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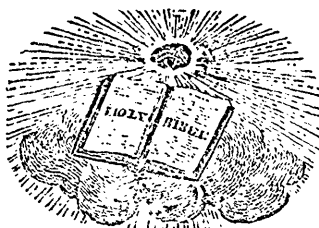
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# SUNDAY SCHOOL GUARDIAN.



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

VOL. VI.

TORONTO, C. W., FEB., 1852.

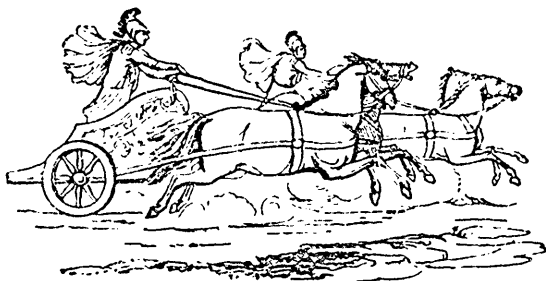
No. 9.

## THE CHRISTIAN'S CONFLICTS.

We offer our youthful readers in the present number of the *Guardian*, some *cuts*, illustrating the exercises of the Grecian games, to some of which the Apostle Paul refers, especially in his epistles to those who were acquainted with the nature of these different games. And in making use of such occasions, for the purpose of enforcing more strongly upon Christians the necessity of earnestness and perseverance in seeking their own salvation, the Apostle followed the example of the Saviour, who taught the people by parables, or by describing the things of this world in which they were daily engaged,—he instructed them more clearly in the great truths of salvation which he came to teach.

These games were most common amongst the Greeks; they were

celebrated at an early period of their history, and exerted a very important influence upon their national character. These periodical celebrations were seasons of great interest to all classes of the people. At the commencement, these games were celebrated in honour of the illustrious dead, but were afterwards connected with the religious festivals of the nation,—were deemed *sacred*, and regarded as a part of their religious worship. The exercises of these games were, the chariot race, foot races, boxing, wrestling, leaping, and throwing the quoit. The victors received rewards they highly prized, but which were things of really but little, or no value, consisting mostly of wreaths or crowns of pine leaves, parsley, or laurels. The Apostle Paul refers to these games, especially, in his Epistle to the Grecian Christians at Corinth.



The first cut here given, represents a *chariot race*.

But it will be observed by our young readers, that the Apostle makes no reference to this, in illustrating the exercises of the Christian's life; and from this we may learn that there is no chariot prepared to carry us through this world to heaven. The scriptures speak

of a highway cast up for the Lord's redeemed, but there are no carriages upon this way, for it is said, "the redeemed shall *walk* there." And thus the Christian inquires—

"Shall I be *carried* to the skies,  
On flowery beds of ease?  
While others *fought* to win the prize;  
Or sailed through bloody seas?"

No; we must *travel* on foot to heaven if we ever get there.



Here is a picture of a foot race; and this is frequently spoken of by the Apostle in his epistles, "Know ye not that they which run in a race, run all, but one receiveth the prize. So run that ye may obtain, 1 Cor. ix, 24. In these Grecian

racings *only one* could obtain the prize, however many were running, —but in the Christian race *all* may come off victorious. Hence the Apostle, in the 26th verse of the same chapter says of himself, "I therefore so run, not as uncer-

tainly ;” he had no doubt, if he was faithful in running the race he would receive the reward. And just a little before his death, we hear him saying : (2 Tim. iv. 7,) “ I have finished my course, and henceforth there is laid up for me

a crown of righteousness, which the Lord will give me in that day,—the day when the Lord shall come to reward his people. And in the Epistle to the Hebrews, chap. xii, 1, he exhorts Christians to run with patience the race set before them.



This cut represents the exercise of *boxing* or *fighting* ; and this is an exercise to which the life of the Christian is frequently compared. Now, when persons *fight*, it is against their enemies. And the Christian has enemies. The devil, and wicked men are enemies to him ; and he must fight against them continually. Hence his life is called a *warfare* : and the Apostle Paul says, “ So fight I, not as one that beateth the air.” (1 Cor. ix, 26.) It was something more than an imaginary conflict,—it was a real warfare against mighty enemies. But he did not regret it ; for at the close of his life he said, “ I

have fought a good fight,” and he had “ kept the faith ” in spite of all his enemies. So will it be with every Christian who is faithful. He may have hard fighting, but he is sure of the victory and the crown.

