



# SUNDAY SCHOOL GUARDIAN.



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

VOL. VI.

TORONTO, C. W., JULY, 1851.

No. 2.

The number of subscribers to the *S. S. Guardian* already received, and the orders almost daily being sent for more, encourage us to hope, that through the *persevering* efforts of our friends, it will not only be sustained, but obtain a circulation so wide as to enable us to make this little paper—what we desire it should be—one of the most, if not the most attractive, interesting, and useful periodicals in our country. Under these encouraging aspects we issue the second number of the present volume, reminding our friends, at the same time, of the necessity of continuing their efforts to increase the number of subscribers. But we desire and solicit the co-operation of friends, not merely in obtaining subscribers, but also in adding to the interest of the *Guardian* by their written contributions on any of the various subjects proper to be introduced. We shall always be happy to give the preference to well-written

original articles; and one of the strongest reasons why the continuance of this periodical is highly desirable and important, is for the purpose of having a suitable medium to communicate interesting items of intelligence respecting our own affairs; and to record and make improvement upon events which may transpire amongst ourselves, or with which we are more immediately concerned. We might obtain juvenile periodicals published in other places, but they must necessarily be filled with subjects of less interest to us than those which belong to our own operations. And, in connection with original articles, selections from other papers may be introduced in order to furnish our readers with a pleasing and profitable variety.

We trust that this hint will be sufficient to induce our friends to afford their aid in contributing to the efficiency of this department of our work. Short notices of Sabbath Schools,

obituaries of good children, Scripture Biography, and Natural History, will always be considered proper subjects, and will be thankfully received. It is an old saying, that "Many hands

make light work;" but in this respect it will not only lighten the task, but many contributors will furnish a rich fund of pleasing intelligence. Will our friends make a fair trial?



### SUMMER.

This is perhaps the most pleasant and important season of the year; and although there are some things in summer which are not very agreeable, such as the oppressive heat, and sometimes the prevailing sickness, yet there are so many pleasures to be enjoyed, and such important works to be performed, as render it a very desirable season to almost every person.

It is in this season that the earth is covered with those beautiful flowers which are so pleasing to the eye, and that fill the air with their agreeable odours, and the little birds pour forth their sweetest songs. This is the time also, that the farmer, or the husbandman performs his most profitable labours.



The harvest is to be reaped and gathered into the barn to furnish food for the coming year; the ground broken up and prepared to receive the seed of a future harvest. This season is so short, and the labours which must be performed in it, if performed at all, are so many, that it requires the improvement of every hour to

complete them before it has passed away; and when once gone, the same never returns to us again.

Now, in the language of the scripture, summer is sometimes employed as a figure to represent the busiest and most important period of human life. This is middle-age, when we are, or ought to be prepared to perform

those labours which tend most to our own good, and the benefit of our fellow creatures. It is also used to signify the abundant blessings which the Lord confers upon his creatures, and especially in those opportunities with which he favours us for making a preparation for another world, and laying up a treasure in heaven. Hence the Prophet Jeremiah, lamenting over his people for their neglect of the opportunities with which the Lord favoured them for promoting their happiness, and seeing all these passed away unimproved, exclaimed, "The harvest is passed, the summer is ended, and we are not saved. (See Jer. viii. 20.)

The summer season which is now so rapidly passing away, and will soon close, should remind us of the shortness of human life, how rapidly we are approaching, and how very near we may be to the end of our stay on

earth. If the summer of our life is spent in the idleness of sin, then how dreary will be the hour of our death, with no provision made for eternity, no treasure that will endure forever laid up in a better country, and no mansion prepared for us in heaven. How sorrowful is the condition of the poor foolish sluggard, or idler, who has allowed the summer to pass away without making any provision for the winter; but how much more awful the state of those who have had a summer season of grace, and a harvest-time to gather fruit into life eternal, but who have neglected all these mercies; and when they lie down in death, find nothing before them but a dark and miserable eternity. And every hour that we neglect to seek and serve the Lord, we are in danger of this fearful state.

