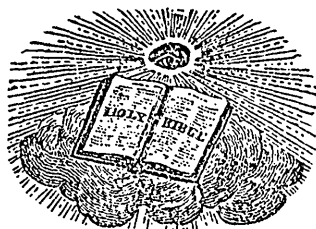


SUNDAY SCHOOL GUARDIAN.



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

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THE OFFICE OF SUPERINTENDENT.

It is admitted that the position of superintendent of a Sunday school is one requiring the exercise of much judgment and considerable tact. His duties are important, and the prosperity of the school he has in charge depends in a great measure, on the manner in which they are performed.

Of course, it is presumed that he is *decidedly pious*, and not deficient in intellectual requirements. These are primary qualifications, which should be possessed by every teacher of youth. But, as occupying a higher place, a superintendent should be—

An experienced teacher. It is necessary he should be so, that the teachers under him may have perfect confidence in his ability and arrangements, inducing them to consult him in every difficulty, and to adopt his advice. And that he may be able judiciously to assort teachers and classes, he must have that liberal knowledge of Sunday school operations which is to be acquired only by experience.

As one experienced in the work, he will be at once a pattern, a counsellor, and a guide to those associated with him, and will be eminently useful and influential in his sphere; but if inexperienced, he can only nominally superintend. It is in harmony with reason and prudence that whoever directs others in an undertaking should be well and practically acquainted with its details. I imagine it to be folly to place the charge of a Sunday school in the hands of any teacher who has not matured experience to guide him in his duties, and I have seen the injurious effects of such appointments. A superintendent's responsibility is grave and serious, and he should therefore be *an experienced teacher*.

I conceive, also, that a superintendent *should be possessed of firmness and energy of mind*. Very frequent occasion will be given him, in connection with his duties, for the exercise of these qualities, especially if he be placed in a large school. To impress the unruly scholar referred to him for reproof, he must have *firmness*, and he

cannot rule or command respect from the children over whom he is placed without *energy*. Difficulties often arise, too, in dealing with both teachers and scholars, which require determination to overcome them. A superintendent ought to be *energetic* in the discharge of his duties.

A superintendent ought to be a person *habituated and disposed to regularity and method* in all his arrangements. This is indispensable for the preservation of order in his school, and to its efficient management. And, although it may not at first seem to be of much consequence that our superintendents should be scrupulously punctual and regular, it will be found that want of method operates directly against the prosperity of any school, *always* affecting very much the comfort, and *frequently* the usefulness of the teachers. In a Sunday school, everything should be done "in order;" and, as a principal means of securing such arrangements the person chosen to conduct it should be a pattern of regularity.

All Sunday-school teachers must be, to some extent, actuated by motives of benevolence; but should not our superintendent be *peculiarly a warm-hearted man*? That he may win the affection and confidence of teacher and scholar, and be ready to sympathize with each in their real and fancied difficulties, does he not require such a qualification? And in dealing with both classes, will he not find frequent opportunity for the practice of charity and forbearance?

Allow me only further to say, that it is desirable that our superintendents should be *men of some standing in the congregation* with which they are connected. Their influence will, consequently, be felt as enhancing the estimate of the importance of our work entertained by many in the Christian

community, and as also inducing others to take a more lively interest in the affairs of our Sunday school associations. It is very gratifying to find that very many office-bearers in the Church occupy prominent places in connection with the religious tuition of the young and rising generation. We must deem such a fact an evidence of the extended and increasing interest now taken by the Church at large relative to the spiritual welfare of the young of our day. May this concern be fostered, and may He, whose commission to us is, "Feed my lambs," recognize our labors, by taking to himself glory in the salvation of many young souls, through our humble instrumentality!
—*Glasgow S. S. Union Magazine.*

A LITTLE BOY'S REMARK TO HIS TEACHER,

A little incident was related a few weeks ago by a member of a Sabbath school in Providence, R. I., which is interesting to every lover of truth, especially such truth as comes from the lips of the young in its original simplicity.

A class of little boys was confided by the superintendent to the care of a brother, whose hoary head is declared in the word of God to be a crown of glory. Their venerable teacher promised them last winter, that as soon as the days of spring should come, and the earth put on its mantle of green, and the little songsters begin to warble among the trees, he would set apart a day and take them to visit the abodes of the dead, and to look upon the graves of those school-mates whom the hand of death had lately torn from their embrace, and over whom the snowy blasts of winter were then fiercely beating.

Spring soon came, and their faithful teacher was glad to fulfil his promise.

The little scholars soon became tired of walking among the dead, and of reading the various inscriptions upon the tomb-stones, and the old man, to impress the solemn lessons which they had read, kneeled with them in prayer, under a large oak-tree. God met, and really blessed them there.

The teacher remarked to his youthful company that he must soon die and be laid in the cold and silent grave, and that he did not expect to have a large and costly monument erected over his resting-place, or even a simple grave-stone to mark the spot where he lay.

