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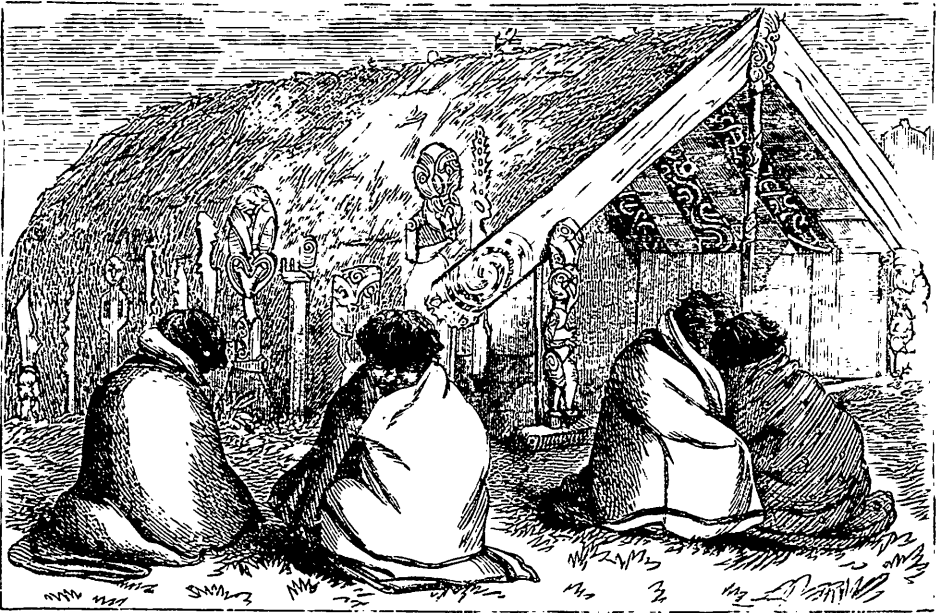
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The Sunday Morning Guardian

VOL. I.—NEW SERIES.]

NOVEMBER 22, 1879.

[No. 22.]



MAORI HOUSE, NEW ZEALAND.

STRANGE MAORI CUSTOMS.

THERE is one Maori custom which seems to us very droll; and as the children take part in it we must give some description of it. It is their mode of salutation, which is done by pressing their noses together, and is called *hongyi*. It really is the end of a queer ceremony called *tangi*. When friends meet, who have not seen each other for some time, how do you think they show their joy? By doing the very last thing you would expect. They cry together! They draw their mats over their heads, covering all their faces but their eyes, and squat on the

ground opposite each other, and then set to crying till the tears run fast down their cheeks. When this has gone on a little while, they come closer and squeeze nose to nose for some time, giving little short grunts during the process. After this they laugh and talk, and tell each other the news, and are as merry as possible. The strangest thing of all about this is, that they can make the tears come just when they like. An English artist once showed an old woman a picture which he had painted of her brother, a Maori chief. She begged that he would leave it with her a little while, saying, "It is my brother, my brother! I must *tangi* till the tears come!"

According to Maori notions, the children belonged more to the tribe than to their parents, who, therefore, had very little control over them; so that they grew up wild and knowing nothing of honouring their fathers and mothers. They were taught nothing, except flax-working and other household business for the girls, and shooting arrows, and spear-throwing, and canoe-paddling for the boys.

Their religion was very dark, and had nothing in it to please or win young hearts. There was a loose, dim idea of an unseen Being greater than themselves; but this faith was most clear and active about some power of evil, which they constantly feared, and did many things to please. Their religion was, indeed, chiefly one of terror and suspicion; and they knew nothing of a God who cared for them, in whose loving kindness they might put their trust.

