

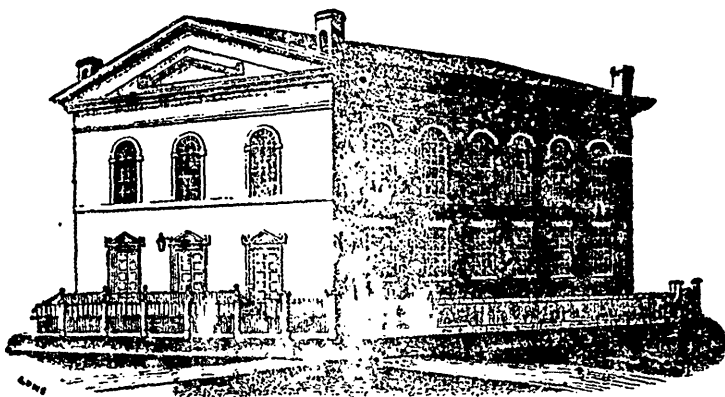
SUNDAY SCHOOL GUARDIAN

For the Province of Canada.

Vol. IV.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY, 1850.

No. 10.



WESLEYAN CHURCH, ADELAIDE STREET, TORONTO.

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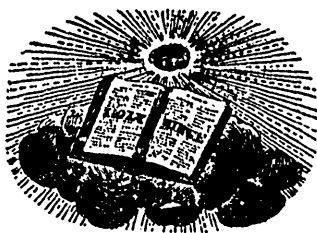
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SUNDAY SCHOOL GUARDIAN.

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

VOL. IV. TORONTO, C. W., FEBRUARY, 1850. No. 10.

THE HOLY SABBATH.

Some of our readers will recollect that in our last number we cautioned them against breaking the Sabbath, and referred particularly to the temptations presented at this season of the year to boys to break the Fourth Commandment. We referred to them skating on the Lord's Day and told them that many accidents occurred to the young when they were breaking the Sabbath, and also expressed our fears that similar accidents would occur during the present winter. We are sorry to say that our fears have been realized. On the first Sabbath of the present month three young lads were drowned on the canal near Hamilton. They left home with the intention of spending a part of God's holy day in skating; but almost before they commenced to do so, they fell through the ice and were all three drowned! What a dreadful thing to die while sinning against God! A great many boys and girls are constantly breaking the Sabbath. Per-

haps some of our readers do so occasionally. Dear reader, are you one of them? If so, ask yourself what would be your end if you should die while transgressing the law of God. Could you expect to go to heaven? Remember you may die any moment, and if it should be when you are sinning against your Maker you could not expect to be admitted into that holy heaven where no unholy thing can ever enter.

BEGIN EVERY DAY WELL.

It is of great importance that in every thing we begin well. A great deal depends upon the beginning. When we were a little boy there used to be a saying among us that "a bad beginning makes a good ending." Like a great many old sayings this is not always true. If we begin the day well, it is most likely that we shall end it well. But if we have a bad beginning it is almost certain we shall end badly; and from the beginning to the end almost nothing will be well.

If we commence the day devoutly, if our first act be one of gratitude and devotion, if we earnestly pray to God for his guidance and blessing it is most likely the day will advance and end better than if we neglect to pray to God and to thank him for his mercies. It is no wonder when a little boy or girl forgets to pray to God in the morning that everything should go wrong. No wonder that peevishness, fretfulness, unkindness, impatience and naughtiness should mark the passing hours of the day: No wonder that on going to bed he or she should feel unhappy. No, no: a bad beginning, in this matter, will never make a good ending. Be assured, to begin the day well is one way to secure a good ending; and so to begin life well is a fair pledge of a good close. Then, dear readers, begin every day well.

Obedience to Parents.

