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SUNDAY SCHOOL GUARDIAN.



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

Vol. VIII.] TORONTO, C. W., JANUARY, 1854. [No. 8.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS IN EARNEST.

Will you listen, my dear friend, to a few words from a fellow-labourer in your important work?

The souls of children are committed to our care. The glory of God, through their salvation, should be our constant aim. It is not enough to meet the children week by week, to hear their lessons, and go through the business of the school. Regular attendance, perfect repetition, outward obedience and attention, these are not enough: the questions before us are, "What are our children in the sight of God? and what are we doing to lead them to Christ?"

Bring your class before your mind. Think of your children one by one, and ask how many you could hope to meet in heaven, if they were now called into eternity! Has any one felt the burden of his sins, and believed in Jesus Christ for salvation? Do you hope that any one is born again, "renewed in the spirit of his mind," proving by daily conduct that he is a child of God?

O, rest not till you have that hope regarding all! It is not the will of God that any should perish. The salvation of every child in your class is not too much to hope, too much to ask. Say will you be satisfied with less?—Which can you bear to think of as a child of Satan; under the curse of God; refusing a Saviour's mercy; deaf to His calls of love? Which could you bear to see another day turning away under the sound, "Depart."

Let us awake to our responsibility, and ask ourselves, Have we faithfully performed our duty to our children, or to God? Have we felt the priceless worth of the immortal soul? Do we believe that, however amiable our children may appear, they are "by nature the children of wrath;" and, dying in that state, cannot enter the kingdom of heaven? Have we felt their danger, thought over it, and wept over it, when alone with God? In the still hour of prayer, have their names been breathed before Him; and through the day are they borne upon our hearts? Have we taken the sweet promises of

God, and pleaded them on their behalf? "We know that if we ask anything according to Thy will, Thou hearest us; and is it not Thy will that these children should be saved?" In the spirit of holy Jacob, have we ever cried, "We cannot let Thee go till Thou hast blessed them;" until the Spirit be poured upon them from on high; till one shall say, "I am the Lord's; and another shall call himself by the name of Jacob?" Have we knelt before our Saviour, and one by one brought our little ones to Him? "Didst Thou not say of old, 'Suffer the little children to come unto Me;' and wilt Thou turn these away? If this spirit of believing, fervent prayer were ours, would it not prevail? Surely the ear of God would hearken to us, the arm of the Lord would be stretched forth to save; our children would be made willing in the day of His power; young converts would arise in our schools, numerous and beautiful as the dewdrops of the morning; reflecting as those dewdrops, the colours of the natural sun, the brightness of the Sun of righteousness, in their Redeemer's praise.

Then, as to our instructions. Do we believe that Christ, by shedding His blood, has opened a way whereby our children may be saved; and that, sinful as they are, they are welcome to this Saviour, yea, commanded to go to Him, to believe and live? With affection and earnestness, have we pressed home this truth upon their hearts? Do they see by our voice and manner that we feel what we say? Do we urge them to "flee from the wrath to come," as we would entreat them to escape for their lives from their house in flames?

Have we expected their conversion; or would it not actually have surprised us to see the swelling tear, and hear the inquiry, "What must I do to be saved?" escape from the burdened heart?

Is our great aim to bring the truth of God fully and clearly before them? and to this end do we conscientiously and diligently employ the fleeting, precious hours of Sabbath time? Do we in the week think and pray over the lessons, so that we may have a store of truth, which we ourselves understand and feel, to bring before our classes. Do we endeavour from the passing events of daily life, to gather simple illustrations of Scripture truth, and present that truth in the shortest, easiest words that we can find? Do we herein feel our entire dependence on "the Spirit of grace," remembering that the seed will never grow without the rain of heaven?

What do we know of the children individually? Have we sought by gentleness—gentleness even in reproof—to win their confidence and love? Have we ever taken them alone, prayed with them, and tenderly inquired, "Are you, or are you not, a child of God?" Do we visit them at home; know their family circumstances; at once inquire for them, if absent; in every way lead them to regard us as their friends?

These are our duties to our classes.

Conscience must say how they have been fulfilled.

Time rushes on, and sweeps our children from us in its downward course: a little while they are within our call, then hurried past us to the busy scenes of life, or drifted away into eternity. Children have left us never to return, whose ungodly lives may even now be records of our unfaithfulness. Does it not become us to fall low in humiliation before God? Opportunities lost, hours misimproved, rise up to memory, and would overwhelm us, but that we know that "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin." And here, it may be well to make a more personal enquiry. What is the state of

our own souls towards God? Is vital heart-religion flourishing within? Are we "walking with God," living in communion with Him, "anointed with His Spirit," dwelling in His love? Does the love of Jesus send us forth to speak and act for Him? Has not the word of God been slighted by us, and secret prayer been restrained? It may be that faith is weak, and love grown cold. A cloud of worldliness may have swept across, veiling the Sun of Righteousness; and if it be thus as to our personal condition before God, shall we wonder if, with regard to others, the blessing be withheld? If so, let us arise, and go to our Father, and say, "Father, we have sinned." Where no eye but His can see, no ear but His can hear, let us pour out the confession of our hearts, and seek forgiveness through the blood of the Lamb. Let us take comfort for the time to come.—"God is able to make all grace abound toward us; that we always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work." Let us implore that grace; and should we see another Sabbath dawn, may we meet our children as we never have before, with deep humility and self-distrust, more simple dependance upon God; with warmer love, with brighter hope, and with more ardent zeal.

