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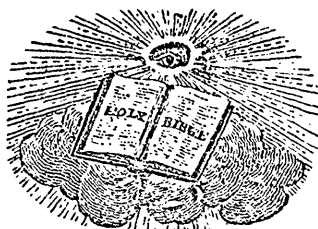
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SUNDAY SCHOOL GUARDIAN.



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

VOL. VI.

TORONTO, C. W., OCT., 1851.

No. 5.

WORTHY OF IMITATION,

We give the following extract from a letter received, to show our friends what may be done by a little effort, and how the circulation of the *S. S. Guardian* may be greatly increased. Let each one who reads it, go and do likewise, and we shall soon hear of the results.

BEVERLY, Oct. 8, 1851.

To the Editor of the *S. S. Guardian*.

Sir,—A short time ago, I was in Nelson, and happened to be in a house where I saw a No. of the *S. S. Guardian*. I took it up, looked it over, and was well pleased with it. I brought it home with me, and was resolved to try to get subscribers here, and I have succeeded in getting ten. I have enclosed two dollars, which, I believe, is the price of ten numbers for one year, which I wish you to send me.

WALLACE McDONALD.

Now, it was right, in the first place, that the *S. S. Guardian*

should be in the house where that visitor happened to be; and as an illustration of the happy influence of the law of association, that one paper was the means of gaining ten other papers beside it. Will not some others take the hint, and send for the paper, and perhaps others may become the first in the series of a *multiplying ratio*?

—♦—
From the *New York Observer*.

TWO YEARS IN HEAVEN.

Two years ago to-day he went to heaven.

With us they have been long, long years, since we heard the sound of his sweet voice.

He was the youngest of our flock. Three summers he had been with us, and O, he was brighter and sunnier than any summer day of them all. But he died as the third year of his life was closing. The others were older than he, and all we had of childhood's glee and gladness

were buried when we laid him in the grave. Since then our hearth has been desolate, and our hearts have been yearning for the boy who is gone. "*Gone, but not lost*" we have said a thousand times, and we think of him ever as living and blessed in another place not far from us.

Two years in heaven! They do not measure *time* in that world; there are no weeks, or months, or years, but all the time we have been mourning his absence here he has been happy there. And when we think of what he has been enjoying, and the rapid progress he has been making, we feel that it is well for him that he has been taken away.

Two years with angels. They have been his constant companions, his teachers too; and from them he has drawn lessons of knowledge and of love. The cherubim are said to excel in knowledge, while love glows more ardently in the breasts of seraphim. He has been two years in the company of both, and must have become very like them.

Two years with the redeemed.—They have told him of the Saviour in whose blood they washed their robes, and whose righteousness is their salvation. The child, while with us, knew little of Jesus and his dying love; but he has heard of him now, and has learned to love him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me." There are some among those redeemed, who would have loved him here, had they been living with us; but they went to glory before him, and have welcomed him now to their company. I am not sure that they know him as our child; and yet do we love to think that he is in the arms of those who have gone from our

arms and thus broken families are reunited around the throne of God and the Lamb.

Two years with Christ. It is joy to know that our child has been two years with the Saviour, in his immediate presence; learning of him, and making heaven vocal with songs of rapture and love. The blessed Saviour took little children in his arms when he was here on earth, and he takes them in his bosom there. Blessed Jesus! blessed children! blessed child!

He often wept when he was with us; he suffered much before he died: seven days and nights he was torn with fierce convulsions ere his soul yielded and fled to heaven. But now for two years he has not wept! He has known no pain for two years. That little child, who was pleased with a rattle, now meets with angels and feels himself at home. He walks among the tallest spirits that bend in the presence of the Infinite, and is as free and happy as any who are there. And when we think of joys that are his, we are more than willing that he should stay where he now dwells, though our house is darkened by the shadow of his grave, and our hearts are aching all the time for his return. Long and weary have been the years without him, but they have been blessed years to him in heaven. "Even so, Father." "Not our will, but thine be done."