Children are commanded to obey their parents. This is a law of God, and God attaches a promise to it. The due observance of this law is always of advantage. Parents know a great deal better than their children what is most for their good; and a Christian parent will never command a child to do what is wrong. Sometimes little folk think they know a great deal more than older persons; and not unfrequently children think their parents hard and unkind in their commands and prohibitions. But this is a mistake. Yet if it were otherwise children would do well to obey their parents. We do not recollect a single instance in which a disobedient child

has turned out well; and we have read of hundreds whose early disobedience prepared them for early sorrow, a gloomy prison and a premature grave. "Children obey your parents in all things, for this is right."

Punctuality at School.

A good scholar will always be early at the Sabbath School, unless prevented by circumstances which he cannot controul. A slight cause will not be sufficient to make him late in his attendance. *It is not the good scholar who comes, Sabbath after Sabbath, fifteen or twenty minutes too late, and then says he didn't get his breakfast in time, or the clock was wrong, or his sister kept him late.* No, no: it is not the good scholar who does so. Just look at the scholars of your school; and you will see at once that the good scholar is always in his place betimes. Who is it that is negligent in the school, has his lessons imperfectly, and is most frequently rebuked by his teacher? You will say at once, it is the scholar that comes habitually late to school.

THE NINTH COMMANDMENT.

Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.
—Exod. xx 16.

Beware the tongue that's set on fire of hell
And flames in slander, falsehood, perjury,
In malice, idle talking, thoughtless tales.
Speak not too much, nor without thought;
let truth
In all things, small or great, dwell on thy
lips.
Remember, God hath said, "he that
word
Offends not, is a perfect man; while he
That bridles not his tongue, deceives
himself
And shows his faith is vain."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.



THE POWER OF SABBATH SCHOOLS.

BY JUDGE M'LEAN.

The more I reflect upon Sabbath schools, the more deeply am I impressed with their importance. Education without moral training may increase national knowledge, but it will add nothing to national virtue.

By a most intelligent and able report, made some years ago by Guizot, it appeared that those departments of France, where education had been most advanced, crime was most common. And by later reports, it is shown, in Prussia, Scotland, and England, where the means of education have greatly increased, especially in Prussia and Scotland, criminal offences have increased. Making due allowance for the growth of population, and the aggregation of individuals in

carrying on various useful enterprises, the principal cause of this, is a want of moral culture.

Knowledge without restraint only increases the capacity of an individual for mischief. As a citizen, he is more dangerous to society, and does more to corrupt the public morals than one without education. So selfish is our nature, and so prone to evil, that we require chains, moral or physical, to curb our propensities and passions.

Early impressions are always the most lasting. Who has forgotten the scenes of his boyhood, or the pious instructions of his parents? However they may be disregarded and condemned by an abandoned course, yet they cannot be consigned to oblivion. In the darkest hours of revelry they will light up the memory and cause remorse. And the

feeling will generally, sooner or later, lead to reformation.

Whatever defect there may be of moral culture in our common schools it is more than supplied in our Sabbath schools. Here the whole training is of a moral and religious character, entirely free from sectarian influences.

Impressions thus made can never be eradicated. * * * And it may not be an extravagant calculation to suppose that every ten years five millions of persons, who had been Sabbath school scholars, enter into active society. More or less they may be supposed to be influenced by the principles inculcated at those schools. Restrained themselves by moral considerations, their example may have some influence on an equal number of their associates. Here, then, is an element of power, which must be salutary on our social and political relations.

A SHORT STORY.

TOLD BY A SUPERINTENDENT TO THE CHILDREN OF A SUNDAY SCHOOL, JUST BEFORE HE OFFERED THE CONCLUDING PRAYER.

I very well remember, that about ten years ago, when I lived in a small pleasant village in the county of —, there was, within a short distance from my own house, a little old fashioned house, with a pretty garden very neatly kept; the roses, the lilies, and the honeysuckles in which I have often admired. In that house lived a poor widow with six children, one of them an infant three or four months old. The father, a civil, friendly, industrious old man, had worked early and late to support his family, and all the while he was in health he had plenty of plain food and warm clothing; but he caught cold, and was very ill. His sickness lasted several weeks,

and when he died he left but a few dollars in the house. The good widow was, therefore, in great distress; for she had no rich relations to whom she could look for assistance, and she was not strong enough to work herself.

