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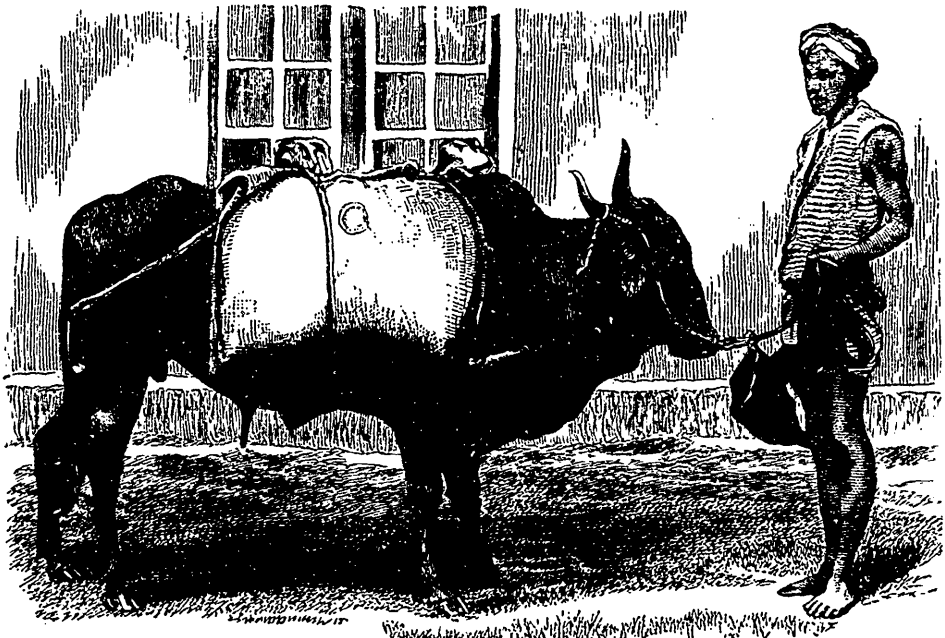
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The Sunday School Guardian

VOL. I.—NEW SERIES.]

SEPTEMBER 27, 1879.

No. 18.



WATER-CARRYING IN INDIA.

GOOD water is a scarce thing in India; and people who can get as much of it as they like, whenever they like, can hardly understand what it means to have water scarce. But in many countries there is often great difficulty in getting this most important necessary of life. Thus in India, though there are large rivers, yet they are a very long way from each other. There are many small rivers too, but, except in the rainy season, they are only dry channels, to show where the waters ran once, and where they will run again when the season comes.

During all the dry hot months the land has to be watered; and for this purpose large reservoirs and tanks are made to hold a store of water, which is afterwards let out through sluices as it is needed. Some of these water-stores are small, and some are great lakes, as much as fifty miles round.

Water for drinking and general house purposes is got from wells. In some places, each respectable house has its own well in the enclosed court or yard. From this well the water is drawn in an earthen vessel, let down by a rope, which passes over a wheel, the axle of which is supported on two posts over the well's mouth. Often the well has two long

stones over it, not close together, but with a space between large enough to let the vessel through. Standing on these stones, the person drawing water lets down the large jar, and draws it up by hand.

In many places good water is so scarce, that it has to be brought great distances by people who sell it. A large flat leather bag, hung on each side of an ox, is filled with water, at a funnel-shaped opening at the top, behind, and is emptied by a little pipe at the front bottom corner, fastened by a thong. In our picture you see one of these oxen thus laden with full water-skins, the contents of which his driver will be very glad to sell to any one who may want water. Smaller bags, like pillow-cases in shape, are made for less quantities, and are carried by a man, slung across his shoulders, before or behind, as may be handiest. The water for some purposes has very often to be bought, as that in the wells is generally brackish, frequently so much so as to be quite useless for washing.

In India, the people drink scarcely anything but water, and therefore know its value. Indeed they think so much of its importance and different kinds, that they never ask if a place or climate agrees with you, but "How does the water of such a place suit you?" If you ask one of them, "How does this place do for you?" he will say, "The water of this place does not suit my constitution;" or, "The water here agrees well with me."

A gentleman, some weeks after removing to another town, had a severe disease. Being asked the cause, he replied, "The doctors tell me, that it is the waters of the former place and of this fighting in my body, and that when the new water has got the victory over the old, I shall get better, and have good health."

(About bad water, read 2 Kings ii. 19-22. About the best of all water, which costs nothing, read Isaiah lv. 1. About the freeness of it, and the duty of all who have enjoyed it to call others, read Revelation xxii. 17.)

