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SUNDAY SCHOOL GUARDIAN.



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

VOL. VII.] TORONTO, C. W., NOVEMBER, 1852. [No. 6

S. S. SCHOOL BOOKS.

We wish to offer a word or two to our friends with respect to the character of the books proper to form the libraries for the Sabbath Schools, and youth connected with our own body. It is sometimes unfortunately the case with regard to the purchase of books, as of others articles, that *cheapness*, with many persons, is the highest recommendation that can be offered, without considering whether it is not possible that one article which costs less money than another, may not really be more expensive than another whose pecuniary value is rated somewhat higher. For the purchase of books, and especially of books designed for the use of children and youth, the price and style of workmanship of the book, or books, should be only secondary considerations; the nature of the contents is of vastly more importance;

and in the selection of books for Sabbath School libraries, the greatest care should be exercised, to obtain such as are free from sentiments we would not wish to have instilled into the minds of our youth. We ought not to be less careful that the food with which the minds of the youth is supplied, be free from noxious ingredients, than that by which we design the body shall be nourished.

If it would be proper for us to volunteer a recommendation on this subject, we should most certainly advise our friends in all cases when procuring books for their Sabbath School libraries, to purchase those published under the direction of the Methodist Church. We may be accused of bigotry and sectarianism in offering advice of this nature. But we have reasons for the advice we give, and reasons which, in our mind out-weigh all objections to which we

may be rendered liable in offering such advice. We believe that the books we now recommend to our friends are superior to all others in every respect, and especially so, for the youth of our own church. If we take, for example, the books of the Sabbath School libraries, published by the Methodist Church in the United States, considering the quality of paper and binding, and the beauty of the cuts with which they are ornamented, they will be found to be as cheap at least as any others. But in addition to this, and what is a very important consideration, these books have all been subjected to a careful revision, for the purpose of excluding whatever might be thought objectionable, or "contrary to sound doctrine;" and may therefore be safely trusted as free from those doctrinal peculiarities which are at variance with our views of Scriptural truth; and they are designed to teach the general principles and precepts of a common Christianity, rather than aiming to set forth or advocate the peculiar doctrines of any particular branch of the Christian church. And with respect to the general character of subjects upon which they treat, they will be found second to none in interest and value. We offer these suggestions to correct what we regard as an erroneous sentiment which we have sometimes heard expressed. Our interest in the subject is involved no further than a desire to promote the good of the youth of our church; and it is for this purpose that we have offered

these remarks for the consideration of our friends.

OUR PAPER.

We have the pleasure, this month of presenting our young friends with a paper of better quality than we have heretofore been accustomed to issue. The improvement, we trust, will be as pleasing to the readers of the *S. S. Guardian*, as it is gratifying to ourselves to be able to render the paper more attractive in its appearance. By an arrangement made during a recent visit to New York, new cuts will be obtained from time to time, as required, to illustrate many articles which appear in the paper. Some of these will be found in the present number. We wish to remind our friends again, that, we are anxious that the *S. S. Guardian* should have a more extensive circulation than it has yet received; and while we are endeavouring to improve the paper, we hope that a general effort will be made to give it a wider spread. We can still supply subscribers with the numbers from the commencement of the volume.

For the S. S. Guardian.

MOUNT PLEASANT S. SCHOOL.

On the 14th September last, was held our ninth anniversary tea-meeting, of what is called the Mount Pleasant Sunday School.

The day was pleasant. We had a large company of friends, with a good supply of eatables, good tea and coffee, and a good collection, which we have laid out in books to replenish our library. We had good speaking by several ministers.

One of the speakers directed his remarks to the youthful band, on the importance of searching the Scriptures and committing them to memory, and then endeavoured to show the happy results by so doing. He also took occasion to compare our position as a nation—enjoying the Christian privileges as we do—to France and Italy, nations where the word of God was in a great measure a sealed book. These and other remarks from our respected Br. Barber had a good effect. All appeared to be well pleased with the entertainment.