To these affecting remarks one of the little boys very beautifully replied: "Never mind, father Poore, you will have the corner-stone which the builders refused!"—*Herald and Journal*.

HOW TO RISE IN THE WORLD.

It is astonishing what wonders industry and perseverance will accomplish in the world.

A few years since, as Mr. Gallaudet, a gentleman of fine education and unusual generosity, was walking in the streets of Hartford, Connecticut, where he resided, there came running to him a poor boy, of very ordinary appearance, but whose fine, intelligent eye fixed the attention of the gentleman, as the boy inquired, "Sir, can you tell me of a man who would like a boy to work for him, and teach him to read?"

"Whose boy are you? and where do you live?"

"I have no parents," was the reply; "and have just run away from the work-house because they would not teach me to read."

The gentleman made arrangements with the authorities of the town, and took the boy into his own family. There he learned to read. Nor was

this all. He soon acquired the confidence of his new associates, by faithfulness and honesty. He was allowed the use of his friend's library, and made rapid progress in the acquisition of knowledge. It became necessary, after a while, that George should leave Mr. Gallaudet, and he became apprenticed to a cabinet-maker in the neighbourhood. There the same integrity won for him the favor of his new associates. To gratify his inclination for study, his master had a little room finished for him in the upper part of the shop, where he devoted his leisure time to his favorite pursuits. Here he made large attainments in mathematics, in the French language, and other branches. After being in this situation a few years, as he sat at tea with the family one evening, he all at once remarked that he wanted to go to France.

"Go to France!" said his master, surprised that the apparently contented and happy youth had thus suddenly become dissatisfied with his situation—"for what?"

"Ask Mr. Gallaudet to tea to-morrow evening," continued George, "and I will explain."

His kind friend was invited accordingly. At tea-time the apprentice presented himself with his manuscripts, in English and French, and explained his singular intention to go to France.

"In the time of Napoleon," said he, "a prize was offered by the French government for the simplest rule of measuring plane surfaces, of whatever outline. The prize has never been awarded, and that method I have discovered."

He then demonstrated his problem to the surprise and gratification of his friends, who immediately furnished him with the means of defraying his expenses, and with letters of introduc-

tion to Hon. Lewis Cass, then our minister to the Court of France. He was introduced to Louis Philippe, and in the presence of the king, and nobles, and plenipotentiaries, this American youth demonstrated his problem, and received the plaudits of the court. He received the prize which he had clearly won, besides valuable presents from the king.

He then took letters of introduction, and proceeded to the Court of St. James, and took up a similar prize, offered by the Royal Society, and returned to the United States. Here he was preparing to secure the benefit of his discovery by patent, when he received a letter from the Emperor Nicholas himself, one of whose ministers had witnessed his demonstrations at London, inviting him to make his residence at the Russian Court, and furnishing him with ample means for his outfit.

He complied with the invitation, repaired to St. Petersburg, and in 1852 was Professor of Mathematics in the Royal College, under the special protection of the Autocrat of all the Russias.—*N. Y. S. S. Advocate.*

From the American Messenger.

A NOBLE BOY.

A minister of the gospel in one of the western states had an interesting little son, on whose mind he was daily trying to make impressions that would form his life according to the Bible. He taught his little boy to avoid sin, and to keep out of the way of sinners. He carefully guarded him against the popular and fashionable vices of the day. Nor did he tire in his work.—He knew it was by little and little that he was to make lasting indelible impressions upon the mind of his son.

A short time since, this father left his son with a friend, to spend a few

weeks. The gentleman with whom he was left was pleased with his charge, and did all he could to render the little fellow happy and contented. One day he carried him to a neighboring village to see a circus, without telling the child where he was going. The unsuspecting boy went cheerfully along, and was very happy, and much pleased with his ride. The gentleman took him into the inclosure under the canopy, and getting a convenient seat, placed the child by his side. The little fellow looked around upon the crowd of spectators, and gazed upon the immense canvas umbrella spread above him; and then turning to the gentleman, he inquired, "What is this?" "Where am I?" The gentleman replied, "This a circus." "A circus?" said the little boy; "then I must go out, for father says a circus is a bad place." "Wait," said the gentleman, "and you will soon see some fine horses and fine-dressed gentlemen and ladies, and you will be delighted with them." "No, no," said the child, "I cannot stay; I must go out, and go away from here; for father says a circus is a bad place for little boys." The gentleman tried in vain to satisfy the boy's conscience; but nothing would do, and he was compelled to take him out and carry him home.

This was a noble boy. The little fellow did exactly right. He determined to obey his father. "Children, obey your parents in the Lord; for this is right."

Lynchburgh, Va.

J. E. E.

From the American Messenger.

"WHAT DO I CARE FOR RIGHT?"