Amongst the foolish traditions which the children learned was one to account for the spots on the moon. Perhaps you may have heard some strange stories about "The man in the moon;" for people have been foolish enough to believe that he is the man who was stoned for gathering sticks upon the Sabbath-day (Numbers xv. 32); and that he is now kept there in the moon as a warning; and that, if you look carefully you can make out his shape with a bundle of sticks on his back. If the Maori children had been asked what that was in the moon, they would have answered, "Rona." This Rona was a slave-girl, who, one moonlight night, was sent by her master to fetch some water from a brook near by. To do this she had to go down some rough steps cut in the bank, under the spreading branches of a tree called *Pokutukana*. Just as she was going down, a black cloud hid the moon. Not being able to see the steps, the girl cursed the moon in her anger. No greater crime than this could be committed by a slave against a superior. The moon was greatly offended, and stooped down from above to punish the girl. Feeling herself being lifted up by her long hair, Rona caught hold of the tree that overhung the stream. But the moon was very strong, and went on lifting, so that the girl and the tree

went up together; and there, on the face of the full moon, may be seen Rona the slave-girl, and the tree to which she clung.

[Stories of the Netherland War.]

THE WOMEN-SOLDIERS.

BY MARY BARRETT.



APTIST Plato was careful to commence his next mine a long way off. In order not to be discovered, he sunk the shaft at its entrance in the night.

Then by the help of mathematical instruments, he shaped his underground course so correctly that at length his miners found themselves directly beneath the doomed ravelin.

Here they dug out a spacious vault in a very painstaking and even elegant manner, and placed in it a great quantity of powder. Upon the third day of April they blew it up, and destroyed one angle of the ravelin. A storming party crossed the moat upon the stones and rubbish that partly filled it, but they were finally driven back.

The Spanish engineer now set about a third mine, while the soldiers on the opposite side of the city were hard at work cannonading the gate of Bois-le-Duc. Five days afterward they determined to storm both gates at once. The besieged found out the design, and made ready to receive them. Their gallant leader, an engineer named Sebastian Tappin, from Lorraine, took his stand at the gate of Bois-le-Duc, and exhorted the people to fill the now empty moat with their blood rather than yield.

A heavy storm of bullets, and all sorts of missiles, greeted the Spaniards as they rushed forward. The women threw among them balls saturated with pitch, bitumen, and gunpowder, all blazing, and wherever these hit they stuck fast. It was impossible either to extinguish the flames, or to tear them away. The stout peasants were armed with long, heavy flails, with which they dealt tremendous blows upon the heads of their struggling foes. Meanwhile an awful strife was raging at the Tongres gate.

In the midst of it, the citizens blew up a mine which killed five hundred of the Spaniards at once. Among these was a certain captain of engineers named Ortiz. At the moment of the explosion he had just gone down into one of the mines to see how things were there. Instead of being torn limb from limb by the shock, like most of his comrades, he was blown up bodily through the ground into the air. Falling back the next moment into the cavern, his corpse was instantly buried under the immense mass of earth and stones that followed. Forty-five years afterward, people digging in that spot found his skeleton, still encased in armour from head to foot, as if waiting to resume his place in the field, for the same terrible strife was going on still.

Four thousand of Parma's troops fell that day. Among them were nearly seven hundred officers of all grades. From this time he depended more upon the sappers and miners, of whom he had now several thousands, than upon direct assaults. But the Maestricht people were so diligent and skillful with shovels and picks that they often outwitted him. And whenever the Spaniards succeeded in making a breach in the works they found behind it a new rampart of some kind, ready to stop their way.

At the Brussels gate (next that of Tongres, on the west side of the city) they fought for five weeks to capture a ravelin that protected it. At last they carried this important work, only to find that the resolute citizens had built a half-moon inside of it, defended by a ditch forty five feet deep. And by the time Parma had taken this, they had thrown up a third rampart, to which they now retreated. Here they remained night and day, for there were no longer soldiers enough to relieve each other at all.

At length, one night in July, a Spanish soldier on guard was noiselessly pacing his rounds, now and then pausing to listen for some sound from within the walls. Chancing to discover a chink in the ramparts, he crept up to it and peeped through. It was a calm, starry night. He could discern the outlines of objects within, but there seemed to be nobody

astir. With his hands he carefully removed some stones and earth from the battered wall, until the opening was large enough for him to crawl through. It was a bold thing, no doubt, but he ventured to do it. He found that the worn-out soldiers on the ramparts, like every body else, were all fast asleep. Then he crept silently back, roused the Spanish officers, and told them that now was their time. With rapid and noiseless movements the Spaniards scaled the walls, killed the startled watch before they were well awake, and soon carried the town.