We held our repast under the shady grove; about 245 were present on the occasion; and I wish you could have been with us to hear the delightful chorus of our youthful band, of whom we have from 60 to 90 in attendance from Sabbath to Sabbath. I would here state, for the example of youth in other parts of the Province, that the youth of both sexes, from 16 years to 24, are not ashamed to be seen reading the Bible in our S. S., or teaching the smaller ones to read.

W. ROADHOUSE, JUN'R,
Superintendent.

MOUNT PLEASANT,
ALBION, 25th Oct. 1852.

NOVEL-READING.

It is generally conceded that some of the finest fruits of the finest minds are found in this field of literature, encumbered, it is true, with ponderous heaps of the most vile trash. One in a thousand of these volumes may, perhaps, be read with some profit, and no serious injury, while four hundred and ninety-nine of the residue are so frivolous, as to render their perusal a criminal waste of time. The other five hundred will be found positively injurious in various ways.

Habitual novel-reading is detrimental to the health and vigour of the

body. Nature will not be robbed with impunity of a requisite amount of food, air, rest, and sleep. Reprisals are always made where the hours of night are devoted to this exercise.

The nervous system, moreover, being intimately connected with the brain, becomes the predominating system during the period of youth, because this predominance is necessary to the proper development and increase of the body. Now that strong excitement of the feelings, occasioned by works of fiction, has a tendency to produce such a predominance of the nervous system as permanently to generate the most afflictive nervous diseases.

An eager perusal of light literature destroys all taste for solid reading. Control over the thoughts is lost, while the bewitching scenes of romance are floating through the mind. Historical, scientific, and especially religious works, become insipid and dull. The habit of receiving pleasure, without any exertion of thought, by the mere excitement of curiosity and sensibility, may be justly ranked among the worst effects of habitual novel-reading. It cannot but be injurious to the human mind never to be called into action. Under circumstances of perpetual inaction, it wilts and withers like the muscles of an arm which is always unused.

Novel-reading tends to inflame the passions, pollute the imagination, and corrupt the heart. Moral sense is weakened by the false sentiment which they inculcate.

Novel-reading is objectionable, because it creates an unnatural and morbid taste. It frequently becomes an inveterate habit, strong and fatal as that of the drunkard. In this state of intoxication, great waywardness of conduct is almost sure to follow. Even where the habit is renounced,

and genuine reformation takes place, the individual always suffers the cravings of former excitement.—*Mother's Assistant.*

LITTLE JOHNNY.

HAPPY INFLUENCE OF SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHING.

Some years ago, I became acquainted with a family consisting of the father, mother, and two dear children. The mother was a kind-hearted woman. She had been from early years the subject of conviction, and now, for some time, a consistent Christian. But the father, from his youth up, had been daring and wicked. Why did such a woman marry such a man? Because, as she said, she loved him, and followed her feelings rather than her judgment and the Book of God. (1 Cor. vii. 39.) He was a member of an Odd Fellows' lodge, and was there very frequently until midnight, and was very popular as a good singer at "free-and-easy" clubs. This lasted for some years.

Johnny was four years old, and his mother permitted him to go to a Sunday-school. There you might see him Sunday after Sunday, sitting among the little ones, with an A B C card in his hand. There he learned to repeat hymns and sing, and answer questions put by his teachers. His dear mother attended the same place of worship, and the gospel was indeed food to her soul. But Mr. P——, the father, cared for none of these things; he attended no place of worship. He was "pretty constant" at "his lodge," and generally very late at home, so that he was but little society for his wife. She acutely felt his inattention and unkindness. However, she and "little Johnny" spent the long winter evenings at home, singing, repeating hymns, reading the

Bible, and talking about God and heaven.

It was in vain for the wife to remonstrate with Mr. P——. She prudently bore with him as well as she could, and committed her cause to God. She thought, if she could get him under the sound of the gospel, the Lord might change his heart, and thus appear for her. She spoke to him repeatedly, but all to no purpose. But "Johnny" went to Sunday-school; he loved to go, and would remain to attend public worship afterwards. The Sunday-school was at some distance, and there was some difficulty in getting him to and from the church; and he was so young, he could not go alone; his mother did not always like to trust him to the care of other children, and to detain him at home appeared cruel, for he was so happy in his Sunday-school. But Johnny, in the simplicity of his little heart, removed all this difficulty himself. He asked his father to go with him to church. Mr. P——, though a rough man, was very fond of his little son; and though he could say *no*, and that with anger, to grown persons, he could not deny the request of his little child. Hence, after this you might see, up in the gallery, a fine little boy, with rosy cheeks, washed clean, and neatly dressed; and close by his side a strong, well-built man, with a broad forehead, rather bald, listening with attention to the preacher. It is Johnny's father.