New York, Oct. 28, 1854.

THE DYING NOVEL READER.

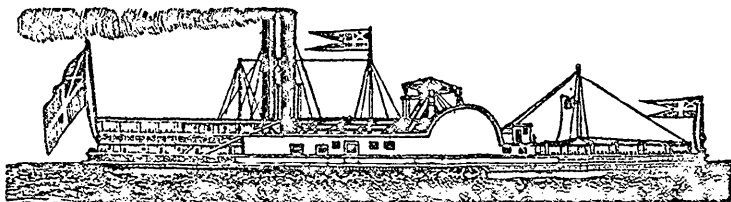
I was recently called to visit a poor woman, who was made poor by her own folly. She has been sick for years, but is now getting worse. She told me that she was raised and partly educated by a lady in Eastern Virginia; but when

she was young she was led to read a few novels. These gave her a taste for that kind of reading, and she soon became so fond of it, that she could sit up all night to read works of fiction. She continued in this course for years, and even after marriage she found it necessary for her happiness.

Thus, the hours that ought to have been spent in taking care of her children, and superintending household affairs, were worse than wasted in sympathies thrown away upon imaginary persons and suffering, making the heart wholly unfit for sharing in the common duties and cares of life. And as she lay on her miserable couch, surrounded by all the marks of want and poverty, her body emaciated to a skeleton, her eyes sunken and wild, she raised her bony arm, and said, "See, sir, what a wretch I have made myself by novel reading. I have ruined my health, and I have ruined my mind, by in-

dulging in that miserable trash.— I have no peace; Satan is continually tempting me to believe there is no God—no heaven—no hell, and that I had better put an end to my life. Then Satan holds up some of those heroines for my example, who first murdered their souls, and their bodies. O! pray for me, pray for me, sir, that I may be delivered from the power of these temptations.

You may be sure I did so, and instructed her to the best of my ability, yet I had but little hope that it would do her good. As I stood by her bed side, I wished that all the young ladies of our land, who spend so much precious time in poring over these "gems of literature," and shedding tears at the bedside of imaginary sorrow, could have witnessed this, the natural end of their own course of folly, and an example to them not to continue to violate that nature which God has given, for the penalty will follow.



THE STEAMBOAT.

While passing down one of the rivers of this State in a steamboat, a few weeks since, being unacquainted with any one, I had recourse for amusement, to one of the volumes which composed the steamboat library. I had not been long engaged in reading this book, which happened to be a novel, when a little boy, apparently about six

years old, stepped up to me, and laying his little hand on my knee, and looking up wistfully in my face, said in a timid voice, "Is that the bible?" Confounded with the unexpected question, I dropped the volume from my hand, saying, "No, my dear, it is not;" and I gazed at the child with feelings of astonishment, not unmingled with

shame. Without stopping a moment, however, the child went in like manner to every one he saw reading, and put the same question, and from every one he received a similar reply. He was evidently disappointed, and I, struck with the singularity of the circumstance, and anxious to ascertain the boy's motive in asking the question, said, "Come here my child; do you want a Bible?" "Yes, sir."— "Well here is one for you;" and opening a box which contained some tracts I had carried for distribution, I gave my Bible to the child. The little creature eagerly seized it, and as the rain had now ceased, ran out of the cabin, and seating himself in the corner of the stairs outside, began to turn over the leaves with much earnestness. I had laid aside my frivolous volume, for I felt reproved by the child's question, which struck on my conscience as a voice from heaven. It seemed to say, "Have you this morning, ere you took your early journey, perused the word of God? You had no time, perhaps, to do more than offer up your morning prayer, for preserving you during your hour of sleep. You can read a trifling fiction: how much more profitable were it to search the oracles of truth! Are you ashamed to be seen reading your Bible?— Learn from this infant's example the value of your Bible." But, besides my conscience being awakened, my curiosity was excited; and I watched the little boy. After turning the leaves over a few moments, he seemed to be disappointed, and carried the book to his father, who was sitting without the cabin, and hid from my view by an intervening door. I rose and placed myself so as to observe the motion of the child. The father turning