*Toronto, August 23, 1851.*



#### ORDINARY HABITS OF LIONS.

One of the most curious things connected with the lion, is his voice, which is extremely grand and peculiarly striking. It consists at times of low, deep moaning, repeated five

or six times, ending in faintly audible sighs; at other times he startled the forest with loud, deep-toned, solemn roars, repeated five or six times in quick succession, each in-

creasing in loudness to the third, when his voice dies away in five or six low muffled sounds, very much resembling distant thunder. At times, and not unfrequently, a troop may be heard roaring in concert, one assuming the lead, two, three, or four more regularly taking up their parts, like persons singing in a catch. Like our Scottish stags at the rutting season, they roar loudest in cold frosty nights; but on no occasion are their voices to be heard in such perfection, or so intensely powerful, as when two or three strange troops of lions approach a fountain to drink at the same time. When this occurs, every member of each troop sounds a bold roar of defiance at the opposite parties; and when one roars, all roar together, and each seems to vie with his comrades in the intensity and the power of his voice.—The power and grandeur of these nocturnal forests concerts is inconceivably striking and pleasing to the hunter's ear. The effect is greatly enhanced when the hearer happens to be situated in the depths of the forest, at the dead hour of midnight, unaccompanied by any attendant, and ensconced within twenty yards of the fountain which the surrounding troops of lions are approaching. Such has been my situation many scores of times; and though I am allowed to have a tolerably good taste for music, I consider the catches with which I was then regaled as the sweetest and most natural I ever heard. As a general rule, lions roar during the night; their sighing moans commencing as the shades of the evening envelope the forest, and continuing at intervals throughout the night. In distant and secluded regions, however, I have constantly heard them roar as late as nine and

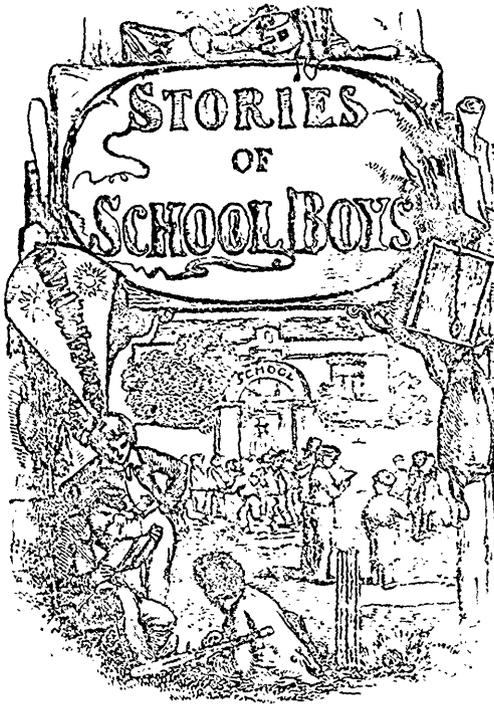
ten o'clock on a bright sunny morning. In hazy and rainy weather they are to be heard at every hour in the day, but their roar is subdued. It often happens that when two strange male lions meet at a fountain a terrific combat ensues, which not unfrequently ends in the death of one of them.

The habits of the lion are strictly nocturnal: during the day he lies concealed beneath the shade of some low bushy tree or wide spreading bush, either in the level forest or on the mountain side. He is also partial to lofty reeds or fields of long rank yellow grass, such as occur in low lying valleys. From these haunts he sallies forth when the sun goes down, and commences his nightly prow. When he is successful in his beat, and has secured his prey, he does not roar much that night, only uttering occasionally a few moans: that is, provided no intruders approach him, otherwise the case could be very different. I remember a fact connected with the lion's hour of drinking peculiar to them—they seem unwilling to visit the fountains with good moonlight. Thus, when the moon rose early, the lions deferred the hour of watering until late in the morning—and when the moon rose late, they drank at an early hour in the night.

Owing to the tawny color of the coat with which nature has robed him, he is perfectly invisible in the dark, and although I have often heard them loudly lapping the water under my very nose, not twenty yards from me, I could not possibly make out so much as the outline of their forms. When a thirsty lion comes to water, he stretches out his massive arms, lies down on his breast to drink and makes a loud

lapping noise in drinking, not to be mistaken. He continues lapping up the water for a long while, and 4 or 5 times during the proceeding he pauses for half a minute as

if to take breath. One thing conspicuous about them is their eyes, which in a dark night, glow like two balls of fire.—*Cumming's "Hunter's Life in South Africa."*



#### THE BOY WHO TOLD A LIE.

Willie lived in a pleasant street in New York. He was a bright, black-eyed little boy, with rosy cheeks.

When Willie was old enough to learn to read and spell, his mother took him to a very good school, where two young ladies took as nice care of the children as if they were their own. When Willie first looked around on all the strange boys in the school-room, he wished he

could see his mamma; and though he remembered that she promised to call for him at twelve o'clock, he could not keep back the tears, and wiped his eyes till they were red and swollen. When the recess-bell rang, and the boys began to shout and play, Willie cried aloud.—Soon his mother came. Then he felt mortified to be crying like a baby, and tried to stop, but he only sobbed the louder, for his heart was very full. His mother told him that if he would put on his hat quickly, she would show him a beautiful peacock on the corner of the street, spreading his feathers. As they came to the court-yard where the peacock was, Willie looked through the

fence, and first saw a hen with brood of chickens following her, then a great many spotted guineahens, and at last the peacock in the corner under a large tree, shaking his beautiful tail until the little chickens were terribly alarmed.