Henceforward you may see him there as constantly as circumstances will allow. He hears, believes, and is converted. He becomes a Sunday-school teacher. There you may frequently see him teaching Johnny's class. The writer was at that time a teacher in the same school, and has walked with Mr. P——, in turn with others, five and six miles to teach Sunday-schools at our stations.

I need not say how happy this change made his dear wife. Of course, his place at "free-and-easy" clubs was abandoned, and in course of time he voluntarily withdrew from the Odd Fellows' fraternity. He lived some years after this a true Christian, and has since died in the faith and hope of the gospel.

Some teachers would say, It is of no use to bring such young children to Sunday-school; we want children to *teach* not to *nurse*; and some Sunday-schools would have excluded "Johnny" as "under age." But he was not too young to prattle the name of Jesus, and invite his parent to the house of God. Other teachers are dissatisfied unless they have one of the higher classes. The writer some time since passed from the Sunday-school to the ministry; but should he return to the Sunday-school, and have his choice, he would prefer "little Johnny's" class. These dear little creatures, with their simple, confiding questions about God and heaven, are full of charms for him.

Teachers often need encouragement. Here is encouragement from God. This child comes to the Sunday-school and loves it, goes and fetches a man to the house of God, whom no one else could bring. He listens to the gospel, believes its truths, repents of sin, and is saved. "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings Jehovah has ordained strength."—Ps. viii. 2.

MISSIONARY EXPERIENCE.

When a young Missionary arrives in Western Africa, it is thought unadvisable that he should proceed to his Station, until he has passed through what is usually called "the seasoning-fever." This is the disease which has proved fatal to so many Europeans, and which has led to the peculiar designation of Western Africa as "the

white man's grave." About half of the Missionaries who have gone out to that part have fallen victims to this disease. I had to wait four months for it; and though I did not know but that it might prove fatal to me, yet I desired it as much as I could any earthly blessing, that I might enter fully into my labours, and carry out the purposes of God's people in sending me to that distant part of the world. While thus waiting for my seasoning, I resided at Cape-Coast Castle; and was employed in visiting the various Stations in that Circuit, preaching to the people the Gospel of Christ, and in catechising and instructing the children in our schools in those truths which are able to make them wise unto salvation.

At the principal places the congregations are very good. The people pay great attention to the preached word: hundreds have experienced it to be the power of God to their salvation, harmoniously join in singing the songs of Zion, and devoutly engage in supplicating the throne of grace; and frequently, while conducting the services of the sanctuary, have I been led joyously to exclaim, "What has God wrought?"

The children, too, in the schools, exhibit an appetite for receiving instruction; and, so far from being a species of monkey, as some would have us to believe, thousands of instances might be adduced in which they have done honour to the human race by their superior intelligence, and have adorned the Gospel of Christ by a holy and blameless life.

I must now tell you of the fever by which I was attacked. Its first symptoms were dizziness in the head, a disposition to close the eyes, general weakness, pain in the loins, and a peculiar mental excitement, which prevents the patient from sleeping, and which soon brings on delirium. But,

through the mercy of God, I passed the crisis, which is generally thought to be the ninth day; after which the fever abated, and I rapidly regained health and strength; so that in a few weeks I was able to leave the Coast for my Station, (Kumasi,) two hundred miles in the interior of Africa; and as our mode of travelling is very peculiar, you would perhaps like to know all about it.

