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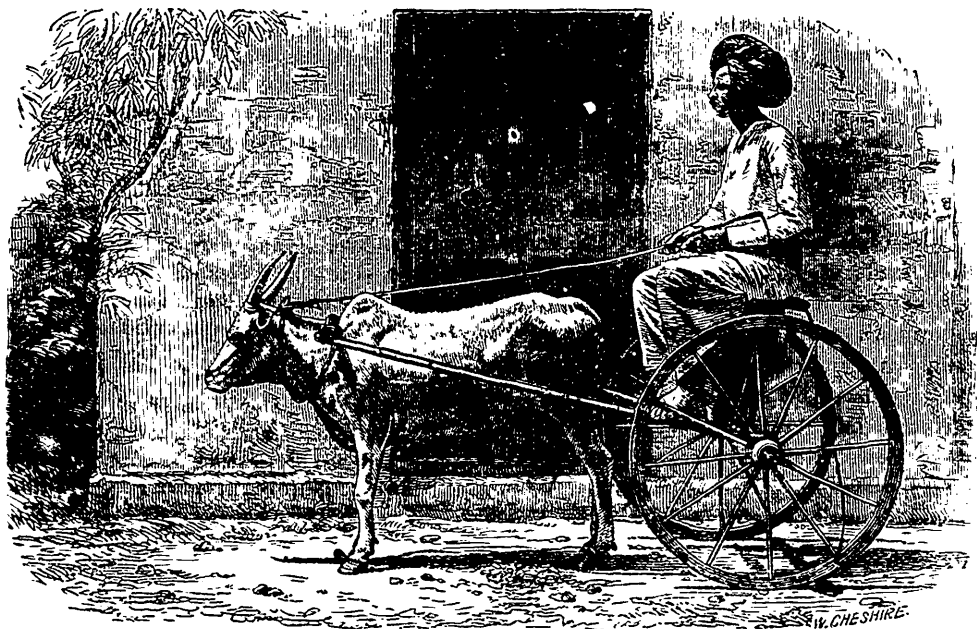
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The Sunday School Guardian

Vol. I.—NEW SERIES.]

OCTOBER 25, 1879.

[No. 20.]



A BULLOCK HACKERY.

IN India bullocks are used almost entirely instead of horses. The land is ploughed, harrowed, drilled and weeded, and the grain trodden out and carried to market by their labour. They are very generally used by Europeans in India for chaises, palankin carriages, travelling coaches, and other conveyances.

Hindus take good care to keep the rule—"Never walk when you can ride;" and they are very ingenious in gaining their point at a small expense, like the driver of the *Hackery* in our picture. A pair of old wheels, bought

for almost nothing at an auction, fitted with a pair of bamboo shafts, a yoke and strap, with a rope through the single bullock's nose for a bridle, and a whip made of a piece of bamboo and twine, with a nail at the end of the stick, complete his outfit.

"But what is he sitting on?" you ask. Why, dispensing with a big, grand case of wood, leather, glass, cushions, paint, varnish, coat-of-arms, springs, and other needless affairs: out of an old packing-case he makes a plain seat, fixed on two upright pieces upon the axle, thus forming as light a body to his carriage as you can well fancy. Yet even this luxury is often dispensed with, and the gentleman, who

"keeps his carriage," may be seen sitting proudly, if not softly, upon the axle itself.

It is curious to watch the drivers of these bullocks. They make a loud, sharp, clucking noise with their mouth, they use their whip, both the lash and the sharp nail in the handle, pricking the "prime steaks" very severely; and, in urgent cases, scold, and kick with their bony heels, adding insult to injury, so that even a bullock tries to get away from it.

The Indian bullock-drivers used the "screw propeller" long before it was thought of for driving our big ships; for, when all other means fail, a sharp twist of the creature's tail is sure to make it go.

But it must be pleasanter to have a driver who

"Never takes the harsher way,
When love will do the deed."

I have frequently been amused with the way in which the men will sometimes talk to their tired beasts, dragging up a hill, or over a rocky or sandy bed of a river. "There now, brother, all over, all over. Just a little! Only another pull! A hand-breath more! Done! Done! Ah, the least bit more!" If this fail, then "How is this, brother? Well, this *is* something new. Never knew you hesitate at a difficulty before. This little hill! Why, a mountain used to be nothing to you. What! Going to stop? Is it you? Surely, I have yoked another by mistake! Let me see. The colour is the same. Come, let me see you go, brother!" Or, "Well, well, has it come to this? You going to disgrace the family. Your father was a splendid ox. Your grandfather was a fine ox. And you have always been equal to them. And now you go like this! Are you not ashamed of yourself? If you don't do better than this you will catch it when you get home. If your wife hears how you've behaved on the road she'll slam the door in your face."