An awful massacre followed. The people knew very well that the Spaniards would show them no mercy, and they resolved to fight to the last. From the roofs they threw down heavy stones, boiling water, and red-hot sand upon the heads of their enemies. The Spaniards were greatly exasperated by the obstinacy with which they had maintained the siege so long, and especially by the help the women-soldiers had rendered. So, while they gave no quarter to any body, they hunted and slaughtered the women like ravenous tigers; sometimes hurling them headlong from the roofs, or tying them two or three together and then throwing them into the river. The massacre lasted for two whole days. On the first day the Spaniards themselves say that they killed four thousand persons. Their cries of agony were heard at the distance of three miles. When the slaughter ceased, scarcely any body was left alive.

Such scenes seem too horrible to read about, and yet we ought to know what it cost people to secure civil liberty and freedom of conscience in those days. If they could endure all this, I think the least we can do is not to forget it.

A LITTLE boy weeping most piteously was interrupted by some unusual occurrence. He hushed his cries for a moment; the thought was broken. "Mamma," said he, resuming his snuffle, "what was I crying about just now?"

THEY that do good with what they have shall have more to do good with.

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The Sunday School Guardian

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

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 22, 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.

OVER THE ALPS.

BY THE EDITOR.

II.

At the summit of the St. Gothard pass is a hospice, or free lodging-house for poor travellers, kept by some monks. I examined the rooms, which were rather bare and comfortless. Out of doors it was very bleak and cold. I was very glad to start again on the road down the mountain to Switzerland. My! how we did rattle down the long smooth road and swing around the corners! the guard and driver screwing the brakes on the wheels as tight as they could! I was afraid sometimes the coach would go over the low wall at the road side into the deep valley below. But by the care of a kind Providence, we were preserved from harm and arrived safely at the queer little Swiss village of Andermatt. I wished to see before dark the celebrated "Devil's Bridge" across the Reuss, so

I hurried on without waiting for dinner. The bridge is a single stone arch, which leaps across a brawling torrent at a giddy height above the water. The scenery is of the wildest and grandest character. Yet here amid these sublimities of nature was fought a terrible battle between the Austrians and French in 1799. The river ran red with blood and hundreds of soldiers were hurled into the abyss and drowned or dashed to pieces. As I stood and watched the raging torrent in the twilight, made the darker by the shadows of the steep mountain cliffs, I seemed to see the poor fellows struggling with their fate in the dreadful gorge. It is only when we stand upon the scene of some great battle and try to imagine its realities that all the horrors of war are brought home to our minds.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
With such accursed instruments as these,
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

I returned about nine o'clock to the quaint old Swiss hotel, the "Drei Konige"—that is the "Three Kings" or Magi who came to visit the infant Christ, a very common sign in Europe,—and got a good dinner after a hard day's work. I was shown up the winding stair to my room, in which was an old-fashioned high bedstead with a feather bed on top by way of comforter. And very glad I was to crawl under it for the air was very cold.

The morning broke bright and clear. From the quaint little windows of the hotel, while my breakfast was preparing, I looked out upon a rapid stream rushing swiftly below, and down the village street. The houses had all broad overhanging roofs, with carved gables and timbers, and had altogether a very comfortable and hospitable look. The fragrant coffee, home-made bread, Swiss honey and mountain mutton were delicious to an appetite sharpened by travel and the mountain air.

The ride from Andermatt to Fluelen, on Lake Lucerne, was, I think, the finest I ever had in my life. The snow-clad mountains, the dark green forests, the deep vallies, the foaming torrents and waterfalls, the bright sunshine, made up a picture of sublimity and beauty, which I thank God for permitting me to behold. On our way we passed through the little village of Altdorf where William Tell is said to have shot the apple of his son's head. Critics try to make us believe that this never happened, because a similar story is told in the Hindoo mythology. But I am not going to give up my faith in Tell. I was shown the house in which he was born, his statue, with his crossbow in his hand, erected on the very spot where he is said to have fired the arrow. A hundred and fifty paces distant is a fountain on the place where his son is said to have stood with the apple on his head. After all this, how could I help believing the grand old story?



