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# The SUNDAY SCHOOL CHURCHMAN

VOL. I.—NEW SERIES.]

MAY 10, 1879.

[No. 9.



## A STRANGE PEOPLE.



CHINA is a very large empire on the other side of the earth from us. It contains many millions of people. They are heathens—that is, they are without the Bible, without the Gospel, and do not know that there is a Saviour, or that they need to be saved; but they are not savages or barbarians; they have large cities, and towns, and villages as we have; they can make many articles as well as we can, and some better; and they have a course of education for their children, though it is very different from ours. Indeed, they differ from us almost in every respect. You will see by the picture that they differ very much in appearance and dress from people in this country. The person who is represented in the picture as examining the other person's foot is a "corn doctor." He is attending to the duties of his profession in the open street, a thing which nobody would ever think of doing on our side of the globe.

The Chinese think a great deal of education. The emperor appoints school examiners all over the country, and no one can become a great man who has not studied diligently for many years. Of course only a few of the boys who go to school can get the Government appointments, which the Emperor gives to those who pass the best examinations; but all, even the poorest, may try for them, and so every one is encouraged to go to school and study.

They have no large school-houses and playgrounds; not more than thirty or forty boys learn together in the same school, which is generally held in one small room. A Chinese boy goes to school when he is about eight years old. He looks very unlike a Canadian boy, with his loose, blue clothing, his shaven head, and wee pig-tail.

Besides his books he always carries a fan. When he comes to school for the first time, he must bring incense sticks, candles, and paper money to burn as an offering to Confucius, whom the Chinese scholar is especially ordered

to reverence. Copy-writing is very carefully taught in these schools, and it is a much more difficult task than your copy-writing. They are most particular about neat writing, and a piece of paper on which words are well written is so much admired that it is a favourite present to receive.

As there is no alphabet, of course the scholar has no spelling-books; but, instead of this, lessons which are called "Character Classics." "The Thousand Character Classic," is a lesson-book with a thousand different words or signs. When the pupil knows these, he begins the study of the "Nine Books," being the writings of Confucius, Mencius and others; and he is thought to have made fair progress who can read these books well after ten years of study. But the great trouble is that with all their learning they never come "to a knowledge of the truth." They are taught a great deal of idolatry and superstition—to worship false gods and to worship their forefathers.

How sad it is that this great empire should be left so long without the light of the Gospel! There are some missionaries there now—perhaps over a hundred—but "what are they among so many?"



## PAYING HER WAY.

WHAT has my darling been doing to-day  
To pay for her washing and mending?  
How can she manage to keep out of debt  
For so much caressing and tending?  
How can I wait till the years shall have flown,  
And the hands have grown large and stronger?  
Who will be able the interest to pay  
If the debt runs many years longer?

Dear little feet!—how they fly to my side!  
White arms my neck are caressing;  
Sweetest of kisses are laid on my cheek,  
Fair head my shoulder is pressing.  
Nothing at all from my darling is due:  
From evil may angels defend her!  
The debt is discharged as fast as 'tis made;  
For love is a legal tender.

## OLD ROSIE;

A STORY FOR THE CHILDREN.

BY REV. M. GUY PEARSE.



HE lived away in such a queer little place, that I am sure you could not find it unless I took you there.

Come then, over the fields, and across the strange and awkward Cornish stiles—granite stones stretched across a ditch, into which little legs would sometimes slip, as they tried to step over. Through three fields, and then you came out into a lane that went by the pleasant name of the Lover's Lane. But it made all the difference what season of the year it was. In summer, nothing could be more beautiful. The hazel bushes were thick with the 'lambs' tails,' and the fluffy 'goslings' peeped out amongst them. The honeysuckle scented all the air, and trailed its flowers about amongst the thick briars and wild roses. The ferns grew luxuriantly on both sides, and the primroses and violets were so thick that you could scarcely see anything of their soft mossy bed. Then there was the nodding foxglove, where the bee crept and came out dusted with gold; and lower down grew the dainty lords and ladies. There Spring came first, and there Summer always lingered last. But when the Autumn rains came it was dreadful—mud, mud, mud! You never saw such mud. The cart-ruts went down ever so deep; and it was no use trying to pick your way, for whilst you were thinking where to step next, you would have sunk in so far that the mud almost pulled your boot off as you tried to draw your foot out again.