Little Edward was the son of a distinguished statesman, and his school-mate Henry was the child of pious parents. They were walking together

from the academy one day, when Edward asked his companion to join him in a mischievous play. Henry immediately said, "That would not be right." Edward replied impatiently, "*What do I care for right?*"—The boys grew up to youth. We will pass over several years of their history, and tell you what became of them.

Henry loved the Saviour, and wished to be a minister. Before he could get ready to preach, consumption began to take his strength away. He went home from school to die. His mother was also dying with the same disease. Their rooms were not far apart, and so they sent daily sweet messages to each other about Christ and heaven. One morning Henry with a smile "fell asleep in Jesus." Soon as his father saw that he was gone, he entered the room of the mother, who was waiting for her Redeemer. She inquired, "How is Henry?" His father answered, "He is well." In a few moments she was with him, we doubt not, in paradise. It was a touching and beautiful scene, and many tears were shed at the funeral, although the grave was bright with the hope of heaven. Such was the death of a boy who loved to do right.

But it was not so with Edward. He left home for the sea, and in early youth became very wicked. He tried to kill the captain of the ship, that he and his companions might turn pirates. His plan was found out, and he was *hung*, and his body was thrown into the ocean. Does not the awful scene make you think of his words when a child, "What do I care for right?"

The Bible says, "Even a child is known by his doing, whether his work be pure, and whether it be *right?*"—Think of it, and remember, as you live *now*, if spared, you will probably be when older, and when you *die*.

P. C. H.

From the American Messenger.

SABBATH-BREAKING.

Edwin S—was the son of a pious mother. A friend presented him a gun; and on a bright Sabbath-morning a school-mate called, and without the knowledge of his mother, led him with his gun into the forest. In about an hour the sound of a gun struck the ear and the heart of the mother and with her little daughter she started in the direction of the sound, meeting the school-mate of Edwin hastening to summon assistance. Without a guide they wandered long, but at last discovered Edwin, fainting and exhausted, lying among the fallen leaves. The gun had been accidentally discharged while the boys were sitting on a log and conversing in all the thoughtlessness of boyhood.

When kind and sympathising neighbors reached the spot, they found Mrs. S— supporting in her arms the bleeding body of her son; while the little girl, trembling and terrified, was kneeling under an aged tree, and calling on God for help. It was a scene never to be forgotten. In the deep wood, through a wound in his breast, the lifeblood of the beloved son and brother was rapidly flowing away, while his intellect and conscience were fully awake to his danger and his sin. Through many long hours, he mourned over his desecration of the Sabbath, and the waste of that life from which he had anticipated so much joy. Supported on a bier borne on the shoulders of men, and followed by his agonized family, he returned to the home which he had left in the morning with a light step and happy heart. "Oh that I had gone with my brother to the house of God," was his constant exclamation, as the bearers cautiously threaded the forest paths, and at last laid him down on his own bed to die. So great was his horror at the thought of thus dying in his youth,

that he told his physician he might cut him in pieces, if the operation would preserve his life. But the care and exertions of his friends, and his own anxiety and fear, were in vain. Nature gave way in the struggle, and he passed to the eternal world.

Many remember Edwin S——, his elastic form and blooming cheek, his high hopes, and the sudden visitation which took him from his home and the world of the living. In a little inclosure, now fast filling, the earth was opened for the first time to deposit him in her bosom. May those who look upon, or think of his early grave, be warned to prepare for a sudden call, and particularly to "remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy."

M. H. C.

KINDNESS.

"Now, let us run off to the meadow," said George to his brother Arthur; "let us make the most of our holiday, this fine morning. A good game at bat and ball will be just the thing."

"Agreed," said Arthur, and away went the little boys, very happy to have got leave to enjoy the fine autumn weather.

As they went along they saw many village children going to a nut grove not far off. Arthur and George hoped that they would find plenty of nuts; for they knew the poor people sometimes made a good profit by selling what their children brought home.

Presently they met a little girl, whom they knew to be the child of a poor widow; for they had often seen her and her brother driving birds from the corn, and in other ways earning a penny to help their mother. Their mamma also had told them that poor as they were, those two children set an example to many above them. They

never were known to quarrel; they were dutiful, and loving, and the Sunday school teachers said none could be fonder of learning out of the Holy Bible about God and the Lord Jesus Christ than Mary and James Booth.—But now Mary looked very sad, and she walked slower than usual; so George called out to her, and asked if her brother was gone to the nutting without her. Mary said, "Please, sir, brother is ill, very ill indeed; and I am going by myself, to try to get a few nuts to sell, that mother may buy him something to do him good."

"Poor little girl," said George, when they had passed her; "if I had any money I would give her some to help her sick brother."