The next picture represents another exercise somewhat similar to the preceding one, and is also spoken of in the Scriptures. This is *wrestling* ;—an exercise which requires great exertion and skill, and perseverance to insure success, and especially so, when those with whom we wrestle are equal, or superior in strength to ourselves. In the Grecian games they had the privilege of choosing for themselves with whom they



would wrestle; and they would of course try to avoid a contest with those whom they had reason to believe were more than their match. But the Christian has no choice; he must contend with the enemies that attack him, whether they are powerful or weak. And respecting the enemies of the Christian, Paul, in the sixth chapter to the Ephesians, says, "We wrestle not against flesh and blood;"—or against mere human beings like ourselves;—but against

principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places. And if the Christian had not the assurance that the Lord will always be with him to help him, he could not hope for the victory. But relying upon the promise of Divine help, he may always say, "Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors."

The remainder of this will be given in next number.

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### A LITTLE TALK ABOUT MISSIONS.

CONVERSATION BETWEEN MAMMA, EMMA, AND MARY.

#### No. VI.

*Mary.*—Mamma, will you finish telling us about Mr. Ben Oriel?

*Mamma.*—In May, last year, he visited Oran, a sea-port in the state of Algiers, on the coast of Africa. It is now in the possession of the French; there are above six thousand Jews living there.

On Sunday afternoon he went to visit a Jewish Rabbi, who is almost

a Christian, the Master of a school in the town for the children of Spanish Jews; and they agreed to go together to visit an old Rabbi from Tetuam and spend the evening in reading the prophecies that relate to the Messiah,—the Redeemer of Israel. They had to pass through the main street of the Jewish quarter; for the Jews there, on account

of residing near to their synagogues, live chiefly in the same street, where they were obliged to dwell together when Oran was under the Turkish Government. They have no less than fourteen synagogues, most of them in the main street, and a boy's-school connected with them. They have no school for girls.

It was the hour when the children came out of school; and, as they passed by, they ran to ask Mr. Ben Oliel for tracts. They were especially fond of the little tracts published by the British Society, called "The first Springing of the latter Growth." He had a few copies with him; but as they were so many, he was afraid that if he were to give them away to some of the boys, the others would not go without, and probably make a noise and insult them. So he did not give them any, but asked them to call at his lodging, and he would give them the little books they so earnestly begged for. However, they would not go, but began to make a great noise. They were joined by other boys, and their number soon amounted to two hundred boys, and nearly a hundred young and old men: these all continued to follow the Rabbi and Mr. Ben Oliel; and, not content with calling them very bad words, they began to throw filth at them. They were close to a market, and some of them went and purchased rotten things to pelt them with. It was in vain for the Rabbi to exhort them to go away, they would not hearken to him; the boys were encouraged by the crowd of men present, who said not a word in their favour. At last they began to throw stones.

*Mary.*—But why did they not go into some house out of their way?

*Mamma.*—The Rabbi, being the

taller man, received several blows in the head from the stones, which fell like rain around them, and he took refuge in the first Jewish house he found open. But Mr. Ben Oliel thought, if he ran away from them, they would always insult him so when he appeared in the streets. He tried to get out of the Jewish quarter as quickly as he could; and in his way he passed close to the house of a French Captain. One of the stones fell into the garden where the Captain was walking with his lady. This brought him out in a great rage; and, with a stick in his hand, he ran after the boys, and soon dispersed the crowd: this enabled Mr. Ben Oliel to make his escape, and he reached home with his clothes covered with dirt, and some bruises; but thankful to God that he had escaped without more injury. His stay in the town was short; but he hopes to visit it again, when perhaps we shall hear more about these Jewish children.

*Emma.*—What rude, wicked boys they were!