And yet as I look back to those days it seems always to have been sunshine whenever we went to see Old Rosie. I suppose it used to rain there sometimes, as it does in other places. I suppose sometimes the wind blew cold, and that the dull grey clouds shut out the

sun. But I can't remember any such times. It was always sunshine, and always a warm delicious day, when we went to see Old Rosie. I expect the reason was that we had the sunshine in our hearts; and that makes sunshine all about us, you know.

A little way along the lane, then round by an old withered tree, and past a green pond where the ducks washed and dived and stood up on their tails, flapping and splashing themselves; past the ricks and straw-yard of a farm, where we look through the gate at the frisking calves, or at the solemn horses, who seemed to know it was Sunday, and found it such a treat to stand quite still, almost too lazy to switch off the troublesome flies; then you came to a row of poor cottages. Three of them had pleasant little gardens, but the fourth had got squeezed in between two others. Lower than they were, and very small, it looked as if it were a poor timid little place that had come between the two well-to-do neighbours by saying that it was very little and wouldn't be in the way at all, and would keep back out of sight, and would not presume to have a garden. A narrow strip led to the narrow doorway; there was no room for a window on either side, but there was just one little window that kept a sharp look-out over it; then came the thick heavy thatch of the roof. But if there were no flowers in front, they made up for it by climbing all over the little house itself. Jessamine and monthly roses clustered round the doorway and hung about the windows; and on the thatch grew patches of white and yellow stonecrop, and the ivy climbed up from behind somewhere, and half hid the chimney itself.

Before we can knock at the door it is opened for us by the woman who keeps the house, for she always expects us after the morning service. We will leave with her the little presents of tea and whatever else there is for Old Rosie, and will go up the narrow staircase. If you were not such little folks, you would have to stoop all the way, or get such a bump on the head as many other people have got going up there.

(Continued in our next.)

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## The Sunday School Guardian

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

TORONTO, MAY 10, 1879.



### JAPAN.

OUR readers will be glad to learn that in the providence of God the Rev. George Cochran, one of the Methodist Missionaries in Japan, has been spared to return to Canada.

We may expect to hear from him on many of our missionary platforms, and we hope in the pages of the S. S. GUARDIAN.

The progress of the mission which he went from Canada to start has been very marvellous, and is a wonderful illustration of the good providence of God in opening the hearts of the people to the reception of the Gospel. The Rev. Mr. Eby, one of the missionaries still in Japan, writes as follows:—

“In the country places they are not satisfied with less than about an hour and a half or two hours’ talk. When I had gone out before, they generally insisted on two of my ordinary sermons, besides a great deal of talk by my assistant. During the New Year holidays I went to work and got up a big sermon about three hours long, in such sections that parts could be used if short time was advisable. My first appointment was in Ichikawa. When I got there I found they had hired a story-teller’s

house for the occasion. When the time came we went to the place and could hardly get to the preaching table for the crowd. Every space was packed, verandahs, stairs, every available spot was occupied, and I saw that I had a turbulent crowd to deal with. Some were drunk and could hardly be kept still until I should commence. My style of preaching is somewhat of the sledge-hammer type. I find this mountain people are not to be brought down by buttered toast, so I have adopted the plan of vigorous attack. For twenty or thirty minutes the crowd could be kept in check, but by that time I would come to some clinching point, and then a volley of exclamations—of dissent or approbation—would come over the waving, heaving throng, and I would have to wait for five or ten minutes to get some people removed and settle the audience again. Then would come the next argument and its clinching thrust, and the uproar would be renewed. Three policemen came, and gradually mere sight-seers and children went away, and for the last half-hour I had a most excellent audience of about 250, who listened to the close. I was determined to master the crowd and succeeded, ending my sermon at half-past ten, having begun at half-past seven. I don’t want to repeat that experience very often.”

### A REBUKE.

A CLERGYMAN tells us of an infidel who, wishing to give a reading lesson to two little children, wrote the words, GOD IS NOWHERE. The child read it, GOD IS NOW HERE.

That child’s wisdom was greater than the infidel’s folly.

A GOOD man will find friends everywhere. Joseph did in prison. So the prisoner Paul found a friend in the governor of the island. There is no better capital for a young man entering life than a faithful though modest Christian character. Even the noblest in rank respect such a man, and he finds friends.

