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The
SUNDAY SCHOOL GUARDIAN

VOL. I.—NEW SERIES.]

JUNE 28, 1879.

[No. 12.



CANYONS OF THE COLORADO. (See next page.)

CANYONS OF THE COLORADO.

IN our last number we gave an engraving illustrating the beginning of those wonderful canyons. In this number we give one showing their appearance further down the river. The scenery is of the most sublime and solemn character. The immense depth of the canyon, however, in places over a mile below the surface, does not here appear as it does in several of the others. In early numbers of the *Methodist Magazine* will be given three articles, with twenty-five engravings, different from any of these in the *GUARDIAN*, giving a full account of these wonders of nature, and of the Indian tribes who in that wild country live in the cleft villages. Several richly illustrated articles on Methodist Missions, among the Zulu Kaffirs of South Africa, in the island of Ceylon, and in the West Indies, will also be given; together with an account, in the July number, of Underground Jerusalem and the recent remarkable explorations and discoveries at the Holy City. A new volume of the *Magazine* begins with the July number, the price of which, to the end of the year, is only one dollar. If a whole year is ordered, at two dollars (or with the *Christian Guardian*, only one dollar and fifty cents), a donation of the back Volumes I. and II. will be given, post free, so long as these back numbers last.

FOUNTAIN OF SILOAM.

BENEATH Moriah's rocky side
A gentle fountain springs;
Silent and soft its waters glide,
Like the peace the spirit brings.

The thirsty Arab stoops to drink
Of the cool and quiet wave,
And the thirsty spirit steps to think
Of Him who came to save.

Siloam is the fountain's name;
It means One sent from God:
And thus the Holy Saviour's fame
It gently spreads abroad.

O grant that I, like this sweet well,
May Jesus' image bear,
And spend my life, my all, to tell
How full His mercies are.

JOE WHITE'S TEMPTATION.

DEACON JONES kept a little fish market. "Do you want a boy to help you?" asked Joe White, one day. "I guess I can sell fish."

"Can you give good weight to my customers, and take good care of my pennies?"

"Yes, sir;" answered Joe, and forthwith he took his place in the market, weighed the fish and kept the room in order.

"A whole day for fun, fireworks, and crackers to-morrow!" exclaimed Joe, as he buttoned his white apron about him the day before the fourth of July. A great trout was flung down on the counter.

"Here's a royal trout, Joe. I caught it myself. You may have it for ten cents. Just hand over the money, for I'm in a hurry to buy my fire crackers," said Ned Long, one of Joe's mates.

The Deacon was out, but Joe had made purchases for him before, so the dime was spun across to Ned, who was off like a shot.

Just then Mrs. Martin appeared. "I want a nice trout for my dinner to-morrow. This one will do; how much is it?"

"A quarter, ma'am," and the fish was transferred to the lady's basket and the silver piece to the money-drawer.

But here Joe appeared. "Ten cents was very cheap for that fish. If I tell the Deacon it cost fifteen, he'll be satisfied, and I shall have five cents to invest in fire-crackers."

The Deacon was pleased with Joe's bargain, and when the market was closed, each went his way for the night. But the nickel in Joe's pocket burned like a coal; he could eat no supper, and was cross and unhappy. At last he could stand it no longer, but walking rapidly, tapped at the door of Deacon Jones' cottage.

A stand was drawn out, and before the open Bible sat the old man. Joe's heart almost failed him, but he told his story, and with tears of sorrow laid the coin in the Deacon's hand. Turning over the leaves of the Bible, the old man read, "'He that covereth his sins shall not prosper; but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy.' You have my

forgiveness, Joe ; now go home and confess to the Lord, but remember you must *forsake* as well as *confess*. And keep this little coin as long as you live to remind you of this first temptation."—*Child's World*.

GUARD THY TONGUE.

GUARD, my child, thy tongue,
That it speak no wrong ;
Let no evil word pass o'er it ;
Set the watch of truth before it,
That it do no wrong ;
Guard, my child, thy tongue.

Guard, my child, thine ear—
Wicked words will sear ;
Let no evil word come in
That may cause thy soul to sin—
Wicked words will sear ;
Guard, my child, thine ear.

Ear and eye and tongue
Guard while thou art young ;
For, alas ! these bu-y three
Can unruly members be ;
Guard while thou art young,
Ears and eyes and tongue.

SAVING THE LIFE OF ONE'S ENEMY.



THE Netherland people were not fighting for a religion of mere forms and ceremonies. Many of them had felt the power of the Gospel in their own souls. In the records of those

bloody persecutions, when they were hunted down and slaughtered like wild beasts, there are many touching examples showing what the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ can do for those who believe on His name. Let me tell you the story of Dirk Willemzoon.