*Mamma.*—They were, indeed; but then, perhaps, they had been taught to insult Christians: if so, they were to be pitied. I have often told you the sad state of the children in foreign and heathen countries: they are not subject to any control, and are allowed to do just as they like; yet many of these children, when they have been taught by the Missionary, behave so well, that they are patterns to some English children. Mr. Warren, writing from New-Zealand, says he has a school of boys who are learning to read very rapidly, and are improving fast in all sorts of knowledge. He says he has been surprised at the orderly conduct of the boys, for they have no constraint from their parents; they

attend the means of grace with great punctuality, and their behaviour at worship is all that could be wished. I heard the other day a very nice anecdote of a little girl in India; but I fear I have not time to tell it to you.

*Mary.*—O, Mamma, do tell it; I am so fond of hearing anything about children.



*Mamma.*—Mrs. Griffith, the lady who told it to me, is the wife of a Missionary. When she was in India, she had a very nice girls' school. One day she noticed that one of the scholars, a child about five years old, had a string round her neck with a little brass image hanging from it. She said to the child, "What is that?" The little girl replied, "It is *swami*" (which meant, it is "God.") "What is it to do?" "O, it is to keep me from fever and from pain." "Now," said the lady, "think a little: a fortnight ago you had fever: did *swami* keep you from it, or from suffering pain?" The child considered, and then said, "No; it did not." The lady said, "Look at your thimble on your finger: that keeps your needle from running into your finger, and saves you from pain, does it not?" "Yes," said the child. "Well then, why is not your thimble *swami*." (or a "god?") The little girl looked up earnestly in her Teacher's face: she saw at once, she understood, how foolish it was to make a god of a piece of brass; though so young a child, she felt it had no power to help her. "Yes," said the child; and she broke the string which held the image round her neck, and gave her *swami*, her god into her Teacher's hand. It was feared that the parents of the child would be offended, and would not allow her to return to school; but the next morn-

ing she came as usual; and a few days after, her father came to the school, and said his little girl had been repeating to him what her governness had said to her about her *swami*, and that he wished to hear more about the Christian religion.

*Mary.*—How long ago did this happen, Mamma?

*Mamma.*—About a year ago. Mrs. Griffith was soon after obliged to leave India. She was very sorry to leave her interesting school of eighty girls, many of whom are quite as intelligent as the little girl I have told you about.

#### A PUZZLE.

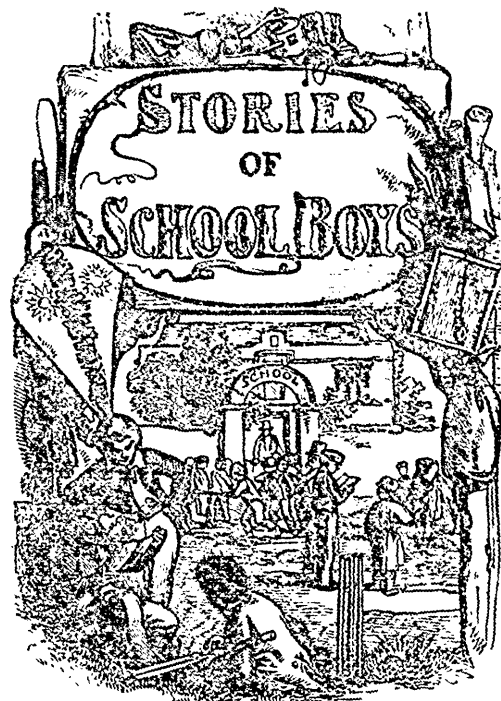
2 N E 1. Cold winter is at .  
Vegetation has D Kd, the beauties of the landscape have faded, and the earth now appears in sad R A. Old Boreas comes and sings a mournful L E G over the graves of the flowers, and the \*\*\*\* seem to glisten from the frosty firmament. The freezing blast pierces, as with a †, the half-clad bosom of want, while tears of P T are congealed at their respective fountains. All you who are in E Z circumstances, and are not afflicted with M T pockets ought now to X M N into the condition of those around U, and go forward with N R G 2 mitigate the distresses of the needy, without waiting for any certain X P D C, and thereby merit the honour which the X L N C' of such an act B stows. The poor B 2 B found in every § of our C T, and for multitudes of miserable beggars who N V the scanty comforts of the hoveller, old Gotham is certainly without a ||. M ~ then the earliest opportunity of paying that debt of charity which U O to your fellow creatures in distress, B 4 the  of death puts an end to your existence.

