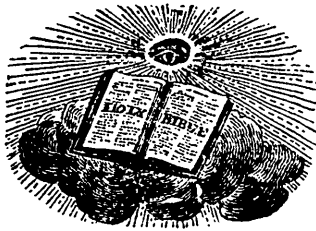




# SUNDAY SCHOOL GUARDIAN.



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“ALL THY CHILDREN SHALL BE TAUGHT OF THE LORD.”

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Vol. VII.] TORONTO, C. W., DECEMBER, 1852. [No. 7.

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## THE MISSIONARY CARD.

The Superintendent of Missions has prepared a card for the use of the youth of our Church and Sabbath Schools, in making their collections for the missionary fund during the coming holidays. On the back of the card will be found an address to children and young persons, on the subject of Christian Missions. In England, and some places in this country, the children of Sabbath Schools receive cards like those now prepared, and sometime between Christmas and New-Year, they collect from their friends what they are willing to give to assist in sending the Gospel to the heathen. In this way large sums are raised, and many children are usefully employed in helping forward the good work of the Lord. And how blessed a privilege to be thus engaged, and especially

to begin in early life, to think and feel and act in this great cause. Perhaps some of our young friends who now assist in collecting money for the support of those who are preaching the Gospel to the heathen and the destitute, will become Missionaries themselves, and go to some foreign country to tell the ignorant and benighted people the glad tidings of a Saviour's love.

We hope our young friends will read the Address, which is given in this number of the *S. S. Guardian*; and when the cards are given out they should lose no time in applying to the friends of the missionary cause for what they are willing to give for this purpose. In no other employment can they spend their holiday more pleasantly and profitably.

## JUVENILE MISSIONARY OFFERING

FOR 1852.

### ADDRESS TO CHILDREN AND YOUNG PERSONS.

Sixty-four Missions are supplied by this Society with faithful and laborious Ministers: fifty-one of these are Domestic, and thirteen Indian Missions. In connection with the Indian Missions, there are sixteen paid Teachers, and nine Interpreters.—Forty thousand immortal beings are regularly supplied with "the word" from the lips of a living, spiritual ministry, eight thousand eight hundred and fifty of whom are members of the Wesleyan Church.

This is truly a great and good work; but necessarily very expensive. Will you, our dear Children and young Friends, assist us in this time of need? You can do it easily and efficiently. Means are adopted for placing in the hands of each of you, this "Address," on a *Christmas and New-Year's Donation Card*. Let each of you furnish a small token of your gratitude to your Saviour for his Gospel, for your birth in a Christian land, for your connexion with

Christian parents or teachers, and for your education in Christian truths and privileges, by *giving*, or—if you really cannot give, or save, so much out of your own means—by *collecting* from some *twelve* of your neighbours, friends, or relations, the aggregate sum of at least **ONE SHILLING**, and by paying it, in the ensuing **CHRISTMAS-WEEK**, or **in the FIRST WEEK** of the **NEW-YEAR**. The Blessed God gave his only begotten Son for you, "to take your nature upon him, and, *as at this time*, to be born" into our world, that he might die for your sins, and accomplish the work of your salvation. Love and serve him, in return; pray that all the world may love and serve him too; and show the sincerity of your prayers, by *giving* or *collecting* at least *The Christmas or New-Year's Missionary Shilling* now requested from you.

*It is most desirable that in each successive year our young people should be brought to feel a personal interest in the Missions.* This is to a great extent effected by employing them as Collectors during a season of more than ordinary leisure and joy and liberality. No young person thinks it impossible to save or beg a shilling for the Missions at Christmas; many have the will and ability to give and beg many times that amount; and whilst so engaged, they are incited to enquiry and thought on the subject of Missions, as to their nature and extent and operations, and they are led to seek and obtain information which is most suitable to them as junior members of Christ's church, and which will have a beneficial effect on their own hearts and lives.

*The access which is afforded to heathen lands for the teaching of the Gospel, is a*

*reason why the young should awake to new zeal in behalf of Missions.* It was a frequent prayer of our fathers, that doors of entrance for the Gospel might be opened in distant lands. Those prayers have been heard and answered. "Lift up your eyes and look on the fields, for they are white already to the harvest." "The harvest is great, but the labourers are few." These are not the times in which a slackened effort will meet the demands of duty and opportunity. God, by his providence, has opened the world before us as a field of labour, and by his grace he has prepared the men for the work; and they who are on the Lord's side are called to be workers together with him for the world's salvation.

*The success of past efforts is a reason why our young peoples should again put forth their best energies in this cause.* Does not the success of the Missions among the Indians of Canada, and the natives of Feejee and Tonga, surpass even the sanguine expectations of our youth?—these more recent Missions having been equally fruitful with those in Ceylon and India, the late st benevolent projects of Dr. Coke, the chief founder of our Missions; whilst the oldest Missions in the West Indies, &c., as well as those in Africa, West and South, should excite our gratitude to God for the immeasurable good which they have effected, under the Divine blessing.