## ORIENTAL SHEPHERD.

**I**N the tenth chapter of the Gospel according to John, the Saviour tells us that as a shepherd takes care of his sheep so He takes care of His people. In His description of the shepherd and his sheep there are some things which we cannot very well under-

stand till we know something of the way in which the shepherds of Palestine manage their flocks. Our picture gives some information on that point. It is taken from a sketch of a scene that actually passed before the artist's eye at one of the gates (perhaps "the sheep gate,") of Jerusalem. It can easily be seen



ORIENTAL SHEPHERD.

that the shepherd does not drive his sheep nor chase them with dogs, as is done in most other countries; but that he goes before them, looking down upon them, and apparently speaking to them; while they follow him, obedient to his call, and regarding him with loving looks. And there is the gate-keeper, or porter, standing in the gate-way with his keys in his hand; and on the left, far away in the distance, we see another flock of sheep following another shepherd. Now we can understand the Saviour's description:—"To him the porter openeth; and the sheep hear his voice; and he calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out. And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them; and the sheep follow him, for they know his voice. And a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him; for they know not the voice of strangers." Jesus is the good shepherd who once laid down His life for the sheep; who gathers the lambs in his arms and carries them in his bosom. Is He your Shepherd? If He is, you will try to follow Him—to be like Him—to do what you know He wishes you to do—to hate what He hates, and love what He loves.

#### THE LAMB THAT WAS SLAIN.

**W**INGED ANGELS! fold your wings;  
 Seraphs! keep mute the strings  
 Of all your lyres:  
 The Lamb of God is slain!  
 But see!—he lives again,  
 O'er earth and heaven to reign:—  
 Wake all your choirs!

Bow down in gloom, ye skies!  
 The Lamb for sinners dies—  
 He dies—in love:  
 Now lift your voices high,  
 Ye powers of earth and sky!  
 He lives no more to die,—  
 He reigns above.

Behold the Lamb of God!  
 His praises spread abroad;  
 Wake, heart and voice!  
 Sinners, with guilt distressed!  
 Saints, wrapt in blissful rest!  
 Souls, waiting to be blest!  
 In Christ rejoice.

#### HARDENING THE AXE.

BY JOSEPH ALDEN, D.D.



**WHEN** I was a boy I liked to go to the blacksmith's shop. Mr. Gale, the blacksmith, was a very sensible man. He was appointed one of the judges of the County Court shortly after the occurrence of what I am about to relate.

One, two, or three boys, besides myself, had strayed into the shop. Mr. Gale had made an axe. It was well shaped, and, so far as we could see, finished. To our surprise, he took it up, put it into the coals, and commenced blowing the bellows.

"Are you going to hammer it any more?" said one of the boys.

"No," said he. He generally used no more words than were necessary to express his meaning.

"What are you heating it for?"

"To harden it."

"Does heating it harden it?"

"No."

The boy did not ask any more questions, but watched Mr. Gale as he took the axe and plunged it into the cold water, then put it in the fire again for a short time, and then poured water on it, and finally he laid it aside.

"Is it done?" said the boy.

"Yes."

"Is that the way to harden steel?"

"Yes."

"Any body can do it."

"Any body that knows how. If he don't know how he will be likely to make it too hard."

"What harm would that do?"

"Make it brittle, so that it would break like glass. It is a nice operation to harden an edge-tool properly. There is a kind of hardening that any body can do, and a great many are doing it all the time." So saying he brushed the dust off the anvil with his leather

apron, and sat upon it as he was wont to do when disposed to have a talk with his visitors.

"What is it that is constantly growing harder? Which of you can tell me?"

"Some kinds of wood grow harder as they grow older."

"That is not what I meant. I spoke of a hardening process carried on by men and women and children. They don't make wood grow hard."

"Heart," said one of the boys, pretty sure that he had hit Mr. Gale's meaning.

"Yes, what is meant by hardening the heart?"

No one of the boys answering, he put the question to me. I replied, "Making it harder," and thought I had given a pretty good answer, and all the other boys seemed to think so. Mr Gale was silent for a moment, as if he were thinking of my answer, and then said, "What is meant by making the heart harder? I then saw that my answer was no answer at all.

"Think a moment what is meant by a hard heart. What do you mean when you call a man a hard-hearted man? Think of some one whom you regard as a hard-hearted person, and see what it is that causes you so to regard him."

"I can tell," said one of the boys; "a hard-hearted person is one who hasn't any feeling."

"Is that so?" said Mr. Gale, turning to me.

"No, sir," said I, "a hard-hearted person is one who has very little kind feeling—who has very little pity for any body."

"You are about right," said Mr. Gale. "Are hard-hearted men good men or bad men?"

"Bad men," we all answer together.

"How do they regard sin?"

"They don't mind it. They are not afraid to sin."

"What is the effect of sinning on the heart?"

"To make it harder."

"What is every sinner doing every day? You all know that it is your duty to repent. What is the great difficulty in the way of repentance?"