PRIVATE PEPPER.

WHO was Private Pepper? He was no less a personage than Steve Garland's terrier dog. He was a rough fellow, with long, tangled hair, which was generally ornamented with sundry burrs and briars. His eyes peeped through the rough hairs, which half covered his face, like blackberries shining among brambles. His nose was as cold as a snowball, and as pliant as rubber. In short Pepper was any thing but a beauty; nevertheless, he was as much of a pet with Steve as handsome terriers and poodles sometimes are with weak-minded women. Steve hunted rats, rabbits, and cats with Pepper. He fed him, and fondled him, and even went so far as to let him sleep on his bed, which, in my opinion, was a somewhat dirty practice.

Now, like some other boys, Steve caught the soldier fever. He wanted to get up a military company. But living as he did in the country, at some distance from neighbours, it was difficult to find recruits. However, Steve was a persevering fellow in some things, so he enlisted his brother Fred, and Fred's wooden horse for cavalry, and Pepper!

Steve had no trouble in drilling Fred's horse. It always moved when it was pulled, and stood still when it was let alone. Wasn't it a wonderful horse? Fred was a harder case. He had to be talked to a good deal before he would keep his heels together and his toes apart, his head up, and his eyes straight. But Pepper! Ah what an amount of patience and of bread it required to bring him to stand "soldier fashion." But perseverance overcomes all things, even long haired, cold-nosed terriers;

and Pepper was finally so drilled that Steve took him out of the awkward squad, and entered him as full private in his company of "Invincible Fusileers."

Now I like Steve's perseverance in drilling Pepper, and Fred, and the wooden horse. But I regret to add that Steve was a dunce. He loved hunting rats with Pepper better than he did that delightful study, the multiplication table, or those glorious rambles round the world on which boys and girls are led by their geographies and maps; or even that charming pursuit known in school rooms by the name of "parsing." It was a pity that Steve did not choose to apply himself to these school duties with the same patient persistence which he applied to Private Pepper's drill. If he had done so, he might have grown up to be a useful and respectable man. As it is, he is now likely to be nothing but a *poor day labourer* all the days of his life. Rat hunting with ugly terriers, and training dogs to play soldiers during boyhood, are not likely to bring forth much fruit worth eating in the time of manhood.

Boys and girls, let me whisper this truth in your ears—your acts and thoughts of to-day are the seeds of your future life. If, therefore, you sow nothing but play now, you will be sure to reap a harvest of poverty, hard work, regret, and shame hereafter. While, if you dig as hard at your studies as you do at your plays—if you love work and duty now—you will grow into useful, happy men and women. Do you understand? Will you adopt this motto:—"I will play hard, study hard, work hard, and do every duty *with all my might*?" If you will, I will huzza for you!

REMEMBER the good old rabbi who was awakened by one of his twelve sons saying, "Behold! my eleven brothers lie sleeping, and I am the only one who wakens to praise and pray." "Son," said the wise father, "you had better be asleep too than wake to censure your brothers." No fault can be as bad as the feeling which is quick to see and speak of other people's wrongs.

THE GRAY SWAN.

BY ALICE CAREY.

"*H*, tell me, sailor, tell me true,
Is my little lad, my Elihu,
A-sailing with your ship?"
The sailor's eyes were dim with dew—
"Your little lad, your Elihu?"
He said with trembling lip.
"What little lad, what ship?"

"What little lad! as if there could be
Another such a one as he!
What little lad? do you say?
Why, Elihu, that took to the sea
The moment I put him off my knee
It was just the other day
The Gray Swan sailed away."

"The other day?" the sailor's eyes
Stood open with a great surprise;
"The other day? The Swan?"
His heart began in his throat to rise,
"Ay, ay, sir, here in the cupboard lies
The jacket he had on."
"And so your lad is gone?"

"Gone with the Swan." "And did she stand
With her anchor clutching hold of the sand
For a month, and never stir?"
"Why, to be sure! I've seen from the land,
Like a lover kissing his lady's hand,
The wild sea kissing her,
A sight to remember, sir."