round and observing me, politely thanked me for lending my Bible to his son. But, added he, he can hardly make use of it, for it is a kind of Bible neither he nor I ever saw. I at once saw the cause of the child's uneasiness; the Bible was not divided into chapters and verses, like the common version; and the boy could not readily find the passages he wished to refer to. I now learned that he was a Sabbath scholar, and was very fond of learning a voluntary task. I told his father that I was sorry that I had no other Bible with me at that time, but I said I would be there again in three weeks, when I hoped to see the little boy again, and I would bring him a Bible. C. L. G.

Chapel Hill, N. C.

PERSEVERANCE.

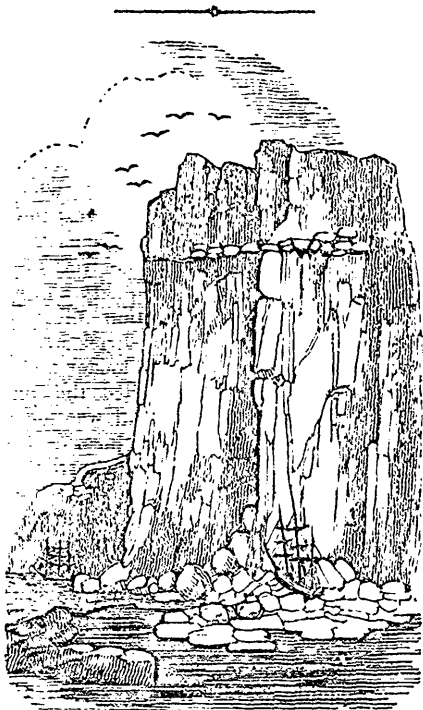
Let not the *failure of your first efforts* deter you. Alexander Bethune's first effort for print was a contribution to the "Amethyst;" but the lady at whose request he wrote it, advised him not to send it. He wrote an article for "Blackwood," and it was declined.— A host of others have tried, and they have failed; but where there has been a firm and settled purpose to succeed, they have tried, and tried and tried again, and in the end they have been successful.

Let not the *unfavourable opinion of others* deter you. Xenocrates was a disciple of Plato, and a fellow student with Aristotle. Plato used to call Xenocrates "a dull ass that needed the spur," and Aristotle "a mettlesome horse that needed the curb." When, after the death of Plato, the Chair of Instruction in the Academy was vacant, the choice of a successor lay between Aristotle and Xenocrates; the honour was conferred upon Xenocrates.

"If it should please God," said a

father once, "to take away one of my children, I hope it will be my son Isaac" as he looked upon him as the most unpromising. That child became the truly eminent Dr. Isaac Barrow. Such was the character of Sheridan, in his earliest days, that his mother regarded him as "the dullest and most

hopeless of her sons." In spite of the unfavourable opinion which others had formed of these men, they rose, and so may you. Be as resolute, be as diligent, be as patient, be as persevering as they were, and success will as certainly put its seal upon your efforts as upon theirs.



THE IRISH SCHOLAR.

THE VESSEL IN THE STORM—THE SHIPRECK—RESCUE OF A MOTHER AND HER BABE.

"Sure, and there's something amiss," exclaimed the old man, who had intently listened for a few minutes. "That's a gun; and may be there's death going on, for I've heard the sound some time, but didn't know whether my ears deceived me or not. Up, Larry, boy," said he, addressing the young man

who had entered the cabin with him; when a fellow-creature's in distress, he's never an Irishman that refuses a helping hand."

The father and son took a lighted lantern, and sallied forth. The signal gun had been heard by the other fishermen on the cliff, and three or four joined the first party.