This man was a Protestant, and belonged to a sect more hated, perhaps, than any other. It was in the days when the Duke of Alva and the Council of Blood used to put to death anybody they pleased without ceremony. After having been condemned to die, Dirk Willemzoon had somehow got away and fled for his life far over the open country, with an officer following

hard after him. It was winter, and his way led across a frozen lake. The thin ice trembled and cracked under his flying feet, the pursuer was close behind ; but on he ran till he reached the opposite shore. At that moment he heard behind him a sudden crash, and a loud cry for help. The ice had at last given way, and the officer was going down. No one else was in sight ; the poor hunted heretic was now safe.

But Willemzoon had got his ideas of religion out of the Bible, though in those terrible days it was death to be suspected of having seen or heard a word of that holy book. The despised Anabaptist was too much of a Christian to let his enemy perish before his eyes, cost what it might to save him. So back he went across the frail and treacherous ice, and brought the drowning officer safe to shore. And then—what do you suppose the rescued pursuer did ? He turned around and arrested once more this man who had just saved his life at the peril of his own. Had he allowed him to escape, he would doubtless have been put to death himself.

One might think a man who had done a deed so noble as Willemzoon's deserved to be pardoned, whatever his previous offence had been. But for a heretic mercy was out of the question. The next May—1572—they burned him alive.

There is another little story about a poor widow, whose husband had been put to death for his religion. The persecutors had somehow overlooked her while disposing of more important cases, and so she lived on in her humble home until times began to change. Some tumult having arisen in that city, the cruel burgomaster who had shed so much innocent blood was obliged to flee for his life. In his terror he sought a hiding-place among the dwellings of the poor. This widow showed him a secret recess in her house. "Shall I be safe here ?" asked the trembling magistrate as he entered it. "O yes, Sir Burgomaster," replied the widow, "you need have no fear. In this very closet my husband once lay hid when your soldiers searched the house."

Perhaps this man's heart had grown too hard to feel either remorse or gratitude. But such

acts as those of Dirk Willemzoon and the humble widow of Gonda will not be forgotten by Him who said, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you."—*Mary Barrett.*

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The Sunday School Guardian

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

TORONTO, JUNE 28, 1879.

THE WEED.

WITHIN a crevice in the rocks
That girt the wide, wild sea,
I found a bright, brave little plant
That blossomed full and free.

No kindly soil its rootlets fed,
No sunbeam kissed its face,
Nor rain could brim its lifted cup
In that lone hiding-place.

It filled a narrow little sphere,
Its gentle fragrance spent
Upon a wild and barren waste,
Yet smiled in sweet content.

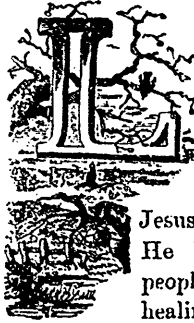
My garden-plot is all aflame
With brilliant bloom, that mocks
The little hardy, bright-eyed flower
That crowns the rugged rocks.

Oft in an uncongenial soil
The germs of Truth take root,
And, through the blessed gift of grace,
Will ripen into fruit.

In our dear Father's loving eyes,
A life that's brave and true,
Though lowly, fills its sphere as well
As grander lives can do.

—*Mary P. Rollins.*

DEAD DAMSEL RAISED.



LONG, long ago there was sorrow in a Jewish home because a sweet girl of twelve was lying sick, and at the point of death.

"Why don't you go to Jesus, the wonderful teacher? He has given sight to blind people, hearing to deaf ones, healing to many sick, may be He will cure our child! Go and ask Him."

Thus, as I fancy, may the mother of the sick girl have spoken to the weeping father. He snatched at the hope, ran to Jesus, and begged Him to cure his beloved child. Jesus never said "no" to such requests, and therefore He went with the anxious father.

As Jesus was walking home with the damsel's father several persons met them, and said:

"The damsel is dead!"

Did Jesus stop when He heard this sad news? Had He been a mere physician, a *man only*, He would have said, "I can do nothing now." But He was God as well as man, and it was as easy for Him to raise the dead as to heal the sick. So He kept on. He entered the house. He stood beside the dead damsel's bed, and taking her cold, stiff hand in His, He said:

"Damsel, I say unto thee, Arise!"

The soul of the girl heard His mighty voice, and returning from the land of spirits, entered its old home. In a moment the eyes of her revived body opened, and she arose and walked, alive, and in perfect health!

This was a mighty deed! None but Jesus ever did the like. Elijah raised a dead boy to life *by prayer*; but Jesus did it *by His own power*. "I say unto thee, Arise!" were the words He spoke. And when He spoke the dead girl obeyed, and became a living child. What joy must have filled her heart! What gladness filled her home!