### WHY SHOULD WE PRAY.

"O, dear," thoughtlessly exclaimed a little boy, "I don't see what's the use of having *prayers* every morning." His mother heard him, and sitting down she said: "Put your hand upon your heart. Now what do you feel beating, pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, just as it was beating last night, and just as it has been beating for years? Who kept that little heart beating all last night? George did not stay awake to do it; for when I went to look at him before I went to bed, he was sound asleep, and he did not wake till morning; and yet it has kept on beating all night: if it had ceased beating, George would have died, and we would have had to put him down in the cold ground as they did little Arthur Green the other day." "I know who keeps my heart beating, mamma," said George, "it is God." "O, it is God, is it?" said his mother; "then it would not be

worth while for us to kneel down for a few moments and thank him for keeping our heart beating all night, would it George?" George made no answer.

And then, while we are busy with our work, and play, and studies, who is to keep our heart in motion, and the blood running in our veins all day, George?" "God," answered George. "Yes, no one but God can do this," said his mother; "Is it not worth while, then, to ask him to take care of us through the day?" George hung his head, and answered, "Yes mamma."

"Then there are a thousand common blessings," said his mother; "so common that we forget that they *are* blessings—such as the air we breathe, the water we drink, the food we eat, the clothes we wear; all these come to us from the hand of God: for though you may think that we provide some of these things for ourselves, yet without God our blessings would not continue a moment. The other day I passed a house, but it was such a wretched desolate looking place, that I did not suppose it possible that any one could live there. The door was standing half open, and the snow had drifted far into the lower room. Happening to raise my eyes to the upper part of this forlorn dwelling, I noticed a window from which every pane of glass was broken out and their place supplied by bundles of dirty rags and papers. There were two panes left, and out of these were anxiously looking the faces of two little children. I immediately crossed the street, and entered the building. The staircase was so old, and broken, that I almost feared to trust myself upon it! but managed to climb up to the loft, when, pushing aside the board which served for a door, I saw the most wretched place I had supposed possible before I entered it: there was a stove to be sure, but there was no fire in it; and

those two little children—a girl of five, and a boy of three years old—were shivering there alone. And they had been alone since morning; and thus they passed almost every day. The little girl said their mother went out to look for work; but I feared, if the truth was told, she did not work much, or the family would have been more comfortable."

"Do you never have any fire here, my poor child?" I asked of the little girl. "Oh yes, ma'am," she answered; "but mother always puts it out before she goes away; for she says Willie and I will burn ourselves up."

"Have you anything to eat?" said I. "Mother gave us each a crust before she went away, ma'am; and she said she would bring some bread when she came home to-night; but she stays so long."

"O how my heart ached, George, for these poor little suffering children. I took them some bread, and did what I could to make them comfortable; but it was little I could do, so long as they were in that wretched place. When I left the house, I looked up, and there were the little thin faces again, pressed up to the pane of glass, and watching for the mother who 'stayed away so long.' Now George, why, are you not suffering, and wretched like those little children?" George's heart was so full that he could not answer.

"I will tell you why George; only because God has made you to differ. You are no better than those little children; but while they are suffering, God has placed you in the midst of comforts. Is it not worth while, then to thank him for his great kindness, in making our lot so different from that of many? for there are thousands of poor children, whose suffering are as great as these." "O, yes, dear mamma," answered George.

"And then the greatest and best of

God's gifts to us are the blessed Bible and Jesus the Saviour of sinners. There are millions of children in this world, George, who have never heard of the Bible, or the Saviour. Why were you not born a little ignorant heathen child, instead of being born in a Christian land, where you are taught the way to heaven?" "Because God gave me a good father and mother," answered George. "Yes, that is just the reason, George; and do we not owe thanks to God for his goodness in this respect?" "O yes, indeed mamma?"

It would take me a long time, George, to tell you of the many things we have to be thankful for; and then there are so many blessings to pray for, for ourselves and others. O, there are reasons enough why we should kneel together as a family, and by ourselves, morning and night, to thank our Heavenly Father for his Mercies, and to pray for these things which we need. But here comes papa. Shall we have prayers, George?"

"O, yes, mamma; O, yes! I am sure I shall never again think such a wicked thought as I did this morning."  
—*Christian Treasury.*

#### MISSIONARY EXPERIENCE.

Kumasi is a large and populous town, and the capital of the kingdom of Ashanti. Its streets are wide, the houses are built regular, and by far the best constructed of any purely native houses that I have seen in Africa. The Mission-house is a neat little cottage. A view is given in the "Juvenile Offering" for August 1849, and also in the Quarterly Paper for September, 1850. Soon after my arrival, the King sent to say that he wished to give me a public reception. I immediately repaired to the place appointed for this ceremony, where I found the King seated upon an artifi-