It was pitchy dark, and well acquainted as all were with the locality, they found it necessary to be very cautious how they proceeded along the edge of the precipice.—When they arrived at the head of the steps that communicated with the beach, they stopped to listen, for nothing could be seen, even when all hid their lanterns beneath their coarse fishers' coats. The rushing of the sea was tremendous; and that, together with the howling of the storm above it, seemed to baffle all attempts to catch again the sound from the vessel that was laboring with the waves. Presently, however, the report of a gun was heard, and very distinctly, so that it could not be far off. A quantity of furze was brought, with some wood, from one of the huts, and set on fire near the end of the point, that those on board might be able to distinguish the place near which they were advancing, that was so very dangerous during the prevalence of a northwesterly gale. In a minute or two the flame rose high, and was blown about by changing gusts of wind, flinging a strong red light on the curling waves beneath.

The signal was observed, for three or four small lights were immediately afterward discovered about four hundred fathoms from the shore, and then as suddenly were lost behind a rising wave.

The fishers hastened down the cliff, and when they arrived at the foot, found the waters washing the lowest steps. A minute elapsed, and again naught but the sound of the sea was heard.

"Arragh!" cried one of the party, whose name was Paul Monk, as the lightning, glancing along the boiling waves, afforded a momentary glimpse of the vessel; "why, then, it's herself, sure enough, and

in a sorry plight, too—her mast gone, and she driving about as if she hadn't a will of her own."

"What'll we do?" said Dennis Meeham; "they're coming fast, the poor souls, and in a few moments will be smashed to pieces."

"If they can only clear the head," observed Michael Quinn, "they may swim in the Galway waters."

"Ye have the rights of it," said Monk; but with this wind I'm thinking they'll not get round the point to-night."

The last remark was too true.—The vessel, which had been struggling against the wind, at last slipped her rudder, and being then free from control, was borne with fearful rapidity along the waves, in the direction of the cliffs. A loud, wild shriek arose on the top of the wind, louder and wilder as they approached the terrible shore, and then all was suddenly still. It was the stillness of dreadful suspense—of dumb terror. The vessel came on and on; the fishermen could distinguish it plainly, its faint light glimmering amid the waters; now borne some distance back by a huge retreating wave, and then forward again, until at last one long and swelling sea hurled her on the top of the broken rocks that lay along the beach. There was an awful crash, another piercing cry, and the vessel parted.

The men ascended the steps, and hastened toward that part of the cliff which overhung the spot where the ill-fated bark had struck. They had provided ropes, and these were thrown over the edge of the rock, while the fishers shouted, and let down their lanterns at the end of cords, in order to direct any of the helpless crew to the only chance of deliverance.

Dennis Meeham held his rope firmly round a huge piece of wood that was fastened in the ground.—As he peered over the precipice, he saw a small portion of the wreck, with two or three persons clinging to it, driven near it. They evidently saw it, for a wild cry of hope rose up from the waters, and the rope suddenly tightened in his grasp.—His son and he drew it up gently, and one of the other men knelt down on the edge of the cliff, to see who hung by it, and to render immediate assistance when the saved person was drawn near the top.

“Och, have a care, boys!” he suddenly exclaimed; it’s a woman, sure enough, and a baby’s tied round her breast. The little cray-tur! and it lies still, as if it knew what was going on. Softly, lads, softly!” he continued, as, assisted by Larry, he safely deposited the female with her precious burden on the grass. The rope had been fastened under her arms, and in the manner related, although she was insensible, had been rescued from the waters.

Biddy Meeham, who had followed her husband, undid the fastenings of the babe’s dress from that of the mother’s, and a beautiful little boy opened his eyes, and nestled his head in the bosom of the kind fisherwoman. She turned to the senseless mother, and shrieked.—The poor drenched creature had given a loud sigh, her bosom heaved once convulsively, and then all was still. She was dead!—*The Irish Scholar; or, Popery and Protestant Christianity.*

A MAN-OF-WAR’S MAN’S IDEA OF FAITH.

There are many principles which can be much more easily illustrated than defined. Among these is *faith*.