You will understand me more easily, if I first tell you that, in that part, we have no wide turnpike-roads, nor any railroads, as in England; neither have we any horses, as that useful animal cannot live there. The only way of travelling, otherwise than walking, is by canoe, if your journey lies parallel to the sea-side; but as I had to go directly from the shore inland, I was compelled, if I rode at all, to ride upon the heads of two men, in the following manner: A hammock is slung to a long bamboo-pole; the men rested it upon the shoulder while I got in; then they raised it upon their heads, and walked away, about four miles an hour. My clothes and books were put in boxes of sufficient sizes, when full, to make a good load for a strong man, and were also carried by men upon their heads; but they could not carry me all the way, although they frequently rested themselves. I always walked about two-thirds of the distance. Sometimes we had to scramble through bogs, to climb over the trunks of fallen trees, and to wade through rapid rivers; to do which I had sometimes to tie some stiff sticks together, which my carriers held upon their heads, while I lay upon the top of them, in order to keep out of the water, as it sometimes took the tallest of them up to their chins; and as the beds of the rivers are generally very rocky, and after rains the water overflows the bank, hence there was no little danger

in crossing them; but I always felt safe while under the smile of Him in whose work I was engaged.

The country through which we passed was one dense mass of forest. The lofty trees rising far above our heads, frequently formed a beautiful arcade, screening us from the "sun's directer ray," and affording a delightful shady walk. I sometimes wished that I had known more of botany, that I might have studied to greater advantage these beautiful specimens of the vegetable kingdom; and then, again, I should almost feel thankful that I did not, as it might have been a temptation to induce me to forget the great object of my mission, in preaching the Gospel, and in exhorting the people to turn from dumb idols to God. And, indeed, during my travels, I had no time to investigate many interesting objects which came under my notice, as I travelled two hundred miles in eight days, exclusive of Sundays, on which I always rested.

There are many villages and towns along the path; and I always stayed at a village to take refreshment, frequently sitting under a tree in the street, and partaking of the bounties of Providence, in the midst of scores of the natives, who were always out to have a look at us, and not unfrequently bade us welcome. But then we wanted sleeping-places by night as well as resting-places by day; and we generally came into a village at sunset, which takes place about six o'clock, as the days are nearly equal all the year round. After looking round for a suitable house, we beg the owner or occupier to clean if out, and to remove the pots, calabashes, and armour with which they are generally decorated. That being done, we take possession, and commence operations. One runs to fetch water; another cooks the supper; while two or three others are employed in making the house a little

tenantable: for as one side is open from the roof to the floor, and the other three are constructed of bamboos tied together, the roof being raised about a foot above the wall plate, and hanging with black drapery, the combined work of the spider and the fire, it is plain that they need a little patching-up to make them at all comfortable. Supper being over, we collected for family prayers, at which a number of the villagers attended; and, after telling them that we feared and served God, and that every man ought to do the same, and that we were about to thank him for the mercies of

the day, and to beg Him to forgive our sins, and to take care of us during the night, to which they invariably expressed their approbation,—we sang, read, prayed, and retired to rest; and, being tired, we generally slept well.

On the ninth day after starting, I came fairly into the town of which I had heard so much, (Kumasi,) and which was to become for a time the scene of my labours. I was kindly received by the King and his people. But of this and other things I must tell you in my next.

CHARLES HILLARD.



DUTIES OF YOUNG LADIES TO PARFNTS.

The duties of a young lady pertain to the Creator, to others, and to herself. A female in the bloom of life,

without religion, may possess much which is attractive, much that is desirable and lovely, but she has not attained the chief good, the pearl of

great price. With the youth in the Gospel, she may be moral, intelligent, amiable, affluent, and even so thoughtful as to inquire, What shall I do to inherit eternal life? Still, like Lucifer, son of the morning, she may fall from the heights of Zion to the dark abyss, while the light of day glares on her descending track. A higher, holier, and nobler prize than mere external blandishments, something essentially, perfectly, and eternally good, must be secured, or life will prove a failure. All the foundations of the earth will be out of course till Christ be formed in the soul the hope of glory. Then self loses its magnitude, the Eternal God becomes the centre of attraction, while every individual of the human family forms an important part in the great whole; and then all the wheels in the social system fall into their natural position, and revolve harmoniously.