cial turret of earth, surrounded by several of his great Chiefs, and a multitude of his people. They were seated near the King, in a semicircular form; and in the midst of the crowd a narrow open space was left for me, through which I had to pass, putting out my hand in the Ashanti manner, greeting the chiefs and their people.— When I came to the King, I uncovered my head, and bowed after the English manner. I then passed through the other part of the semicircle, at the end of which I sat down. The King then sent me some palm-wine to drink his health. After which, the King, Chiefs, and their people, passed in procession before me, and returned the salutation. The King and Chiefs had each of their large umbrellas carried over their heads; those of the Chiefs were made principally of red cloth, and those of the King were made of rich silk velvet, of various colours. Every Chief was also accompanied with a band of rude martial music, attended with many of his vassals, with their warlike weapons. The clashing of arms, the shrill blasts of numerous horns, the beating of drums, the tinkling of cymbals, and the roar of the vast crowd of human voices, produced a deafening noise, which I was anxious to escape. The drums and horns were decorated with skulls, and various other parts of the human skeleton. The handles of the swords were overlaid with gold; and in the procession I noticed the chairs of the thrones of the deceased Kings, richly ornamented with gold and silver; besides various articles of furniture of European manufacture, such as silver vases, boxes, tea and coffee-pots, looking-glasses, &c. The scene altogether was rudely grand,—calculated to strike a stranger with terror and dismay.

After I had retired from this confus-

ed mass of living beings to my quiet resting place, I could not but compassionate the state of these sons of Ham, who are as sheep without a shepherd, and who might truly say "No man careth for my soul." There is but one Christian Missionary among untold thousands, and probably millions, of these people; hence they literally perish for lack of knowledge; for although they universally believe in the existence of God, yet their ideas of Him are confused and grovelling: for they seem to speak of Him as though He were like themselves, only, possessed, perhaps, of a little more power; and I very much doubt whether they regard God as more powerful than their King. They also believe in a future state of existence; and they think that the next world is just like the present. Hence, a King or Chief here must, according to their views, be a King or Chief hereafter; and hence, also, he must have his servants and slaves sent after him, to wait upon him. And from these views arose the cruel custom of murdering the poor defenceless servants and slaves. As soon as a Chief dies, his successor, who is his nephew, gives orders for the decapitation of some of the deceased's faithful attendants; and at such times they may be seen fleeing for their lives out of the town, to take refuge in the forest, among the panthers; having more confidence in these ferocious animals, than in their brutal fellow-men.

On one occasion, I was returning from a walk in the bush, and was met by several persons, who seemed to be in great haste, and to be much affrighted. The last of the train was a man who was urging along a female with a child to her back, apparently his wife. After they had passed by me, I looked after them; the man, observing me, looked back, placed his fingers upon his lips as token of impos-

ing silence upon me, and was immediately out of sight. I was not at a loss in guessing the reason of this strange conduct; and when I came into town, I soon learnt that a master of these poor creatures had just died. I sent a person in search of them, in order to minister to their necessities; but they could not be found: but I afterwards heard that the executioners found some of them, and killed them.

In a few hours after the death of a person of rank, his friends assemble, and commence the funeral custom by sacrificing human victims; daubing over their faces, arms, and legs with red ochre; putting on dirty clothes; fasting; drinking rum; dancing about the streets: firing muskets; and by assuming the appearance and manners of maniacs. The women, too, join with the men, and their funeral songs are plaintive and affecting; in which they lament their departed friend, and shed abundance of tears, clap their hands and sometimes seem to be given up to frenzy.

After thus parading the streets, and collecting all who feel inclined to join them, the principal friends of the deceased despatch their executioners after the intended victims; but the manner in which these human bloodhounds obey the orders is too horrible for description. The victims being brought, the multitude sit down in groups around their several Chieftains, and take delight in seeing their fellow-creatures butchered. Unless we knew it to be matter of fact, we could hardly believe that such beings existed out of the bottomless pit; and indeed I have often thought, that if there be any beings more like fiends than others, it must be the Asthanti executioners. I could tell you many things which would make you shudder. I have known more than a hundred killed in a day at the death of a Prince; so that the streets have been literally

strewn with the headless bodies of my fellow-men : and a person can buy slaves for the sole purpose of sacrificing, just as butchers do sheep in England.

How thankful ought we to be that we were not born in Asthanti ! And let us do all we can in helping to send the Gospel to these benighted Heathens ; for the Gospel alone is the only remedy for them. Something has already been done among them, of which I shall tell you in my next.

CHARLES HILLARD.

### SORROW IN CHILDHOOD.

As the cars in which we were recently travelling halted, our attention was arrested by a beautiful little girl, apparently less than two years of age, who was looking from one of the windows of a house standing but a few feet from the track. She was wailing most piteously, and on her sweet, wan face was painted deeper sorrow than we had ever before seen on the face of an infant, such as this. All the while she repeated, with a pathos indescribably mournful, "They have carried away my papa. When will they bring him back ?"

Presently a lady, whom we instantly recognized as a former acquaintance, came from the house, and, entering the car in which we sat, took a seat near ours.

"Did you observe a child at the window ?" she asked, when the train had again taken wings.

"Yes," we replied ; "and with deep interest."

"A fortnight since," rejoined our friend, "the father of that little girl set out for the gold region. She was always amused at seeing the cars pass ; and the morning fixed for her father's departure, as she heard the train approaching, climbed to her accustomed place, and clapping her hands in great glee, watching its coming.