Faith is an assent of the understanding to certain statements; it is believing; it is confidence. But what is faith in Christ?—saving faith? Any definition of this, in order to present the whole of its character, must necessarily involve circumlocution, and even then be liable to misconception. To be fully understood, it should be a matter of experience. One of the best illustrations of it, it has ever been my pleasure to hear is the following:—

In a meeting which I attended one evening, an old man arose, who looked as though he had seen no small share of rough service in his day, and in a foreign accent said he would explain what he understood faith in Christ to be. “My brethren,” he continued, “I once served in the American navy under Captain Porter. He was a severe officer, and, as I thought ill treated his men. So, upon a favorable opportunity, I, with several others, ran away. I deserted the navy, and concealed myself in Boston and vicinity for two years. During this time a reward of two hundred dollars a head was offered for the apprehension of deserters. I, however, successfully escaped detection. At the end of two years, the war of 1812 broke out with England.—The government was greatly in want of men for the navy. Accordingly they issued proposals of mercy to all deserters. They publicly proclaimed, that if those who had deserted from the navy would return, they would be received, and nothing would be said concerning their desertion; that is, if they would go and deliver themselves up to the government, they would be pardoned. I saw those proposals, and believing them to be offered in good faith, I went down to the navy office, confessed that I was a de-

serter, and offered to re-enlist. I was at once received, and nothing was ever said to me about my desertion.

"Now, my hearers, we have, all of us, deserted God; we have abandoned his service; justice is after us; a price is set upon our souls. But terms of forgiveness are offered us. If we will return, throw ourselves upon the mercy of God, and enter his service, he will forgive us on account of what Christ has done for us. We must *voluntarily deliver ourselves up to the government*, and then we shall be pardoned."



RIDING ON HORSEBACK.

Riding on horseback is capital exercise. It would greatly promote the health of many young persons, particularly young ladies, to take daily exercise of this kind in the open air.

We would not recommend riding for mere pleasure, but as a branch of physical education, conducive to vigor of body and mind, and preparatory for circumstances liable to occur to any one.

In new countries, where the roads are few and poor, riding on horseback is almost the only way of going about, either to attend church, or to visit neighbors. Riding on mules is the only way of crossing the Isthmus of Panama at present. Hundreds of ladies, the wives of missionaries and others, have thus

ridden in safety across the continent, over rough mountain passes, and on the edge of steep precipices. How well it was for them to have had some experience in riding before being put to such test of their skill and self-possession.

We know not how many of our young female readers may yet become missionaries—we hope not a few. Probably the railroad may be built across the Isthmus of Panama before they will be ready to go to California or Oregon; nevertheless they will not have lost anything, but have gained much, if they shall have learned to manage with skill and courage that noble animal, the horse.

The Little Boy that was drowned on the Sabbath.

My Dear Children: I wish to write a few words to you on the importance of obedience to parents. The Bible, you know, enjoins upon children to obey their parents. It forbids disobedience. If you disobey your parents, you disobey God, and he will surely punish those who are disobedient, either in this life or in that which is to come.

I once lived in a town where there was a widow lady who had an only son. Like all other mothers, she loved her little boy very dearly, and was always ready to satisfy his desires, whenever she considered them proper. He was a very cheerful boy, about ten or eleven years of age. His mother kept a dairy, and her son used to drive a milk-wagon about the town, and serve his customers with milk. This business afforded them a decent support. The mother looked to her son for assistance when old age should come upon her. Many were her hopes and many her prayers in behalf of her only son. Often did

she give him good advice, and direct his mind to that Saviour who suffers little children to come unto him.

One Saturday afternoon, in the month of July, a steamboat, for the first time, came up the creek, and harbored not far from where the mother and her son lived. Of course all the little boys and girls in the town desired to see this surprising object.