Willie was so amused that he forgot that he had been crying, and went home for his lunch very happy. At one o'clock, his mother walked with him to school again.—“When you come home at four

o'clock, I expect to be out," said his mother; "but you can put on the apron that you play in, and stay in the yard with little Harry till I return." She then kissed him for "good bye," and watched after him as he ran on alone, until she saw him open the door and go in, and then went home herself.

At four o'clock Willie returned from school. His father and mother were out, and he remembered that he had leave to go and play. He went into his mother's chamber to take his apron from the drawer, and there was no one there. Some books were left on the table, with a little card-basket, and a fountain ink-stand. He had always thought that was a funny sort of an ink-stand, and he should like to see if he could manage it. So he commenced screwing the top. It turned easily, and he moved it rapidly, so that the ink flowed over into the bowl. He did not know how to stop it, but kept on screwing it until it nearly all ran over. He felt sorry, for his father was always annoyed by any thing untidy, and he knew he ought not to have meddled with it. But he put on his apron and went to play with Harry till he entirely forgot it. In the evening, as he sat in the chamber beside his father and mother, his father noticed the inkstand and said "Who has used the inkstand in such a way? Have you, Willie?" "No sir," said he. "But," said his mother, "did you not turn the screw, Willie, and find it running over itself?" "You did not see me do it, did you, mamma?" said he. "No Willie," she answered, "I was not at home; but did you not do it?" "No, ma'am," said he, "I did not do it." He then kissed his father and mother and went to bed. After he had said his prayers and laid his head on the pil-

low, he felt very sad. His heart ached, but he tried to sing. Then he called out to his mother in the next room, "Mamma, are you there?" Then he shut his eyes, but but he could not sleep. He felt afraid, for he had told a lie. He knew it was sinful to tell lies, and he wished he could tell his mother that he did spill the ink, but he had not courage to do that. Just then his father came into his chamber to see if his little boy slept comfortably, and found him awake. "Willie," said his father again, very sadly, "did you touch that inkstand to-day?" "Yes, papa, I did do it," said he. "Oh!" said his father, "why did you tell me that you did not? You have offended God, who is your greatest and best friend, who will punish you with a guilty conscience; and I am angry with you for trying to deceive me. The ink itself was a very little thing, but telling lies is wicked and hateful in the sight of God. I must punish you for it; but you may lie still and think of it now." Willie felt guilty and unhappy. He cried himself to sleep, and in the morning could not go to his father's chamber as usual, but stayed away alone until breakfasttime. He could not eat much, for no one noticed him. He went to school with a heavy heart. He cried a great many times during the day, and the boys thought he cried because he wanted to see his mother. But he felt as if his parents did not love him so much as they did before he told the lie, and when he was with them he could not look in their faces. He loved to sit by his father at dinner, but now he had no wish to eat. He could not feel happy anywhere. The dreadful feeling which took away his relish for any thing, was remorse. It was the sting of a

guilty conscience poor little Willie felt: when he went to bed; and when he said in his prayer, "Pardon all my bad behaviour," he felt very sorry for his wickedness, and wished his father to forgive him. He did forgive him, and prayed God to forgive him too, and take away from him a disposition to tell lies. When Willie felt himself forgiven, he almost cried for joy. He kissed his father and mother, and, clinging fondly to them, said again and again, "I will not tell lies any more. Only wicked boys tell lies. I will not tell any more; will I, papa?" Do you think he ever did?—*N. Y. Recorder.*



#### JUST MY LUCK.

"James, you had better attend to the night wood," said Mrs. Forsyth to her son who had become deeply interested in a book he was reading.

"Wait a minute, mother, I want to finish this page, I am right in the middle of it now."

His mother did wait, and although she said nothing, yet she was grieved. When he had read the page through, he feared he should lose the force of it, if he laid it aside just then. And what difference would it make if the wood was brought in five minutes later? Mrs. Forsyth allowed him to take his own time for it, so it was almost dark before he thought of leaving his book. Then he went at it in a great hurry

and in splitting some light wood he scratched his hand badly. And when he again entered the neat little sit-



ting-room where his mother was at work, he was crying and complaining bitterly.

"O dear! oh dear! I was splitting some wood and a great stick flew up and hurt my hand so. You know it's just my luck."

"Come and sit down by me, James, I want to talk with you a little. You think you are very unlucky, dont you?"