## THE HONEST BOY.

Among the recollections of my youth, there are none more vivid than those of one whom I will call James Simpson, a young but now an elderly man, whose years are not far from my own. He had been taught in childhood by pious parents, and knew his duty as well as any boy of the school to which he and I were sent when we were about a dozen years old.

James had a tender conscience. He would not do the wrong thing when he knew what was right; and though the other boys sometimes laughed at his squeamishness, as they called it, he said that if the boys laughed at him, God was pleased with him, and he

thought that of more consequence. I recollect a Saturday afternoon, when we were all off in the woods gathering chestnuts, and had received permission to get as many as we wanted in the woods of Mr. Richards, but not finding them as abundant there as we expected, we were quite disposed to cross the hill, and try the trees on the farm of another man, to whom we had made no application. The whole party agreed to it except James and one other. They stood out decidedly, and when it was urged that the owner would have no objection to our getting them, James, who was always ready with a reason, said that was an argument against stealing them. It would be wrong to take them, he said, from a man who



## RECTITUDE IN A SUNDAY SCHOOL BOY.

A boy, about nine years of age, who attended a Sunday school at Sunderland, England, requested his mother not to allow his brother to bring home anything that was smuggled when he went to sea. "Why do you wish that, my child?" said the mother.

He answered, "Because my Catechism says it is wrong." The mother replied, "But that is only the word of a man." He said, "Mother, is it the word of man which said, 'Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's?'" This reply entirely silenced the mother; but his father still attempting to defend the practice of smuggling, the boy said to him, "Father, whether is it worse to rob one or to rob many?" These questions silenced both his parents.



was stingy, and surely it would be wrong, and very mean, to take them without leave from a man who would give them to us if we should ask him.

"Yes," the rest said, "but who is going to ask him? It is more than a mile down to his house, and nobody will go that far to ask for chestnuts."

"I will go," said James, "if you will all promise to stay here till I come back; or if you are in such a hurry to get the nuts, just look out for me, and when I come out of the lane down there at the foot of the hill, if I swing my cap you may start, and I will come on and get as many as I want."

"Agreed! agreed!" they all cried, and away went James on the full run down hill. He was not long on the way; he did not let the grass grow under his feet; and it was not more than twenty minutes before he made his appearance, swinging his hat with all his might. The boys set up a shout that he might have heard, and were just starting off for the woods, when one of them said he thought it too bad to leave Jimmy to come on alone, when he had taken so much trouble for them. This was received with general applause, and we all ran down to meet him, and when we met him his face was beaming with smiles, and he said the old farmer told 'im we might get as many as we liked, only we must not break our necks. This we had no notion of doing, and after we had picked as many as we could well carry home, we left, and tired with our afternoon's work, trudged back to school.

As we were walking homeward with a less excitement than when we came up, one of the boys said the chestnuts were very heavy.

"But they are not so heavy,"

said James Simpson, "as they would have been if we had hooked them."

"Right for you, and you are always right, or about right," the other answered; and by common consent it was agreed, that in all future expeditions, we would respect the rights of property, and never enter even the woods of a man to get his fruit without first gaining his permission.

Now this incident was a very simple one, but it had a very strong and lasting effect upon the whole school. Not one of those boys but thought more of James Simpson than they did before, and all of them felt that the way to be happy, and take real comfort in the pursuit of pleasure, was to do right.

But James and the rest of us,—except one bright fellow, the merriest of the chestnut party, who died in the South, where he went as a clerk, when he was sixteen years old,—with this exception, (and I drop a tear as I write,) we all grew up to be men. James went into business, and the same strict regard for the rights of others has marked him all the way through life, and gained for him the confidence of the whole community. He gave his time to his employers with the most scrupulous integrity, for he said to himself, and sometimes he ventured to make the remark to those who were with him in the store, it was quite as wrong to take an employer's *time* as it was to take his money.

This was being faithful in that which was the least; and a lad who would not cheat an employer out of a minute of time, would not be likely to neglect his interests or waste his money. This was observed, and it laid the foundation for that great success in business, and that eminent reputation for

integrity, that now distinguish him among the merchant-princes of the day. He may, or he may not have forgotten his early schoolmate, who took quite a different turn in life, and became a gospel preacher, and now writes this sketch of old times; but if his memory of the past is as good as mine, he will not fail to recall the chestnuts, and his run down hill.