But it may be feared that there are unconverted Teachers in our schools; and one who reads these lines may himself be far from God. Dear friend, think of the awful situation in which you place yourself. You feel not, you really believe not, the truths you teach. You speak of the soul, but you feel not its worth. You speak of the guilt and danger of sin, but it is sin you love. You speak of a Saviour's love, but the Saviour you neglect. O, think and tremble! sinners may perish through your carelessness, and their blood be required at your hands. You must give

account of your teaching unto God. You will meet your children at the judgment seat, and with feelings O how different from the apathy with which you regard them now! Now you may trifle away the Sabbath time, and be glad when the weary hour is gone; but then you may lament over opportunities gone, when you see the scholar's place at the left hand of the Judge, and the thought comes home to you as a scorpion's sting, "If his Teacher had been faithful, he might never have been there."

But God may honor His own truth, even from your lips, to the conversion of a child: and now picture him at the right hand of the Judge, and yourself, his Teacher at the left. Think of him, clothed in a wedding-garment, the righteousness of the Saviour, to whom you pointed him, but whom you despised; think of him entering into the marriage-supper of the Lamb, and you yourself shut out!

If what you teach your children is the truth what will become of you? Do you tell them, that not only the outwardly "wicked shall be turned into hell," but "all the nations that forget God?" that "He that believeth on the Son hath ever lasting life, but he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him?"—that "the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with His mighty angels, in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ?" What is all this, but passing sentence on yourself? O, fellow-sinners, awake! "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light!"

If you feel your danger, know there is salvation, even for you, in Jesus Christ. Ask for "the Spirit's teaching." Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!—

Cast yourself as a guilty sinner at His feet. Trust His power and love.— Confess your sins. Give yourself up entirely to Him; and, being “justified by faith,” you shall have “peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.” The love of Jesus shall be shed into your heart, and sweetly constrain you to obedience; and your one desire henceforth shall be, “to live not unto yourself, but unto Him who died for you.” Then all the commands of the Saviour will be dear; the very joy of your life will be to do His will; and then from new motives, and with higher aim, you will seek to “feed His lambs.” —*Tract Magazine.*

—SPOILED FOR LIFE.—

A little boy, well acquainted with the Bible, was about forty years ago proceeding along the road from Manchester to A—, when he met an old man, with whom he entered into conversation. After a few preliminary observations, the boy said,

“Old man, what age may you be?”

“What makes you ask that?” said the old man.

“Because I thought you had lived a many years, and must have seen a great many things; and I thought you could perhaps tell me something good.”

“What do you mean, my little boy?”

“I mean something about God, Jesus Christ, and the Bible.”

“Hush!” cried the old man: “I do not believe a word of the Bible!” At this the little fellow was quite astonished; for in the simplicity of his heart he thought every one believed the Bible he so much loved.

“However,” he thought, “I will try to make you believe it.” And he commenced repeating texts of Scripture relating to Christ; but he was soon silenced with, “Hush! I told you that I did

not believe the book you call the Bible. Those nettles are God; that thorn-bush is God; those docks are God; nature is God, and there is no God besides.”

The little boy could only speak from the Bible, and of the Bible; and this the old man would not hear.

They walked on some time, until they came to a new house by the way.

“Old man,” said the little boy, “what would you say if I said, ‘See, look at that architect?’ Would you not say, ‘No, my boy: that is the work of an architect, but it is not the architect?’”

“Yes, I suppose I should.”

Gaining courage by this answer, the boy said, “Well, then, how can you say that the nettles, docks, and thorn-bush are God? These are the works of God, as the house is the work of the architect. These show that there is a God who made all things, and teach us to look from ‘nature up to Nature’s God,’ to admire the work, and adore the Workman.”

“My lad, you’ve been amongst the Methodays, haven’t you?”

“Yes,” replied the little champion for truth; “I have.”