In noticing the duties of a young lady to others, the first pertains to her parents.

The sentiment of respect and reverence toward those who bore and nurtured us, is one of the noblest which survives the fall. "There is nothing in the whole circle of domestic relations more lovely than the respectful, affectionate, and confidential intercourse of a daughter with her parents." It is productive of the most exquisite enjoyment, and tends greatly to elevate the character, diffusing around its possessor an indescribable grace, softening the tones of the voice, and tendering every act of courtesy natural and easy.

Let the daughter value the society of her mother as it deserves, and she will not be slow to receive from her precepts of practical wisdom on frugality, economy, and domestic education. She will not only sympathize with her in all the cares and perplexi-

ties of life, but also in her toils. She will enter, likewise, into the views and feelings of her father, and ardently reciprocate his affection.

"O! if there be a human tear,
From passion's dross refined and clear,
'Tis that which pious fathers shed
Upon a duteous daughter's head."

Mother's Assistant.

I WON'T.

"I won't," said a child to his kind parent, when he had been requested to do a little favour. The child is now despised by his associates, and shunned by the virtuous and good.

"I won't," was the exclamation of a scholar, whose teacher had laboured faithfully with him when he was asked to be punctual at school, and commit his lessons more perfectly. The scholar is now employed as one of the lowest servants in an extensive establishment.

"I won't," said a youth to his father, when requested to learn some trade. That youth has now scarcely a coat to his back.

POINTED SERMONS.

Many years ago there graduated at Harvard University, a man by the name of Rawson, who subsequently settled in the ministry at Yarmouth, on Cape Cod. He used to preach very pointed sermons. Having heard that some of his parishoners were in the habit of making him the subject of their mirth at a grog-shop, he one Sabbath preached a discourse from the text, "And I was the song of the drunkard." His remarks were of a very moving character, as many of his hearers rose and left the house. A short time afterward, he delivered a discourse still more pointed: "And

they being convicted by their own consciences, went out one by one." On this occasion, no more ventured to

retire from the assembly, but the guilty ones listened in silence to the lash of their pastor.



KING GEORGE, OR TAUFAAHAU.

Our picture is a likeness of a very remarkable person, whose residence is at the farthest verge of this green earth; yet his fame has reached us; and we doubt not that our youthful readers will be interested in perusing some facts and anecdotes respecting him.

King George was born early in the present century. His parents were heathen, and kept no Sabbaths; therefore they did not reckon time by weeks, and months, and years; consequently the exact date of his birth cannot be ascertained.

The name by which King George

was formerly known was Taufaaahu. When quite a lad, he gave promise of his future greatness by his brave disposition. As he grew to man's estate, he appeared as a *chief* among a fine and noble race; the size and dignity of his person exceeding that of many of the chiefs by whom he was surrounded.

He is now a tall, fine-looking, well-made man, six feet four inches in height, with a remarkably penetrating eye, dignified carriage, and his countenance sweetly tempered with Christian benignity.

The name of his grandfather was Tuku-aho, one of the former kings of Tonga. He was a brave, but cruel man; and the *matua*, or "old-men," of Tonga, predicted that King George would be like him, as he appeared to resemble him in energy of character, and fierceness of disposition. His father's name was Tubou-toa: (*toa* means "courageous:") he reigned about eight years.

Taufaaahu at first governed only that group of islands known by the name of Habai; but, upon the death of his relative, Finau, baptized Zephaniah, he succeeded to the government of Vavau; and, upon the death of Josiah Tubou, Tonga was likewise added to his territories; both of these kings, upon their death-beds, acknowledged George as the lawful heir of Tubou-toa, and they resigned their lands and people to him. Upon his accession to the throne of Tonga he was, with much ceremony, on the 4th of December, 1845, dignified with the title of Tuikanokubolu; this title, according to the opinion of a Tonguese, is somewhat above a king, and perhaps agrees with our term emperor. Thus, by heritage, and by the general wish of the natives, King George sits upon the throne of his fathers, and, as a Christian King, reigns over an improving and a happy people.

