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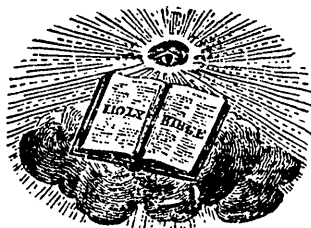
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SUNDAY SCHOOL GUARDIAN.



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

VOL. VII.] TORONTO, C. W., OCTOBER, 1852. [No. 5.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE SABBATH SCHOOLS IN THE CITY WEST CIRCUIT,

The anniversary of the Sabbath Schools connected with the City West Circuit was held in the Richmond Street Wesleyan Church on Monday evening, the 27th ult.—Mr. R. Yates was called to the Chair, and after a few remarks from him, the Annual Report of the Committee was read by the Secretary. Several addresses were delivered in the adoption of the resolutions prepared for the occasion. Anniversary Sermons had been preached in both churches of the circuit on the preceding Sabbath.

The Report contains a very gratifying account of the schools, and affords the pleasing evidence, that the labours of the teachers have not been in vain with reference to the visible spiritual benefit attending the instructions given. There are three schools connected with the West Circuit:—in the Richmond Street School there are 45 teachers,

and 325 scholars; and the average number of Scripture verses recited each Sabbath, for the past year, has been 953. The Report states of this school: "During the year many of the scholars have been brought to God, of whom a number are preserving their connection with his people."

The Queen Street School contains 28 teachers, and 134 scholars; 14,757 verses of Scripture have been recited. The Secretary of this school writes: "Many of the scholars, during the year, have been made the subjects of gracious impressions; some have been made happy in God, and are now walking in the light of his countenance. The school, altogether, enjoys a good degree of prosperity, and there is certainly abundant reason to thank God and take courage."

In the Duke Street School there are 14 teachers, and 84 scholars; the number of verses recited is 8,121.

The Report says "it is encouraging to know that many who were formerly connected with this School, have, during the late revival, become the subjects of the saving grace of God, thus affording a fulfillment of the divine promise, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days."

A general summary of the Report gives the following statistics of the schools :

Number of Teachers	87
Number of Scholars.....	543
Number of verses and answers from the Catechism.....	75,590
Number of vols. in the Libraries....	1,669

We close this notice with an extract from the Report :

"In presenting the report of our Sabbath Schools for the past year, your Committee is gratified at the prosperity indicated by the returns from the three schools connected with this Circuit. It is also a pleasing feature to observe that while there is a numerical increase in almost all the particulars furnished by the statistics, spiritual influences have also been at work, and many of the scholars have professed a justifying and saving faith in Christ. The gracious revival of the work of God, with which the society at large has been visited, has found its way into our Sabbath Schools, producing those results which are the great and chief objects of a Sabbath School instruction. The adaptation of this, and kindred institutions to deal with mind in its incipient exercises, where the principles of scriptural truth and holiness are faithfully inculcated, in preparing it to appreciate and receive salvation, and when received to contribute to its permanence and stability, is at once obvious ; but when the Divine sanctions are given. and God is pleased to produce living witness of his

power to salvation, then have we the fullest demonstration of its usefulness and efficiency, and are prepared to incorporate it as one among those various means and agencies, by which the kingdom of darkness is to be destroyed, and the kingdom of Christ established throughout the earth."

For the S. S. Guardian.

HARRISON'S S. SCHOOL.

The youthful readers of the *S. S. Guardian* usually seem pleased to receive facts of interest from S. S. Institutions.

It is indeed matter of delight that even children of different localities begin to feel interested in the religious instruction of their fellow youth.

May such interest greatly increase! For, we hope to see coming forth from these schools many patriots and philanthropists, who shall dispel feelings of cold indifference, and unite more tenderly the population of our christian land. The attendants on these places of bible learning, from their age, number, and destiny, form a portion of community, by no means unimportant ; and those who live to mark their combined influence on the succeeding generation may marvel most, that even more assiduous care was not bestowed on their early culture.