"Yes, I do, mother, I am always getting hurt, and it isn't my fault either."

"Was it not your fault to-night, my son?"

"Why, no! how should I know the stick was gowing to hit me?"

"Yes, but if it had not been so dark and late, you would not have been in such a hurry and so careless. I spoke to you in season to do it all by day light, but I let you manage your own way to see what would be the result. I have noticed lately that whenever anything is given you to do, 'wait a minute' is your almost constant reply."

"Well, what difference does a minute make any way?"

"What would your father say, if, because I wished to finish any thing I was doing, I should put off breakfast till dinner time, would he like it?"

"Why, I suppose not."

"And besides, the excuse which is good for one minute, is equally good for the next, and for many more. And as a consequence of procrastination, is crowding the business of an hour into a moment's space, you hurry through with every thing, only half doing it. So you are always complaining of ill luck. Now, this very fault of yours is the cause. No doubt it seems hard to break off from a thing in the midst of it, but recollect, if you do every thing promptly and in its proper place, you will have more time to do with."

"I dont see but that is reasonable mother:" said James, looking earnestly and steadily in her face, "and I will try to do better for the future."

"That is right my son. You will find it far easier, in a little while, to do things in their order, than to leave all to a leisure moment. And I think you will not have so much ill luck to complain of hereafter."

And now, my dear young friends, I have only to say, in conclusion, that James Forsyth has reformed, and is a much happier and much better boy. Go thou and do likewise.—*Zion's Herald.*

#### A KISS FOR A BLOW.

George, in a moment of passion, struck his sister in the face, but the sister, instead of flying into a fit of anger, threw her arms around his neck and kissed him, saying, "O, brother, how could you do so?"

The poor boy was wholly unprepared for such a kind return for a blow. He could not stand the generous affection of his sister. His feelings were touched, and he burst out crying.

His gentle sister took the corner of her apron and wiped away his tears, and sought to comfort him by saying, with endearing sweetness and generous affection, "Don't cry, George; you did not hurt me much." But he only wept the more.

No wonder, it was enough to make any body weep.

But why did George weep? Poor little fellow! Would he have wept if his sister had struck him as he had struck her? Not he. But by kissing him as she did, she made him feel more acutely than if she had beaten him black and blue.

Here was a kiss for a blow, love for anger, and this is what is meant by overcoming evil with good.



#### LOOKING FOR A PLACE.

Well Johnny, have you succeeded to-day, my son?"

Nothing good to day, mother. I have been all over town almost, and no one would take me. The book-stores and dry-goods stores and groceries have plenty of boys already; but I think if you had been with me, I should have stood a better chance. Oh, you look so thin and pale, mother, somebody would have felt sorry, and so taken me; but nobody knew me, and nobody saw you."

A tear stole down the cheek of the little boy as he spoke, for he was almost discouraged; and when

his mother saw the tear, not a few ran down hers also.

It was a cold bleak night, and Johnny had been out all day looking for "a place." He had persevered, although constantly refused until it was quite dark, and then gave up, thinking his mother must be tired waiting for him.

His mother was a widow, and a very poor one. She maintained herself by needlework till a severe spell of sickness had confined her to her bed, and she was unable to do more.



She told her little son to sit down by the fire, while she prepared his supper. The fire and the supper were very scanty, but Johnny knew they were the best she could provide, and he felt that he would rather share such a fire and such a supper with such a mother, than sit at the best filled table with anybody else, who did not love him as she did, and whom he did not love as he did her.

After a few moments of silence, the boy looking up into his mother's face with more than usual seriousness, said :

"Mother, do you think it would be wrong to ask my new Sunday-school teacher about it on Sabbath?"

"No, my son, not if you have no

other opportunity ; and I think that he would be a very suitable person too ; at least, I should think that he would be interested in getting you a good place."

"Well, to-morrow is Sunday, and when the class breaks up, I will ask him."



After reading a portion of God's holy Word, the mother and her little boy knelt down together in their loneliness, and prayed the Lord most earnestly to take care of them. They were very poor, but they knew that God cared for the poor. They knew also that God would do what was best for them. Oh, it is a sweet thing to the soul, to be able to say, sincerely, "Thy will be done!"

"I feel happier, now, said John. "I was so tired when I came in, that I felt quite cross, I know I did ; did I look so, mother?"

The mother's heart was full, and she gave her boy a long affectionate kiss, which was sweeter to him than many words.

Next morning was the Sabbath. John's breakfast was more scanty than ever, but he said not a word about that, for he saw that his mother ate very little of it. But one or two sticks of wood were left outside of the door where it was kept ; and he knew that both food and fire might be all gone before night. They had no money to buy any with for several days.