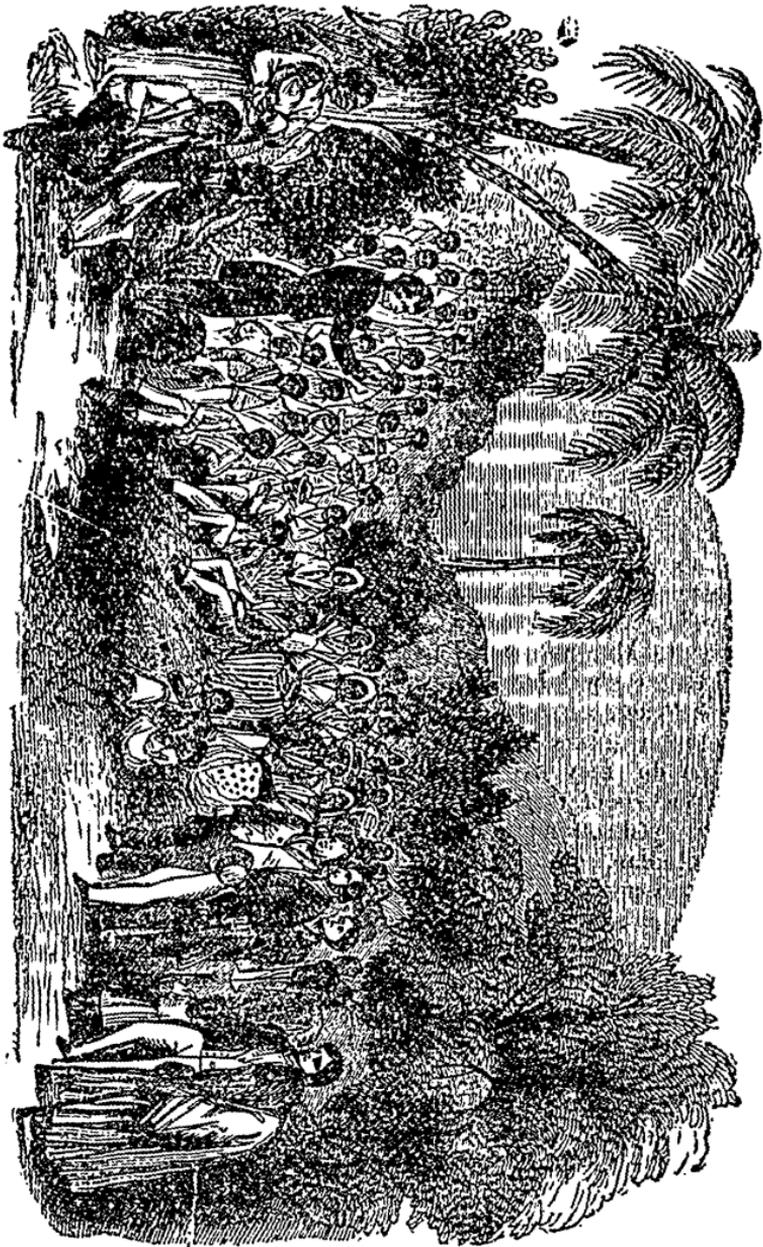
“Ah! I thought so. They’ve spoiled thee for life, spoil thee for life.”

After that interview they saw each other no more; but the little boy has grown to be an old man. Just as he was entering his teens, he took a class in a Sunday-school; and as he looked round upon his little charge, he thought: “I will spoil you for life.” He is now doing his utmost, as Superintendent of a very flourishing school at A—, to spoil for life some of the numerous children committed to his care.

If all the members of the Wesleyan church would follow the example of this old man, and spoil for life one child, England would soon become, indeed, “a praise in the earth,” and “a glory among the nations.”

Bury, Lancashire.

R. A.



MISSIONARY DANGERS AMONG THE CHIPPEWA INDIANS.

It was on the afternoon of a day in February, 1848, that a Missionary and his Indian interpreter pursued their lonely path through the forest, in order

to visit a new settlement of Ottawas and Chippewa Indians. The place was called Meshimnekoning, which means, "the place where the apples grow." Arrived at the "planting grounds," the Missionary learned that the entire band were about two miles and a half distant

engaged in making sugar; so, leaving their horses they proceeded thither on foot. The interpreter being lame, and having to walk with crutches, it was dusk before they came in sight of the red men's fire. At this moment a silent prayer was offered up, and they went forward putting their trust in the living God. The youthful Minister felt that his enterprise was not without peril, yet he faltered not, for a voice within him whispered, "The cross shall conquer."

They soon came up to a tent, and pulled aside the blanket door; on entering they found the old Pagan Priest lying wrapped in his Indian blanket. Quickly rising up, he said, "What you want? What you come here for?" The Missionary replied, "My friend, we have come to see you,—to visit your Indians here." "O, O! then come, go with me over to Muh-nut-quott's (the Chief), and then we will have a talk," rejoined the Priest. Accordingly he led the way to the Chief's dark palace.