The above school has been in successful operation three years ; and we rejoice exceedingly that it has already yielded encouraging results. Systematically organized, at the first it has steadily increased in attendants, securing both the confidence and support of the neighbourhood. The Anniversary exercises were held on Thursday, the 16th ; and the occasion proved one of great harmony and delight. Indeed, the manner of conducting these joyous exercises adopted by the Teachers, and their success in carrying out their plans

had previously gained the admiration of other schools and friends on the circuit. The previous Sabbath was appointed for the annual sermon by the Rev. J. Wilson, B. A. The early part of Thursday was passed in the usual preliminaries to a "*Children's Treat.*" At 3 o'clock, by a long range of tables, in a beautiful arbor, and close by a "*provision house*" well stored with the ladies' offerings, sat 110 children, in presence of their invited parents and friends.

A second time were the tables spread for the ministers, parents and friends present; then a third for the teachers and other waiters.

Meantime the little ones and young people generally were heartily enjoying the occasion.

At seven o'clock, the company, then largely increased, repaired to the chapel. One or two much desired speakers did not appear; but a goodly number took the platform, who, with the responsive singing of the youthful choir, greatly interested the audience until an advanced hour. The singers were chosen from among the scholars, and it is really due to themselves and their leader to observe that the pieces sung evinced good taste, ability, and accurate preparation. We could not but contrast the purity of their verses and sweetness of their voices with the brass band performances we have sometimes endured on similar occasions, which do not usually accord well with the character and objects of S.S. instruction.

From the Report read, we learned that the number of scholars in attendance was 113. Average attendance during the year, 65. Number of verses recited, 25,139. On account of the tender age of many of the children, and the distance at which they live from the school, unfavourable weather materially reduces the average attendance. No admission tickets be-

ing in use, a subscription was taken at the close, which, with collections, &c., left in the Treasurer's hands \$50.

The deep religious influence which uniformly pervades this school, is one grand feature which augurs well for continued prosperity; and we trust that the esteemed Superintendent, Mr. V. Holtby, and his coadjutors, may still "see the work of the Lord prosper in their hands."

J. E. S.

Chingacousy, Sep. 21, 1852.

ANNUAL FESTIVAL.

To the Editor of the S. S. Guardian.

REVEREND SIR,—As I know you are desirous of knowing what takes place from time to time in relation to Sabbath School operations, I venture to send you the following account of an Annual Festival, which took place here on Tuesday, the 14th inst., and which, if you deem it worthy of publication, will, I think, oblige and gratify many of your juvenile readers.

The officers and teachers of the Upper Town Wesleyan-Methodist S. School, having selected this day for holding their Annual Festival, decided upon giving their scholars a picnic. The weather in the morning threatened rain, but about twelve o'clock it cleared up, and throughout the afternoon was everything that could be desired. Mr. John Burrows having kindly offered for the occasion his garden, a beautiful romantic spot, overlooking the Suspension Bridge and Chaudiere Falls. In the midst of the garden, two lines of benches were placed in a semi-circular form for the children; and, in front of these, seats were placed for the President, the Rev. N. F. English, and the Superintendent; flanked on either side by seats for the parents and friends of the school, of whom a goodly number were present.

The children assembled in the school-room at half-past two o'clock,

P. M, and, with their teachers, walked in procession to the place of rendezvous.

Having taken their place by classes, the President gave out a beautiful hymn, selected for the occasion, and engaged in prayer; on the conclusion of which, cakes and buns of almost every kind, were served in abundance, with a bountiful supply of good water; after which, speeches were delivered, preceded and followed by appropriate pieces sung by the children. Almonds and raisins were then issued, and plentifully supplied to all; after which, the children were allowed to disperse and amuse themselves for half an hour. On the bell being rung, almost all were instantly in their places, and as quiet and orderly as a body of organized adults. Several other speeches followed, with singing interspersed,—among which, was a piece published in your number for August, called "Invitation," by one of the female classes.

Apples and cakes were now distributed; after which the entertainment was concluded with another delightful hymn and prayer, when all separated, highly gratified with the festivities of the day.

I may here remark that this school appears to be in a flourishing condition, numbering eighty six scholars, and sixteen officers and teachers. In this school there are three Bible-classes, one male, and two female, who are receiving a regular course of training to fit and prepare them for the office of teachers and useful members of society.

O. P. Q.

Bytown, September 18, 1852.

FATAL SEVERITY.