"At this moment the father and mother entered the room, the former with a forced smile upon his features and the latter pale and tremulous with suppressed emotion. One pressure to his fond heart, one fervent kiss, and the love pledge only was replaced at the window with a low 'God bless you, my darling Emi. Good-by.'

"This was evidently the first intimation to the little one of her father's intended departure. At the words, she turned quickly, and with a half-incredulous expression, from the window surveyed his person, and seeing that he was really equipped for a journey, returned his parting salutation.

"'Good-by, papa, good-by.'

"Another moment, and the adventurer had entered the cars, which were beginning again to move forward.—The young wife and mother turned from the spot where the long farewell had been exchanged, and re-entered her dwelling with streaming eyes. Instantly the child appeared to comprehend that her father's absence was destined to be not as usual, a temporary one ; the gay smile fled from her intelligent features, and, stretching her tiny arms towards her father, who, from a window was casting back a longing look, she cried, in lisping accents,

"'O, please do come back, papa, and take mamma and Emi.'

"The father, who had hitherto succeeded in maintaining external composure, was seen to withdraw his gaze, and press a handkerchief to his eyes.

"The child has scarcely smiled since. On the approach of the cars she always takes her place at the window, from which no inducement can draw her, and watches with eager eyes till she finds her father has not come, when, in a *ton* of sadness truly affecting, she repeats, as you have just now heard

her, 'They carried away my papa. When will they bring him back?'

"Her appetite has failed. She has grown pale and thin; and, whether sleeping, or waking, her thoughts are constantly with her absent parent. Her mother has decided to take her from the scenes which so constantly remind her of her affliction, as the only

means of restoring her health and spirits."

"Lovely, affectionate creature!" we could not help exclaiming, as the narrator ceased; "may the beloved one, his labours abundantly blessed, at no distant day, be restored to the joys of his home!"



### DROWNING THE SQUIRREL.

When I was about six years old, one morning, going to school, a ground squirrel ran into his hole in the ground before me, as they like to dig holes in some open place, where they can put out their head to see if any danger is near. I thought, now I will have fine fun. As there was a stream of water just at hand, I determined to pour water into the hole till it would be full, and force the little animal up, so that I might kill it. I got a trough beside a sugar maple, used for catching sap, and was soon pouring the water in on the squirrel. I could hear it struggle to get up, and said, "Ah, my fellow, I will soon have you out now."

Just then I heard a voice behind me, "Well my boy, what have you got there?" I turned, and saw one

of my neighbors, a good old man with long white locks, that had seen sixty winters. "Why," said I, "I have a ground squirrel in here, and I am going to drown him out."

Said he, "Jonathan, when I was a little boy, more than fifty years ago, I was engaged one day just as you are, drowning a ground squirrel; and an old man came along and said to me, 'You are a little boy; now if you was down in a narrow hole like that, and I should come and pour water down upon you to drown you, would you not think I was cruel? God made the little squirrel, and life is as sweet to it as you; and why will you torture to death an innocent creature that God has made?' Said he, 'I never have forgotten that, and never



shall. I never have killed any harmless creature for fun since. Now, my dear boy I want you to remember this while you live, and when tempted to kill any poor little innocent animal or bird, think of this; and mind, God don't allow us to kill his pretty little creatures for fun."

More than forty years have since passed, and I never forgot what the good man said, nor have I ever killed the least animal for fun since that advice was first given, and it has not lost its influence yet. How many little creatures it has saved from being tortured to death I cannot tell, but I have no doubt a great number, and my whole life has been influenced by it.

Now, I want the dear little boys, when they read this, to keep it in mind; and when they see pretty birds or harmless animals playing or hunting for food, not to hurt them. Your heavenly father made them, and he never intended them to be killed for fun. I don't think when the blessed Jesus was a little boy he would have killed such innocent creatures for fun, and every little boy should try to be as much like Jesus as he can. The bible says, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."—*Child's Paper*.

#### OPENING THE GATE.

'I wish you would send a servant to open the gate for me,' said a well grown boy of ten to his mother as he paused with his satchel upon his back, before the gate, and surveyed its clasped fastenings.

'Why, John, can't you open the gate for yourself?' said Mrs. Easy.—'A boy of your age and strength ought certainly to be able to do that.'

'I could do it, I suppose,' said the child, 'but it's heavy, and I don't like the trouble. The servant can open it for me just as well. What is the use of having servants, if they are not to wait upon us?'

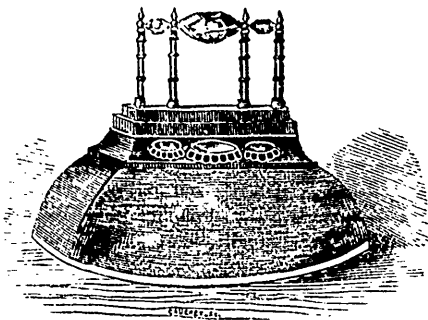
The servant was sent to open the gate. The boy passed out and went whistling on his way to school. When he reached his seat in the Academy, he drew from his satchel his arithmetic and began to inspect his sums.