But whom do they meet?—Two white men; peddlars of that liquid fire that has destroyed so many thousands of the noble Indian race. They had been selling this cursed poison to them until they were quite drunk. The Missionary inquired of these men whether they had seen Muh-nut-quott? They said sneering, "He is in his wigwam." They entered the tent. To the left of the door, wrapped in a large red blanket, lay the Chief. The Missionary's heart almost sank within him; for he perceived, alas! that the *spirit* of evil was there to resist the Spirit of good. Nevertheless, he approached, and gave the friendly hand: but the Chief would neither take the hand nor speak to him; on the contrary his face grew black with anger, and his eye spoke fight. One of the whiskey traders now came in, and sat down by his side. This seemed to add fuel to the fire already kindled in

his breast; for they talked freely together, and in a very excited manner.

As all the Indians had been drinking the "fire-water," and some of them were quite intoxicated, the Preacher and his companion felt that their situation was anything but safe or comfortable. It was dark. They were in the dense forest, far from a white man's dwelling, with nothing but blind roads to follow, if it should become necessary for them to fly. Not that they were afraid of death, but the thought of being at the mercy of drunken Indians—there was something in it revolting to human nature, from which the mind shrank in terror, and appalled.

At length the Chief rose, and fixing his keen black eye on the Missionary, said, "What do you want?" "We have come to tell you the words of the Great Spirit," was the answer. "But," said the Chief, "I know as much as you; I know about the Great Spirit myself." Seeing that Muh-nut-quott had lost the power of self-control, the Minister asked to be excused from talking to him about "this new religion" till the next morning; but, "No," was his decided answer, "you must stay and talk to-night. You talk a little while, and then I will talk, and we will see which is the wisest man, you or I." Again he was advised to wait till morning, but "No, no," was his reply. In vain the Missionary and the interpreter tried to reason with him, or to tell him of their intention to pass the night with a white friend. "You must stay and talk now: by and-by, at mid-night, the moon will be up, and then you can go to the white man's house."

Muh-nut-quott now became so much excited that he sprang from the ground, at the same time clapping his hands, and giving the Indian's wild and frantic whoop! This sound, so sudden and full of terror, startled our young men, till, as one of them says, "The earth

beneath us seemed to shake, the blood chilled in our veins, and the very hair on our heads stood up in mass!" Turning himself round, Muh-nut-quott addressed the old Pagan Priest, and spoke vehemently. At this moment were heard the voices of other Indians approaching from an adjoining camp. The noise of those outside, and the gestures of those within, plainly told that they were ready for any kind of violence.

The Indian interpreter now said to the Missionary, "Leave quickly; go, go, and I will come when I can." The young Minister left immediately, and felt his way along through the dark, one mile from the wigwams. Here, stopping on the bank of a creek, he leaned himself against a tree, and awaited with prayer and some anxiety the arrival of his interpreter. An hour elapsed, and he came up with this word from the Chief, "Where is that Preacher? where is that Preacher?"

Next morning the interpreter went down to see if they were sober; but they were stupidly drunk. After waiting two days, both went again to the sugar camp. Apprised of their coming, the Indians had all things in readiness for the anticipated "talk." On entering the wigwam, at the right of the fire were seated the young men. On the left lay the Chief, partly reclining on his elbow, with a large knife in his hand; but as all were now sober, the servants of Jesus feared not to approach them. Again the friendly hand was offered; for a moment the Chief looked into the Missionary's eyes, as if he would read his very soul, then, rising up, he threw his knife three or four feet from him, and gave the Minister a hearty welcome. They conversed together for an hour, and, as is usual on such occasions, the pipe sent up its curling incense as a token of peace and mutual good-will.

Preliminaries over, the Missionary

offered up a prayer, in which he felt that fire came down from heaven to consume the sacrifice. He then preached to them. During the sermon the Chief listened attentively, and it was easy to see that the truth affected him, for the big tear often gathered in his eye, while ever and anon a deep sigh would break from his troubled heart. At the close he was invited to speak. He rose and said, "All you say is very true; I like it much; but I am weak in my heart, and cannot do good. We cannot meet these whiskey traders: they are too much for us."

Several times during the ensuing summer the Missionary visited this band, and preached to them the words of eternal life. In the autumn of the same year Muh-nut-quott and several of his Indians were converted, baptized, and received into the Church. For more than three years this Chief has been a faithful Class-Leader in his band, during which time he has seen many of his Indian brothers, including the head Chief, made happy in a Saviour's love. Thus was organized an infant church in the bosom of the wilderness; and thus, also, was verified, in the experience of our youthful Missionary, the truth of those inspiring words, "The cross shall conquer:" words which have often since led him on to similar victories.—*Report of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church.*

THE MILLER'S BOY AND HIS BIBLE,

The following record of one of the happy results of Bible distribution in Sweden, appeared in the "Presbyterian" about four years since. The incident is as interesting now as when it was first related:—