I must say that this reasoning is generally effectual; but whether owing to a sense of honour in the bullock's breast, or a sense of nervousness in his sides, which get a sharp blow with each exhortation, I must leave you to determine.



THE MIGNONETTE AND THE OAK.

MARK'D a child—a pretty child,
A gentle, blue-eyed thing;
She sow'd the scented mignonette
One sunny day in spring;
And while the tiny grains she sow'd,
The stream of thought thus sweetly flow'd:

"On this dear bed the dew shall fall,
And you bright sun shall shine—
'Twill spring, and grow, and blossom then;
And it will all be mine!"
And the fair thing laughed in childish glee,
To think what a harvest hers should be.

I saw a man an acorn plant
Upon the hill-side bare—
No spreading branch, no shading rock,
Lent friendly shelter there;
And thus, as o'er the spot he bow'd,
I heard him—for he thought aloud:

"Frail thing! ere glossy leaf shall grace
Thy wide and sturdy bough,
I may be laid amid the dead
As low as thou art now:
Yet wilt thou rise in rugged strength,
And crown this barren height at length."

Each had a hope: the childish heart
Look'd to a summer's joy;
The manly thought—strong and mature—
Looks to futurity.
Each trusts to nature's genial power—
He wants a forest; *she*, a flower.

Who sows the seed of heavenly truth,
And doubts Almighty power?
Will years less surely bring the oak,
Than months the summer flower?
Then sow, although no fruit you see;
God, "in due time," will raise the tree.

—S. S. World.

TRUE TO THE LAST.

NOT long ago in Edinburgh, two gentlemen were standing at the door of an hotel one very cold day, when a little boy with a poor thin blue face, his feet bare and red with the cold, and with nothing to cover him but a bundle of rags, came and said :

"Please, sir, buy some matches."

"No, don't want any," the gentleman said.

"But they are only a penny a box," the poor little fellow pleaded.

"Yes, but you see we don't want a box," the gentleman said again.

"Then I will gie ye twa boxes for a penny," the boy said at last, and so to get rid of him, the gentleman who tells the story says, "I bought a box ; but then I found I had no change, so I said, 'I will buy a box to-morrow.'"

"O do buy them to-night, if you please," the boy pleaded again ; "I will run and get ye the change, for I am verra hungry."

So I gave him the shilling, and he started away. I waited for him, but no boy came. Then I thought I had lost my shilling ; still there was that in the boy's face I trusted, and I did not like to think bad of him.

Late in the evening I was told a little boy wanted to see me ; when he was brought in I found it was a smaller brother of the boy that got my shilling, but if possible, still more ragged and poor and thin. He stood a moment, diving into his rags as if he was seeking something, and then said :

"Are you the gentleman that bought the matches frae Sandie ?"

"Yes."

"Weel, then, here's fourpence out o' yer shilling ; Sandie cannot come ; he's very ill ; a cart ran ower him and knocked him down, and he lost his bonnet and his matches and your sevenpence, and both his legs are broken, and the doctor says he'll die, and that's a'."

And then, putting the fourpence on the table, the poor child broke down into great sobs. So I fed the little man and I went with him to see Sandie. I found that the two little things

lived alone, their father and mother being dead. Poor Sandie was lying on a bundle of shavings : he knew me as soon as I came in, and said :

"I got the change, sir, and was coming back ; and then the horse knocked me down, and both my legs were broken ; and O, Reuby ! little Reuby ! I am sure I am dying, and who will take care of you when I am gone ? What will ye do, Reuby ?"

Then I took his hand, and I said I would always take care of Reuby. He understood me, and had just strength enough to look up at me, as if to thank me ; the light went out of his blue eyes. In a moment

"He lay within the light of God,

Like a babe upon the breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest."

The story is like an arrow in the hand of a giant. It ought to pierce many a heart, old and young. Whenever, dear children, you are tempted to say what is not true, or to be hard on other little boys and girls, or to take what you ought not to take, I want you to remember little Sandie.

THE MOTHERLESS.