SPEECH is noble only when, like an honest currency, it represents the gold of thought.

A GAMIN.

(Continued from our last.)

"YES, sir," he added, "I knows about Him?"

"Well, who is He? What do you know about Him?"

"Why, sir," he said, and looked about the room, and then, sinking his voice into a whisper, added, "He's the Pope o' Rome."

"Whatever can you mean, my lad? Who told you that?"

"No one, sir; but I knows I'm right, cos, sir, you see, mother, afore she died, always did that when she spoke of the Pope," and the boy made the sign of the cross; "and one day, when she wor in the 'firmory, a gent wor in there in black clothes a-talkin' to her, an' mother wor cryin; they begun to talk about Jesus, and they both did the same;" and the boy repeated with his fingers the sign of the cross.

"Because your mother made the same sign when she spoke about the Pope and about Jesus you thought she was speaking of the same person?"

"Yes, sir; that's it;" and he gave a nod of pleased intelligence.

Then we gave up questioning, and drawing his chair and our own close to the warm, bright fire kindled in the grate, we told him that wonderful story of the Babe born in Bethlehem. When, after saying much concerning the compassion, the goodness, and love of Jesus for everybody, we spoke of His trial, His cruel scourging, and His crown of thorns, the little fellow, who had been listening all the while with the most intense interest, eagerly asked:

"Were they the perlice, sir?"

Then we told him the whole sad story of the crucifixion; and as we spoke of the nails, and of the spear, and of the gall, little Jim fairly burst out crying, and said:

"O sir, that wor worse than 'Swearin' Dick' sarved me!"

We paused awhile, and then at last told him in simple language how Jesus had died to save poor little boys like him, and then had gone up into heaven, but promised before He went to return and dwell with those who loved Him.

Little Jim's simple faith was evinced by his awe-struck manner, and by his glance into the shady parts of the room, while his voice sank into a whisper as he said :

"You loves Him, sir, doesn't you? *Is He here?*"

"Yes, my lad, He is here; we can't see Him, but He can see us, and He can hear us, and He likes us to ask Him for whatever we want, and if it's good for us He'll give it."

So we knelt down, and simply asked the Lord to bless the little lad. When we arose to prepare for our midnight journey the boy's eyes were suffused with tears, and we felt that another heart was opening to the gentle voice of the Good Shepherd.

It was about half an hour after midnig'it when we sallied forth upon our interesting quest, Jim no longer following behind, but with his hand confidently placed in ours.

Quickly passing through the greater streets, our little guide eventually led the way into Houndsditch, which having partly traversed, we stopped midway, and ascended one or two steps into a kind of narrow court, through which we passed, entering at length what seemed, as far as one could judge at the time, to be a long empty shed. This, in truth, it was; but throughout the day it is filled with persons buying and selling old clothes. It is called the 'Change, and terminates in a network of narrow passages, leading from and into Petticoat Lane.

But when upon the night in question, guided by our little waif, we passed through these narrow lanes and streets, all was still. The black and dingy shutters of the little crib-like shops were closed by strong bolts and bars, and no sound did we hear save the echo of our own footsteps, and now and then the lonely and sorrowful wail of some forlorn cat.

We looked around on every side, expecting to see the lads whom Jim had spoken of. We peered under barrels, peeped into corners, and looked everywhere, but without success. We began to feel doubtful concerning the lad's story, when he dispelled our doubts by saying :

"All right, sir. Come on 'em soon. They

dursn't lay about 'ere, cos the p'licemen keep such a werry sharp look-out all along on these 'ere shops. Oncet, when I wor green, I stopped under a barrer down there"—pointing to a court adjoining—but I near got nabbed, so I never slep' there agin."

Meanwhile we reached by a circuitous route the outside wall of the shed, and Jim, turning to us, with his finger on his lips, said :

"'Sh! we are there now, sir. You'll see lots on 'em, if we don't wake 'em up."

We were at the end of our journey. A high dead wall stood in front, barring our further progress; but, looking hastily around, we could see no traces of lads.

"Where are the boys, Jim?" we asked in an under'one.

"Up there, sir," he replied, pointing with his finger to the iron roof of the shed of which this wall was the boundary.

(Concluded in our next.)

GIVING TO CHRIST.

THE wise may bring their learning,
The rich may bring their wealth,
And some may bring their greatness,
And some bring strength and health.
We, too, would bring our treasures
To offer to the King;
We have no wealth or learning—
What shall we children bring?