A few weeks before my friend wrote to me, he had buried his eldest son, a fine, manly little fellow, about eight years of age. His death

occurred under circumstances peculiarly painful. A younger brother had been ill for a month with an epidemic fever; every precaution was taken to guard the rest of the family; but this eldest son was so healthy, they did little fear for him: but his father forbade him going into the pools and docks near his school, which he sometimes visited. One evening this father came home wearied with a long day's labour, and vexed with some disappointment which had soured his naturally kind disposition. While he was sitting by the fire in this unhappy state of mind, his wife entered the apartment, and said, "Henry has just come in, and he is a perfect fright; he is covered from head to foot with dock-mud, and is as wet as a drowned rat." "He is shivering over the kitchen-fire: he was afraid to come up here, when the girl told him you had come home." "Tell Jane to tell him to come here this instant," was the brief reply.

Presently the poor boy entered, half perished with cold and fright. His father glanced at his sad plight, reproached him bitterly for disobedience, spoke of the punishment awaiting him in the morning, and in a harsh voice said, "Now, sir, go to bed." "But, father," said the little fellow, "I want to tell you ——" "Not a word: go to bed!" With a peremptory stamp, an imperative wave of the hand to the door, and a frown on his brow, did that father close the door of explanation. When his boy had gone supperless and sad to his bed, the father sat restless and uneasy while supper was prepared, and he ate little. His wife saw the cause of his emotion, and remarked, "I think, my dear, you ought, at least, to have heard what Henry had to say: my heart ached for him when he

turned away, with his eyes full of tears. Henry is a good boy, after all. He is a tender-hearted, affectionate boy!" and the tears stood in the eyes of that forgiving mother.

As the father passed the bedroom where his boy was sleeping, he thought he would look in upon him before he retired to rest. He crept to his low cot, and bent over him. A big tear had stolen down the boy's cheek, but he was sleeping sweetly. The father deeply regretted his harshness as he gazed upon his son, and he resolved to alter his course to him in the morning. But that morning never came to that poor boy in health. He awoke, the next morning, with a raving fever and wild delirium: in forty eight hours he was in his shroud! He knew now not his father or mother, when they were first called to his bed-side, nor at any moment afterwards. Waiting, watching for one token of recognition, hour after hour, in speechless agony, did the unhappy father bend over the couch of his dying son: he would have given worlds to have whispered one kind word in his ear, but in vain.

Two days afterwards the undertaker came with the little coffin, and his son, a playmate of the dead boy, brought the stools on which it was to stand in the entry hall. "I was with Henry," said the lad, "when he got into the water; we were playing down at the long wharf,—Henry, and Charles Mumfrit, and I,—and the tide was out very low; and a beam ran out from the wharf, and Charles got on it to get a fish-line, and he slipped off, and was struggling in the water. Henry threw off his cap, and jumped clear from the wharf into the water, and after a great deal of hard work got Charles out, and they

waded up through the mud; and then I helped them to climb up the side. Charles told Henry not to say anything about it; for, if he did, his father would never let him go near the water again. Henry was very sorry, and all the way going home he kept saying, "what will my father say when he sees me to-night? I wish I had not gone to the wharf." "Dear, brave boy!" exclaimed the father, "and this was the explanation I cruelly refused to hear!" and hot and bitter tears rolled down his cheeks. Yet that stern father now learned that what he had treated with unwonted severity as a fault was but the impulse of a generous nature. "Now," said the father, "every thing I see that ever belonged to him reminds me of the past. Yesterday I came across his boot, still covered with dock-mud, as when he last wore them. Many things speak to me vividly of my son's active life; but I cannot, no I cannot recall any other expression of the dear boy's face, than that mute, mournful one with which he turned from me on that night I so hastily repulsed him, and my heart bleeds afresh." O, how careful should we be, in our daily conduct towards those little beings lent to us by God.—how guardedly ought we to weigh every action against its motive,—lest in a moment of excitement we should do them wrong! Alas! perhaps few parents suspect how often the fierce rebuke, the sudden blow, is answered in their children by the tears, not of passion, nor of physical or mental pain, but of a loving yet grieved or outraged nature

A. L. B.

False friends will seek us in a happy home, but true ones *only* to a prison come.

CHILD LOST! CHILD LOST!

The following touching story is copied from the Foreign Missionary. We hope our young friends will read the tale, and not forget the moral.

Near the close of a delightful summer day, not quite twenty years ago, in the city of—, as we were closing up the labours of the day, we heard in the street the sound of that dismal bell, and then the well-known voice of "big Coffin" the crier, "Child lost!" "Child lost!" Then followed a particular description of the lost child, a little boy about three years old, how he was clad, his complexion, etc., and a liberal reward was offered to any person that would find and bring him to his mother in—street.