'I cannot do these,' he whispered to his seat-mate; 'they are too hard.'

'But you can try,' replied his companion. 'I know that I can,' said John, 'but it's too much trouble.—What are teachers for if not to help us out of difficulties? I shall carry my slate to prof. Helpwell.'

Alas! poor John. He had come to another closed gate—a gate leading into a beautiful and boundless science, 'the laws of which are the modes in which God acts, in sustaining all the works of his hands,'—the science of mathematics. He could have opened the gate and entered in alone and explored the riches of the realm, but his mother had injudiciously let him rest with the idea that it is as well to have gates opened for us as to exert our strength. The result was, that her son, like the young hopeful sent to Mr. Wiseman, soon concluded that he had no 'genius' for mathematics and threw up the study.

The same was true of Latin. He could have learned the declensions of the nouns and the conjugation of the verbs as well as other boys of his age; but his seatmate very kindly volunteered to tell him in the class, and what was the use of opening the gate into the Latin language, when another would do it for him? Oh, no! John Easy had no idea of tasking mental or physical strength when he could avoid it, and the consequence was, that numerous gates remained closed to him all his life—gates to honor, gates to wealth, gates to happiness. Children ought to be early taught that it is always best to help themselves.



THE "MOUNTAIN OF LIGHT."

From a very pretty book, called "*The Great Exhibition*," Youth's Library, No. 541, we give the following conversation:—

*Papa.* The next object is attracting more attention.

*Rose.* Do you mean, papa, this cage, looking like our parrot's brass cage? I do not see anything in it.

*P.* Indeed, there is something inside, which, if it could be sold for the value set upon it, would pay for the whole Crystal Palace, and for twelve more crystal palaces besides. Here is the inside for you to look at. Three diamonds! The large middle one is called the "KOH-I-NOOR."

*R.* Papa, you are joking. How can you squeeze so much value into such a little thing? How can it hold the worth of 896,000 lbs. of bright glass in that little space?

*Henry.* Besides the worth of the iron. How much is a crystal palace worth?

*P.* About seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Now multiply that by thirteen.

*H.* Answer. Nine million seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

*P.* And the Koh-i-noor is said to be worth ten millions of dollars. But such a value is not a *real* one; it is

the value set on it by men—an *artificial* value we call it.

*H.* It is a very remarkable thing, papa; what makes it so valuable?

*P.* Five qualities that it possesses. 1. Its brightness. 2. Its hardness. 3. Its transparency. 4. Its scarceness. 5. Its size. The *luster* of a diamond is its chief beauty. The second quality, *hardness*, renders it useful; for it is harder than any other substance. The hardness assists to preserve its beauty: if it were soft, it would more easily become tarnished. Its beauty is increased by its third quality, *transparency*, and its clearness from colour. Its beauty and use, however, would not give it this great value. Suppose that diamonds were as plentiful as glass?

*H.* No. It is the fourth quality, *scarcity*, which gives it value.

*P.* True; and the fifth one increases it. A diamond's value grows with its size.

You have, I dare say, seen an ounce weight; a penny often weighs an ounce. If an ounce were divided into one hundred and twenty parts, we should call each part a carat. And it is by these little weights that diamonds are measured. A diamond weighing three carats is worth \$360; weighing

one hundred carats, it is worth \$400,000.

Hard as the diamond is, it may be acted upon by fire. Diamonds have been burnt—burnt to ashes; or rather to a black powder called charcoal. Think of that beautiful diamond changed by fire into charcoal! It is composed of the same substance, called *carbon*.

*R.* But, papa, how can it change so? The particles of charcoal are *black*.

*P.* And so are the particles of many a transparent thing. The diamond is really only black particles of carbon arranged in such a manner that the light can pass through them, and arranged so close together that the diamond is very hard. By burning it, the arrangement of its particles is altered, and thus it is transparent no longer.

*H.* Where did the Queen find it, papa?

*P.* It was given to her Majesty. I almost forget its history, but it would be too long for me to relate it now. I believe it belonged to some Persian monarch, and was taken from him by one of the great Moguls who ruled India. It was then stolen, or taken by force from the great town of Delhi, by other Hindus; and in the last war, between the British and the Sikhs, it was taken from Runjeet Singh, and presented to Her Majesty. You know, I suppose, that Koh-i-noor means "Mountain of Light."

### "TRY BACK."

"Try back, for you may find the fault within; And clearly see that sorrow comes from sin."

"Try back! Master Henry, try back!" said Alan, the gardener, to me on one occasion when I was a boy; but I will give the whole account.

I had been a ramble of a mile or two, and when, on my return, I came to the garden-hedge, Alan gave me a nice swivel, that only wanted trim-

ming up a little at the end; but when I felt in my pocket for my knife, it was gone.

"And something also is gone beside your knife," said Alan; "for you have lost a piece off the tail of your jacket. Which way did you come?"

I told him every field that I had crossed and every lane that I had walked along; he then asked me if I had scrambled over any hedge?

"No," said I: "but I threw a stone at Harrison's savage dog in the lane; and as I thought he was coming after me, I got over the gate with the hooks on the top of it, in a desperate hurry, and ran across the turnip field."