The dress of the king, in the picture, is that used upon state occasions; it is a large mat folded around the waist. It is very cumbersome, and not as becoming as his usual costume. The portrait was taken by Oswald Brierly, Esq., of H. M. S. Meander, Hon. Captain Keppel, on the occasion of her visit to Tonga in June, 1851.

Having informed my readers respecting his majesty of the Friendly Islands, I will give you an account of a circumstance which happened while he was still a heathen:—

When Taufaaahu was quite a youth, the champion of the Friendly Islands gave a public challenge, at a *kava* ring, to any one to come forward and engage with him in single combat, with a *balulafa*, (an instrument made from the middle part of the cocoa-nut leaf.) Taufaaahu accepted the challenge, fought, and proved victorious. Both arms of the champion being broken, he was defeated and disgraced. Not being able to endure this mortification, he shortly afterward left the island, and proceeded to Feejee.

Thus fought and thus conquered this youthful chief, and at this period the predictions of the aged appeared likely to be fulfilled, and the pride, ambition, daring, and determination of Taufaaahu to be satisfied with nothing less than universal dominion.

But a brighter and more glorious day was about to dawn upon the green isles of the sea, and the good fight of faith was to engage the powerful mind of this chief. He was about twenty-six years of age when the Tonguese, with their Goliath, might have changed their war song for the following poetic lines: "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth *peace*; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth *salvation*!"

The missionaries first settled at Tongatuba. Taufaaahu heard of them,

but as yet he knew not the joyful sound, consequently the following circumstance occurred:—His brother Laujii visited Tonga; there he heard respecting the *lotu*, or “religion,” and that the sabbath day was a day of rest from worldly employments, and was to be kept sacred.

He returned to Habai intending to keep this the commandment of the Lord. His brother heard of his determination, and resolved to try him. The Sabbath-day arrived; Taufaaahu sent a message to Laujii to go and draw down his canoe to the sea, ready for sailing.

Laujii returned answer, that on any other day he should be most happy to attend to his brother's commands; but that he had learned at Tonga that this day was the Sabbath, and must be kept sacred; therefore he could not attend to it on this day.

This was enough for Taufaaahu: he felt himself insulted, not because his command was disobeyed, but because, contrary to Tongues' etiquette, his brother had dared to take the precedence of him in introducing some new thing. Accordingly he seized his club, and set off for his brother's house. As he entered Laujii made his exit in another direction. They ran! It was for life! Haste, thou who, half savage and half Christian, art seeking the protection of the gods, while daring to keep the commandment of the Lord! They near the “place of refuge.” Laujii enters the sacred precincts. *He is saved.* He is under the protection of the gods. His brother's wrath rages; but he dares not enter to execute his murderous design.

The brothers knew not then that a sparrow falleth not to the ground without our heavenly Father's notice, and that it was the living and true God who saved Laujii; but so it was. The Lord spared him, that he might

live to declare the goodness of the Lord, (he is now a local preacher,) to bow with Taufaaahu at the throne of the heavenly grace, and to be folded in that brother's arms.

Taufaaahu, does not appear, while yet a heathen, to have had much respect for the priests, or much confidence in the gods:—which the following fact proves.

Wishing to take a voyage, he went to the priest, and asked a fine day and favourable breeze at a particular time. The priest said the god declared it should be even so. The specified day arrived, when, lo! the sea raged to that degree that the canoe could not be drawn down with safety, and the wind was contrary. Taufaaahu's anger was kindled: accordingly he went to the priest, gave him a good thrashing, and then defied him, or his gods, to injure him for his conduct.

After he had bowed the knee to Jehovah, but before he had been renewed in the spirit of his mind, upon one occasion he put on sackcloth, and, with some other young men, went to a spirit (or sacred) house, and presented some *kava* to the priestess, for the god. She became “inspired,” and in her harangue gave him to understand she had a rod in pickle for him and his associates. His comrades arose, but Taufaaahu drew his *balafu* from concealment, and gave her such a blow as brought her to the ground. This terrified her attendants, and they fled in consternation; but no one had courage to avenge this insult upon her sacred person and the gods.