The Sabbath-school bell rang. The sun was shining bright and clear, but the air was exceedingly cool. The child had no overcoat, and was still wearing a part of his summer clothing. He was in his seat just as his superintendent entered.

"Who is that pale-faced boy in your class?" asked the superintendent of Johnny's teacher.

"His name is Jones; he lives in Stone Street, and I must visit him this very week. He is a well behaved boy."

"I should like to know more about him, and I will see him after school."

The superintendent did not forget him, and when the class broke up, seeing him linger behind the other scholars, went up and took him by the hand kindly.

"You have been here to school several Sabbaths, have you not, my boy?"

"Yes sir, I came just a month ago, to-day."

"Had you ever been to school before that time?"

"Yes, sir, before mother was taken sick, I used to go to — street school; but that was a great way off; and when mother got better and you opened this new school, she advised me to come here, as it is so much nearer."

"Well, did I not see you yesterday looking for a place in Water street?"

"I was down there, sir, looking for a place."

"Why did you not take that place which the gentleman had for you in the large grocery store?"

Do you mean the store where the great copper worm stood on the sidewalk?"

"Yes."

"Oh, sir, I didn't know they sold

rum there when I first went in, and when I saw what kind of store it was, I was afraid."

"Have you a father?"

"No sir; father is dead," said the little boy, hanging down his head.

"What did your father do, my son—what was his business?"

"Sir, he once kept a large store like that;" and the child shuddered when he answered.

"Why did you not keep the piece of gold money that you found on the floor as you was coming into the store?"

"Because it was not mine, and I thought that the gentleman would find the owner sooner than I should."

"He did, my boy; it was my money. Did you not get a place yesterday?"

"No, sir, all the places were full, and nobody knew me."

"Well, my boy, you may go now, and tell your mother that you have a place. Come to me very early in the morning: your teacher will tell you where I live."

Johnny went home with his heart and his eyes so full that he could hardly see the street or anything else as he went along. He knew that it would cheer his dear mother very much, and so it did. His superintendent procured a good place for him, and they were made comfortable and happy.

Surely this story carries its own moral.

#### COMMENCEMENT OF CRIME.

No disobedient child is virtuous, or happy. Every body foresees the ruin of such a child. Most of the cases of crime that lead to the penitentiary, or the gallows, commence by disobedience to parents.

*From the Christian Advocate and Journal.*

### STORY FOR CHILDREN.

I propose to tell a story to the little readers of the *Advocate*, for I love children and like to talk to them. I hope my story will please and interest you all; then I shall feel well paid for telling it. Years ago, when I was a child like some of you, I visited a dearly loved cousin whose name we will call Mary. She was a beautiful girl; every one loved her, and she loved everybody; her teacher at school, her fellow-playmates, her parents, brothers, and sisters loved her.—Would you like to know why she was such a favourite with every one? It was because she was good and never got angry, (like some of you,) nor spoke unkindly, nor disobeyed her parents. If she thought any one was displeased with her, she would raise her large blue eyes towards them with a pleading, sorrowful look, and the tears would stream down her cheeks; but no word of murmuring passed her lips. I remember, one bright and sunny afternoon, we obtained leave to go a strawberrying, and taking our



baskets upon our arms, away we went, clambering over fences and up hills, and having filled our baskets with the red and luscious fruit, we threw ourselves upon the grass, under the wide-spreading branches of a pine tree, and looking up to the clear blue sky, we wondered if heaven was there—if God lived

there—if he saw us then, and knew what we were talking about. Then we spoke of death, and shuddered at the thought of being buried up in the cold, cold ground; and then Mary said we must be good and love God, then we should go to heaven, where he lived, when we died; and we said we would be good. One day Mary complained of being sick. Her parents sent for a physician. When he came he felt her pulse and said, "Mary is very sick, but I will leave her some medicine which I hope will do her good." It did not; she grew worse and worse every day, and they knew she must die. Her mother saw she must part with her youngest child, her darling Mary, and she wept. Mary seeing her, called her to the bedside, and said, "Mother, do not cry for me, I am not afraid to die; I have got religion!" She folded her little hands, and her spirit winged its way to her Maker's presence, there to sing his praises forever.

My dear children, could you meet death thus calmly, and say, like little Mary, "I am not afraid to die!" Perhaps you think you are young, and shall not die until you are old! But Mary was young and she died; so may you! Remember Jesus saith, "Suffer little children to come unto me," and "they that seek me early shall find me;" and believe what I tell you, if you live to be old, you will never be sorry for loving God and giving him your heart while you are young.

A FRIEND TO LITTLE CHILDREN.