"She will not get many nuts," said Arthur, "for there is a great scramble, and she, all alone, poor thing, will be pushed away by the big and strong ones." Then George said, "I will tell you what; though we have no money, we might help the little girl as well as if we had a shilling or more."

"How, George?"

"Why, do you not remember papa showed us a fine nut-tree down the lane? and he said we might go some fine day and gather the nuts for ourselves; and, you know, we were going to keep them till our cousins come."

"Yes," said Arthur; "and we shall get them next week."

"But I was thinking, if we were to gather them now, and give them to little Mary; to be sure we should lose our own nutting."

"And our game of bat and ball this fine day," said Arthur. And then the two little boys looked at each other, as if it was too hard to give up so much for a stranger.

But the thought of poor James on his sick bed, and Mary's sorrowful face among the merry shouting nutters, and the small handful that she would

be likely to take home, began to get the better of their selfishness; and Arthur said, "We read this morning about the Lord Jesus Christ, who was very kind and tender to the poor, and went about doing them good."

"Yes," said George; "and when Peter and John saw the lame man sitting to beg at the gate of the temple, Peter said, 'Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I thee;' now we can not heal the little boy, but we may help to get something to nourish him, just by giving up our morning's play, which would not make us half so happy as a bag of nuts would make poor Mary."

No more was said; it was a pretty sight to see how, at the same moment, those two dear little brothers turned and ran—so fast they ran! They soon overtook poor Mary, and told her to come with them; and they went over a field, and through a house, and to the place that their father had shown them, because it belonged to himself; and they came to the great tree, which grew high up on a sloping bank, with a great many wild flowers, and all sorts of pretty grasses about the bottom of it, so that little Mary stood up to her very knees in them. Arthur was half way up: while George at the top, reached into the tree, gathering the nuts, he took them from him and threw them into Mary's pinafore, till it was so full, that the child almost cried for joy to think of the many pence her mother would get for them, and the nice things to be had for her dear brother, with the money. They were fine nuts too; and not one of all the party who went nutting that day, carried home such a store as Mary Booth.

George and Arthur went home to dinner. At night their parents asked them how they had spent the morning. So they told them; and it made their papa and mamma very happy, to hear

that their dear boys had found out the value of time and leisure.

From the Child's Paper.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

"Come," said England about three years ago to all the nations, "it would be a fine thing for each of us to have an opportunity of seeing all the improvements which each has made in machinery, in tools, in science, and the arts, without the cost of visiting the different workshops of all the different nations. Now I will build a great show-shop, and invite every body to come and bring the best specimens of their work for exhibition. I will show you mine, and you shall show me yours." And it struck the nations favourably, and they said, "Yes, we will come and bring our work with us." And from this arose the famous crystal palace, built of iron and glass, in Hyde Park, London, which was the wonder of the world in 1851. In its shape, its materials, and its object, it was altogether new. Millions flocked to see it, and for taste, and talent, and ingenuity, and industry, and splendor, the exhibition was perhaps never equalled.

The next year the people of this country said, "Let us now, on this side of the waters, have an exhibition, and let the people of Europe come over with their fabrics, and see us;" and for this purpose an "Association for the Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations" was formed to carry out the enterprise. New York took the lead, and this is the origin of the beautiful crystal palace in the city of New York, which so many from all parts of the country are flocking to see. It is situated in Reservoir square, four miles from the Battery, and is built of iron columns, panelled, not with wood, nor marble or granite, but with glass, of

which there are 15,000 panes. Of the iron columns, there are 190 on the ground floor, and 148 on the second. In its form, it is at its base an octagon, or eight-sided, and above it has the form of a cross at right angles, the four naves or wings extending north, south, east, and west, and the centre is surmounted by a vast dome of great beauty, 148 feet high. The length and breadth of the building are each 365 feet, and it covers four acres. The inside is cream-colour, with pictures and statues in every direction. Water and gas are carried by pipes into every part of the building; and when lighted up in the evening it presents a shining and splendid appearance. This vast building, with its long galleries and magnificent stairways filled with all manner of useful, curious, elegant, and wonderful objects; its brilliant and stately look from without, surrounded by a vast throng of people coming and going; in a word, the crystal palace is an object to excite the wonder and admiration of every beholder.

And I sometimes think, if a crystal palace is so beautiful and attractive, what would a crystal city be? There is a city like crystal, which we read about, very glorious, and people every year are making pilgrimages to it.—Have you read about it in your geography? No. Did you ever see any body that returned from it? No; and perhaps you will say you never heard of it before, for it does not make much stir. Yet it has twelve gates of pearl, and the streets are of pure gold as it were transparent glass; it has no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine upon it, the light is like unto a stone most precious, clear as crystal. But the most striking fact about this city, and that which forms such a strange and remarkable contrast with New York, or New Orleans, or any other city which you know of, is, that

there is there no death, or sorrow, or crying, neither any pain; no little child cries there, it has no need of tears; once there, it is an all-happy child for ever and for ever.