As the light of truth dawned upon his mind, he became more determined in his opposition to heathenism, so that not only the priests were afraid of him, but he openly insulted the gods. One day he was showing the missionary some of his houses, when, in a house which had been sacred, were noticed five wooden figures or gods,

hung up by the neck. The explanation his majesty gave was, that *he* had done it, to show all the people that they were *dead*.

Such conduct as this greatly alarmed the priests: so one day one of the *Tauala Eikis* told him, now he had abandoned the gods, that there was no one to defend him; and that, if he ventured into the sea, (the daily custom of the *Tonguese*,) some day a shark would eat him. Instantly *Taufaahau* challenged this priest to swim in the open ocean. It was accepted. They swam. *Taufaahau* returned in perfect safety; but the priest was so torn by a shark, that he died shortly after.

Thus did the lying priests of heathenism in *Habai* receive a check from the king; while he continued in an onward course, until the sacred houses (or heathen temples) were devoted to better purposes, or burnt to the ground, and the gods abandoned.

It was in the year 1830 that *Tau-*

faahau, by joining a class-meeting, became a member of the Wesleyan Society. And now a most encouraging sight was presented to the view of the missionary. Early in the morning there was the king, his pupil at school, sitting to read the word of God, standing up with his subjects, with them reciting the Creed and Catechisms, or with them lowly bowing and chanting the Lord's Prayer. "Happy is that people that is in such a case; yea, happy is that people whose God is the LORD!"

As the king had now entirely renounced heathenism, was a worshipper of the true and living God, was under the instruction of the missionary, and had joined the people of God, he was considered a proper subject for baptism; and, having declared his faith in God, he was accordingly baptized by the name of *George*, after the father of his people, *George III.*, of Great Britain.—*London Wesleyan Juvenile Offering.*



THE STONE IN THE POND.

There goes the stone, splash into the pond! Look at the circles round the place where it went in! They grow larger and

larger, till they fill the whole pond!

Our heart is like the pond. Every thought, every word, every action, is a stone thrown into it. It may seem a

small matter to say that little word, or to think that little thought, or to do that little action; but we must not despise little things; for there is nothing so trifling but it may be very serious.

A boy once slyly took a marble from his playmate, while he was playing with him; but, as he did not notice his loss, it was not known. Soon after, the same boy took some cake from his mother's cupboard; but she did not find it out. Next he stole some money from his father; but he did not miss it. He then robbed his master; and at last it was found out, and he was taken to prison, and sent away to a strange land, and he never saw his father and mother again. Perhaps, if he had not cheated his playmate of the marble, he would never have robbed his master, and come to so bad an end. He did not think that the little stone would produce first a small circle, then a larger one, and at last one that would fill his mind, and ruin his good name.

O, that we may be able to throw this stone into the pool of your heart—the fear of God! This, too, will produce circles larger and larger, till it will teach you to fear God at all times, in all places, and lead you safe through this world, and fit you for a better.

Watch over the first steps, think no sins little, be afraid of evil in the bud; and good books, good advice, and, above all, God's good Spirit, will be stones thrown into the pond of your heart, to bless and save you.

HUMBUG.

Humbug, which is in universal use, not classically admissible into an English dictionary, comes unquestionably from *Hume of the Bog*, a Scotch laird—so called from his estate—who was celebrated in Edinburg society,

during the reign of William and Anne, for the marvelous tone of his stories, in which he indulged so commonly that they became proverbial: and thus a very long shot was always designated "a regular Hume of the Bog." Hence, by simple contraction, *Humbug*.



THE ANCHOR.

The anchor, as many of our young readers are aware, is used for holding ships at sea, or at a distance from the wharves and places of fastening on the land, and thus to prevent them from being driven about by winds and currents. And hence it is employed in the Scriptures to represent the Christian's hope, by which he is kept securely amidst the trials and afflictions of this life. "Which hope we have," says the Apostle in the epistle to the Hebrews, (vi. chap. and 19th verse,) "as an anchor of the soul." The sinner is destitute of this hope, and is "driven with the wind and tossed," and like a ship without an anchor. Let all our readers ask how it is with themselves.