“William,” said the poor weeping widow to her eldest son, a healthy, strong, lively boy, about twelve years of age—“William,” said she, “our money is all gone and you have no kind father, now, to earn more; you know how cheerfully he worked every day while the strength lasted, but he is now gone to heaven. I know not what to do, something must be done. Now there is good Mr. Mathews, the farmer, has plenty of work for men and boys; he knew your father well. I think if you go to him and ask him, as a favor, to employ you, he will find you something to do; he will not make you work too hard, and he will give you wages, not much, but a very little would be of great use to us now.”

Well, William listened to his mother with attention; and he was sorry to see the tears roll down her pale cheeks, and he promised to try. He went, therefore, the next day to Mr. Mathews, to ask for employment, but he met some boys on the road, who talked to him about cricket, and kite, and marbles, until he thought no longer of his mother's grief, or of what she had said about his own good behaviour; he knocked at the door so loudly, that the servant who opened it expected to see a pedlar, and he asked so carelessly and seemed so indifferent, that the good farmer, who was a kind-hearted man, said to himself, “This little fellow is not in earnest; he does not really want work, and will not thank me if I give it him; he must wait till he knows how to be-

have himself before I take him into my service."

Perhaps some of you will wonder what could make me think of little William just now. The boys and girls in this school have just been singing a verse from the Hymn Book, and a very solemn verse it is. Let me repeat it to you.

"Lord, at thy feet ashamed I lie,
Upward I dare not look,
Pardon my sins before I die,
And blot them from thy book."

But while they were singing, some were talking to their schoolfellows, and others smiling, two or three were making a noise with their feet, while a few seemed really serious.

Your teachers who observe this are very much grieved and discouraged; but, if such carelessness be painful to them, how must it appear in the sight of God? he discerns the thoughts and intents of the heart, he is ever ready to hear the humble and contrite, but he sends the proud empty away. We are now about to call upon his holy name once more; let us do so with sincere sorrow and humility! let us ask for the sake of his Son not only to forgive our common sins, but especially to pardon the imperfection which have attended our worship.

TRUE DUNCAN AND THE CAT,

Once there was a little boy named Duncan. The boys used to call him *True Duncan*, because he never would tell a lie. One day he was playing with an axe in the yard of the school, and while he came along Duncan let the axe fall right on poor Tabby's head, and killed her. What to do he did not know. She was a pet of the master, and used to sit on a cushion at his side, while he was hearing the lessons. Duncan stood and

looked at the dead creature. His face grew very red, and the tears stood in his eyes. All the boys came running up, and every one had something to say. One of them whispered to the others and said,

"Now, fellows, we shall see whether Duncan can make up a fib, as well as the rest of us."

"Not he!" said little Tom Pooley, who was Duncan's friend. "Not he! I'll warrant you, Duncan will be as true as gold."

Big Jones stepped up, and, taking the cat by the tail, said, "Here boys, I'll just fling her into the alley, and we can tell Mr. Cole that the butcher's dog killed her; you know he worried her last week."

Several of them thought this would do very well. But Duncan looked quite angry. His face swelled, and his cheeks grew redder than before.

"No!" said he, "no! Do you think I would lie for such a creature as that? It would be a lie, a lie a LIE!" And every time he said the word, his voice grew louder and louder. Then he picked up the poor thing in his arms, and carried it into the school-room, and the boys followed to see what would happen. The master looked up, and said,

"What is this? My faithful mouser dead! Who could have done me such an injury?" All were silent for a little. As soon as Duncan could get his voice, he said,

"Mr. Cole, I am very sorry—but here is the truth. I can't lie, sir; I killed Tabby. But I am very sorry for it. I ought to have been more careful, for I saw her continually rubbing her sides against the log. I am very sorry, indeed, sir."