I returned, says a Swedish colporteur, through a village where there are several water mills. A Bible had been

purchased from me there, three years since, by a miller's boy, who, not long before, had fallen into the water, and had narrowly escaped being crushed by the mill wheel. Snatched wonderfully from death, John, this miller lad, had at that time begun to be concerned about the salvation of his soul. Hence the purchase which he made of a Bible. He read that sacred book and was fervent in prayers. The Lord heard his prayers, and he became a staunch confessor of the truth as it is in Jesus. He was not long in becoming the object of persecutions from the miller, the miller's wife, his comrades, and persons who frequented the mill. All were determined to render it impossible for him to read the Bible: but the Lord watched over him. Shortly afterward, Andrew, the Miller's son, a young man of twenty years of age, a victim to habits of impiety and dissipation, became likewise a disciple of the Saviour. This happened in the following manner:

John was Andrew's assistant at the mill. Originally, they were the best friends in the world; but since John's conversion, Andrew employed all sorts of suggestions, artifices, threatenings, and even violence, to plunge his comrade into a disorderly life. All his efforts were ineffectual. One day, while John was busy out of doors, Andrew, who was alone in the mill, took John's Bible, for the purpose of casting it into the river; however, just as he was about to throw it in, he opened the Bible mechanically, and this passage caught his eye: "Two shall be grinding at the mill; the one shall be taken, and the other left." Matt. xxiv. 41. This declaration struck his conscience with the rapidity of lightning; it took possession of his heart; and under the weight of an inexpressible emotion, he placed the Bible again in John's chamber. Dating from that moment, Andrew became a new man; thereafter he

showed himself to be a sincere servant of Jesus Christ. United from that time in heart and soul with one another, John and Andrew, young as they were, soon became, in the hand of God, instruments of a religious awakening in the village and the surrounding neighborhood.

THE LION AND HIS KEEPER.

Some time ago, there was, in the menagerie at Brussels, a fine lion, called Danco, whose den happened to require some repairs. The keeper brought a carpenter to mend it; but, when the workman saw the lion, he started back with terror. The keeper entered the animal's cage, and led him to the upper part of it, while the lower was refitting. He then amused himself for some time, playing with the lion; and, being wearied, he soon fell into a sound sleep. The carpenter, having full reliance on the vigilance of the keeper, in protecting him from any attack of Danco, pursued his work with rapidity; and when he had finished, he called him to see that the repair was to his mind. The keeper made no answer. Having repeatedly called in vain, he began to feel alarm for his situation, and resolved to go to the upper part of the cage, where, looking through the railing, he saw the lion and the keeper sleeping side by side. From the impulse of the moment, the astonished carpenter uttered a loud cry. The lion, awakened, and surprised by the sudden yell, started on his feet, stared at the mechanic with an eye of fury, and then, placing his paw on the breast of his keeper, again lay down to repose. At length the keeper was awakened by some of the attendants: he did not appear the least apprehensive, on account of the situation in which he found himself, but shook the lion by the paw, and then quietly led him to his former residence.

KING GEORGE OF THE FRIENDLY ISLANDS.



From the Wesleyan Juvenile Offering.

King George, of the Friendly Islands.

A SKETCH.

Continued from Vol. VIII. page 107,
S. S. Guardian.

“The liberal deviseth liberal things.” King George considered the chapel at Lifuka, Haabai, as too small to accommodate the congregation; he therefore resolved to build a noble edifice, to be consecrated to the service of God, such as the Friendly Islanders had never seen

before. To accomplish this a calculation was made, and a certain measurement given to each Chief, for his men to do the fence, (answering to our wall,) roof, &c., of his proportion of the building. While it was progressing, one day, King George made his appearance with some beautifully carved clubs; these had been sacred, they were supposed to be the *hala* (road) of the gods when going to the priests, in order to inspire them; these the King thought would serve to support the communion and pulpit rails

in the new chapel; and, as the people now knew that an idol was nothing, they did not hesitate to drive them into the ground, and use them as stakes in the house of their God.

In a few months the building was finished, without any cost to the Missionary Committee, and yet it was *free from any debt*; it was the free-will offering of a grateful people, and also a monument of the fine taste and enlarged ideas of their Sovereign.

The length of the chapel was one hundred and fifteen feet. It was supported by two rows of pillars, and, in order to have a variety in the patterns of *lalava*, (the *kafa* twisted around the posts,) different artists had been employed. The aged gazed upon this chapel with joy beaming in their countenances, and both young and old with praise flowing from their lips.

This house was dedicated to the service of God on the 9th of September, 1835. It was filled upon this occasion, besides hundreds who sat outside the fence (or wall). His Majesty and the Missionary, Mr. Tucker, preached. It was a glorious sight to see such a vast congregation, composed of the natives of this group of islands, who about six years before, were Heathen, now worshipping God, and listening to words of salvation from the lips of their King.