SITTING in the school room, I overheard a conversation between a sister and a brother. The little boy complained of insults or wrongs received from another little boy. His face was flushed with anger. The sister listened awhile, and then, turning away, she answered, "I do not want to hear another word : *Willie has nō mother.*" The brother's lips were silent, the rebuke came home to him, and, stealing away, he muttered, "I never thought of that." He thought of his own mother, and the loneliness of "*Willie*" compared with his own happy lot. "*He has no mother.*"

Do we think of it when want comes to the orphan, and rude words assail him ? Has the little wanderer *no mother* to listen to his little sorrows ? Speak gently to him, then.—*Good News.*

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Address: WM. BRIGGS, Publisher, Toronto.

The Sunday School Guardian

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

TORONTO, OCTOBER 25, 1879.

AN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.—With the close of the present volume of the **SUNDAY SCHOOL GUARDIAN** it will be published in an enlarged form, of a greatly improved character. It will be specially adapted to the maturer tastes of older scholars. For the younger scholars an entirely new paper will be prepared, suited to their age and tastes. It will be called **THE SUNBEAM**, and it is hoped will be as bright and cheerful as its name implies. We trust our friends will wait till they see our specimen numbers before ordering their papers for next year. We appeal to their Connexional loyalty and Canadian patriotism to support the effort of their own Church to prepare a paper that shall be every way worthy of their patronage. Specimens will be prepared and submitted for approval as soon as possible.

[LETTER FROM THE EDITOR.]

A VISIT TO POMPEII.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—

I promised that I would give you an account of my visit to this "city of the dead." It was on a bright sunny day that I drove, with a friend, from Mount Vesuvius to Pompeii. The city, it will be remembered, was buried beneath twenty feet by volcanic ashes and pumice stone, just eighteen hundred years ago. About the middle of the last century it was rediscovered, and ever since its excavation has been prosecuted with varying energy. A large part has now been disinterred, and the result is a revelation of the conditions of old Roman life such as is exhibited nowhere else. The houses, of course, are roofless, the woodwork having been ignited by the red-hot ashes and scoria. But their internal arrangements, their paintings, and their contents are perfectly preserved. It produces a strange sensation to walk down the narrow streets of this long-buried

city—they vary from fourteen to twenty-four feet wide—to observe the ruts made by the cartwheels eighteen centuries ago, and to see the stepping-stones across the streets, with the marks of horses' hoofs. On either side are small shops, just like those of Naples to day, for the sale of bread, meat, oil, wine, drugs, and other articles. The signs of the shopkeepers can, in places, be seen, and even the stains of the wine-cups on the marble counters. A barber shop, a soap factory, a tannery, a fuller's shop, a bakery with eighty loaves of bread in the oven, and several mills have also been found. At the street corners are stone fountains worn smooth by lengthened use.

The dwelling houses have a vestibule opening on the street, sometimes with the word "Salve," "Welcome," or a figure of a dog in mosaic on the floor with the words, "Cave canem," "Beware of the dog." Within is an open court surrounded by the bedrooms, kitchen, *triclinium* or dining-room, etc. The walls and columns are beautifully painted in bright colours, chiefly red and yellow, and adorned with elegant frescoes of scenes in the mythic history of the pagan gods and goddesses, landscapes, etc. In public places will be read election placards and wall-scribblings of idle soldiers and schoolboys. Opposite one shop is the warning, in Latin, "This is no place for lounging, idler depart." The public forum, the basilica, or court of justice, with its cells for prisoners; the temples of the gods, with their shrines and images, their altars stained with incense smoke, and the chambers of the priests; the theatres with their stage, corridors, rows of marble seats—one will hold 5,000 and another 2,000 persons; the public baths, with niches for holding the clothes and toilet articles, marble basins for hot and cold water, etc.; the street of tombs, lined with the monuments of the dead, and the ancient city walls and gates, may all be seen almost as they were when the wrath of Heaven descended on the guilty city. About two thousand persons are supposed to have perished in its ruins. In the house of Diomedes the bodies of seventeen women and children were found crowded together. At the garden gate was discovered the skeleton of the proprietor, with the key in his hand, and near him a slave with money and jewels. In the gladiator's barracks were found sixty-three skeletons, three of them in prison, with iron stocks on their feet. In the museum are preserved several casts of the ill-fated inhabitants in the attitude of flight, and in the very death struggle. Among these are a young girl with a ring on her finger, a man lying on his side, with remarkably well preserved features, and others. The very texture of the dress may be distinctly seen. The sight of this dead city called forth from its grave of centuries, made that old Roman life more vivid and real to me than all the classic reading I had ever done.