"Try back, Master Henry," said Alan, "try back; for it strikes me that your knife is not far from the gate with the hooks on it."

We went together to the place, and found my knife in the road, and the piece of the tail of my jacket hanging by a hook on the top of the gate. As we came home together Alan talked to me, as near as I can recollect, after this fashion. "Never throw at a dog, Master Henry," said he, earnestly but kindly; "nor ill-use any creature that God has made. If a dog is quiet, it is cruel to fling at him; and if he is savage, you run a great risk of getting worse than you give. Harrison's dog is a vicious animal; and if he had laid hold of you with his teeth, you might have left behind you a piece of the calf of your leg, instead of a part of the tail of your jacket.

"Let me explain what I meant by 'Try back.' This is a phrase used by a huntsman when the dogs have outrun the scent, and are at fault. 'Try back,' then, means to try again ground that they have run over till they find out their mistake. You by 'trying back,' have recovered your lost knife, and found out where you tore your jacket. It is an excellent plan whenever you get into trouble, to 'try

back' till you have discovered the cause of it.

"I once 'tried back' with a one-legged soldier, and we talked together in this way:—"How was it that you came to lose your leg?" "I lost it in a battle in India." "But what brought you in India?" "I listed for a soldier, and was sent there." "And why did you list for a soldier?" "Because I was persuaded by bad companions." "And where did you pick up your bad companions?" "At the wake." "But how came you to go to the wake?" "Ay, there it is!" "My father and mother made me promise not to go; but I broke my promise, and that led me in the long run to ruin. So you see Master Henry, by 'trying back' I found out that his being one-legged, broken-down soldier all sprang from disobedience to his parents. Honour thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." (Exod. xx. 12.)

"'And what was it,' said I once to a woman who was at hard labour in prison,—for I wanted to 'try back, with regard to her life,—'what was it that brought you to this pass?' At first she did not like to tell me; but at last she said, that at one time she had a good place, and a good character, but both these she lost by a habit of telling lies. She then ran into evil ways, and got into prison. 'Lying lips are abomination to the Lord.' (Prov. xii. 22.)

"We should 'try back,' not only with respect, to others, but also with regard to ourselves; for evil is in every heart. Sin is a moral disease, and if God had not provided a cure for it in his Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ, who died on the cross for sinners, there would have been no hope for any of us; but now, blessed be his name, there is hope for us all, for none who feel true sorrow for sin, and apply

to the Saviour for deliverance, apply in vain.

"The more we are in the habit of 'trying back,' Master Henry, the clearer we shall see that we bring ourselves into trouble by our faults, and that, in nine cases out of ten, our sorrows spring from our sins."

Many a time since my youthful days have I profited by taking Alan's advice in "trying back" in seasons of trouble. "In the day of prosperity," says the wise man, "be joyful, but in the day of adversity consider." (Eccles. vii. 14. To examine ourselves, that we may discover and avoid our past errors, is a good and wholesome practice. Sometimes we err through wilfulness, sometimes through weakness and thoughtlessness; and it is well to know which of these has led us astray, for we are not half so likely to stumble with our eyes open as when they are shut. Let us "try back," that we may be the better fitted to go forward in our heavenly course, fearing God, looking to the Saviour and loving one another.—C. C.

#### NOTHING BUT MOONSHINE.

"It is nothing but moonshine!" cried old Mrs. Hodges, as she stopped to grasp what she thought was silver lying upon the floor. The old lady's spectacles were on awry, that it was a difficult matter, for her to see straight at best. "It's nothing but moonshine," the old lady murmured again to herself, as she sat down and began to take up the stitches in her knitting. "Well, it is wonderful that I was so deceived; but I ain't the first one that has been fooled, that's certain—nor shall I be the last one, unless the world strangely alters.

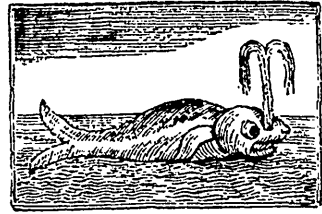
"There's old brother Taylor, who would insist that his son Ebenezer was the smartest child in the world, and when the boy chose a trade, and want-

ed to be an honest and respectable mechanic, he forced him into one of the learned professions, thinking his Ebenezer would get to be President may-be, and find lots of silver in his pathway ; but it proves to be moonshine. The boy isn't rich, nor hardly respectable ; and never will be, I fear.

"Then, there is sister Pike, with her five grown, unmarried girls living on her like so many leeches. It all comes of mistaking moonshine for silver. When they were young, she wouldn't hear to their being taught anything that is useful. She looked upon all labour as degrading ; the girls must not hem their pocket-handkerchiefs, for fear it would mar the beauty of their hands ; they wrought little brown dogs in worsted yarn—although, if they hadn't have told me what the animals were meant for, I should have taken them for horses ; learned French when they should have been studying cookery books, and spinning street yarn when they should have been at home. They have grown to be artificial creatures ; and failing to accomplish what they have been taught is the great end of woman's life, viz : to get married, they live sour, crabbed old maids, almost worrying sister Pike's life out of her. Oh! oh! me! this all comes of neglecting what is useful for what is ornamental, counting that to be silver, and worth a great deal, which is merely moonshine.