The feast connected with the opening services was on the most liberal scale: both sea and land were laid under contribution. Forty-eight turtles were prepared, some of which were immensely large, also a variety of fish, besides pigs, fowls, and vegetables. During the feast, the Missionary was surprised to see a native bringing a living pig to his house; this was followed by another, and another, until he reckoned eight. Not knowing how many more were coming, he sought the King, and begged him to re-train his bountiful hand. The explanation his Majesty gave was,

that he knew his (the Missionary's) objection to receive a large quantity of food ready dressed, because it must be wasted; so he thought living animals would be more acceptable.

In reference to the conduct of the King at this period, Mr. Tucker writes thus:—

“The King and the Queen have five classes under their care: the King is a nursing father and the Queen is a nursing mother, to the church. The King is a Local Preacher, and as obedient as any other person on the Plan. I have had him under my eye for the last twelve months, and can truly say, that I never heard him speak a word, or saw, or heard of, any action or disposition manifested by him, on any occasion during that time, but such as became the gospel of Jesus Christ. There is not a more striking monument of the saving power of Divine grace in all these islands than he is. The lion is become a lamb.”

King George diligently applied his naturally powerful mind to the acquisition of such knowledge as was within his reach. Those portions of Scripture which were now issuing from the Mission press he carefully and prayerfully studied, and gladly availed himself of every opportunity with the Missionaries to ask questions respecting the meaning of various passages of Scripture. He also learned to write; nor did the fact, that the first rudiments of geography were taught by the Missionary's wife, prevent his attending the school. He was deeply interested in this study; and, with his subjects, would express his surprise that Tonga-tabu, that great and important place in their opinion, should look so small and insignificant upon the map of the world.

King George acted as a friend and father to the Missionaries. It was only for them to tell him their wants, and, as far as he could, those wants were supplied.

Some years before, while in a state of Heathenism, four men had done something for which they were to die. The people assembled; there sat the King, and at a little distance were the culprits. The sword was ready, and the executioner was prepared to strike the fatal blow. All waited for a word, or a nod, from His Majesty. He delayed,—when the men availed themselves of a Tonga custom, by rushing from their places, and fleeing to the King; they touched his sacred person, took refuge in him, and were saved. Well did the customs of this people prepare them for understanding such passages of Holy Writ as the following: “Deliver me, O Lord, from mine enemies; I flee unto Thee to hide me,” and “*Thou art my refuge.*”

King George manifested in various ways, that he only required his duty to be pointed out to him, and he was ready to make the sacrifice necessary for its accomplishment. This is illustrated by the following anecdote.

Mr. Tucker had received letters from home, when his heart was gladdened by hearing of the sum which England had promised to give for the liberation of slaves in her West-Indian colonies. He sought and found the King, when he informed him of the glad tidings. “What,” said the King, “is slavery a bad thing?” The Missionary told him his opinion, that it was not doing to others as we would that they should do to us. His Majesty answered, “Do you know many of the Chiefs have slaves, and my servants are slaves? But they shall be free.” The Missionary was surprised; he did not know they were slaves, as they appeared as free as other servants.

At the time of evening twilight Mr. Tucker was in his house, when he heard a cry of distress; he listened; it appeared to proceed from the residence of the King. Upon enquiry, he found

that the King had assembled his servants, spoken to them of what the Gospel had done for them, reminded them that they were his slaves, and then granted them their freedom: upon this they cried aloud, and said they could not leave him. But liberty is sweet. And they, knowing his will, gradually began to disperse, and, eventually, settled among their friends.

The Chiefs who held slaves followed the example of the King, so that, in a short time, slavery was banished from his dominions.

(To be continued.)

AN AFFECTING STORY.

The following affecting story was related by Mr. Dudley, an agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society, at the anniversary of the Birmingham Sunday School Union:

In the county of Kent lives or lived a clergyman and his lady, who took a very active part in the Sunday school connected with his church. They had in the school a boy, the only son of a widow, who was notoriously wicked, despising all the earnest prayers and admonitions of the clergyman, who, out of pity for his poor widowed mother, kept him in the school eighteen months; at length he found it absolutely necessary to dismiss the lad as a warning to others. He soon after enlisted as a soldier in a regiment that was soon ordered to America—it being during the last American war. Some time after, the poor widow called upon the clergyman to buy a Bible of the smallest size. Surprised at such a request from an individual who was on the verge of eternity, and who he knew had one or two Bibles of large print, which she had long used to good purpose, he inquired what she wanted it for. She answered, “A regiment is going out to

America, and I want to send it to my poor boy; and O! sir, who knows what it may do?"

She sent the Bible which the clergyman gave her by a pious soldier, who, upon his arrival at their destination, found the widow's son the very ring-leader of the regiment in every description of vice. After the soldier had made himself known, he said, "James, your mother has sent you her last present."

"Ah!" he replied in a careless manner, "is she gone at last? I hope she has sent me some cash."