"But, my good mother, do you know
All this was twenty years ago?
I stood on the Gray Swan's deck,
And to that lad I saw you throw,
Taking it off, as it might be—so!
The kerchief from your neck."
"Ay, and he'll bring it back."

"And did the little, lawless lad
That has made you sick and made you sad,
Sail with the Gray Swan's crew?"
"Lawless! the man is going mad!
The best boy ever mother had;
Be sure he sailed with the crew!
What would you have him do?"

"And he has never written line,
Nor sent you word, nor made you sign,
To say he was alive?"
"Hold! if 'twas wrong, tho' wrong is mine;
Besides he may be in the brine,
And could he write from the grave?
Tut, man, what would you have?"

"Gone twenty years—a long, long cruise,
 'Twas wicked thus your love to abuse,
 But if the lad be still live,
 And came back home, think you you can
 Forgive him!"—"Miserable man,
 You're mad as the sea—you rave,
 What have I to forgive?"

The sailor twitched his shirt so blue,
 And from within his bosom drew
 The kerchief. She was wild.
 "My God, my Father! is it true?
 My little lad, my Elihu!
 My blessed boy, my child!
 My dead, my living child!"

LESSON NOTES.

A. D. 96.] **LESSON VIII.** [Nov. 23.
 THE GLORIFIED SAVIOUR; OR, CHRIST ABIDING WITH
 HIS CHURCH.

Rev. 1. 10-20. Commit to memory verses 12-18.

OUTLINE.

1. The voice. v. 10, 11.
2. The vision. v. 12 20,

GOLDEN TEXT.

I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, saith the Lord, which is and which was, and which is to come, the Almighty. Rev. 1. 8.

1. Remember that you have a living Saviour.
2. Remember that you have a glorious Saviour.
3. Remember that you have a present Saviour.

Find the account of Moses' sight of God... Of Elijah's meeting with God... Of Isaiah's vision in the Temple... Of Daniel's vision by the river.

A. D. 96.] **LESSON IX.** [Nov. 30.
 THE MESSAGE TO THE CHURCHES; OR, CHRIST
 EXHORTING HIS CHURCH.

Rev. 3. 1-13. Commit to memory verses 1-5.

OUTLINE.

1. A message of warning. v. 1 6.
2. A message of encouragement. v. 7-13.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Hold fast that which thou hast, that no man take thy crown. Rev 3 11.

1. Remember that Christ knows you works.
2. Be watchful against temptation.
3. Be ready to confess Christ.

Find the promise to "him that overcometh" in the Book of Revelation... What Isaiah says about "the key of David"... An account in Revelation of a company in white garments.

FOUR GOOD REASONS.

HERE are Dr. Thomas Guthrie's excellent reasons for being a total abstainer: "I have tried both ways; I speak from experience. I am in good spirits because I take no spirits; I am hale because I use no ale: I take no antidote in the form of drugs because I take no poison in the form of drinks. Thus, though in the first instance I sought only the public good, I have found my own also since I became a total abstainer. I have these four reasons for continuing to be one: 1st, my health is stronger; 2nd, my head is clearer; 3d, my heart is lighter; 4th, my purse is heavier.

HOW THE CHEATING PRIEST WAS FOUND OUT.



HERE was an old heathen priest in Fiji who declared that he had found out how to make something, which he called *wai ni tuka*, "water of immortality;" and that if any one drank of this wonderful stuff he would live for ever, and nothing could kill or hurt him.

Of course the priest made this boast in order to tempt the people who had become Christians to return to the old religion. Formerly, before the Missionaries taught them better, they had greatly feared the heathen priests, and given them many gifts. But now that they knew the truth, they had no fear for their old teachers, who thus, you see, were left without a living. So they tried all sorts of ways to frighten the people, by threatening them with the anger of the gods; but the Fijian Christians knew that these were no gods, and they were not afraid.

So this old priest tried another way, and gave out that he had made this *wai ni tuka*, and would never die.