How that incident affected us, and what a sensation it created throughout the whole city! A child was lost: its poor distressed mother, O, how dreadfully she must feel! Many called upon the mother to try and comfort her, and many turned out to look for the child, and the fruitless search was continued until late in the evening. But at length one of the women living on the same street began to think of something her own little boy, then in quiet sleep and safe at home, had been saying to her when he came in from his play in the afternoon: he came to his mother, took hold of her dress, and as well as he could articulate, seemed to say, "Mamma, mamma, by in hole;" but though he often repeated this, she did not comprehend its meaning until late in the evening, when the matter came to her mind, and she thought that perhaps the lost child was the one her little boy had been trying to tell her about, and that perhaps he had fallen into some place from which he could not escape.

These impressions were suggested to others, whereupon inquiries were made as to whereabouts the children had been seen playing in the afternoon, and a hole was discovered under a cross walk through which the water of the gutters ran into a deep sewer under the street. The pavement was immediately torn up, and a man went down with a lantern: he found a little h. t., then he discovered tracks in the mud, and hurriedly traced them, till far off he came upon an object which at first would not be recognized as a child, so completely was he covered with the slime of the sewer, and he was insensible from fright, and the chillness of this loathsome pit. But the man took him up, brought him to the light, and soon he was lifted out and restored to his mother. Then there was rejoicing—rejoicing such as none but a mother can appreciate.

Now, children, I have finished my story: it is a true story. I well remember the circumstances, and they left a strong impression on my mind. But I wish to tell you about other lost children. I believe if you should to-day hear the public crier proclaiming through the streets, "Child lost! Child lost!" you would every one do what you could to help to find it. Well now, I come to you with the startling announcement that there are many lost children—little boys and little girls, and you can help to save them, and you ought to engage immediately in this benevolent enterprise, for soon it will be too late to help them.

In China, in India, in Africa, amongst our American Indians, there are thousands and thousands of children wandering without any light to guide them, or any friendly hand to lead them in the way up to

our heavenly Father's house, and they are now running in the way which leads straight down to the pit.
—*S. S. Visitor.*

SHFM, THE CHRISTIAN BLIND BOY OF FEEJEE.

In Na Savu, Feejee, there is a school,—an infant school, it is called; but there are boys and girls in it sixteen and eighteen years old. You must remember that till very lately there was no one in Feejee to teach the children any thing; they were savages, and as ignorant as the brute beasts; so that, when a school is begun in a place, the great boys and girls require to be taught every thing just as we teach little children in England. But do you think these great children continue stupid and dull and savage? No, indeed they do not: they are delighted to find any one willing to teach them, and they learn with great rapidity. When Mr. Williams visited the school of Na Savu, he noticed one boy that was the leader of his class; his name was Shem, and he was blind. He was able to answer readily the questions that were asked him on Old and New Testament history; and in all exercises of the memory, Blind Shem was a sure guide; he took his part in all the evolutions through which the children were put. Shem is a very quick lad; he needs only to hear a hymn or psalm repeated twice or thrice, and he is ready to become the teacher of it to his bright-eyed class-mates. And the best of all is, the blind boy knows Jesus is his Saviour.

In the same school there is a blind girl, who is almost as quick and as clever as Shem. Paulina is her name; she is the leader of the girls, one in whom they put great confidence. But Paulina is not so

active or intelligent as Shem; and when Shem took his part in the marches and evolutions of the children, she sat down.

Shall we not, dear children, strive with all our might to help to send the Gospel, and the means of instruction, to such children as these? And there are thousands more of them, bright, active, intelligent savages who only want the means of instruction to become equal, nay, superior, to many of the children in our own country

From the N. Y. Sunday School Advocate.

GENEROSITY IN CHILDREN.

A short time since, as my little son issued from the school-room, bearing in his hand a pretty ticket, just received from his teacher, he approached me, with apparent delight beaming in his countenance, and said, "Mother, sister hasn't got any ticket to-day, and she is crying because her teacher said that she had not been as good a scholar as I."

I then asked him if he did not feel sorry for sister, when she had to go without a ticket?

He immediately responded in the fullness of his heart, "Yes; and if teacher gives her one next Saturday, I will go without, because she had to go without to-day when I had one."

I then inquired if he could not go and comfort his sister; and he started off delighted at the thought, and added, "I will go and kiss her, and show her my ticket."