"Then, there is Jack Rogers, who left an interesting family, and a good, lucrative situation for the purpose of growing suddenly rich in California. He has come homesick and dispirited. Poor fellow ! if there is gold in California, it proved to be moonshine for him. It's my opinion, that when folks are well off at home, they had better stay there."

Here the old lady dropped alike the thread of her discourse and the thread of her knitting, and we came away.—*Maddison Family Visitor.*



#### A WHALE WITH THE TOOTH-ACHE.

Among the ailments to which sperm whales are subject, is the jumping tooth-ache. It operates on their nervous system as it does upon those of mankind, rendering them crabbed and fractious. Just at day-break one morning, while we were cruising on the "off-shore" ground, a violent commotion in the water, about two miles ahead, resembling breakers, attracted attention. It continued unabated till within fifty rods of it, when a sperm whale (for such it proved to be) threw his entire body into the air and fell back into his native element with a tremendous report. Of course, the yards were hauled aback, and boats lowered, but several minutes elapsed before it was deemed prudent to approach the monster. Finding, however, that he had no idea of becoming quiet, we advanced with caution, and succeeded in securing one iron firmly in his back, which rendered him more restless. Giving him plenty of slack line, we removed to a respectful distance, hoping he would sound or retreat, but he was not disposed to do either. So taking our oars we pulled sufficiently near to give the boat-header an opportunity to lance him. He seemed to be aware of our intention, for he turned and rushed towards us with the design of giving us a fawing, which we narrowly escaped. During the next half hour he chased us, and it was with much difficulty that we avoided him. When near us he turned on his back and raised his jaw, bringing to view two

handsome rows of ivory. Among terrific objects an enraged whale holds a prominent place.

An hour passed in unavailing attempts to accomplish the desired object, the whale becoming more furious, and the hope of conquering him growing fainter. At length, while the attention of the monster was directed towards us, the mate came upon him in an opposite direction, and dealt him a death wound, relieving us of a burden of anxiety, which indicated itself in the pallid countenances and nervous agitation of the boat's crew. He was very reluctant to yield, and the death struggle was long and violent. If a cat has nine lives, as is sometimes remarked, that fellow had nineteen.

Before night his blubber was in the try-pots, and his jaw was stripped of its covering. On extracting the teeth the cause of his singular movement was revealed. The cavities in several contained a large number of worms, an eighth of an inch in length. The teeth were perfectly sound, but the marrow or nerve of the tooth, which was an inch in diameter at the lower extremity, was in many of them entirely consumed by the insects that seemed to have bred there.—*Extract from a Whaleman's Journal. Hallowell Gazette.*

#### ONE SECRET OF A HAPPY LIFE.

We were in company the other day with a gentleman, apparently fifty or sixty years of age, who used in substance the following language :

"Were I to live my life over again, I should make it a point to do kindness to a fellow-being whenever I had the opportunity. I regret very much that my habit has been so different, and that I have induced feelings so unlike those which would lead to such a course of life.

It has been too much my way to

let others take care of themselves while I took care of myself. If some little trespass was committed on my rights or if I suffered some slight inconvenience from the thoughtlessness or selfishness of others, I was greatly annoyed, and sometimes used harsh reproachful language towards the offender.

I am now satisfied that my own happiness was greatly impaired by this course, and that my conduct and example contributed to the irritation and unhappiness of others.

"It was but the other day," continued the gentleman, "that I was passing along the street, and a coachman was attempting to draw a light carriage into the coach house. He tried once or twice without success, and just as I came up, the carriage occupied the whole of the side-walk, and prevented my passing. The fellow looked as though it ought not to be exactly so, and there was something like a faint apology in his smile. It was on my tongue to say, 'in with your carriage, man, and not let it stand here and block up the passage!' But a better influence prevailed; I went to the rear of the carriage and said,

'Now try again, my good fellow!' while with the end of my umbrella I gave it a little push, and in the carriage went, and out come the pleasant 'Thank ye sir; much obliged.' I would not have taken a twenty dollar bank note for the streak of sunshine that this one little act of kindness threw over the rest of my walk, to say nothing of the lighting up of the coachman's countenance.

And when I look back upon my intercourse with my fellow-men all the way along, I can confidently say that I never did a kindness to any human being without being happier for it. So that if I were governed by mere selfish motives, and wanted to live the happiest life I could, I would just simply obey the Bible precept, to do

good unto all men as I had opportunity. All this was said with an air of sincerity and deep conviction which we cannot give to our report of it. And does the experience of the youngest of our readers confirm or contradict the statement? Is there a boy or girl among all of them who can say, "I did a kind act once to my brother or sister or play-mate, and was afterwards sorry for it. I should have been happier if it had been an unkind one?" It is very likely that a kind act has been ill-requited, perhaps misconstrued; but if it was performed with proper feelings, it is as certain to produce happiness as sunshine is to produce warmth.