Little Johnny asked his mother if he could go and see the new steamboat. She readily consented, telling him to return very soon.— He did so, and told her what a great boat he had seen. After he had described the pipe and various machinery to her, she told him to-morrow would be the Sabbath, and no doubt a great many little boys would go down to the landing and see the boat; “but, my son, you must not go there on the Sabbath, for it is God’s holy day; and he commands you to remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy.” Johnny retired that night, and thought little of what his mother had told him until the next Sabbath afternoon, when some of his playmates came and invited him to go with them to see the new boat. He told them that it was the Sabbath, and that his mother had charged him not to visit the landing on God’s holy day. They replied that his mother would know nothing about his going, for they would soon be back. At last he yielded to their entreaties, and accompanied them.

When he reached the boat he saw that it did not come up to the landing, but a plank was laid with one end on the boat, and the other upon the landing, so that any one might go on board.

Johnny trembled as he placed his foot upon the plank. He felt that

a guilty conscience was at work within him: but he stepped forward until he had reached nearly the middle of the plank, when a sudden motion of the boat threw him into the water, and he was drowned. A crowd of men soon gathered round, and in a few hours succeeded in finding his body; but it was cold and lifeless. The spirit had taken its flight to God who gave it. Little did Johnny’s mother think that he was there, as she saw the gathered crowd. The men carried the lifeless body to his mother; and who can describe the feelings of that mother, when the body of her only son was laid at her feet in the cold embrace of death! She stood amazed—she could not weep—her fount of tears was dry. She could not speak; for all that had made earthly happiness for her had fled beyond her reach. She was alone.

The next day Johnny was buried, and nearly all the children in the village followed him to the grave. For many days a cloud of sorrow hung over the little village, and not until their dying day will Johnny’s playmates forget the Sabbath afternoon they went to see the steamboat.

If any of the little boys or girls who read this account of little Johnny are in the habit of disobeying their parents, let them remember that the way of transgressors is hard. If Johnny had stayed at home and read his Bible that Sabbath afternoon, he might have been alive at this day, a comfort to his mother, and a blessing to his country.—
Presbyterian.

Happy are those who not only talk of the truth, but walk in the truth.

Repentance is the greatest honour next to innocence.



WILLIAM HENRY HALL.

For the Sunday School Guardian.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I have thought that it might be interesting and instructive to your little readers to give them a short sketch of the amiable character, and happy death of one of the finest little boys that I ever knew.

William Henry Hall died in Peterboro', on the 8th of September last, at the early age of nine years and five weeks—and though his stay here was so short, his uniform obedience to his parents, his regular attendance upon his Sunday school, and his general kind and engaging disposition secured for him the affectionate regard of all who knew him, whilst his clear scriptural views of the plan of salvation, and his simple and implicit faith in his Redeemer enabled him to meet death with a smile, and to leave behind him the pleasing hope that he has gone to rest in heaven.

William was blessed with pious parents, who early endeavoured to impress upon his mind the wondrous story of the Saviour's love, and to teach him the way of salvation; a theme so simple and affecting that a child may understand it, and yet so

deep, so high, so sublime, that angels contemplate it with ecstasy and awe!

Upon the mind of William these early instructions were not lost. At a very tender age he was the subject of deep religious impressions, and his conscientious regard for truth, his abhorrence of every kind of deception, his love for the Scriptures, and his delight in prayer, clearly shewed that "from a child he had known the Scriptures which were able to make him wise unto salvation."

He was peculiarly amiable and affectionate in his disposition. He would much rather not play at all, than to associate with boys who were rude and boisterous; but was particularly fond of a little companion, mild and gentle like himself. But he generally preferred being in the company of his parents, and with persons older than himself, and to listen to religious conversation,—and the attention which he gave to such subjects, and the sensible questions which he would ask in reference to them, manifested a thoughtfulness about religion seldom witnessed in one so young.

The Sabbath School was his de-

light, and from it he was never willingly absent, and his regularity in attendance, his attention to his lessons, and his general good behaviour endeared him to his teacher, whilst his kind, sensible, manly deportment made him a general favorite.

But whilst W. had so many pleasing qualities which endeared him to his friends, and which gave promise of future usefulness, had he been spared, it pleased the Lord to call him away in the morning of life. His constitution, naturally delicate, sunk rapidly under the severe disease with which he was attacked, and it soon became evident that he was fast sinking into the grave.