I have related this little incident merely to illustrate the truth, that young children may easily be taught the important lesson of generosity. The mother who succeeds in planting deep in the tender mind of her child the germ of this ennobling virtue, may hope to reap a rich reward in

the future. No character is complete without it. It is intimately connected with all that is lively and desirable in the formation of a noble mind. What sight more pleasing than to see children exhibiting this

trait of character in their intercourse with each other? How it enhances the happiness of all!

A MOTHER.

Floral Cottage, August, 1852.



ANCIENT ASTROLOGY.

The ancients believed in a pretended science called *astrology*, and taught that the stars exerted a controlling influence over the destinies of mortals. A fragment of this barbarous superstition may still be met with occasionally in the pages of an almanac, designed to show which part of the human body each sign "governs." The annexed cut is a representation of this heathen absurdity. What an idea for any civilized nation to indulge, that a cluster of stars, millions of miles distant, govern the arms or feet of men!

This picture has been published in almanacs, till many people actually think there is some truth in astrology. Hence we sometimes hear them talk of doing things "when

the sign is right," or when it is "in the head," or in the heart." This, also, is founded in error and superstition. The sun is in certain signs at the same time every year: so that the place of the sign indicates a certain time, as much as any given day of the month; and as certain things should be done at certain times, in order to succeed well, it is erroneously concluded that it is because "the sign is right."

Impostors often take advantage of this credulity, and profess to "tell fortunes," as they call it, by the aspects of the planets, signs, &c. All these things are based upon erroneous notions respecting the influence of the stars upon our globe and its inhabitants, and should be rejected.—*Mallison's Astronomy.*



THE ONE MORAL TRIAL.

Most, if not all, of the persons concerned in the circumstances we are going to relate, have passed beyond the bounds of time. Their names are a secret with the relator, and with him that secret will remain. The facts have their lessons of instruction both to children and parents; and should any, by reading them, be induced to give *one more trial* with the same success, or be favoured with the *one trial more*, to the same change of conduct, the events will not have been recorded in vain. No pious mind will refuse to pray that similar forbearance may ever be blessed with a like reward.

A Minister of the Gospel, the father of a numerous family, had but one son, and this circumstance might be the source of all the parents' sorrow concerning him. On the only son, or only daughter, there is a danger of bestowing an undue share of affection, and of allowing an improper extent of indulgence. This is calculated to give the one child a notion of superiority in the esteem of the parent, which ever must prove unfavourable to the

exercise of discipline on the expanding mind. To the one son of this family, was given a liberal and religious education. He was also the subject of many prayers; and from the strict and long tried integrity of the father, it is equally certain that the purest principles on moral conduct were early inculcated. Being designed for a respectable station in society, his studies were directed accordingly; and for a time he gave fair promise of rendering suitable return for parental care and kindness. Having passed through the required examination in a manner creditable to his talents and industry, and at a considerable expense, compared with the limited resources of his parents, he was placed under the care of a medical gentleman, eminent in his profession, and of highly respectable character; and powers were developed, that promised ultimately to place the aspiring youth in a high professional position. But soon were these hopes blighted. He contracted habits which could not be sustained, and his character was seriously damaged. To sever him from his improper associates,

and to give him an opportunity of recovering his reputation, it was deemed necessary to send him out of the country. By his kind but deeply-distressed parents, to the full extent of their ability, everything was done to contribute to his comfortable settlement in a foreign land. But there also his vicious propensities led him captive: in a very short time he spent the money with which he had been provided, and every disposable article had to be parted with for bread. Thus he found the way of transgression to be hard, being reduced to the most abject state of poverty. By some means or other, he obtained a passage in a ship sailing to his native shore. During the voyage there was time for reflection, and it might have been thought that his sufferings and degradation would have induced him to resolve on reformation. But this was not the case: on the contrary, he became more vile, and was detected during the passage in an act of dishonesty. For this he was placed under arrest, and, on arriving in port, was conveyed to prison as a felon. The next day he was brought to trial, found guilty, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment, in company with some of the lowest and most depraved criminals. By a kind interposition of Providence, this came to a knowledge of a minister residing in the town, who was well acquainted with his father. Respect for the father soon induced the Minister to visit the son. He found him destitute of decent apparel, and mixing with many in the same condition; but there was something in his demeanor and appearance that distinguished him from the rest,—a gentility of manners, that showed that he had not always herded with the outcasts of society.—Suitable advice was given, and the minister engaged to inform his father of his return and imprisonment. It