Every one expected Mr. Cole to

take down his rattan. On the contrary, he put on a pleasant smile, and said,

“Duncan, you are a brave boy ! I saw and heard all that passed from my window above. I would rather lose a hundred cats, than miss such an example of truth and honor in my school. Your best reward is what you now feel in your own conscience ; but I beg you to accept this handsome penknife, as a token of my approbation.”

Duncan took out his little handkerchief and wiped his eyes. The boys could no longer restrain themselves ; and when Tom Pooley cried, “Three cheers for True Duncan !” all joined in a hearty hoora. The teacher seemed willing to allow this, and then said,

“My boys, I am glad you know what is right, and that you approve it ; though I am afraid some of you could not have done it. Learn from this time, that nothing can make a falsehood necessary. Suppose Duncan had taken your evil advice, and had come to me with a lie ; it would have been instantly detected, for I was witness of what passed. I trust he has been governed in this by a sense of God’s presence, and I exhort you all to follow his example.”—*Penny Gazette*.

PLAY FAIR.

Play is the work of children. It is their regular business. Any little labor or study that they do is just so much taken from their play. They play in the sweat of their brow, and often fatigue themselves as much in building a snow house or damming up a ditch, as their parents would do in a ship-yard or a factory.

Children form very important habits at their plays. Their character comes out.

People see what kind of children

they are. If they are passionate, you will be sure to see it in the holidays. If they are greedy, they show it in their sports. Liars will always lie on the play-ground.

It is therefore important that boys and girls should play in the right manner.

THE BLIND AND THE MUTE.

A deaf and dumb man, and a blind man, were once left in a forest by their friends, that they might be destroyed by wild beasts. The deaf and dumb man made signs which the blind man could not see, and the blind man asked questions which the other could not hear. The dumb man at last determined to follow the sun till he got out of the forest. But when the sun set, he lost his way. Then the blind man undertook to guide him, for he had felt how the wind blew while the sun was up, and he kept on in the same direction, till they got of the forest and were saved.

THE MISER’S DAUGHTER.

One cold winter, when the ground was so covered with snow that the little birds could not find anything to eat, the little daughter of a miserly rich man gathered up all the crumbs she could find, and was going to carry them out and scatter them on the snow. Her father saw her, and asked her what she was going to do. She told him, and he said, “What good will it do ? the crumbs will not be enough to feed one in a hundred of the birds.” “I know it, dear father,” said she, but I shall be glad to save even one in a hundred of them, if I cannot save them all.” The father thought a moment ; he knew that many poor persons were suffering in his village, and he had refused to help any, because he could not help them all

His conscience struck him, and he told his little daughter to break a loaf of bread into crumbs for the birds, while he went to scatter a purse of money among the poor villagers.

Stories for Children.—The Angel.

An angel once walked by the side of a beautiful lake, whose water was

so quiet that it reflected the sky, and looked like heaven. He was delighted, and thought he would stay there and not go back to heaven. But suddenly the wind blew, the waves arose, and the surface of the lake was so rough that the angel ascended to the sky, saying that a heaven which could be so easily changed, was no fit place for men or angels.

BIBLE HISTORY.



THE FALL OF JERICHO.