We'll bring Him hearts that love Him;
We'll bring Him thankful praise,
And young souls meekly striving
To walk in holy ways.
And these shall be the treasures
We offer to the King;
And these are gifts that even
The poorest child may bring.

We'll bring the little duties
We have to do each day;
We'll try our best to please Him
At home, at school, at play.
And better are these treasures
To offer to our King,
Than richest gifts without them;
Yet these a child may bring.

EVERY man who is in vital sympathy with Jesus Christ rejoices in the consciousness that he is working for posterity.

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The Sunday School Guardian

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

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 27. 1879.

A CHILD'S BEAUTIFUL FAITH.

BIRDIE was only four years old, but she had already been taught that God loved her, and always took care of her. One day there was a very heavy thunder-storm, and Birdie's sisters and mamma even laid by their sewing, and drew their chairs into the middle of the room, pale, and trembling with fear; but Birdie stood close by the window, watching the storm with bright eyes.

"Oh, mamma! ain't that bu'ful?" she cried, clapping her hands with delight, as a vivid flash of lightning burst from the black clouds, and the thunder pealed and rattled over their heads.

"It is God's voice, Birdie," said mamma; and her own voice trembled.

"He talks very loud, don't He, mamma? 'S'pose it's so as deaf Betsey can hear, and the other deaf folks?"

"Oh, Birdie, dear, come straight away from that window," said one of her sisters, whose cheeks were blanched with fear.

"What for?" asked Birdie.

"Oh!" because the lightning is so sharp, and it thunders so loud."

But Birdie shook her head, and looking over her shoulder, with a happy smile on her face, lisped out:

"If it funders, let it funder! 'Tis God makes it funder, and He'll take care of me. I ain't a bit afraid to hear God talk, Maizy."

MY FATHER'S HOUSE.

BY SARAH GOULD.

In my Father's house there are many mansions: . . . I go to prepare a place for you — *John 14: 2.*

LORD, we bless thee for this token,
Ere to Heaven thou didst depart,—
Sweetest word was ever spoken,
To the sorowing, lonely heart.
Where our sainted ones adore thee,
Is the Father's house above,
And a dwelling-place before thee,
Of eternal peace and love.
If so sweet, Lord, is communion,
While afar from Heaven we roam,
What will be the perfect union
Of thy children at their home!



CHINESE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.



CHRISTIAN ARMED FOR HIS JOURNEY.

AN OLD FRIEND IN A NEW DRESS.

THIS picture, will, most likely, puzzle you, unless the bundle fastened on the back of one of the men should help you to guess the meaning of it. That poor fellow with the burden is the pilgrim, Christian, and his companion is the good Evangelist, who "gave him a parchment roll, and there was written within, 'Flee from the wrath to come.' (Matt. iii. 7.) The man, therefore, read it, and looking upon Evangelist very carefully said, 'Whither must I fly?' There, said Evangelist, pointing with his finger over a very wide field. Do you see yonder wicket-gate? (Matt. vii. 13, 14.) The man said, No. Then said the other, Do you see yonder shining light? (Ps. cxix. 105; 2 Pet. 1. 19.) He said, I think I do.

Then said Evangelist keep that light in your eye, and go up directly thereto: so shalt thou see the gate; at which, when thou knockest, it shall be told thee what thou shalt do. So I saw in my dream that the man began to run."

You know very well where this comes from; for who has not read and loved the "Pilgrim's Progress?" Little did John Bunyan think, when he wrote this book of his, he himself being a prisoner, persecuted for Christ's sake — that it would come to be so widely known, and that his plain, strong English would be turned into many other languages, that other nations might have the help of his dream to teach them the way to the Heavenly City. But all this has come to pass: and, amongst other versions of the "Pilgrim's Progress," there is one in Chinese, an edition of which the Wesleyan Missionaries are now publishing. And, as they know that, in China as well as in Canada, the people, big and little too, like to have pictures of what they read about, they have got pictures engraved by Chinese artists, to illustrate the book. You see that, as the book is for Chinese people,

all must be drawn according to Chinese ideas: and thus our old friend comes in a new dress.

The best of all is, we know that the pilgrim Christian may be Chinese, or Fijian, or Negro, or Indian, or of any other nation; and there is a way of escape to the Heavenly City from every country under heaven. Every Missionary acts the part of Evangelist, and teaches the people where the light shines, and the wicket-gate opens to him that knocks, and where, at the Cross of Jesus, the burden falls off the weary sinner, so that he may go on his way rejoicing.