was a painful service to communicate intelligence of trouble; and as might be expected, the tidings threw the whole family into sorrow. The feelings of the Christian father, the tender mother, and loving sisters, on the reception of the doleful letter, cannot be described. A reply of thanks was returned to the writer, containing a communication to be made to the son, to the effect that having so degraded his father's name and station, and so abused the past act of forgiveness, he was never more to return to the parental abode, for the family would not receive or acknowledge him again. It was natural for an offended and dishonoured parent to arrive at this conclusion on hearing of his son's wicked ungrateful conduct; but it was hoped that, after calm reflection, parental feeling would return and plead for some compassion to the prodigal.—The minister presumed to intercede; but was answered by a recapitulation of past acts of pardon and help, and told that the offence was beyond pardon, and that the son must bear the consequence of his own sin. The time drew near when the youth must be liberated, and the minister urged on the father by every argument he could employ to *try him once more*; offering, at the same time to use his influence to obtain for him the situation as surgeon on board a ship going on a long foreign voyage. The father relented and consented to give the son *the one more trial*. On leaving the prison he was received for a short period into the Minister's house, clothed and sent by coach to the place of his father's residence. Shortly after, the desired office was obtained, and he sailed to a distant land, from whence he did not return for many months. During this absence he was led to review his past conduct carefully, became fully sensible of his folly, and was deeply humbled at the thought

of his offence against society, his father, and his God. He returned to his parents a changed man.— They wisely advised him to take a second and third voyage, by which his change was tested and confirmed.— Now he became to his family as a great source of comfort, as he had been the occasion of sorrow. Steady in his deportment, intent on the studies of his profession, he not only returned a penitent to his earthly father, but also to his Father in heaven, by whom he was graciously received, and from whom he obtained mercy. Thus the prayers of his parents, attended with many tears, were followed with songs of grateful praise. Ultimately, he commenced practice in his own country, was eminently successful, rose to affluence in the world, and to usefulness in the church of which he became a member. In the declining days of his parents he was capable of administering to their necessities, and of soothing the infirmities of years, and they had no less cause of honor in him, than formerly of shame.— After their departure to their endless rest, he acted the part of a father to his orphan sisters. Whenever the Minister who had showed him kindness visited the neighborhood, no one was more glad to see him and show him respectful attention. It rejoiced that minister to find that he was greatly respected in the circle in which he moved; and when, after years of honourable station among them, he had, through declining health, to relinquish business and retire into private life, he took with him the esteem of many, the testimony of a good conscience, and the favour of God.

In his retirement his health continued to decline and soon entirely failed.— But death found him calmly waiting for his change. He died, as he had long lived, the humble and devoted Christian. He was followed to his

resting-place by Ministers of religion and several eminent medical gentlemen, who admired his professional talents, and had cultivated his society.

Such were the pleasing results of the "one more trial." From this instance the young may learn the difference between a vicious and a virtuous course to their own interest, and that of their affectionate parents. Shame is the consequence of sin, honour and advancement the reward of piety. Parents may also see it is possible too hastily to abandon disobedient children. Had this prodigal, on leaving prison, found the paternal door closed against him, ruin must have followed. He had no character to sustain him, no friend to recommend him, and no resources for support. In all probability he would have been driven to prowl on society, and might have come to an untimely end. But having *one more trial*, character was retrieved, and a life of honor and usefulness followed. Severity may be merited; but long-suffering will best bear reflection. "Blessed are the merciful." N.

Chelsea.

BAD BOOKS AND EVIL COMPANY.

Sir Peter Lely made it a rule never to look at a bad picture, having found by experience that whenever he did so, his pencil took a tint from it. Apply the same rule to bad books and bad company.

ON THE MANAGEMENT OF THE TONGUE.

Give not thy tongue too great liberty, lest it take thee prisoner. A word unspoken is, like the sword in the scabbard, thine; if vented, thy sword is in another's hand. If thou desire to be held wise, be so wise as to hold thy tongue. Wisdom without innocency, is knavery; inno

cency without wisdom, is foolery : be therefore as wise as serpents, and innocent as doves. The subtlety of the serpent instructs the inno-

cency of the dove; the innocency of the dove corrects the subtlety of the serpent. What God hath joined together, let no man separate.