We notice also there are some strict rules about who shall enter into this city, and who shall not. "There shall in *no wise* enter into it any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie; but they that are written in the Lamb's book of life." O how pure must it be within. And now, do you know where it is? "Ah yes," you say, "it can mean only one place, and that is the heavenly city, and I must have all my sins washed away in order to go there." Yes my child, no one but the Lord Jesus Christ can give you a passport to this bright abode; hear his call, join his company, love him, follow him, and you shall enter those everlasting gates with songs and great joy. Will you not press into this crystal city?

THE SPECTRE.

I remember, when a boy, reading a story of a traveller, who arrived in the dusk of the evening at a place where two roads met, and was greatly alarmed by what appeared to him at a distance to be a frightful ghost, dressed in white, with arms extended, ready to seize him in his frightful embrace. Cautiously advancing, however, he soon discovered that what appeared to be a terrible monster, ready to clutch him, was only a *guide-board* to direct him on his journey. Such are the afflictions that often befall us in this life. Seen at a distance, in the feeble light of our dim faith, they are frightful apparitions that alarm and terrify us; but, in the event, they prove so many friendly guide-boards that a wise and gracious Providence has placed by the wayside to guide us on to glory.

KING GEORGE, OF THE FRIENDLY ISLANDS.



From the Wesleyan Juvenile Offering.

King George, of the Friendly Islands
A SKETCH.

*Continued from Vol. VII. page 92
S. S. Guardian.*

Previously to King George's listening to the instructions of the Missionaries, he had followed the desires of his own heart, and the delight of his own eyes. But now, being nominally a Christian, he wished to act in unison with his profession; and accordingly he

began to think of some one to share more fully in the affections of his heart and the honours of his throne. Such a lady he found at Tonga. Her name was Lube, ("pigeon":) in rank she was very high, being descended from those families who were connected with the priesthood. The King brought her to Haabai in his canoe: and then, as the Sovereign of a nation untrammelled by the laws of civilized society, he acted with his characteristic promptitude in the following manner:—

One morning, before the first rays of the sun had gilded the horizon, King George sallied forth to speak to the Missionary. He approached the outer gate: it was closed: this he very soon climbed, and reached the door of the house. He succeeded in arousing the Missionary, who was greatly surprised by a visit from royalty at such an hour, as he knew nothing of the intended wedding. The King soon informed him that he wished to be married that very morning, in as private a manner as possible. Mr. Watkin, well knowing the importance of this step upon the character of the King and the natives, hastened to his colleague, Mr. Tucker, to tell him the joyful news. It was during the twilight of the morning that the two Missionaries were wending their way to the chapel: there they were met by the royal pair and a few other persons, when, in this unostentatious way, the marriage ceremony was performed. The first news of the day was, "King George is married."

This wedding was followed by that of several of the young chiefs of Haabai, who, no doubt, were influenced by the example of their superior. The Queen was shortly afterwards baptized, when she received the Christian name of Charlotte; thus by the providence of God, King George and Queen Charlotte were brought to reign over these interesting islands. May I ask you, my dear readers, now to unite with me in the following prayer? "Long may they live, happily may they reign, and may we meet them in glory!"

We are now approaching a period in the annals of the Friendly Islanders that fixed the character of the natives. A new era dawned upon them, when old things passed away, and all things became new. This was nothing less than a glorious pentecostal shower with which the Islands were visited in June, July, and August, 1834, when about

five thousand persons were awakened by the Holy Spirit to see themselves as sinners, and fly to Christ as their Saviour. This glorious work broke out about the same time in the two groups of Islands under the dominion of the King. As taught by the Missionaries, and as led by them in their devotions, the people had prayed for the gift of the Holy Ghost; but they had yet to learn the difference between the dumb idols they had served, and the heart-renewing power of the living and true God.

Many and interesting are the circumstances which might be recorded of this gracious time; but we must proceed with our "sketch" of His Majesty.

King George was in Vavau when this work commenced. He had been converted from Heathenism; but he did not yet know that he must receive the kingdom of God as a little child,—that he must be born again. He saw the whole congregation bowing before the Lord, and, in great agony of mind, confessing their sins. There were his warriors, old men, and strong men, men of renown, who had not quailed before the enemy: these were smiting on their breasts, trembling and weeping. Yes; the King saw them, and, sad to say, he despised them in his heart, and left the chapel unsubdued. Prayer was made to God in his behalf; again the congregation assembled, the cries of repentant sinners caused joy in heaven, and heaven rang with Jesus's saving name. At length the heart of the King was softened; the silent tear stole down his face, and he fell prostrate at the feet of Jesus, a penitent. By his side was the Queen, equally concerned for her soul. The meeting was continued until very late; but they left without an assurance that they were accepted in the Beloved. They retired to their house, accompanied by some of the Local Preachers; there they continued to wrestle and

plead with God, until about midnight, when he spoke peace to their souls, and made them very happy in their Saviour's love. A messenger was immediately despatched to the Missionary, (Mr. Turner) that he who had wept with them might now with them rejoice.