The assault upon Jericho is not without prognostication of perfect success. The powers of darkness may well tremble; the menacing adversaries who line the walls that are still undestroyed, may well be faint at heart, surrounded as they are by the fragments of fortresses, at least as mighty once as those which they resolve to defend. We know not, we pretend not even to conjecture, which of the appointed circuits it is which the Church is now making. But we may now conclude that the time of the end will be marked by a vastly increased diligence in displaying the cross, and publishing the Gospel. With the Israelites the work of six days compressed into the seventh—what

can this denote, but that the downfall of Jericho will be immediately preceded by a multiplied earnestness in the use of all those means which God hath ordained for the triumph of truth? It shall come—that long-expected hour—when Christianity is to attain universal dominion.—The march shall have an end; the mystic seven shall all have been reckoned; and then shall God specially inspire the Church with a spirit of expectation and prayer, so that a shout shall be raised, as though, in ceasing to weary with their tread, the thousands had resolved to invade heaven with their voices. And God will answer the cry of his people. He will recompense that patient trust which has been displayed, century after century, in the encompassing the city, and assailing it with no carnal weapons. On a sudden shall there be a mighty interference; the temples of the idols shall crumble into dust; every form and feature of falsehood shall vanish away; every household and every heart shall be a shrine for Christian truth; and when the vast revolution is surveyed, and its producing cause demanded by those

who would understand the dealings of God, the answer—the triumph—ant answer, will be, “By faith the walls of Jericho fell down, when they were compassed about seven days.”

From a Sermon by the Rev. Henry Melloville.

Narrative of the Dead Sea Expedition.

Lieut. Lynch says, that at the time the expedition entered the Dead sea, one of its members was skeptical as to the truth of the Biblical account respecting the cities of Plain, and another was a professed disbeliever; yet that both when the survey had closed, were convinced of the truth of the narrative in Genesis. The Sea, according to Lieut. Lynch, is divided into two parts, one of which averages thirteen feet in depth, and the other *thirteen hundred*. From the manner in which the torrents precipitate themselves down the overhanging mountains in this deeper part of the sea, as well as from other signs, the expedition arrived at the conclusion that here had once stood Sodom and Gommorrah, and that the entire plain had been sunk, by volcanic agencies. The whole volume, indeed is full of confirmation of the scriptural narrative. Many of the stories, heretofore told of the Dead Sea have been disproved however. Birds are seen to fly over its waters continually; but no fishes are mentioned as having been caught. The insalubriety of the atmosphere is corroborated as well as the density of the water, and the greasy sticky feeling it leaves. The entire valley of the Jordan, once so fertile, is now described as bare and desolate. The habits of the people all through Palestine, still retain the same general characteristic described in the New Testament; and

in reading descriptions of rural scenes in this book, similar ones recorded in the gospels, rise vividly before us.—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

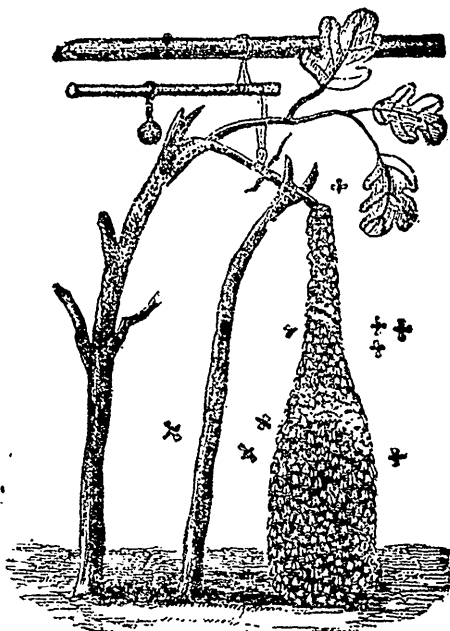
MOUNT OLIVET.