The pious soldier told him he believed the poor widow was dead; "but," said he, "she has sent you something of more value than gold or silver, [presenting him with the Bible,] and, James, it was her dying request that you would read one verse, at least, of this book every day; and can you refuse her dying request?"

"Well," said James, "it is not too much to ask, [opening the Bible,] so here goes."

He opened the Bible at the words, "Come unto me all ye that are weary, &c., and I will give you rest."

"Well," said he, "this is very odd. I have opened to the only verse in the Bible that I could ever learn by heart, when I was in the Sunday school; I never could for the life of me commit another. It is very strange; but who is this me that is mentioned in the verse?"

The pious soldier asked if he did not know. He replied that he did not.

The good man then explained it to him; spoke to him of Jesus, and exhibited the truth and invitations of the Gospel. They walked to the house of the chaplain, where they had further conversation; the result was, that hour he became a changed man, and was as noted for exemplary conduct, as before he had been for his wickedness.

Some time after this conversation, the regiment in which he was, engaged the enemy; at the close of which the pious soldier, in walking through the field of blood, beheld under a large spreading oak, the dead body of James, his head reclining on his Bible, which was opened at the passage, "Come unto me all ye that are weary," etc. Poor James had gone to his eternal rest.

Mr. Dudley said he had frequently held the Bible in his hand; there was no less than fifty pages stained with the blood of poor James. How encouraging, said Mr. Dudley, is this for Sabbath school teachers to persevere; for should there be but one seed sown, it might, as in the case of the widow's son, produce a plentiful harvest. The only verse he ever committed to memory was the means, in the hands of the Holy Spirit, of bringing him out of darkness into marvellous light; and James is now, we trust, joining the song of the redeemed in heaven.

THE FATAL FLOWER.

Travellers who visit the Falls of Niagara are directed to a spot on the margin of the precipice, over the boiling current below, where a gay young lady a few years since lost her life. She was delighted with the wonders of the unrivalled scene, and ambitious to pluck a flower from a cliff where no human hand had before ventured, as a memorial of the cataract and her own daring. She leaned over the verge, and caught a glimpse of the surging waters far down the battlement of rocks, while fear for a moment darkened her excited mind. But there hung the lovely blossom upon which her heart was fixed; and she leaned, in a delirium of intense desire and anticipation, over the brink. Her arm was outstretched to grasp the beautiful form which charmed her fancy; the turf yielded to the pressure of

her light feet, and with a shriek she descended like a falling star to the rocky shore, and was borne away gasping in death.

How impressively does the tragical event illustrate the way in which a majority of impenitent sinners perish forever! It is not a deliberate purpose to neglect salvation; but in pursuit of imaginary good, fascinated with pleasing objects just in the future, they lightly, ambitiously, and insanely venture *too far*.

They sometimes fear the result of desired wealth or pleasure; they sometimes hear the thunder of eternity's deep, and recoil a moment from the allurements of sin; but the solemn pause is brief, the onward step is taken, the fancied treasure is in the grasp, when a despairing cry come up, from Jordan's wave, and the soul sinks into the arms of the *second death*. O, every hour life's sands are sliding from beneath incautious feet, and with sin's fatal flower in the *unconscious* hand, the trifle goes to his doom.

The requiem of such a departure is an echo of the Saviour's question, "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"—*American Messenger*.

A REAL DIALOGUE.

The following dialogue took place between the writer and a lad of sixteen, on his way to church, Sept. 4, 1853. It was written down two hours after its occurrence:—

"You're late for school, are you not?"

"I don't go to Sunday school."

"Not go to Sunday school! why, you went last summer."

"Yes; but I think the teachers don't know anything that I don't know."

"Are you sure that you know as much as your teachers? You are much younger, and perhaps not aware

how much they do know. They may not have let you into all their knowledge."

"I'm pretty sure they couldn't teach me!"

"Perhaps, then, you had better turn teacher yourself. I should like to try you on two or three questions. Who was Abraham's wife?"

"Lot, I believe." He had evidently associated the word Lot with wife.

"Whose son was Isaac?"

"Abraham's."

"Had Abraham any other son?"

"I believe not."

"Who was Samuel?"

"I don't know. We don't have them questions in our Sunday school."

"Have you never heard of Samuel?"

"I believe he was a good boy."

In the course of the conversation he said that while he attended school he was always head scholar, and got all the prizes. We arrived at the church half an hour before the Sunday school was dismissed; but the accomplished youth remained outside, as there was nobody knowing enough to teach him within.—*S. S. Journal*.

NAMES OF THE MONTHS.

They are derived from certain objects of worship, as Sunday, from the sun; Monday, from the moon; Tuisco, the same with the Roman Mars, gave name to Tuesday; Wednesday, from Woden, their god of battle; Thursday, from Furanus, the same with the Danish Thor, the god of winds and weather; Friday from Friga, otherwise called Venus, who was sometimes worshipped as the goddess of peace and plenty; Saturn, from Seator, the god of freedom, or from the planet Saturn.