Boys, there is a lesson in this for you, and I reckon that you will learn it, without the aid of a sermon to help you. Be honest and true. Do the right thing in matters that appear small, and form a *habit of integrity*. Not because this is the best policy, though we know it is: but be honest because God loves honesty, and it is right.—*Selected.*

#### JIM DICK; OR THE BEST REVENGE.

If you would learn to return good for evil, listen to a short account of Jim Dick, the Negro boy. It is given by the poet Southey:—

“When I was a little boy,” says he, “there was a black lad, who lived not far from my father’s house, by the name of Jim Dick. Myself and some of my play-fellows were one evening at our sports, when we began to annoy the poor black by calling him ‘negro,’ blackamore,’ and other illnames. The poor fellow seemed very much hurt at our conduct, and soon left us. It was not long after that I agreed with some of my young friends to go a skating; but I found, when the time came, that I had broken my skates, and that I could not go unless Jim Dick lent me his skates. I went to him and asked him for them. ‘O yes, you may have them and welcome,’ was his kind answer. When I went to return them, I found Jim sitting by the fire in the

kitchen, with his Bible before him, which he had been reading. I told him I had come ‘to bring the skates he had lent me, and that I was much obliged for the use of them. He looked at me as he took them into his hands, and with tears in his eyes he said to me, ‘Do not call me blackamore again.’ He spoke the words kindly and meekly, and then left the room. The words went to my heart, I burst into tears, and from that time I resolved I would never again be guilty of abusing a poor black.”

This little story may teach two lessons. First, that you should not hurt the feelings of any one. Do not call insulting names; it is foolish and vulgar. Do not make sport of the lame, and blind, or any afflicted person; it is cruel and mean. Do not undervalue any for the color of their skin, or the shape of their bodies, or the poverty of their condition, for we are as God made us, and ‘he that despiseth the poor reproacheth his Maker.’ Prov. xiv. 31.

We may learn from Jim Dick to show a meek and forgiving spirit. When he was called ill names by the boys, he did not stop and quarrel, but went away from their company. This was wise and proper. When the skates were taken back he was found with his Bible before him. It was in that book he had read the words, ‘He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.’ Prov. xvi. 32. ‘Be not overcome with evil, but overcome evil with good.’ Rom. xii. 21. Jim, no doubt, also knew that the Saviour once said, ‘Love your enemies; bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully

use you and persecute you." Matt. v. 44.

Do not then, be ashamed of learning a little wisdom from Poor Jim Dick. Like him give soft words for hard words, and return kind

deeds for evil deeds, and you will find yourself all the happier; but if you give way to an angry temper it will be like a burning fire in your bosom.



#### HINTS TO FARMER'S BOYS.

There is one thing I would like to impress upon the minds of the farmers of this country. To all you that have boys that can write, get each one a memorandum book; a few sheets of paper will do, if nothing better can be had; and in that have each one keep an account of every day's work done in the year, the kind of work employed in, and the day of the month and the date of the year. If in sowing, mention the kind of grain, and the amount of seed per acre, the time of planting, and of reaping. In fact, I should have them note all the passing events of the farm; and as they grow older they will find more of importance to note. Six cents will buy a book that will last one year, to commence with. My word for it, if the farmers will adopt this course, their sons will be much

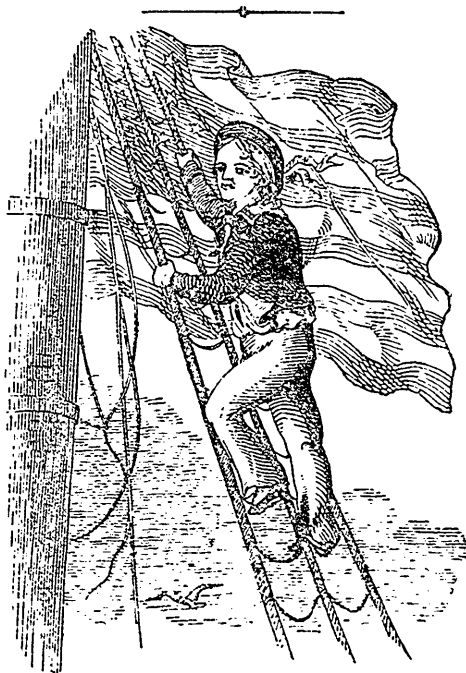
better farmers than their fathers. It may seem dry business to commence with the first of January; but as the spring opens, the green grass appears, and bright prospects are in our paths, and the tasks will be more pleasing every day until the close of the year. Who would not give twice what the paper and ink cost, could they but obtain a memorandum book written by a grandfather a hundred years ago? Try it, farmers, young and old; keep a journal of every day, and you will become a race of scientific book-farmers, not to be imposed upon.—  
*A farmer.*

