loved to repeat some verses of hymns, especially the one beginning,

"Jesus lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly."

She requested brother Rowell, her class-leader, and the Superintendent of the Sabbath School, to tell the

children how happy she was, and that she wished them to meet her in heaven; and to press them to prepare before they come to a sick bed. On Thursday night she said, "This is my class-night; I wish I could be there. I loved to go to class-meetings and prayer-meetings and preaching, for my soul was blessed by so doing." On Friday morning she said, "I shall soon die and go to heaven, Glory to God in the highest." A little while before she departed, she had a dreadful paroxysm of pain, which compelled her to say, "I am afraid I shall despair;" but when told that Christ would never leave her nor forsake her, she was at once relieved, and said, "O no! and though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil for thou art with me." The sister who was most with her remarks, that she does not regret the time she spent with this dear child, for it was made a rich blessing to her, and the remembrance is very precious, I hope that all who read this will become Christians like Lydia Maria, and then they will be happy while they live, and happy whenever they come to die.

W. JEFFERS.

JOHN CANNON, of South Dummer.

"For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

I trust this brief sketch of the conversion, short career, and happy death of a young man, the son of one of our leaders, will be interesting. John Cannon was born July 22nd, 1835. For the last ten years he was the subject of an affliction which excited much anxiety and sympathy, and must sooner or later have removed him. He felt at times the necessity of preparing to

meet God, and his convictions were strengthened by a dream which took place about three months before his departure. During a protracted meeting recently held in Dummer, especially, he sought the Lord carefully with tears, until on the 18th December last he obtained a sense of his acceptance with God and went on his way rejoicing, and warning his young companions to flee from the wrath to come. He had a presentiment that his career would be short, and copying out a hymn called the "Lone churchyard," presented it to a dear friend to keep for his sake. Eleven days after his conversion he took a severe cold, and in a very short time was dismissed from the suffering scenes of mortality. During his illness he said "I am not afraid to die," and to his brother William, "they are in the room—the angels are round your head!" "I am going home!" to another, "Be faithful unto death!" to another, "the best of all is, God is with me!" He sung such hymns as "How happy every child of grace," and "There is a land of pure delight," until he lost the faculty of speech. But his countenance glowed with triumphant rapture until he sweetly fell asleep in Jesus. Let us not complain if he has gained the prize, with such little effort, and with so short a race. He is the firstfruits of a glorious revival of religion in South Dummer, in which nearly ninety persons have been brought to God, and we may hope that when the remainder of the harvest is fully ripe, it will also be gathered into the heavenly garner.

J. C. SLATER.

Norwood, Feb. 8th, 1854.



POETRY.

LIKE JESUS.

I want to be like Jesus,
So lowly and so meek;
For he one cross and angry word
Was never heard to speak.
I want to be like Jesus,
Obedient when a child;
He kept his parents' words, and lived
So holy and so mild.

I want to be like Jesus,
So frequently in prayer:
Alone upon the mountain top,
He met his Father there
I want to be like Jesus,
For I never never find
That he, though persecuted, was
To any one unkind.

I want to be like Jesus,
Engaged in doing good;
So that it might be said of me
That I've done what I could.
Alas! I'm not like Jesus;
But I will pray to be.
Kind Saviour, take my sinful heart,
And make me more like thee!

A MORNING HYMN.

BY REV. ROBERT NEWSTEAD.

Again, O Lord, I rise to see
The glories of the day;
Let my first thoughts ascend to thee,
And teach my heart to pray.

I laid me down and slept in peace,
For thou wert near me still;
Let me this day my Saviour please,
And do his holy will.

Beneath thine eye I still am found,
The same by night or day;
O let thy goodness guard me round,
And guide me in thy way.

Assist me, Lord, this day to live
Obedient to thy word;
Nor let me thy good Spirit grieve,
Nor sin against the Lord.

I would, O Lord, devote my days,
With all my powers, to thee;

And do what Christ my Saviour says,
Who gave himself for me.

Let me with every day I live,
Be more prepared for heaven;
Thy grace improve as I receive,
And live and die forgiven.

From the Sunday School Advocate.

MY LITTLE SISTER.

I had a dear twin-sister,
Her eyes were black and fair;
And lovely in the sunshine
Were the ringlets of her hair.

How oft among the blossoms
We laugh'd the hours away,
And with our rocking Pony
We'd spend each cloudy day.

The winter brought no sadness
To our exulting hearts;
Her face was always cheerful,
For we did never part.

Three summers pass'd thus happy
In our little talks and play;
And in the Sabbath school we'd sing
Of the land that's far away.

But now I am so lonely,
For my father came and said,
When all was dark around me:
"Your little sister's dead."

Yet I think of sister Martha,
And ask, "Why don't she come?"
But mother says she's happy
In her bright angelic home.

Well, little sister Martha,
How glad I am to know,
That thou art happy in the skies,
Beyond the reach of woe.

Then wait a little longer,
And I will come to thee,
And there we'll be together,
Through all eternity. WILLIE.

Morristown, N.J., Dec. 7, 1853.

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