A plate of sweet cakes was brought in, and laid on the table. Two children played on the hearth-rug before the fire. "Oh, I want one of those cakes," cried the little boy, jumping up as soon as his mother went out, and going on tip-toe towards the table. "No, no," said his sister, pulling him back; "No, no; you know you must not

touch." "Mother wont know it ; she did't count them," he cried, shaking her off, and stretching forth his hand. "If she didn't, perhaps God counted them, answered the sister.



FRANK NETHERTON.

"Go on, Sir orator!" exclaimed Rushton, in the same mocking strain. "Can you not tell us a story on the subject?"

"Yes," said Frank, "I can tell you an anecdote of a good and learned man, the celebrated John Bradford, who was so much in the habit of acknowledging that it is only by divine help we are kept from sin and evil, that, upon one occasion, on seeing a criminal conveyed past his house to prison, he is said to have exclaimed, in deep humility, 'There goes John Bradford but for the grace of God.'"

Several of the boys appeared to have been struck by what Frank said; but the incorrigible Rushton continued to jest. "I propose a general thanksgiving," exclaimed he, "that we are not so passionate as Philip Doyle."

"If we are not so passionate, we have other faults."

"Speak for yourself, little one."

"I may speak for all," continued Frank; "for the Bible says that 'all have sinned and come short of the glory of God.'"

"How can you make yourself so ridiculous, Frank?" whispered his cousin.

"What is there ridiculous in speaking the truth?"

"Yes, it is true enough," murmured Howard. "We have all our faults; at least I am sure that I have mine."

"No one would dream of doubting

such an obvious fact," said Rushton with a laugh.

Howard felt hurt, for he liked Rushton; but he liked Frank better still, because he felt that he was in the right.—*New York Sunday School Ad.*



POETRY.

HYMN FOR AN INFANT CLASS.

A giddy lamb one afternoon
Had from the fold departed;
The tender shepherd missed it soon,
And sought it broken-hearted.
Not all the flock that shared his love
Could from the search delay him,
Nor clouds of midnight darkness move,
Nor fear of suffering stay him.

But night and day he went his way
In sorrow till he found it;
And when he saw it fainting lie,
He clasped his arms around it.
Then, safely folded to his breast,
From every ill to save it,
He brought it to his home of rest,
And pitied and forgave it.

And thus the Saviour will receive
The little ones who fear him;
Their pains remove, their sins forgive,
And draw them gently near him.
Blest while they live and when they die,
When flesh and spirit sever,
Conduct them to his throne on high,
To dwell with him for ever.

THE INDIAN SUMMER.

There is a time just ere the frost
Prepares to pave old winter's way,
When autumn in a reverie's lost,
The mellow daytime dreams away;
When summer comes, in musing mind,
To gaze once more on hill and dell—
To mark how many sheaves they bind,
And see if all is ripened well.

With balmy breath she whispers low—
The dying flowers look up and give
Their sweetest incense here they go,
For her who made their beauties live,

She enters 'neath the woodland shade,
Her zephyrs lift the lingering leaf,
And bear it gently where are laid
The loved and lost ones of its grief.

At last old autumn, rising, takes
Again his sceptre and his throne,
With boisterous hands the trees he shakes,
Intent on gathering all his own.
Sweet summer, sighing, flies the plain,
And waiting winter, gaunt and grim,
Sees miser autumn hoard his grain,
And smiles to think it's all for him

MEKHEIL, A HEATHEN CONVERT ABOUT TO DIE.

"I am weary, I long to go and be with Christ."

"I am weary" of my sin,
O, I long for full release;
Savior come and take me in
With thyself to dwell in peace!

"I am weary" of my pains,
Bring me, Lord, with Thee to rest;
Change my groans to joyful strains,
Mid the concert of the blast

"I am weary" of the earth,
Where the wicked spurn Thy love;
With Thy sons of heavenly birth
Let me worship Thee above.

"I am weary" of the hate
Thousands pour upon Thy Name,
Called to enter mercy's gate
Ere they sink to endless shame.

"I am weary," while away
From the home where dwells my heart;
Take my panting soul, I pray,
Never more from Thee to part!

From the Day-Spring of Missions.

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