"WANTED AN HONEST INDUSTRIOUS  
BOY?"

We lately saw an advertisement headed as above. It conveys to every boy an impressive moral les-

son. "An honest, industrious boy" is always *wanted*. He will be sought for; his services will be in demand; he will be respected and loved; he will be spoken of in terms of high praise; he will always have a home; will grow up to be a man of known worth and established character. He will be wanted. The merchant will want him for a salesman or a clerk; the master mechanic will want him for an apprentice or journeyman; those with a job to let will want him for a contractor; clients will want him

for a lawyer, patients for a physician, religious congregations will want him for a pastor, parents for a teacher of their children, and the people for an officer. He will be wanted. Townsmen will want him as a citizen, acquaintances as a neighbour, neighbours as a friend, families as a visitor, the world as an acquaintance—nay, girls want him as a beau, and finally for a husband. An honest, industrious boy! Just think of it boys; will you answer this description?



### THE FIRST VOYAGE.

BY ELIZA COOK.

He stood upon the sandy beach  
And watched the dancing foam;  
He gazed upon the leaping waves,  
Which soon would be his home.

And then he eyed his sailors' garb,  
With look of proud delight:  
The flowing 'kerchief round his neck,  
The trowsers, wide and white.

The rose of health was on his cheek,  
His forehead fair as day;  
Hope played within his hazel eye,  
And told his heart was gay;

And many a time the sturdy boy  
Longed for the hour to come  
Which gave the hammock for his couch,  
The ocean for his home!

And now the gallant ship rides nigh,  
The wind is fair and free ;  
The busy hands have trimmed her sails—  
She stems the open sea.

The boy again is on the beach ;  
A mother's arms have pressed him,  
A sister's hand is linked in his,  
A father's lip hath blessed him.

The eyes that lately sparkled bright  
Are swollen with many a tear ;  
His young heart feels a choking pang,  
'To part from all so dear.

Another kiss—another sob—  
And now the struggle's o'er ;  
He springs into the tiny boat,  
And pushes from the shore.

The last sad drop upon his cheek  
Falls mingling with the foam ;  
The sea-bird, screaming, welcomes him ;  
The ocean is his home !

## THE GIRL AND THE MICE.

BY MRS. LYDIA BAXTER.

During one cold but sunny day in winter, when I was a very little girl, I asked permission of my mother to go over to the barn, where father was engaged in thrashing grain. To my surprise, my request was granted, and snugly wrapped in a warm flannel blanket, I ventured out. The snow was very deep, but perfectly level, and a narrow, well-trodden path led through the orchard to the barn, which was quite a distance from the house. But there was no fear of loosing the way ; for the snow stood in walls on either side of the path almost as high as my shoulders. As far as my eye could reach, one vast sea of pure white snow, like a beautiful mantle, covered the earth. Although it was extremely cold, I enjoyed the walk very much, and my sparkling eyes and glowing cheeks spoke my joy, as I entered the barn. Father wrapped my blanket still closer about me, and seated me on a bundle of straw, and seemed as happy as myself, while engaged in

his work. Presently he removed the straw from the floor, accended the mow, and threw down a great many bundles of grain. Then he arranged the bundles with the heads inward, preparatory to thrashing with the flail. While thus employed he discovered an old mouse, with several young ones, upon the floor. They soon became so much chilled, that they were captured without any difficulty.

"Come, my daughter," said my father, "take these mice, and carry them home to old pussy !"



I jumped with delight, held my apron, and soon the dear little creatures were in my possession.

"Now," said he, "run to the house, and be sure not to move your hands, for if you should, the mice might escape."