### SWEARING AND STEALING.

As Howard was one day standing near the door of a printing office, he heard some dreadful volleys of oaths and curses from a public house

opposite, and buttoning his pocket up before he went into the street, he said to one of the workmen near him, "I always do this whenever I hear men swear, as I think that any one who can take God's name in vain, can also steal, or do anything that is bad."



THE TWO HOUSES.

Once knew a rich man who determined to have a very large and beautiful house built for himself. He bought a lot of ground in a beautiful part of the city, and took great pains to have the house built in the best manner. There were many spacious rooms and wide halls. It was planned so as to be warm in winter and cool in summer. No expense was spared to have it as comfortable and complete a dwelling as could be made. No doubt he looked forward to many years of enjoyment in his new and elegant house.

At the same time that this large house was preparing for himself and family, he had another built for them. And there was a great difference between the two; for the second house had but one small room for the whole family, and that room was mostly under ground. It had, indeed, strong walls, and was built of marble, but it had no windows, and but one small door, and that was made of iron. What a contrast there was between the wide and lofty mansion, so bright and handsome, and the low building

under the willow tree, which one would scarcely notice! Yet these two houses were built for the same people. The one was for the *living* family; the other for the *dead*. For the low house under the tree is the vault into which their bodies are to be placed, as one after another shall be called away from life.

The vault was soon finished, and it was ready long before the large house. And into which of them do you think the rich owner himself went first to take up his abode? Strange as it may seem, he was ready for the vault before the fine dwelling was ready for him; and many months before the spacious rooms of the new house were fit to be inhabited, its builder was laid in the narrow, dark, and cold apartment, which he will not leave until the earth shall give up its dead at the last day.

This is a fact which ought to fix the attention of the young. To you, everything in life seems bright and happy, and promising great enjoyment; and you forget its end, and imagine it is too far off to be thought of. *The house of the living* is so large and beautiful that it hides from our sight *the house of the dead*. But remember, that, like the man I have been telling you of, you may have to lie down in the silent grave before you have entered upon the pleasures of life which you are expecting. If you will be wise, you will live and act in such a manner as to be prepared both for life and death: to enjoy the one, and not to fear the other. The Saviour has declared, "Whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." This is true in the most important sense possible. The true believer, whose sins are pardoned, and who is accepted in Christ, has the promise of a house which is not made

with hands, but is eternal; not in this perishing world, but in the heavens. And the passage from this life to that, is not to *die* as the world speaks of death; it is to fall asleep on earth, and awake with God.—*The Mentor.*

#### THE CHILD'S REQUEST.

In the town of C——, in Germany, there was a little boy who lost his father when he was very young; and as his mother was thus deprived of the chief means for their support, and was very poor, she was unable to continue giving her little boy the same schooling as before. But the little boy I am telling you of had lost his papa, and I dare say his poor mother was often at a loss how to give him all the food and clothing she thought desirable for him. He was particularly sorry not to be able to go on with his instruction, and wished very much indeed to be received into a school or institution he knew something about, which had been established by the Moravians, a society of pious people who have in many places instituted similar schools for educating little boys and girls, bringing them up in the fear of the Lord. His mother was also very desirous that he should go there; but she had no money, and no friends who could help her in this. Happily, however, this little boy had heard of Jesus, who is the Friend of the friendless, and who has said, in his precious word,—“Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not,” (Matt. xix. 14,) and who also declares himself the Father of the fatherless. (Psalm lxxviii. 5.) He believed what Jesus said, and wished to go to him. “But how shall I go to Jesus?” said he to himself; “O, I know what I will do; I will write

him a letter, in which I will tell him all.” This he did nearly in the following words:—

“MY DEAR SAVIOUR, JESUS CHRIST,—I have lost my father; we are very poor; but thou hast said in thy word, that all we ask of God, in thy name, he will do it for us. I believe what thou hast said, Lord Jesus. I pray, thee, then, O my God, in the name of Jesus, to supply my mother with the means of placing me in the Moravian Institution. I should like so much to continue to get instruction. I pray thee, very kind Jesus, do this. I love thee already, but I will love thee yet more. Give me also wisdom, and every good thing. Good bye,” &c.

The child then folded up the letter, and addressed it, “To our Lord Jesus Christ, in Heaven.” Then, quite in earnest, and his heart full of hope, he put it in the post.

You see, this writing a letter was only another way of praying to God. He had not been taught, poor little fellow! that he might go and pray to Jesus for what was in his heart, and that if his Father who is in heaven saw it was good for him, he would give it him; so he wrote to him, which was the only way he knew of to ask anything from some one he could not see and speak to.