Our second cut shows Christian in the Palace Beautiful, armed for his journey by the Virgins Discretion, Prudence, Piety and Charity, "lest perhaps he should meet with assaults by the way."

LESSON NOTES.

TEMPERANCE LESSON.

FIVE PRECEPTS OF PAUL; OR, THE GOSPEL AGAINST
INTEMPERANCE.

All to be committed to memory.

1. FIRST PRECEPT, Rom. 13. 13, 14.
2. SECOND PRECEPT, Rom. 14. 21.
3. THIRD PRECEPT, 1 Cor. 6. 10.
4. FOURTH PRECEPT, Eph. 5. 18.
5. FIFTH PRECEPT, 1 Thess. 5. 22.

Where do we find—

1. That drinking is injurious to others as well as the drinker?
2. That no drunkard can enter heaven?
3. That all liquor has danger of excess?

A. D. 64] **LESSON I.** [Oct. 5

OUR GREAT HIGH-PRIEST; OR, THE ONE MEDIATOR.

Heb. 4. 14-16; 5. 1-6. Commit to memory verses 14-16.

OUTLINE.

1. His sympathy. 4. 14; 5. 3.
2. His authority. 5. 1-6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them.
Heb. 7. 25.

1. Remember that Jesus lives in heaven.
2. Come boldly to him in prayer.
2. Tell him freely all your needs.

Find about Melchisedek in *Genesis* and in *Hebrews*
... Find about the consecration of the first high priest
... Find about a high-priest who aided in the death of Christ.

DON'T FRET.

FUMBLE down, and up again—
That's the way, my little man;
Thus ignore defeat and pain,
Whene'er you can.

Never mind these ups and downs—
Give for every sigh a song;
Smiles are better far than frowns
To help along.

Life is but an uphill way—
Steps are lost as well as made;
Turn a bold front to the fray,
And push ahead.

Learn a lesson every time
These small accidents annoy;
If you would to purpose climb,
Be brave, my boy.

ROB'S REVENGE.

HOLD him in! shove him down! don't
let him get out, Burly!"
"I won't, Brawler."

Rob screamed. Rob struggled. Rob twisted.
Rob used his fists. As a last resort, Rob used
his legs.

It was of no use. Burly held Rob firmly in
the bottom of the waggon, while Brawler,
whipping up Old Sorrel, joined with Burly in
a hearty laugh.

It was a contemptible caper on the part of
the young men. Rob Mason had asked them
to give him a ride toward his home, which they
did. They did not, however, drop him near
"the corner" as he urged. That would
demand only a short walk to his home. They
jokingly urged him to take a longer ride, and
then a longer ride, and then a still longer ride.

Rob said at last he meant to get out.

He *must* get out.

He *would* get out *any* way.

He kicked worse than Old Sorrel in mosquito
time, but his tormentors persisted in carrying
him a mile beyond "the corner."

"All right. Let him out now," said
Brawler.

"I have dropped him. Drive on," replied
Burly.

Rob was left standing in the road, fuming
and fizzing like a bottle of beer when the
stopper is started.

"I'll have my revenge," he shouted to the
retreating couple in the waggon.

"O yeung man! will you? Take it out in
walking home. That is a mile or so away,"
said Brawler.

Rob knew the young men must return by
that road, and back he went into some thick
woods, taking a lot of stones in his pocket.

"I'll let drive at those rascals," thought
Rob, crouching in the thick undergrowth as in
an ambushade. "I'll stay here till they come
back."

Rob began to *think*. He had been too mad
to think.

"Isn't it mean to stone folks?" said
conscience.

He threw away one stone.

"And folks, too, that don't see you!"

He threw away another stone.

"You know it is not your style to stone folks."

He threw away a third stone.

"You know you belong to the Sunday-school."

He threw away a fourth stone.

He threw away all his stones.

"What is that noise?" he asked.

He thrust his head out of the thicket and looked up the road. While the woods bordered one side of the road, on the other, at the foot of a steep, rocky bank, ran a noisy, brawling river. The noise could not come from the river?

"No," said Rob, "it is Old Sorrel coming along."

It was Old Sorrel, ambling along as comfortably as could be expected from such a pack of bones. Behind him was the waggon. Neither Burly nor Brawler were there. Old Sorrel had evidently turned tramp, and had started out to see the world for himself. See? He had not seen anything for long years. There was no more vision to his eyes than to a mummy's. Old Sorrel stopped opposite Rob's hiding-place, and began to feed on the thick, rich grass by the roadside.