The Romans named nearly all the months from some of their divinities or emperors; namely, January, from Janus, who was represented with two faces, one

looking towards the new year, the other towards the old; February, named by Romulus from Februa, the mother of Mars; March, from Mars, the god of war; April, from *Aperio*, a Latin word signifying to open the ear or blossom; May, from *Maia*, the mother of Mercury; June from *Juno*, the wife of Jupiter; July was named by Mark Antony, in honour of Julius Caesar, a celebrated Roman; August, from Augustus Caesar, a Roman emperor; September, from *Septem*, the seventh month of the Roman year; October, from *Octo*, the

eighth month; November, from *Novem*, the ninth month; December, from *Decem*, the tenth month of the Roman year.

The Romans commenced their year in March, and consequently December would be the tenth month; but we commence the year in January, and then December will be the twelfth or last month in the year. September, October, and November, instead of being the seventh, eighth, and ninth months, will become the ninth, tenth, and eleventh.—*Christian Penny Mag.*



OBITUARY.

MISS CHARLOTTE THERESA GRIFFIN,
of Waterdown.

DIED—In the village of Waterdown, on the 29th of October, 1853, Miss Charlotte Theresa, second daughter of Absalom Griffin, Esq., aged 17 years 2 months and 13 days.

Our dear young sister, whose early demise it becomes our mournful duty to record was the child of many prayers, and of many privileges, as both her parents, and grand parents, as well as most of her nearest relatives have been for years amongst the firmest and most estimable members of the Wesleyan Methodist Church.

I am informed that from early childhood, Charlotte was remarkable for the seriousness of her deportment—taking little delight in those amusements common to persons of her age, but preferring the society of the aged and pious. At about the age of 12 years she united with the Church, tho' she did not obtain a clear evidence of pardon till she sought and found it at a protracted meeting in the winter of 1851.

She loved the ordinances of God's house, which she assisted to enliven by her melodious voice. For many years she was connected with the Sunday school, either as a scholar or teacher,

and her place there was never vacant but from necessity—Her Bible was her favourite book, and with its precious truths she had acquired an extensive and familiar acquaintance.

At the commencement of her illness, when that insidious destroyer, consumption had too surely marked her for his prey—the adversary of her soul was permitted to trouble her with distressing doubts. Though her life, had been, in the estimation of others, one of the most blameless, yet a deep sense of her unfaithfulness and un-worthiness seemed deeply to trouble and almost to discourage her from trusting in Christ.

Yet grace triumphed—she was not suffered to be tempted beyond what she was able to bear.—The light of God's countenance shone brightly upon her soul, and she was enabled not only to meet death with composure, but to hail the "King of terrors" as a welcome friend.

Some time before her decease, when she thought that death was near, she presented her Bible to her brother-in-law with the solemn request that he would read it, and embrace those precious truths, which were able to make him wise unto salvation. One morning she awoke from a pleasing dream, saying that she had a view of the glories of Heaven, and that she had seen her grand father (the late devoted Smith Griffin, Esq.) and that she would soon be with him there.—Frequently when the body was evidently suffering excruciating pain she would repeat with a peaceful countenance—

"Jesus can make a dying bed,
Feel soft as downy pillows are."

Thus departed this amiable young christian. A young friend composed some truthful lines on the occasion, which were inserted in the *Christian Guardian* of 11th January. I. B. H. *Waterdown, Nov. 5th, 1853.*

POETRY.

LITTLE HENRY AND HIS PENNY.

WRITTEN ON BEHALF OF THE HEATHEN.

BY L. M. THORNTON,

Author of "Poems for the Domestic Heathen."

"I've got a penny, dear mamma;"
So cried a little boy;
"And fivepence which I've in my box,
Makes sixpence for a toy;
I never was so rich before;
I've sixpence; when shall I have more?"
"But, Henry, love," the mother said,
"If you will list to me,
I'll tell you how that sixpence dear,
Much better spent may be;"
And then she took the prattler up,
And placed him on her knee.
"My child, there's many a boy and girl,
Living across the sea,
To whom the Church her missions sends
That they may Christians be;
And through their Saviour, find the road
That leads to the right hand of God."
The child sat silent for a while,
And then looked up and said,
"Toys soon do break, don't they, mamma?
We'll help Christ's word, instead."
And jumping off his mother's knee,
He fetched his sixpence cheerfully.
"But will it help the work, mamma,
So small a sum?" he cried;
"I would it were a dollar!"
And then he deeply sigh'd.
"But I shall soon a man become,
And then can give a greater sum."

Reader, that little boy, henceforth
His pence and half-pence saved,
And never from that time, I hear,
Has he for trifles craved.
Like him, who'll save their half-pence, too,
For heathen souls?—My dear, will you?

LIKE JESUS.

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

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

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

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