We counsel our young friends then to seize every opportunity of contributing to the good of others. Sometimes a smile will do it. Oftener a kind word, a look of sympathy, or an acknowledgement of obligation. Sometimes a little help to a burdened shoulder, or a heavy wheel will be in place. Sometimes a word or two of good counsel, a seasonable and gentle admonition, and at others a suggestion of advantage to be gained and a little interest to secure it, will be received with lasting gratitude. And thus every instance of kindness done, whether acknowledged or not, opens up a little well-spring of happiness in the doer's own breast, the flow of which may be made permanent by habit.—*Penny Gazette.*

#### ARE YOU KIND TO YOUR MOTHER ?

Come, my little boy, and you, my little girl, what answer can you give to this question? Who was it watched over you when you were a helpless baby? Who nursed you, and fondled you, and never grew weary in her love? Who kept you from the cold by night, and the heat by day? Who guarded you in health, and comforted

you when you were ill? Who was it that wept when the fever made your skin feel hot, and your pulse beat quick and hard? Who hung over your little bed when you were fretful, and put the cooling drink to your parched lips? Who sang the pretty hymn to please you as you lay, or knelt down by the side of the bed in prayer? Who was glad when you got well? and who carried you into the fresh air to help your recovery? Who taught you how to pray, and gently helped you to learn to read? Who has borne with your faults, and been kind and patient in you childish ways? Who loves you still, and who contrives, and prays for you every day you live? Is it not your mother—your own dear mother? Now, then, let me ask you, are you kind to your mother?

There are many ways in which children show whether they are or not. Do you always obey her, and try to please her? When she speaks are you ready to attend to her voice? or do you neglect what she wishes you to do? Do you love to make her heart feel glad?

#### A NOBLE BOY.

"A boy came to me," says a Michigan Colporteur, "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 in a tumbler to drink. The boy stepped forward and put a temperance tract over the mouth of his 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 on the floor, exclaiming, 'That is the last of my drinking liquor, God being my helper.' He has kept his resolution."—*Young Reaper.*




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POETRY.

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## A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

—  
BY MRS. L. F. MORGAN.  
—

'Tis pleasant to be happy,  
Then happy we will be,  
For Christmas is the season,  
To fill the heart with glee.

Not glee offcolish merriment  
But reverential joy—  
A sweet and holy feeling,  
Undashed by base alloy.

God sent our gracious Saviour  
From his bright home above,  
To show the world he died for,  
His boundlessness of love.

O, when the grace we ponder,  
That such a gift conferred,  
The key-note of emotion,  
In every breast is stirred.

Then gladly hail the morning,  
Which celebrates His birth,  
Who woke the angel chorus,  
' Good-will and peace to earth.'

*Washington, D. C., Dec., 1851.*

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QUESTIONS TO ASK MYSELF.

Did I this morn devoutly pray  
For God's assistance through the day?  
And did I read his sacred word,  
To make my life therewith accord?  
Did I for any purpose try  
To hide the truth or tell a lie?  
Was I obedient, humble, mild,  
To prove myself a Christian Child?  
Did I my thoughts with prudence guide,  
Checking ill-humour, anger, pride?  
Did I my lips from aught refrain  
That might my fellow-creatures pain?  
Did I with cheerful patience bear  
The little ill we all must share!  
To all my duties through this day  
Did I a due attention pay?  
And did I, when the day was o'er,  
God's watchful care again implore?

## HYMN FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Who can count the grains of sand  
On the Ocean's shore that lie?  
Who, the numbers understand  
Of the gems that stud the sky?  
Who can tell the leaves that strew  
Earth amid autumnal gloom?  
Or the drops of pearly dew  
From the morn's prolific womb?

Yet, more numerous far than these,  
Are the mercies I receive;  
Sands, nor stars, nor forest leaves  
Can the countless numbers give.  
Mercies every morn renew'd—  
Fresh at every evening's close;  
From the boundless Source of good,  
Ceaseless is the stream that flows.

From my mother's anxious breast,  
Where, a helpless babe, I hung,  
He my onward path has blest,  
Fill'd with songs of joy my tongue.  
When, beset by every ill,  
Danger lurk'd, and death was there,  
He has been my guardian still,  
Made my worthless life his care.

Through another year, so true,  
He hath help'd me on my way;  
How, the thanks and praises due,  
Shall my grateful spirit pay?  
Language, thought, and feeling fail—  
All too faint and feeble prove;  
Endless is the wondrous tale  
Of my heavenly Father's love!

Then, O take this heart of mine,  
All I am I yield to Thee;  
All I have I now resign—  
Thine in life and death to be.  
Thine, in poverty or wealth,  
Thine, in sorrow or in joy,  
Thine, in sickness and in health,  
Scenes that gladden, or annoy.

Thine, through all the devious way,  
Yet my feet are doom'd to tread;  
Thine, to serve from day to day,  
Till I'm number'd with the dead.  
Then, when'er the summons come,  
Glad from earth my soul shall fly;  
Rise, to claim my heavenly home—  
Thine, forever, in the sky!



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