Soon after this two of the Missionaries, with the King and Queen, visited many of the islands in the Vavau group. The royal progress was not celebrated by war songs and the shouts of savage men, as in their former Heathen state; but everywhere hymns of praise to God issued from grateful hearts, and from lips formerly unused to such sacred employment.

During this revival the King sent word to Haabai that it was his *loto* (mind or will), the people should, for a few days, abstain from secular employments, and occupy their time and attention with spiritual subjects. This was attended to for about a week; and truly it was a week of Sabbaths. The result of that gracious command will be known only in eternity. The Missionaries called this blessed work a "revival"; but the natives said, *Kuo hoko ae ofu*, "The love is come."

Shortly afterwards the King visited the Haabai Islands. The change wrought in him was very apparent; while love, the fruit of living faith was beautifully manifested in his conduct, as the following facts will show:—

It was during the time of service, when many hearts were softened, that King George and Lote (Lot) were in the same congregation: they had been at enmity, for the chief had displeased the King; but now eye met eye and heart met heart, when, unrestrained by the many who were gazing upon them, they rushed into each other's arms, fell on each other's necks, and wept; former animosities were forgiven: they loved

as brethren in Christ. It was now time for the King to return to Vavau. The people had been refreshed and encouraged by his visit: they knew not how to part with him: they assembled in large numbers to bid him adieu. As in days of primitive simplicity, they kneeled on the sea-shore and prayed: man; kissed his hand and wept. At length Mr. Tucker noticed some one folded in the arms of the King. Who could it be? It was Josiah Laujii, his brother.

To be continued.

A DAY OF REJOICING IN AFRICA.

Many of the readers of the "Christian Miscellany" have, no doubt, heard of the Kaffir war and Hottentot rebellion, which kept the various British settlements in South Africa in a state of constant excitement for more than two years, and seriously retarded the progress of Missionary labour among the native tribes of this vast continent. All who takes an interest in the welfare of this important section of the British empire rejoice that the war is now at an end, and that peace has, once more, been proclaimed upon our borders.—Her Majesty the Queen of England has, moreover, been pleased to grant to the colony of the "Cape of Good Hope" a free representative Parliament, with a Constitution so liberal as to excite feelings of gratitude and joy throughout the land. These events were celebrated by a day of rejoicing, on the 24th of May, 1853, the Queen's birthday. The juvenile part of the population took a lively interest in the proceedings which took place in Cape-Town, the capital of the Colony; and a brief account of the ceremony may gratify the youthful friends of Africa who live in highly-favoured England.

The municipality of Cape-Town having generously invited the children of the schools to a treat on the Parade, about half-past nine o'clock in the morning, the different companies of scholars, with their Teachers and Ministers, were seen walking in beautiful order, and with banners flying, to the appointed place. The children of the three Wesleyan schools, with their Teachers, amounted to about five hundred; and those from twelve other schools in the city, swelled the number to about three thousand five hundred; whilst nearly ten thousand spectators were assembled to witness the pleasing scene. It is generally believed that such a concourse of people were never before assembled together on any occasion in South Africa; and perhaps there never was such a mixed multitude as to condition, language, and complexion,—from the pale-faced European to the jet-black Mozambique. At ten o'clock, Lieut.-Governor Darling, and his lady, met the children by appointment. They were received with three hearty cheers; after which the band played, and the children sang, "God save the Queen." The standard-bearers, representing respectively the schools to which they belong, having marched up the front of the platform on which the Lieut.-Governor and party were seated, they were introduced to His Honour by the Rev. G. W. Stegmann; who stated that an address to Her Majesty the Queen had been drawn up, and signed by seven hundred and eight children, on behalf of the rest.—The Rev. G. Morgan then read the address, to which the Lieut.-Governor gave a most appropriate and encouraging reply.

The Rev. W. Moister, General Superintendent of the Wesleyan Missions, proposed a vote of thanks to the municipality of Cape-Town, for the opportunity they had afforded the children and Teachers of expressing, in this very

rational and pleasing mode, their feelings on the occasion.

The schools then marched, fling off before His Honour, in an immense line, to the lower part of the Parade, where they formed in regular order; after which they were taken to their tents, and plentifully regaled with the refreshments provided for them; the parents and friends of the little ones crowding around, and watching with delight the attention paid to their children.

At twelve o'clock, the usual royal salute was fired from the Castle; on which the juvenile bands re-formed under their several flags, and returned to their several schools. It is calculated that there were assembled on this interesting occasion between ten and twelve thousand persons, among whom the most perfect order and good feeling were conspicuous throughout the day.