But you will see what happened to this little boy and his letter. The post-master, when he was sorting the letters, on looking at the direction, concluded it came from a mad person, and threw it on one side; but after having finished his work, he again took it up, and examined the writing, and, observing it was that of a child, opened it, and, being touched by the simplicity of the child-like prayer, showed it to a Moravian brother of his acquaint-

tance, who read it aloud at a meeting of the brethren. The Baroness of La Lippe, who was present on the occasion, when she heard the circumstances, thought the Saviour wished her to be kind to the little orphan for His sake; so, out of love to Jesus, she took the poor child under her care, and placed him in the so much wished-for institution.

Thus you see the letter of this dear little boy may be said to have reached its destination, and his prayer of faith was fully answered.

#### PARENTAL ADVICE.

The following advice was imparted to the late ex-President Adams, by his mother, in 1778, in a letter to him while he was in Europe: "Great learning and superior abilities, should you ever possess them, will be of little value and of small estimate, unless virtue, honour, integrity, and truth are cherished by you. Adhere to the rules and principles early instilled in your mind, and remember that you are responsible to your God. Dear as you are to me, I would much rather prefer that you would find a grave in the ocean which you have crossed, than to see you an immoral, graceless child."

#### SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE.

##### EXPERIENCE OF A PRACTICAL MAN.

I have often thought I would write to you concerning my plan of obtaining subscribers to the Sunday School Advocate. I generally begin about one month before the beginning of the volume. I then fix upon a certain number, which I think I can obtain. I add to the subscription price of the paper the amount of postage for one year; I then exhibit the paper, and present

its claims to the people in public and private. In this way I get subscribers—they pay me the whole cost—the package to come to my address, and to be distributed as I go round the circuit.

When I came to this circuit, in the spring of 1850, there was not a copy of the Sunday School Advocate taken in it. You may thank your Post-office Directory for at least sixty copies; although I did not receive a copy of your Specimen Number, sent out last summer, some of the members of my charge did, so I got to see it. It struck me at once as an excellent plan to publish it but once a month, and double its former size. I concluded to make an effort to get 20 subscribers: the subscription price would then be 25 cents; postage added, making 33 cents. I soon found I could get more than 20 subscribers; I kept on till I had 60. I then went to the Postmaster, and asked him how much he would allow me for collecting the postage; he answered one-half of his profits. The sum thus obtained was \$1 95. With this money I obtained 8 copies of the Missionary Advocate, and paid the postage, lacking one cent. These I distributed gratis among the members on the circuit. Having obtained 50 subscribers, the subscription price of the paper was 22 cents, thus I had three cents on hand on all who had paid 33 cents. I informed them I would pay this back to them if required; if not required, I should use it for some good purpose. With this I purchased a lot of tracts from the Book Concern at New York, and have distributed most of them among the people.

 The next number of the *Sunday School Guardian*, will be issued in about two weeks.

## OBITUARY.

DEAN,—In the township of Huntley, on the 20th inst., Margaret Star, third daughter of James Star, in the 18th year of her age. The health of the deceased had been in a delicate state for the past year or more. Still no fears were entertained on the part of her friends, until quite recently of her speedy dissolution. But O, how frail is man! How suddenly, and unexpectedly in many instances, is he hurried into the eternal world! About ten days, previous to her departure, she was taken violently ill. Medical aid was called, and was thought to be successful in arresting the progress of the disease; but it proved to be only for a moment. In the meantime she was watched over day and night, with parental care and anxiety, and to human appearance seemed to be fast recovering; so much so, at least that she was able to leave her bed without assistance. But on Friday, about two o'clock in the afternoon, while the members of the family were engaged in their respective duties, there was a sudden change; an alarm was made; the family called, but ere her brothers and sisters could reach her bed-side, death had performed his work. Margaret S. slept the sleep of death. Thus suddenly was this youthful girl; this bud of promise, cut down in the morning of life, a striking proof of the correctness of the old adage,—‘The old must die, the young may.’ Margaret had many virtues, naturally kind, affectionate, and humane, she manifested unceasing solicitude to render all comfortable and happy with whom she had intercourse especially the members of the family with which she stood connected. Another still more pleasing feature in her character was that she was thoughtful and serious beyond many

of her years. In consequence of the instructions received under the parental roof, and Sabbath school, her mind was deeply impressed with eternal things, and in her last sickness conversed freely and familiarly upon the solemnities of death, judgment, and eternity. And when asked the important question—was she prepared, and resigned to the will of God, to live or die? her answer was prompt, and in the affirmative. Her favourite hymn, which she often asked to be sung, was, “The hour of my departure’s come” &c., which showed the exercise of her mind. Now she has left us, she has gone, who can question to add another to the blood-washed throng in heaven, to sweep the chords of another harp in singing the songs of Moses and the Lamb. Her funeral was attended on the Sabbath following, when a large circle of mourning friends assembled to follow her mortal remains to her long home, as the last token of respect they could pay the departed one. The occasion was improved by the writer, from these words, “We do all fade as a leaf; our iniquities, like the wind, sweep us away.” The discourse was followed by a warm exhortation from Father Gilchrist, a local preacher, whose head is whitening for the grave. These services being ended, she was interred. And as we gazed upon her new made grave, these words, with mournful cadence, seemed to arise therefrom, as the last counsel of our dear sister:

“Go home, dear friends, and cease from tears,  
I must sleep here, till Christ appears:  
Prepare for death while time you have  
There’s no repentance in the grave.”

and I trust the language of our hearts was—

“O God prepare us all to greet,  
This saint! one in heaven;  
Grant us thy grace, and let us meet  
With all our sins forgiven.”

J. LOVERIN.

Huntley, Nov. 29th, 1850.

## POETRY.



The following beautiful lines, from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Hawks have been handed us for publication. They will find numerous admirers among the discriminating readers of the *Home Journal*.

## THE BLIND BOY.

It was a blessed summer day,  
The flowers bloomed—the air was mild,  
The little birds poured forth their lay,  
And everything in nature smiled.  
In pleasant thought I wandered on,  
Beneath the deep wood's ample shade  
'Till suddenly I came upon  
Two children who had thither strayed.  
Just at an aged birch tree's foot  
A little boy and girl reclined,  
His hand in hers she kindly put,  
And then I saw the boy was blind.  
The children knew not I was near,  
A tree concealed me from their view,  
But all that they said I well could hear,  
And could see all they might do.  
"Dear Mary," said the poor blind boy,  
"That little bird sings very long;  
Say, do you see him in his joy,  
And is he as pretty as his song?"  
"Yes, Edward, yes," replied the maid,  
"I see the bird, on yonder tree."  
The poor boy sighed, and gently said,  
"Sister, I wish I could see!  
"The flowers, you say, are very fair,  
And bright green leaves are on the trees,  
And pretty birds are singing there—  
How beautiful for one who sees!  
"Yet I the fragrant flowers can smell,  
And I can feel the green leaf's shade,  
And I can hear the notes that swell  
From those dear birds that God has made.  
"So, sister, God to me is kind,  
Though sigh, alas! he has not given;  
But tell me, are there any blind  
Among the children up in heaven?"  
"No dearest Edward, there all see—  
But why ask me a thing so odd?"  
"Oh, Mary, He's so good to me,  
I thought I'd like to look at God.  
Ere long, disease his hand had laid  
On that dear boy, so meek and mild;  
His widowed mother wept and prayed,  
That God would spare her sightless child.  
He felt her warm tears on his face,  
And said, "Oh, never weep for me,  
am going to a bright—bright place,  
Where Mary says I God shall see."

"And you'll be there, dear Mary, too;  
But, mother, when you get up there,  
Tell Edward, mother, that 'tis you—  
You know I never saw you here?"  
He spoke no more, but sweetly smiled  
Until the final blow was given—  
When God took up the poor blind child,  
And opened first his eyes in heaven!

## THINGS THAT I LOVE.

I love to see the rising sun  
Diffusing light abroad;  
Bright emblem of a purer grace,  
Which comes to us from God.  
I love to hear the gentle sigh  
Of soft winds breathing low;  
It whispers of the spirit nigh,  
To soothe the sorrowed brow.  
I love the forest songster's voice,  
As through the air it breaks;  
It says to earth, "Rejoice, rejoice,"  
Of holy warblings speaks.  
I love to see the sparkling rill  
Flow cheerily along;  
Beneath the lofty, soaring hill,  
It plays its tuneful song.  
I love to see the falling rain  
Descending from above;  
It comes, it comes, it comes again,  
Fruit of unceasing love.  
I love to see the opening flower  
Arrayed in beauteous dress;  
It proves an overruling power,  
Exerted still to bless.  
I love each blade of grass that grows  
Upon the earth I tread;  
How kindly thus a carpet green,  
Beneath my feet is spread.  
There's not a season of the year,  
Or robe that nature wears,  
But we may still behold God near,  
His hand in it appears.  
There is no spot in this wide world,  
Where man makes his abode,  
In which we find not something still,  
Reminding us of God.  
I love to study nature's page,  
To con its lessons o'er;  
With each advancing step of age,  
I love it more and more.  
"Through nature up to natures' God,"  
I love to rise in thought;  
To contemplate the blest abode,  
The bliss by Jesus bought. C.