We will now tell you what happened to the old cheat, as it was told to one of the Missionaries by a Christian chief.

The Missionary says—

"My friend, Ravunakana, came up to Viwa a few days before the District Meeting, and we

had several pleasant chats together, I being at the time unable to rise from my bed, so obstinate was my wounded leg. I did not forget to ask him about this old impostor, and his *wai ni tuka* ("water of immortality"), whereupon he burst into a great roar of laughter.

"O, *that* fellow!" said he. Wagalevu (Ravunakana's father) made a thorough fool of him before us all—me, and Bola-bola, and our people also—a great company.'

"Well," says Wagaluva, 'is all this true about your *wai ni tuka*?'

"It is true, sir," answered the priest.

"Indeed," said Wagalevu. "Then *you* have drunk it yourself, eh?"

"Yes," returned the priest. 'I have drunk it.'

"Very well, then," said the chief; 'if you are clubbed it can't hurt you now, I suppose!'

"It cannot hurt me, sir; nothing can hurt me," said the priest, quite boldly.

"Good," cried Wagalevu, 'Now to-morrow shall we prove the truth of your words. Hi! you there! Bring me a club!'

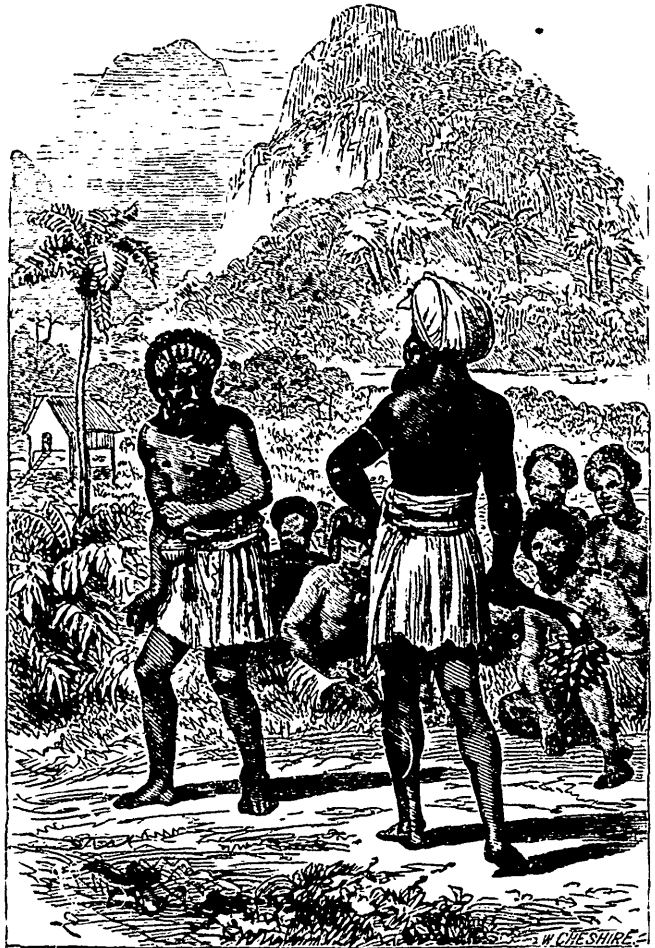
"So a club was brought, at which the old priest began to cast uneasy glances.

"Now then," continued Ravunakana's father, 'if your words are true, the club won't hurt you; and if they are false, it will serve you right to have your head cracked for your lies and cheating. Are you ready? Are you willing to be but to proof?'

When he got thus far in his tale, Ravunakana broke forth again into a roar of laughter.

"Well," said I, 'well! what did the priest say?'

"Say?" cried my friend, with another roar;



CHEATING FIJI PRIEST.

'what did he say? What *could* he say? Why, he was dumb. Not a word could we get out of him. And so we all know that he is a liar and a cheat.'

If you have business, attend to it energetically; and if you have work, do it faithfully. If you have none, find it as quickly as possible. This is a large world, and if you cannot do what you wish, do what you can find to do, and do it without whining. Every man in the world, under ordinary circumstances, who tries to make a living can do so, and too frequently bad luck is but another name for bad management.