It is situated on the east of Jerusalem, from which it is separated only by the Valley of Jehoshaphat. It is usually said to have three summits; the middle, and apparently highest of which, directly opposite the city, has been falsely assumed, by a very early tradition, as the place of our Lord's ascension.—Toward the south it sinks down into a lower ridge, across which leads the usual road to Bethany. Toward the north, at the distance of about a mile, is another summit, nearly or quite as high as the middle one. With the exception of Calvary, no spot on earth is so historical and so rich in holy associations. The prospect from its summits is magnificent, embracing, besides the holy city and its environs, the whole region of savage, barren mountains, which is bounded on the east by the Dead Sea, the sea itself, and the valley of the Jordan, and the mountains of Arabia, which occupy the whole range of vision beyond. On one summit rises the Church of the Ascension, built in commemoration of that event. In all substantial features, the hill is just what it was in the time of Christ; time can have made few changes in its hard proportions. The terraces and gardens that formerly adorned it are gone; the gay dwellings that enlivened it have crumbled; and but a few olive-trees, scattered here and there, remain to show the propriety of the name of Olivet. But the precious memories that belong to the hill so often trodden by the Saviour of men will never be effaced.

NATURAL HISTORY.

BEE SWARMING.

When bees increase so that there is not room for them all in the hive many hundreds of them go off in a swarm. This generally takes place after 10 o'clock in the morning. When they leave their hive they seem uncertain where to go; and oftentimes they light upon a branch of a tree where they cling to each other and hang down, forming quite a large body as in the picture before the reader. Bees are very industrious and very useful. They make a great deal of honey, oftentimes flying several miles during the day to find flowers from which they extract the sweet to make their honey.



USE OF THE PEACOCK'S TAIL.

The beauty of the peacock's plumage was a theme of admiration in the remotest times; and the bird was sought after, as capable of adding splendor to the magnificence of Solomon. The chief display of this beauty arises from that arrangement of long and gorgeous feathers which spring from the space between the region behind the wings and the origin of the tail; but the use of this to the bird itself has been a subject of doubt. At first sight it seems to be no better than a luxuriance of nature, and an encumbrance rather than a benefit. The action by which their splendor is outspread, has also been deemed

an absurd manifestation of pride. But men are imperfect interpreters of the actions of animals; and a closer examination of the habits of this bird will afford a different explanation. The tail of the peacock is of a plain and humble description, and seems to be of no other use besides aiding in the erection of the long feathers of the loins; while the latter are supplied at their insertion with an arrangement of voluntary muscles, which contribute to their elevation, and to the other emotions of which they are capable. If surprised by a foe, the peacock presently erects its gorgeous feathers; and the enemy at once beholds starting up before him a crea-

ture which his terror cannot fail to magnify into the bulk implied by the circumference of a glittering circle of the most dazzling hues ; his attention at same time being distracted by a hundred glaring eyes meeting his gaze in every direction. A hiss from the head in the centre, which in shape and colors resembles that of a serpent, and a rustling from the trembling quills, are attended by an advance of the most conspicuous portion of this bulk ; which is in itself an action to retreat, being caused by a receding motion of the body of the bird. That must be a bold animal which does not pause

at the sight of such an object ; and short interval is sufficient to insure the safety of the bird ; but if, after all, the enemy should be bold enough to risk an assault, it is most likely that its eagerness or rage would be spent on the glittering appendages, in which case the creature is divested only of that which a little time will again supply. A like explanation may be offered of the use of the long and curious appendages of the head and neck of various kinds of humming-birds, which however feeble, are a pugnacious race.—*Couch's Illustrations of Instinct.*

SCIENCE FOR BEGINNERS.

HOW THE RAIN IS MADE.

A Scottish missionary tells us that a few days after he had begun a mission school at Calcutta, he had the following conversation with one of the boys in it.—Up to that time the boys had been in one of the native schools. The word “rain” occurred in the lesson.

“What is rain?” said the missionary. “Water from the sky.”

“Is it made by the sky itself?”

“No.”

“How then is it made?” “Don’t you know that yourself?” said the boy.

“I think I do, but I wish to find out whether you know.”

“Well,” said the boy, with an air of pride and satisfaction, “I will tell you. It comes from the trunk of Indra’s elephant.”

“Indeed,” replied the missionary, “I have never heard of that before why is it that you believe it?”

“All I can say about it,” answered

the boy, “is, that my Gooro (religious teacher) told me so.”