JOWLER, THE MISSIONARY DOG.

JOWLER is a remarkable dog—a very remarkable dog. He belongs to a Mr. Jones, who is also remarkable for his zeal in the cause of missions, and for having interested Jowler in the same good work. How he did it I cannot tell, but that he did do it is beyond all reasonable doubt.


Jowler has for several years gone his weekly rounds through the village in which he has his home with his missionary basket in his mouth. It is his habit to knock at the doors of his patrons with his paw, and give a peculiar bark. The people know these sounds, and hasten to give Jowler their contributions. When a door is opened Jowler barks and wags his tail, by which signs he is understood to say :

"I have called for your missionary money, and shall be very happy to receive it."

It is of little use for any one to refuse giving. Jowler never takes "no" for an answer. If any one ever refuses to give he sticks to his point, scratches the door, and barks until the stingy person "caves in," and makes "old natur squirm," as a covetous countryman once said, by putting money into his famous collecting basket. Jowler may not be very polite in thus "*investing*" the door-ways of slow givers, but he is certainly very persistent.

At the last anniversary of the Missionary Society to which Jowler belongs, the treasurer reported him thus: "Collected by Master Jowler, \$7 60." Pretty good for Jowler! Now, I don't ask you, my reader, to send your dog to do what Jowler does—I doubt if your dog is such a genius as Jowler—but I submit this problem for your solution: If Jowler, a persistent, good-natured dog, could collect \$7 60 per annum for the missionary cause, how much could you, a Christian child, collect if you were to try with all your might? Please work out this problem, and send your answer in money to your missionary treasurer.

IT STINGS.

OW pretty!" cried little Sam, as his little fat hand grasped a bunch of white lilacs which grew near the gate of his father's mansion. The next moment the child's face grew red with terror, and he dashed the lilac to the ground, shrieking out, "It stings! it stings!"

What made it sting? It was a very bright, beautiful, and sweet-smelling flower. How could it hurt the child's hand? I will tell you.

A jolly little bee, in search of a dinner, had just pushed his nose in among the lilac blossoms, and was sucking the nectar from it most heartily when Sammy's fat hand disturbed him; so, being vexed with the child, he stung him. That's how Sammy's hand came to be stung.

Sammy's mother washed the wound with hartshorn, and when the pain was gone she

said: "Sammy, my dear, let this teach you that many pretty things have very sharp stings."

Let every child take note of this: "Many pretty things have very sharp stings." It may save them from being stung if they keep this truth in mind.

Sin often makes itself appear very pretty. A boy once went to a circus because the horses were pretty and their riders gay, but he learned to swear there, and thus that pretty thing—the circus—stung him.

Another boy once thought wine a pretty thing; he drank it and learned to be a drunkard. Thus wine stung him.

A girl once took a luscious pear from a basket and ate it.

"Have you eaten one?" asked her mother pleasantly.

Fearing she would not get another if she said "Yes," she replied "No," got another pear, and then felt so stung that she could not sleep.

Thus you see that sin, however pretty it looks, stings. It stings sharply too. It stings fatally. The Bible informs us that "The sting of death is sin."

If you let sin sting you nothing can heal the wound but the blood of Jesus. If you feel the smart of the sting go to Jesus with it, and He will cure it. After that, never forget that many pretty things have very sharp stings, and be careful not to touch, taste, or handle such things—*Young Reaper*.

CHILDREN BROUGHT TO JESUS.

A CHRISTIAN mother was once showing her little girl, about five years old, a picture representing Jesus holding an infant in His arms, while the mothers were pushing their children toward Him.

"There, Carrie!" said her mother, "This is what I would have done with you if I had been there."

"I wouldn't be pushed to Jesus," said little Carrie, with beautiful and touching earnestness; "I'd go without pushing."

BE ALWAYS GIVING.

THE sun gives ever ; so the earth—
 What it can give so much 'tis worth ;
 The ocean gives in many ways—
 Gives baths, gives fishes, rivers, bays ;
 So, too, the air, it gives us breath,
 When it stops giving, comes in death.
 Give, give, be always giving,
 Who gives not is not living ;
 The more you give,
 The more you live.

LESSON NOTES.

A. D. 60.] **LESSON IV.** [Oct. 26.

FAITH AND WORKS ; OR, THE ONE TEST.

James 2, 14-26. Commit to memory verses 14-18.

OUTLINE.