Child! that Jesus who raised that damsel from the dead *lives* in heaven now, and is *your* Friend. He loves you tenderly, and, if you ask Him, will be your *guide* as you travel through the ways of life, your *helper* when you are weak



"I SAY UNTO THEE, ARISE."

your comforter when you are in sorrow, your Saviour from sin, and your companion by-and-by in heaven. In the last day He will raise your body from the grave, clothe you in a white robe, and give you a happy home in the glorious land. Won't you love, praise, and serve this Jesus? Surely you will be His disciple now and forever.

OLD RATTLEBONES!

OLD RATTLEBONES! Look at old Rattlebones!" shouted a boy to his playmates one day as a crippled old gentleman alighted with much difficulty from a stage coach.

Just at that moment the boy saw his father step up to the tottering stranger, greet him most cordially, and then taking his arm, guide him toward his own home.

When the boy reached home he was introduced to the crippled man, and told that his lameness was caused by a cold he had taken through leaping into a river to save a drowning child. That child was now the lusty boy who had so unthinkingly called his deliverer. "Old Rattlebones."

That boy is now a man, and he often says, "I would give a great deal to have the memory of that event taken away."

Alas! that cannot be done. The scar of that deed remains and will remain for ever in his memory. God has forgiven him, but he cannot forgive himself.

Children, never mock the afflicted. Their deformities should command your pity, not your scorn. Moreover, within an ill-shaped body there may live a greatness, a nobility, a beauty of soul, which makes the cripple an object of love in the sight of Heaven.

EVERY LITTLE HELPS.

SUPPOSE a little child should say,
"Because I'm not a man,
I will not try, in work or play,
To do what good I can?"

Dear child, each star some light can give,
Though faintly gleaming there;
Each rose-leaf helps the plant to live,
Each dew-drop keeps it fair.

And the great Father, who is near,
And doth all creatures view,
To every little child has given
Some needful work to do;
Kind deeds to those with whom you live,
Kind words and actions right,
Shall, 'midst the world's deep darkness, give
A sparkling little light.

LESSON NOTES.

A. D. 60.] **LESSON I.** [July 6.]

PEACE WITH GOD; OR, A PRESENT SALVATION.

Romans 5. 1-10. Commit to memory verses 6-10.

OUTLINE.

1. Peace through Christ. v. 1-3.
2. Hope in Christ. v. 4, 5.
3. Saved by Christ. v. 6-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. Rom. 5. 1.

1. Find Peace with God.
2. Be rejoicing Christians.
3. Love Christ for what he has done for you.

Find the account in the Bible of how trouble proved a blessing to Joseph.... To David.... To Daniel.... To Peter.

A. D. 60.] **LESSON II.** [July 13.]

THE SECURITY OF BELIEVERS; OR, A SURE SALVATION.

Romans 8. 23-39. Commit to memory verses 35-39.

OUTLINE.

1. The believer called. v. 28-30.
2. The believer justified. v. 31-34.
3. The believer kept. v. 35-39.

GOLDEN TEXT.

If God be for us, who can be against us? Rom. 8. 31.

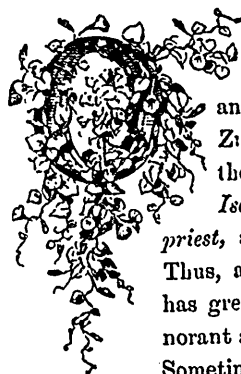
1. At all times trust in God.
2. Try to copy the character of Christ.
3. Remember that the Saviour intercedes for you.

Find a command in Deuteronomy to "love the Lord thy God".... Find Christ's summary of the ten commandments.... Find the mention of Christ's intercession in Hebrews.

GOD IN HIS WORKS.

A poor woman kept a strawberry plant in a broken pot in her window. It grew and flourished finely, and when a friend congratulated her on the promise of fruit, she replied, "Ah, it is not for the fruit I keep it. I am too poor to keep any living creature, but it is a great comfort to me to have that plant, for I know it can live only by the power of God, and to see it live and grow from day to day, it tells me that God is near."

A ZULU WITCH-DOCTOR.



YOUR picture is the likeness of a very important person among the Zulus, called by some of the most important tribes *Isanusu*. He is *doctor*, *priest*, and *diviner*, all in one. Thus, as you may suppose, he has great power amongst an ignorant and superstitious people.