In the evening there was a general illumination throughout the city. From intelligence just received from the country districts, it appears that the other colonial towns participated in the general rejoicing. Thus have we at length some ground to anticipate unity, peace, and prosperity in this interesting part of the globe.

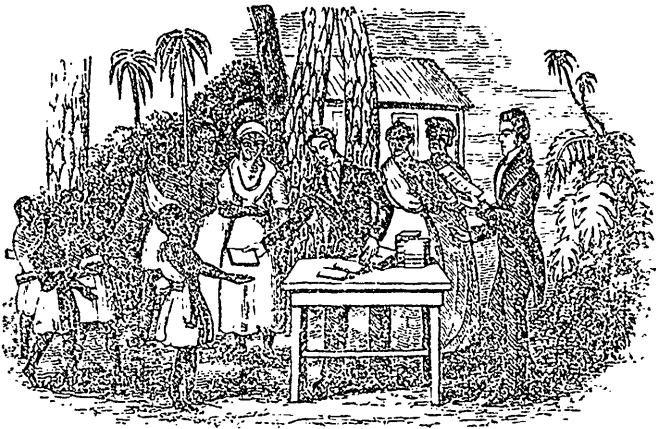
M. R.

Cape-town.

A GOVERNOR HONOURED.

HON. WILLIAM ELLSWORTH, while Governor of the State of Connecticut, instructed a Bible-class from week to week in one of the Congregational churches of Hartford. He remarked, that when he quitted the gubernatorial chair in the State-house, and came before the class to teach them the word of God, he felt that he was not going down, but going up.

The fame of good deeds does not leave a man's door, but his evil acts are known a thousand miles off.



A LITTLE TALK ABOUT MISSIONS.

BETWEEN MAMMA, EMMA, AND MARY.

—
Continued from our last.

Emma.—Now, Mamma, I have brought my picture of Wellington: will you, if you please, tell us something about New Zealand?

Mamma.—Shall I tell you something about New Zealand as it is at present, with thousands of Europeans living there, and many missionaries and chapels; or would you like to hear some stories about New Zealand when the country was populated only by the Heathen natives?

Mary.—O, tell us about the New Zealanders before the English lived there. Who was the first Englishman who went to New Zealand?

Mamma.—Captain Cook. He was sent by the English Government to the South Sea on a voyage of observation.

Emma.—O, yes, I know; it was to observe the transit of the planet Venus over the Sun.

Mary.—What is the meaning of transit? *Mamma.*—It means passage.

Mary.—What a silly thing to send a ship all that way for people to look at a planet going across the sun!

Mamma.—If the time of the transit could be exactly ascertained, very important advantages would be secured to science. The Governor of Rio Janeiro was very much of your opinion, Mary. Captain Cook, on his voyage out, touched at Rio Janeiro, to get water and buy provisions; but the Governor refused to let him have any. He did not believe him when he told him what the object of his voyage was; but thought he was come for some evil purpose. After a great deal of talk with Captain Cook about the matter, the Governor thought he was going to the South Seas to see the North Star go through the South Pole.

Emma.—How ridiculous! but did he let him have the provision?

Mamma.—Yes; and the ship sailed to Tahiti. They saw the transit and made all necessary observations. Capt. Cook then sailed to the south-east, to make fresh discoveries. After some time he saw land, which proved to be New Zealand. He landed on the shores; but the natives were very much frightened at the sight of Europeans. Captain Cook vainly tried to get some of them on board his ship, that he might show them how kind he would

be to them. At last he resolved to seize some by force. So, one day, seeing two canoes filled with natives, he sent a ship's boat with orders to seize some of the natives and bring them on board. The people in one of the canoes saw what they intended, and escaped to shore. The others were overtaken by the ship's boat, and the sailors tried to seize the men; but the natives were not to be taken so easily, and fought desperately for their liberty.—At length the order was given to fire upon them. Four out of seven were killed; one man jumped into the water and swam to the shore; the remaining two, who were boys, were carried to the ship.

Emma.—O, they should not have killed the poor natives, they had done no harm.

Mamma.—It was very cruel. The two boys were kept on board a few days, and then sent on shore laden with presents. About the same time that these four natives were killed by the English, a French captain behaved very cruelly to the New Zealanders. A French ship visited their shores; the natives received the French very kindly; the Chief allowed their sick men to be brought on shore, took them into their village, and treated them very kindly. The French Captain returned their kindness by the most base ingratitude; for, enraged by the loss of a small boat, which he fancied the natives had stolen, he invited the chief on board his ship and made him prisoner. He then burned to the ground the village in which his men had found shelter in their need, and then weighed anchor and sailed for South America, bearing with him the unhappy chief, who pined away and died after three months' captivity.

Mary.—Poor man! What did his people say, when they found their chief carried off?