1. Faith dead. v. 14-20.
2. Faith living. v. 21-26.

GOLDEN TEXT.

For as the body without the spirit is dead, so faith without works is dead also. James 2. 26.

1. Have faith in Christ.
2. Show your faith by your actions.
3. Be among the friends of God.

Find about Abraham's offering of Isaac.... Find about Rahab and the spies.... Find where Paul writes about faith and works.

A. D. 60.] **LESSON V.** [Nov. 2.

THE PERFECT PATTERN ; OR, CHRIST WITHOUT SIN.

1 Peter 2, 19-25 Commit to memory verses 19-25.

OUTLINE.

1. "Suffered." v. 19-21.
2. "Did no sin." v. 22, 23.
3. "Bare our sin." v. 24, 25.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Who did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth. 1 Pet. 2. 22.

1. Be patient under wrong and suffering.
2. Be innocent of sinful act.
3. Follow the good Shepherd.

Find a prophecy in Isaiah of Christ suffering for us.... Find the account of Christ's meekness and silence under persecution.... Find a parable about the lost sheep.

" IN A MINUTE."

FLORA is a very pleasant little girl. She is never cross or fretful or wilful, but she has one sad fault : she is never ready to go when she is called, or to do what she is told ! Not that she is unwilling to obey, but she has the habit of "putting off." Mamma says,

"Flora, please tell Katy to come here."

"Yes, mamma, dear, in a minute."

"Flora, did you hear the dinner bell ?"

"Yes, mamma, I am coming in a minute."

And so it goes all day, and when at night mamma says,

"It is eight o'clock, Flora," the little girl replies,

"O mamma, can't I wait just a minute ?"

Pappa says he shall have to call her his little minute girl, but that will not be the right name, for you know the "minute men" of whom we read were those who were ready to start at a minute's notice.

If any of our S. S. GUARDIAN boys or girls have such a habit, we hope they will try to get rid of it, for it grows, like any other habit, and is sure to make trouble for themselves and others.

A VISIT TO ROTUMAH.

BY A MISSIONARY'S WIFE.

ON our arrival at Rotumah, as our boat touched the beach opposite the Mission House, troops of children with their bright black eyes crowded around us, all wishful to help in carrying a box or parcel to the verandah, and to get a sight of the Missionary and his wife from Fiji. They all looked merry and good-tempered, and seemed not a little pleased to see us. Their island is so far away, and so seldom visited by Europeans, that a white lady is almost a curiosity.

I found out, whilst at Rotumah, that, unlike some little boys and girls I have known, these little islanders are very fond of school, and proud of their reading and writing. The girls were rather quicker than the boys in arithmetic; and in the Scripture lesson, their bright eyes



A MAN OF ROTUMAH.

sparkled with pleasure if a girl could give the right answer to a question which had been too difficult for some of the big boys.

They sing their little school-songs in English, such as "Singing merrily," etc., and they march, and clap, and look as happy as a Sunday-school on an excursion day, just when the cake and buns are being served out.

Their schoolmasters are Fijians, who have been trained at the Theological Institution, and then sent to teach others that Gospel which has changed the man-eating savages into Christian shepherds, who gather the lambs into Christ's fold.

One morning the children came, all nicely dressed, singing at the front of the Mission

House, each one bringing a fowl, or a ham, or a taro, or a bottle of sweet-scented oil, as their "love" to the friends who had come from Fiji to see them; and these things proved most useful to us on our return voyage. Many of them went in their little canoes to see the *Jubilee*, our nice Mission schooner.

We brought back with us two young local preachers and their wives, to be trained in our Institution, and very much pleased they seemed to be with the privilege.

The Rotumans have some good stone chapels; and some of the chiefs have built capital houses since they saw the Mission House, being eager to follow the Missionary as far as they can, and perhaps a little jealous lest any houses should be better than their own.

I must tell you, before I close, that there are some other dear children at Rotumah, with white faces and flaxen hair. They too, with their dear parents,—Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher,—gave us a warm

welcome, the lesser ones clapping their tiny hands with delight, and all anxious to show us the wonders of the place.

We give you a likeness of a native of Rotumah. He looks rather a terrible fellow with his long, rough hair, and his great club. His cross and beads were given him by a Popish priest. He sat to have his portrait taken by a photographer, who visited Rotumah some time ago.

Let us thank God that a great many of these people have learned to love God, and to love one another. As they thus become Christians, they put away their clubs, and instead of making war, become industrious, and try to do good to each other.