"Why!" thought Rob, "he's getting near that bank."

Old Sorrel kept poking his nose nearer and nearer the edge of the bank. If he had been in the centre of a prairie, he could not have grazed with less concern about his awkward steps.

"He will go over the bank, sure," exclaimed Rob.

"Let him go," was his first thought. "I won't," was the second. He rushed toward Old Sorrel.

In the mean time, the firm of Brawler and Burly—a very nice firm—was making excellent time, for foot-passengers, down the road. The young men had fastened Old Sorrel securely, as they thought, and had gone into the woods after berries. The horse had improved his

opportunity, worked himself loose, and started off, like his masters, to have a good time.

"Burly, where's Old Sorrel?" asked Brawler, stepping out of the woods.

"Where?" replied Burly, coming forward, turning his head up and then down the road. Burly had a bushy head but a long, slender neck, and it looked now like a broom turning on its stick.

"Where?" said Burly again. "Gone! Put!"

And put they did. Brawler took the lead. Nearing Rob's intended ambush, he looked ahead, and there was a boy leading Old Sorrel back from the steep river bank! Brawler came up to the scene of the rescue, hurriedly panting after his long chase.

"That's—right—boy! Good for you! You are—a fine"—Brawler stopped. "Why—who—who's this?"

"I'm the boy you carried a mile out of the way."

Brawler stopped short, as if he had been playing base ball, and the ball had hit him where he felt it a good deal.

In the mean time, up came Burly.

"Boy, you are a good"—he ejaculated, and then stopped. It was an interesting sight, the two young men with a thunder-struck expression, dumb as thieves caught stealing sheep, and little Rob calmly confronting them. They seemed so paralyzed that I don't know but Rob could have tied them hand and foot like sheep, and so driven off with them in the back of the waggon.

Brawler thrust his hand into his pocket. "Here's half a dollar, and don't you think anything of what we did," he said in a low voice.

"I could not take the money," said Rob.

No urging would prevail with him. "Well, if that ain't a queer boy!" said Brawler to Burly as they rode off.

Queer boy? I know those young men had some queer feelings.

"LITTLE children, let us not love in word only, but in deed, and in truth."—John iii. 18.

How to be happy—BE good, DO good, GET good.



THE WHIRLING DERVISHES.

AMONGST the Mohamedans are certain men who are supposed to give themselves up to religious contemplation, and to live very saintly lives. In some parts, as in India, they are generally what are called Fakeers, about whom you have often heard. But in other Mohamedan countries, and especially in the great Turkish Empire, these devotees have a very different appearance, and are called Dervishes. There are a great many sorts or orders of them, all differing, chiefly in their mode of worship, and distinguished by their peculiar dress.

The Dervishes profess, that by going through certain religious exercises of the body, and

repeating certain words or prayers a great number of times, they are brought into very close communion with God, and enjoy a sort of ecstasy, which, for a time, raises them above all earthly things. Some of these exercises are very strange; but none of them are more remarkable than those used by the *Mevleves*, or, as they are generally called, the Whirling Dervishes.

In our picture, you have a portrait of a *Mevlevee*, just beginning his wonderful worship. The curious cap worn by all of this order is made of felt, of camel's hair, or wool. The reason given for the shape is this: Before their prophet, Mohamed, was born, his soul was kept in heaven in a crystal vase; and in this form the *Mevleves* make their caps to this day.

In their services, these Dervishes assemble in their own place of worship, in which is a small gallery occupied by the musicians, of whom there are very few,—two or three playing on reed-pipes, as you see in the picture, and two or three beating on little drums or *tomtoms*.

Some orders of Dervishes make loud and frightful noises in their

religious ceremonies; but the *Mevleves* conduct theirs in silence. They make obeisance to their Sheikh, and remain in meditation for a time, listening to the music of the pipes and *tomtoms*; then they slowly walk round in a circle, occasionally turning as they go. Presently, with their arms outstretched, their right hand open towards heaven, and the left towards earth, they stand on one foot and turn themselves with the other, at first slowly, but then faster and faster, until they spin like tops, with their long woollen skirts sticking out all round them. This they keep up for a surprising length of time.

How wonderful it is that anyone should believe that there is anything well-pleasing to God, or of use to man, in such a performance! Nothing but the Gospel of Jesus Christ can set them free from their error and delusion.