“But how did your Gooro know it? Did he ever see the elephant himself?” “Oh! no, the elephant is wrapped up in a cloud, as in a covering; and no one can therefore see it.”

“How then come the Gooro to know that the elephant was there at all?” “To be sure,” said the boy, “because the Shastra says so, and what the Shastra says must be so.”

“Well,” said the missionary, “your Gooro in Scotland taught us very differently. Would you like to hear our explanation of rain?”

“Oh yes!” said all the boys.

“Now then, in boiling your rice, what do you see rising?” “Smoke or vapor.”

“When a dry lid is held over it for some time, what follows?”

“The lid gets wet.”

“What makes it wet?” “The vapor.”

"And when it gets very wet, does all the vapor continue to stick to it?"

"No it falls off in drops."

"Where does the vapor come from at first?"—"From the water in the vessel."

"What drives it off from the rest of the water, and makes it fly into the air?" They could not tell.

"When you hold a cup of cold water in your hand does vapor rise from it?" "No."

"What is the difference between the water in the cup, and the water that boils the rice?" "The one is cold, and the other is warm."

"So then it is the water heated by the fire that sends forth part of itself in vapor?" "Yes, we understand this."

The boys were next asked what they saw rising from the plains of Bengal, after a heavy fall of rain, when the morning sun sheds his rays

upon the ground? They replied, "Great vapors."

It was easy now to show them that, just as the hot vapors, rising from the water, struck against the lid, and were brought by the cold back again to their former state of water, and so fell in drops—in like manner the hot vapors rising from the earth met with the cold air in the sky, and were brought back again to water, and fell in showers of rain.

"This is the theory," said the missionary, "which I learn from my Goro in Scotland."

It carried conviction with it. And the boys said, "What then must become of our Shastra? it cannot be right."

Thus, you see, how correct knowledge about anything prepares the way for the downfall of these false Shastras.

A N E C D O T E S.

THE DEVIL GHEATED,

"Father Hull," now deceased, was a preacher of the old school, S. C. Conference. Passing along the highway one evening, in a strange, wicked country, he called at a good lodging house for lodgings. Weary and faint, he sat down by the fireside. After a while, as night began to close in, companies of well dressed gentlemen and ladies flocked into his room. One drew out his violin and commenced playing. Away scampered the youngsters, hopping and leaping. It was "a ball!" Here sat the stranger looking silently on. At length a partner was wanted, and

one ventured up and asked Mr. Hull if he would take the floor.

"Certainly, madam!" said he, rising and walking out on the floor as he spoke; "but I have long made it a rule never to commence business till I have asked direction of the Lord, and his blessing upon it. Will you all join in prayer with me?"

As he spoke these words he fell on his knees and began to pray. Some kneeled, others stood, all petrified with astonishment.

In the meantime, being a holy, faithful man, and peculiarly powerful in prayer, he seemed to draw the very heavens and earth together. Some groaned some shrieked

cloud, and many fell prostrate, like dead men, on the floor. Truly the place was sweet and awful on account of the Divine presence. In short, the dance was turned into a religious meeting, from which many dated their conviction and conversion, and the commencement

of a powerful revival. "Behold what a great matter a little fire kindleth!"

O, had we more faith and impetuosity, what good we might do? How glorious to attack and drive the devil from his own strong holds.

P O E T R Y.

CHILD'S PRAYER ON SABBATH MORNING.

Father I ask thy blessing now
On this thy holy day :
Help me to think of Thee and heaven,
And not of school or play.

Go with me, Holy Father,
To the blessed house of prayer,
And let no vain foolish thoughts
Disturb my worship there.

Oh ! when I read thy sacred Word,
Fill me with holy light,
That I may understand thy will,
And live as in thy sight.

May I learn something good to-day
To guide me all the week :
Dear Saviour, thou hast kindly said,
That they shall find who seek.