"No sir," said I, and started off as fast as I could. When I had got half the distance, I began to think that I should like to know how they looked—whether they were safe or not. But I had promised not to move my hands, and I did not like to disobey my father. But then I was all alone no one would know it. I would certainly like to have just *one peep*. Thus I reasoned with myself, till curiosity triumphed: "Just one peep," said I, as I stopped suddenly, and looked cautiously into my apron. The old mouse was now warm and active, and not liking her

prison, sprang up and caught me by the chin. In an instant, my hands were loosed, my apron fell, and the mice lay sprawling in the snow. The blood soon dropped from my chin; but tears fell more copiously from my eyes, and with a loud cry, I hastened to the house.

The younger portion of the family gathered around to examine the wound, and of course I had their sympathy. Poor old pussy too, looked inquiringly, as if to ascertain the cause of my weeping, little suspecting, however, that by my disobedience she had been cheated out of her dinner.

This was the first and as far as I can now recollect, the only time that I ever disobeyed the command of my father. Many years have passed since then, and this trifling incident would perhaps long since have been forgotten, had not the sharp teeth of the mouse inflicted that punishment so justly my due, while in the very act of disobedience.



#### THE RATTLESNAKE AND HIS ENEMIES.

The rattlesnake has a superior foe in the deer and black-snake. Whenever a buck discovers a rattle-

snake in a situation which invites attack, he loses no time in preparing for battle. He makes up to within ten or twelve feet of the snake—then leaps forward and aims to sever the body of the snake with his sharp hoofs. The first onset is most commonly successful; the buck repeats the trial till he cuts the snake in twain. The rapidity and the fatality of his skillful manœuvre leaves but slight chance for his victim either to escape or eject his poison into his more alert antagonist. The black-snake is also more than an equal competitor against the rattle-snake. When the black-snake and the rattle-snake are about to meet for battle, the former darts forward at the height of his speed, and strikes at the neck of the latter with unerring certainty, leaving a foot or two of his own body at liberty. In an instant he encircles him within five or six folds, and then stops and looks the strangling and gasping foe in the face, to ascertain the effect produced on his corseted body. If he shows signs of life, the coils are multiplied, and the screws tightened—the operator all the time narrowly watching the countenance of his helpless victim. Thus the two remain thirty or forty minutes—the executioner then slackens one coil, noticing at the same time whether any signs of life appear; if so, the coil is resumed and retained till the incarcerated wretch is entirely dead. The moccasin snake is destroyed in the same way.

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Mr. P. P. Thomas and the "Barbarians" of the Chinese.

Every boy in England is taught to believe that the Chinese consider him a little "barbarian." The belief may be said to grow with his growth and strengthen with his

strength. They who go to Canton go out with that impression,—they who return bring it back. The term usually exasperates the man to whom it is addressed. More than once it has provoked active hostility. Lord Napier was extremely wroth with the mandarin who applied it to him; and the writer of a celebrated letter to Lord Palmerston on the Chinese question named that as our first and greatest grievance against the government of the Celestial Empire.—Mr. P. P. Thomas, however, contends that the whole thing is a mistake,—that the Chinese describe us by no such word. He declares that the word *man*, which Gutzlaff and Morrison translate “barbarian,” means simply, southern merchant. He seems to think that the Chinese rather mean to compliment us by the epithet—as he says they did a friend of his when they called him Hung Maow Kwei, literally “red haired devil.” The friend was choleric until Mr. Thomas applied the healing balm of his own ingenuity.—“*Red*,” he observed to his angry countryman, “is beautiful to the Chinese; they extol the peach-flower, because of its form and delicate red colour; all the fronts of their houses are red; they use the vermilion pencil. If red be thus beautiful, how can their designating Europeans red haired people imply insult? With regard to the work *Kwei*,” he continued, “there is no occasion for us to take it in its most offensive signification, than of devil, it being a general term for spirits, whether good or evil, and equivalent to our word spirit.”—Thus red “haired devil” becomes beautiful spirit!—*Athænum*.”

He that hath a trade hath an estate;  
and he that hath a calling hath a place  
of profit and honour.

## YOUR PARENTS KNOW BEST.

Some children are slow to learn, or slow to think that their parents know best what is good for them to have, or to do.

When told to do a piece of work, they soon become tired of it, and wish to do something else.