"Hardness of heart."

"Yes, that is one great difficulty. If you were obliged to cross a stream that was growing wider and deeper every hour, what would you do."

"I would cross as soon I as could."

"Of course you would, if you acted wisely. You would not wait for the difficulty to increase. So if you are wise you will not wait for the difficulties in the way of repentance to increase."

### O CITY OF THE JASPER WALL.


 CITY of the jasper wall,  
 And of the pearly gate!  
 For thee, amid the storms of life,  
 Our weary spirits wait.  
 We long to walk the streets of gold  
 No mortal feet have trod;  
 We long to worship at the shrine,  
 The temple of our God!  
 O home of bliss! O land of light!  
 Where fulleth neither shade nor blight!  
 Of every land the brightest, best,  
 When shall we there find peace and rest!

O city where they need no light  
 Of sun, or moon, or star,  
 Could we with eye of faith but see  
 How bright thy mansions are:  
 How soon our doubts would flee away,  
 How strong our trust would grow,  
 Until our hearts should lean no more  
 On trifles here below.  
 O home of bliss! O land of light!  
 Where falleth neither shade nor blight!  
 Of every land the brightest, best,  
 When shall we there find peace and rest!

O city where the shining gates  
 Shut out all grief and sin,  
 Well may we yearn amid earth's strife  
 The holy peace to win.  
 Yet must we meekly bear the cross,  
 Nor seek to lay it down,  
 Until our father brings us home  
 And gives the promised crown.  
 O home of bliss! O land of light!  
 Where falleth neither shade nor blight!  
 Of every land the brightest, best,  
 Soon shall we there find peace and rest.



## LITTLE FOLKS' COLUMN.



## RETURN OF SPRING.

The spring is come, the spring is  
come;

Tell it out o'er earth and sea,  
Un-till it wake the dead to life.  
And set the ice-bound cap-tive  
free.

Sound it out in joy-ful strain  
That mer-ry spring is come a-gain.

Over meads and rocky moun-tains.  
By the ri-ver, by the rill,  
Out a-mong the fo-rest depths,  
Where all a-round is sere and still,  
Tell it dut, in joy-ful strain  
That cheer-ful spring is come a-gain.

On through Na-ture's wide do-  
min-ions

Sound the long-ex-pect-ed cry,  
Till a un-i-ver-sal cho-rus

Echo back the glad re-ply;  
Tel-ling out in joy-ful strain  
That joy-ous spring is come a-  
gain.

## LESSON NOTES.

B. C. 710.] **LESSON VII.** [May 18.  
THE SAVIOUR'S KINGDOM; OR, THE PROMISE OF  
PEACE.

Micah 4. 1-3. **Commit to memory verses 1-4**  
OUTLINE.

1. Days of prosperity. v. 1. 2.
2. Days of peace. v. 3. 5.
3. Days of power. v. 6-8.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Come, and let us go up to the mountain of the  
Lord, and to the house of the God of Jacob.  
Micah 4. 2.

INTRODUCTORY.—The prophet Micah lived dur-  
ing the reigns of Jotham, Ahaz, and Hezekiah,  
kings of Judah, about seven hundred and fifty  
years before Christ. The most of his message  
was directed against the sins of his time; but in  
the present chapter he speaks of the glorious  
kingdom of the coming Messiah.

1. Attend the worship in God's house.
2. Learn God's law.
3. Walk in his paths.

Find about a "mount of God" in Exodus.... Read  
the account of the building of God's house on Mount  
Moriah.... Find the account of David capturing the  
stronghold of Zion.

B. C. 800.] **LESSON VIII.** [May 25.  
THE HOLY SPIRIT PROMISED; OR, THE GIFT OF  
POWER.

Joel 2. 28-32. **Commit to memory verses 28-32.**  
OUTLINE.

1. Revealing power. v. 28-29
2. Wonder-working power. v. 30, 31;
3. Saving power. v. 32.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy  
Ghost is come upon you. Acts 1. 8.

INTRODUCTORY:—The prophet Joel lived about eight  
centuries before Christ. He here foretells the descent  
of the Holy Spirit upon the Church after the ascension  
of the Saviour.

1. Remember that the Spirit is promised to the  
young as well as to the old.
2. Try to live and speak under the Spirit's direc-  
tion.
3. Call upon God for deliverance from sin.  
Find a promise of the Holy Spirit by John the  
Baptist.... Find a promise by Christ in John's Gospel  
.... Find the account of its fulfillment in Acts.