Go with me to the Sabbath-school,
Bless my kind teacher's care :
Make me attentive, gentle, meek,
To the instructions there.

And Father, when thou call'st thy child
From those dear scenes I love,
Oh, take me to thy glorious home
Of joy and peace above.

Youth's Penny Gazette.

HYMN FOR A CHILD.

My little eyes can never reach
Beyond the distant star,
But God my father's eye can stretch
A thousand times as far.
And more than that—through endless space

His mighty power is known ;
No mortal can, nor angels trace
The wonders of his throne.

But though he is so great and wise,
And I but weak and poor,
His kind compassion never dies—
His promise is secure.

And every morning, when the sun
Shall bid my slumber cease,
I'll bow the knee before his throne,
And ask his saving grace.

TO MY LITTLE CHILD.

Little boy, with laughing eye,
Bright and blue as yonder sky ;
Come, and I will teach you, love,
Who is it that lives above.

It is God who made the earth,
God who gave you, dearest, birth ;
God who sees each sparrow fall ;
God who reigns great King of all.

God who sends the pleasant breeze,
Blowing sweet through flowers and trees,
God who gives you every joy,
God who loves you, little boy.

He is beautiful and bright,
Living in eternal light ;
Would not you, my little love,
Like to live with him above ?

Ask Him, then, to show you how
You may please Him here below ;
Ask Him grace and help to send,
Ask, through Christ, your kindest friend.

You must learn to read and look.
Often in his holy book ;
There, my darling, you will find,
God is very good and kind.

THE CHILD AND THE DEW DROPS.

"Oh! father, dear father, why pass they away,
The dew-drops that sparkle at dawn of the day,
That glitter'd like stars in the light of the moon,
Oh! why are the dew-drops dissolving so soon?"

Does the sun in his wrath chase their brightness away,
As though nothing that's lovely might live for a day?
The moonlight had faded, the flowers still remain,
But the dew-drops had shrunk in their petals again,
Oh! father, dear father, why pass they away,
The dew-drops that sparkled at dawn of the day?"

"My child," said the father, "look up to the skies,
Behold that bright rainbow—those beautiful dyes;
There—there are the dew-drops in glory re-set,
Mid the jewels of heaven they are glittering yet.
Then are we not taught by each beautiful ray,
To mourn not earth's fair things, though passing away
For though youth of its beauty and brightness be riven,
All that withers on earth blooms more sweetly in heaven.
Look up," said the father, "look up to the skies,
Hope sits on the wings of those beautiful dyes."

Alas! for the father—how little knew he,
That the words he had spoken prophetic would be,
That the beautiful cherub—the star of his day,
Was e'en then like the dew-drops dissolving away:
Oh, sad was the father, when low in the skies,
The rainbow again spread its beautiful dyes,
And then he remembered the maxims he'd given,
And thought of his child and the dew-drops in heaven.

AN INCIDENT OF THE LIFE OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

In the neighborhood of his father's residence in the county of Meath, the future duke, then a lad, was one of a party which, after the manner of the times, had indulged in free potations until a late period of the night. Mr. Wellesley, or, as the name then was, Wesley, managed to escape from his companions, and, retiring to his bed, fell fast asleep. His absence was observed, and his retreat detected. It was determined that he should return. One of the party, more or less drunken than the rest, snapped up a loaded pistol, and, carefully drawing the ball with which it was loaded, proceeded to the bedside to discharge the powder at the head of

the sleeper. He fired. Mr. Wellesley was of course awoken, and was forced to get up, dressed himself, and was brought back in triumph to the party. In the morning, however, it was found that the ramrod of the pistol had passed through the pillow close by where the head of the future conqueror of Napoleon must have been. With all the care that his assailant had taken to draw the ball, he had left, unconsciously, in its place the ramrod; and but that the potations that confused his perceptions unsteadied his hand, when he pointed the pistol at the young sleeper's head, that might have ended the career of the Hon. Arthur Wellesley.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

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