Mamma.—Can you wonder that

these poor savages determined to revenge themselves upon the next white men that came to their shores? They knew it would be madness for them to attempt to kill the Europeans in open warfare. They had only their stone hatchets to fight with: so they resolved to follow the example of treachery and ingratitude they had just received. About three years after their chief was carried off, another French ship reached their shores. The natives appeared very friendly, came alongside the ship in their canoes, went on board, accepted the presents given to them, and several of them remained all night. The Captain was treated with every mark of affection; and he, in return, trusted them as friends. Days and weeks passed on in this friendly intercourse, till at length the time came for them to take revenge. One day the Captain and a party of twelve men went on shore; they were attacked by the natives, and all killed and eaten by the natives, save one man, who escaped back to the ship.

Emma.—I did not know that the New Zealanders were cannibals.

Mamma.—Yes; they used to eat the enemies that they killed in battle. And sometimes they would eat bodies that had not fallen in war.

SIMSON, AN INDIAN BOY, OF MUNCEY MISSION.

The following obituary of a little Indian boy, was written by an Indian at Muncy Mission; and we give it in his own language, with very few corrections:—

Died, 2nd October, aged 4 years and 8 months, little Simson, the son of Edward Skenido, the grandchild of Dr. John, the brother D. John, and one of best members in church; and he exhorter and class leader; and he good educate his little grandchild, in the knowledge of prayers. So the little boy he learns to pray and give thanks

before meal. This little boy, while he is in good health, told his mother one day, "Mother, I want to go home." The mother said she, "Whereabouts you want to go?" The little boy said, "Mother, I want to go home to heaven." The mother, said she, "No, no; you need not go away and leave me behind; I shall be lonesome and grieve and mourn after you." And little Simson said to his mother, "I must go home." Poor little Simson, he got sick in short time after, and while he was in the midst of his afflictions, brother Dr. John ask his little grandchild, and he said to him, "Are you remember yet that we use to engage in prayers?" The poor little

boy he was enabled to rejoice in Christ, and to raise his little arm in token that he was happy in God, and when he was departing; and we sure believe Simson happy gone home to heaven.

This little Simson was born in the month of Feb'y 10th, 1849, and baptized on 22nd of July, by the Rev. John Sunday; and he attend the funeral sermon of Simson, and reads whole chapter I. Corinthians, chap. 15—his text 55th verse in same chapter—words, "O death where is thy sting? O grave where is thy victory?"

C. HALFMOON.

Muncey Town, }
October 10th, 1853. }

P O E M S.

TIME'S ADDRESS TO TEACHERS.

While the year is past thee flying,
Teacher! on its margin stay;
Hear its accents, faint and dying,
Ere it vanisheth away:
"Begin anew thy self-denying—
Work, and watch, and hope, and pray."

Work! for fast the weeds are growing
In the Spirit's fruitful field;
Faster than thine earliest sowing
Can its flowers or harvest yield;
And the day is shorter growing
Which must see thy work fulfill'd.

Watch! a legion-foe is near thee,
And thy way is dark and long;
There are watchers few to cheer thee,
But thy foes are keen and strong;
Foes of watching never weary;
Foes to truth, a countless throng.

Hope! nor let earth's shadows move thee,
Looming darkly o'er the soul;
They are phantoms sent to prove thee,
Ere thou reach the destined goal:
There is One who still doth love thee,
And can every storm control.

Pray! and in the conquering might
Of celestial panoply
Thou shalt put all foes to flight;
And thy high reward shall be
A dwelling with the Infinite,
In the vast Eternity.

While the year is past thee flying,
Teacher! on its margin stay,
Hear its accents, faint and dying,
Ere it vanisheth away:
"Begin anew thy self-denying—
Work, and watch, and hope, and pray."
Union Magazine

THE LABOURER AND THE WARRIOR.

BY EPES SARGENT.

The camp has had its day of song!—
The sword, the bayonet, the plume,
Have crowded out of rhyme too long
The plow, the anvil and the loom!
Oh, not upon the tented field
Are Freedom's heroes bred alone;
The training of the workshop yields
More heroes true than war has known.

Who drives the bolt, who shapes the steel,
May with a heart as valiant smite,
As he who sees a fœman reel
In blood before his blow of might:
The skill that conquers space and time,
That graces life, that lightens toil,
May spring from courage more sublime
Than that which makes a realm its spoil.

Let labor then, look up and see
His craft no pith of honour lacks;
The soldier's title yet shall be
Less honoured than the woodman's axe:
Let ART his own appointment prize,
Nor deem that gold or outward light,
Can compensate the worth that lies
In tastes that breed their own delight.

And may the time draw nearer still
When man this sacred truth shall heed,
That from the thought and from the will
Must all that raises man proceed!
Though pride may hold our calling low,
For us shall duty make it good;
And we from truth to truth shall go,
Till life and death are understood.

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