THE MISSIONARY RABBITS.

When I was a little girl, I often heard about the Missionary Society, and I thought it strange that rich people did not give more money to send missionaries to tell the poor heathen children about God and Christ, and to take them the Bible to read, and teach them to read it. I had not much money of my own, and it never came into my mind that I could work for some.

But one day there was a meeting in the chapel at —, and there were many ministers, who told a number of stories about the heathen — how wicked they are, and yet how glad some would be to be taught better. They also told about poor people in this country, who, when their other labour is done, work for money to send them ministers and books.

¶ The meeting was at night, and the chapel was full, and the people who were there were much pleased with all that all that was said; began to think, "What can I do to get money to give?" when our own

minister told this tale :—"In a village not far from here, there was a poor woman who loved her God, and tried to bring her friends to love and serve him; but she was so poor that for some time she had nothing to give to the Missionary Society, and this made her sad. At last she found a way and it was this : She put up all the pennies she could save until she had as many as bought a hen, and kept it in the corner of her house, in such a nice warm place, that it laid even when the frost and snow were on the ground. She sold the eggs, and sent the money she got for them to the society, thus giving as much money as many who are well off." When this story was told, the people clapped, and praised the poor woman, and I am afraid some of them just forgot that it was God who put the thought in her heart, and that she only gave to God what he had given to her.

"Now," I thought, "there is a plan. I will buy some rabbits, and the young ones I will sell, and then I shall have something to give."

Now, do you think this was because I loved God and wanted other children to love him? You will perhaps say, Yes. I am afraid it was not altogether so, but that I might be praised like the poor woman. How angry God must have been, when he saw the thought in my heart, and how glad I ought to be that he did not punish me the same moment. Well, I could scarcely go to sleep that night; I thought much about the meeting, and what care I would take of my rabbits, and where I would keep them, and where I would sell them.

In a few days I bought the rabbits; and a short time after when I was walking out, our minister came up to me, and asked me about the meeting, and tell him anything I remembered of the speeches. Then he said, "I am glad to hear that you have some missionary rabbits, — I hope you will succeed; may God bless you?"

Do you know his kind words made me proud, and I thought, "I wonder if my governess has told Mr. — about the rabbits; it must be good of me to do this, or they would not talk of it." I did not know they spoke of it because they hoped God had answered their prayers for me.

I was very glad when I found the first young rabbits, in their nice, soft nest, and I was sure that I should have money to give. I watched them day after day, and they were grown very pretty little things, when one day, while I was at my lessons, some hawks pounced upon them and killed six and the rest soon died. The next young ones were all dead when I found them. Another set of very nice ones, some brown and white and some all white, with pink eyes, lived until I was just going to sell them, — when the weather was so damp, I put them in a fresh place,

which, though dry, was too cold, and nearly all died. At last I had some to sell: but other children had seen mine, and had got some too. As my young ones had died, they bought them at other places, and now I only received thirty cents for the little ones, and that was less than the old ones cost. On finding this, I said in anger, "I will not keep them longer:" and such thoughts as this came into my mind: "I have tried to get some money, and I cannot: so it is not my own fault, and I will not try any more."

Now, do you think the blame was my own? I do. I am sure it was just my own, and no one's else. I wished to give money; but, then, why did I wish it? Did I think more about heathen children praising God, or about people praising me; I thought more of people praising me: and God must have looked in great anger upon me, and would not let my plans succeed.

Now, perhaps some children may have tried to do things that have not succeeded; but if they have done so because they loved God, they must try again, trusting in him, and he will bless them. Perhaps others have done things for their own praise, and they may have succeeded; but if God has not yet shown them how wicked it is, he will one day do so. Though he may let you go on in this world, when at the last day, we shall appear before the judgment seat of Christ, each of us will then know his own true name. Hear what God says of the unfaithful servant: "And shall cut him asunder, and appoint him his portion with the hypocrites; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth." Matt. xxiv. 51.

Now, my dear young friends, love God now; and when you seek that the heathen may be saved, may God not frown in anger upon you, because you do not seek pardon for your own

sins. You are sinful, but Christ is holy. If you come to him and ask him, he will pardon you, and will help you to obey him; and then you will know how to pray for the heathen. When you hear of the missionary ship, called "the children's ship," and when you think how much you have sent for it, do not let one proud thought come into your mind; but think of this, that you have the Bible to read, and friends to teach you to read it, and money to spend; and then remember that all you have God has given to you. Think of this, too, that he will not hear your prayers for the heathen, or bless what you give, if you do it that your friends may praise you, and not that the poor heathen may praise him.—(*Edinburgh*) *Children's Missionary Newspaper*.