Sometimes the *isanusi* reaches such dignity as to add to all his other powers that of a rain-maker. But for this, he needs to be especially shrewd, and particularly lucky; for if, in time of long drought, the rain should not come at last when he foretells it, his life is in danger. In the other parts of his mysterious profession, however, he does not run so much risk. Even if one of his sick patients does not get better, after taking the proper remedies, it is easy to say that he is bewitched. Then the doctor becomes a priest, and sets to work also to divine who it is that has cast the sufferer under a spell. Frequently this ends by his accusing some suspected person, who, being forthwith tortured horribly and put to death, can tell no tales; and the terrible *isanusi* is more dreaded and believed in than ever.

It will interest you to hear how a man rises to this high position; and we can tell you by the help of one of the Wesleyan Missionaries, the Rev. W. C. Holden. After a man has purposed to become a witch-doctor, he so fixes all his thoughts on the matter, that, at last, "His mind becomes frenzied: he dreams about all sorts of wild and unnatural things, but especially the spirits of departed chiefs. He now begins to talk about his marvellous visions among his friends and neighbours, until he is utterly carried away, goes into fits, and begins all sorts of gesticulations, running, jumping, shrieking, plunging into water, and performing many wonderful feats, until those around him say he is mad; and he speaks and acts as one under the influence of supernatural agency. Having gone thus far, he catches live snakes,

and hangs them about his neck, and places other marvellous things about his person. He then takes a goat and goes to a *isanusi*, and giving it to him, asks to be taught the secrets of the profession. After staying here some time, he obtains a number of medicines, mostly strong-smelling roots. After this, he takes a cow, and proceeds to a still more celebrated *isanusi*, and obtains further instructions and more medicines; these he hangs about his body, and places in his house. By this time, he has proceeded so far as to begin his mysterious incantations. Having gone through these outward preparations, he experiences an inward change, real or imaginary, called *wkutwasa*, which means 'change of the moon.' Henceforth he is considered a new man, and converses with spiritual beings."

These men have sometimes gained such power as to enable them to make many victims at a time. The most awful extent of misery and destruction, however, which any of these men ever caused was in the fatal year, 1857. Set on to the work, it is supposed, by certain chiefs, who wished to provoke a war with the white colonists, a great priest and prophet, named Umhlakaza, told the people that he had heard from another world that they were to destroy all their cattle and corn, and that, on a certain day, the whole should rise again with great increase, and their enemies should be destroyed before them for ever. Many tribes believed the message, and, over a large space of country, the corn was destroyed, and the cattle slain in such vast numbers that the traders could hardly buy all the skins. The most fearful distress followed. The people were left without food, and came flocking into the colony to beg. British charity did not fail; for large sums of money were sent to feed the poor starving Zulus, who had been thus deluded. Nevertheless, though so much was done for them, it is supposed that from fifty to seventy thousand perished by want!

As the people learn the Gospel of God's love, they rise above the power of their old deceivers, whose dark trade will yet be altogether destroyed, as it has been in some places already,

by Christianity. It is a good thing to help in such a change; and a great encouragement to feel sure that no work done in the cause of Jesus Christ, for the love of Him, can be in vain. Zulu men have already been called of God, and made truly new men, and have gained great influence over their people; but it has been all for good, for peace and good will.

A full account of Zulu missions is given in the current volume of the *Methodist Magazine*, fully illustrated.

A NOBLE BOY.

WELL! I saw a boy do something the other day that made me feel good for a week. Indeed, it makes my heart fill with tenderness and good feeling, even now as I write about it. But let me tell you what it was.

As I was walking along a street of a large city, I saw an old man, who seemed to be blind, walking along without any one to lead him. He went very slowly, feeling the way with his cane.

"He's walking straight to the highest part of the curbstone," said I to myself. "And it's very high too; I wonder if some one won't tell him, and start him in the right direction!"

Just then a boy, about fourteen years old, who was playing near the corner, left his playmates, ran up to the old man, put his hand through the man's arm and said:

"Let me lead you across the street." By this time there were three or four others watching the boy. He not only helped him over one crossing, but led him over another to the lower side of the street. Then he ran back to his play. Now, this boy thought he had only done the old man a kindness, while I knew that he had made three other persons feel happy and



A ZULU WITCH DOCTOR. (See preceding page.)

better and more careful to do little kindnesses to those about them.

The three or four persons who had stopped to watch the boy, turned away with a tender smile on their faces, ready to follow the noble example he had set them. I know that I felt more gentle and forgiving toward every one for many days afterward.

Another one that was made happy was the boy himself. For it is impossible for us to do a kind act, or to make any one else happy, without being better and happier ourselves. To be good, and do good, is to be happy. This is every one's mission here in this world. Then, again, the kind of boy you are shows the kind of man you are going to be.