I will tell you how Jame Allis learned that his parents knew best; and I hope those children who read this story will remember it, and profit by his sad lesson.

One day in the spring, when he was ten years old, his father set him to picking up stones, and throwing them into heaps. This was in a field which was kept for a meadow.

His father, and an elder brother named John, were plowing in the field, near where James was picking up stones. The father held the plow, and John rode the horse.

Soon James became tired of his work, and wanted to ride the horse.

His father told him he was not large enough, yet.

“Yes I am, father,” said James, “I can ride as well as John.”

He continued to tease his father till he was put on the horse, but probably it was done more for the purpose of teaching him a good lesson, than to gratify his wishes.

At first James had some fear of falling, and held the horse’s mane with one hand, while he guided him with the other.

Soon, he grew fearless, and began to drum the old horse with his heels to urge him along.

Just then the plow hit a stone, and away went James, over the horse’s head, striking with his face in the dirt.

His mouth and eyes were filled with dust and gravel; and the blood ran from his nose.

He was so much frightened at

this, that he thought himself half killed.

His father examined him, and took him to a brook, where he washed off the blood and dirt.

Then he said, "James I think you have learned a good lesson by this accident ; and I hope you will remember, from this, that *your pa-*

*rents know best* what is proper for you to do."

This lesson James did learn, and he has never forgotten it.

Now, my young friends, will you not be wise and learn the same lesson from this incident, and not wait to learn it from your own painful experience ?

## POETRY.



### THE INFANT'S PRAYER.

The west had shut its gates of gold  
Upon the parted sun,  
And through each window's curtained fold,  
Lamps glittered one by one ;

And many a babe had sunk to rest,  
And many a mother's yearning breast  
Still lulled its idol care,  
When in a nursery's peaceful bound,  
By pure affection circled round,  
I heard an infant's prayer.

Yes, there it knelt ; its cherub face  
Upraised with anxious care ;  
And well devotion's heaven-born grace  
Became a brow so fair ;  
But seldom at our Father's throne  
Such blest and happy child is known  
So painfully to strive ;  
For long with trembling ardour fraught,  
That supplicating lip besought,  
"Please God, let Lily live !"

And still the imploring voice did flow  
That little couch beside,  
As if for poor sick Lily's woe  
It could not be denied ;  
E'en when the spell of slumber stole  
With soothing influence on the soul,  
Like moonlight o'er the stream,  
The murmuring life, the sobbing strife.  
The broken plea for Lily's life,  
Blent with the infant's dream.

So Lily lived, but not where time  
Is measured out of woes ;  
Not where cold winter chills the clime  
Or canker eats the rose ;  
And she who for her infant friend,  
In agonizing love did bend,  
To pour the tearful prayer,  
Safe from the pang, the groan, the dart  
That pierced the mourning parent's heart,  
Lives with her Lily there !

From the Model American Courier.

### WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG.

BY MISS V. R. FOWLER.

I'm standing by the window sill,  
Where we have stood of yore ;  
The buttonwood is waving still  
Its branches o'er the door ;  
And near me creeps the wild-rose vine  
On which our wreaths were hung ;  
Still round the porch its tendrils twine,  
As when we both were young.

The little path that used to lead  
Down by the river shore,  
Is over-grown with briar and weed—  
Not level as before—  
But there's no change upon the hill  
From whence our voices rung ;  
The violets deck its summit still,  
As when we both were young.

And yonder is the old oak tree,  
Beneath whose spreading shade,  
When our young hearts were light and free,  
In innocence we played—  
And there, beyond the meadow gate,  
On which our playmates swung—  
Still standing in its rustic state,  
As when we both were young.

I see the little moss-grown spot,  
Beneath the yew-tree's shade,  
Where early friends—perchance forgot—  
In earth's embrace are laid :  
The early friends of hope and trust,  
'Round whom our beings clung,  
All slumber in the "silent dust,"  
Since you and I were young.

But, oh ! there is a pleasing sense,  
That hovers o'er the scene ;  
No matter where our wanderings hence,  
Or distant far between,  
Sweet mem'ry brings us back to rove  
The pleasant haunts among—  
The pleasing scenes of early love,  
When you and I were young !

Washington City, 1859.



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