INCIDENTS IN MISSIONARY LIFE.^a

No. III.

Many of the rivers in India have no bridges over them, as rivers in England have. This is a great inconvenience to travellers, particularly in the rainy season. In the dry season a river is sometimes so shallow that a little child might walk across it; but after a few days' heavy rain in the wet season, it would be too deep and rapid for an elephant to walk over. Where there are no boats, travellers are obliged to wait a few days, near the banks of the river, until some of the water has run away, and the river has become fordable.

At some places there is a ferry boat of a very singular kind. It is, in fact, a large round basket, about seven feet in diameter, and three deep. The wicker of basket-work is made of split bamboos; and the outside is covered with untanned goatskins sewed together. This covering does not keep out the

water very well, but as the natives have no shoes and stockings, they do not mind standing five or six inches deep in water for a short time; but this is not very pleasant to English ladies and gentlemen. This however, is the best accommodation they can have. I heard of a young gentleman who, when crossing a river in one of these boats for the first time, happened to push the end of his umbrella through the goat skin at the bottom; and if he had not kept it in the hole he made, the boat would soon have sunk, and perhaps he would have been drowned.

When a lady, travelling in a palankeen, comes to one of these rivers, the bearers put her, palankeen and all, into the boat; and they stand by the side of it.

They cannot put horses into these boats; their feet would go through the bottom. When a gentleman, travelling on horseback, comes to the river, he gets into the boat and lets the horse swim after it.

Two men, with long bamboos, push the boat across the river as well as they can; but it turns round many times, and is carried a long way down the stream, before the passengers land on the other side.

There are many inconveniences arising from want of bridges. When a Hindoo has been hired to take a cart-load of goods from one town to another, he often drags the whole, through the water, and thereby spoils the goods. A missionary and his wife, who travelling in the south of India, had some boxes of clothes dragged through a river in this way; when some ink powders, in one of the boxes, became mixed with water, and spoiled several articles of wearing apparel. If little girls send any presents to the schools in India they must not put ink powders in a box with clothes.

Sometimes the carts fall over in the river. I and my wife were on a journey once, and our cart fell over in the Moooddoor river, (which is represented in the drawing,) between Seringapatam and Bangalore, and spoiled many things. The

driver of the cart did not feel any concern about our loss. When I blamed him for his carelessness, he merely said, "There was a hole at the bottom of the river, and the cart went into it : what could I do?"

A MISSIONARY.



POETRY.

For the Sunday School Guardian.

There's music in the little rill,
How gladsomely it flows ;
And in the gentle summer wind
That whispers to the rose.

There's music in the song of birds
That speaks to every heart,
That stirs the pulses joyously,
And bids dull grief depart.

There's music in the breeze of eve,
Oh, it hath magic power !
Reviving long loved memories
Of many a bygone hour.

But, oh, there's music sweeter far
Than breeze or song of birds,
More welcome to the weary heart,
Affection's gentle words.

AMELIA.

September 13th.

From the Christian Mirror.

THE HEART AND TONGUE.

One Mr. Tongue,
Of much renown,
Who lived at large
In Tattle Town,
Was mischief full,
And wicked too,
As all could tell,
If Tongue they knew.

The statute brought,
The charge was plain,
That tongue was lull
Of deadly bane ;*

Tongue then was siez'd
And brought to Court,
Pleading himself
The impending suit :

'Tis neighbour HEART,
Plead Mr. Tongue,
Who lead me into
So much wrong : †
I should be good
As neighbours are :
As Mr. Nose,
Or Eye or Ear.

If neighbour Heart,
Who lives below,
Were changed by grace,
Or made anew ;
'Tis very hard
To bear the wrong
Of neighbour Heart
Said Mr. Tongue.

The plea was sound,
Of Mr. Tongue ;
Jurors and Judge
Said, all as one,
While neighbour Heart
Is also wrong,
No good they said,
Could come from Tongue.

The Court decide,
As the best good
To renovate
The neighbourhood.
That Mr. Heart
Must be renew'd
Or never Tongue
Can be subdu'd.

*James iii. 8.

†Matt. xv. 1. 9

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