And now it became evident how many hearts even a little boy may endear to him by kind dispositions and engaging manners. Seldom have I witnessed so many persons manifest such deep sympathy for so young a sufferer, and it almost seemed as though each was losing a near and dear friend.

He bore his severe suffering with great patience, and the composed and sensible manner in which he spoke of the approach of death, and his hope of glory, furnished a bright evidence of the value of early religious instruction, and the genuineness of youthful piety.

He frequently spoke of his little brother and sister who had died before him; especially of his sister who had died about two years before, and who, though but five years old, said, when expiring in her cradle, "I see little Robert John," (meaning her infant brother who had gone before) "coming to meet me." She had also said that William would be the next that would die. He remembered this, and said, that he was going to be with Anne Jane. Yes, William knew that he

had friends in heaven, and though he felt it hard to leave his dear and beloved parents, yet he knew that he was going to meet those that had gone before, and especially to meet his dear Saviour in that happy place where there are mansions for all that love his appearing. Oh what a pleasing thought for the bereaved parents to think that they have three children already in glory! May the Lord enable them so to train up those that remain, and so to cleave to the Lord themselves that they may make up a *family in heaven!* I. B. H.



Superstition of the Katar Tribe, India.

A Missionary hearing that a mountaineer of a small tribe, called the Katar, had died, went to witness the ceremony usual at such an event. The women of the village sat together at a short distance from the body, going through a recitation in measured and plaintive tones. The men brought several bullocks which the deceased had fed in his life-time, and led them round the corpse; they were then sent to a jungle not far off. On asking the reason of this, they assigned immemorial custom, and said it was beneficial to the survivors.

When the Missionary asked the Priest of the village, how the deceased might escape from the punishment of sins he had committed in his life-time, he said, that these bullocks would take all his sins away.

They afterwards brought a cow, and killed it; and when asked the reason for so doing, they said, the cow was to go with him, to give milk for his support. After killing the cow, all the men went and kissed it.

Then they laid the corpse beside it for a short time; and went,

with great solemnity, and prostrated themselves where the corpse had been when the bullocks passed around it.

“OUR FATHER.”

Will the child who reads this ask himself, “Why am I so happy at home?” “If I am away, and anything goes wrong with me, why do I always wish I was at home again, as if every thing would be well with me there?” “Why do I love my father and my mother, my brothers and my sisters, better than anybody else in the world?” It will be easy to answer these questions, if you think a few minutes about them. Your father and mother knows much more than you; they can answer many of your hard questions; besides, they are strong; they can protect you from dangers; they love you, and will do every thing they can for you; this makes you feel very safe and happy where they are. They provide you food and raiment, watch your sick bed, comfort you in affliction. They are kind, gentle, watchful, and prayerful.

But is not God infinitely above any earthly friends, however dear? If we trust in God, he will never leave us nor forsake us. “When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.” Psalms xxvii. 10. Our earthly parents may die or be separated from us; we know not what a day may bring forth; but God knows all things. “The steps of the good man are ordered by the Lord.”

Do you feel safe, little friends, if you have your hands in your father’s when the thunder roars and the lightnings flash? He cannot shield you. You need a mightier protector. Who shall it be?—

God? Yes, God the Lord, he who rules the winds and the waves.



Once, when the disciples were on the sea of Tiberias, a fearful storm arose, and they thought they were surely going to perish. Jesus was with them. “And he arose and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace! be still! And the wind ceased, and there was a great calm.” Ask God, who makes the tempest, and who governs it, to be by your side, for then only are you safe.

There are many important things which your earthly parents cannot teach you, particularly about God and eternity. “But the Comforter who is the Holy Spirit, whom the Father will send, he will teach you all things.”

Your father cannot save you from Satan, who goeth about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour; nor can he save you from God’s justice at the day of judgment. Jesus “is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy.”

Now, have we not shown you that your heavenly Father, who offers to dwell with you, is more wise and more powerful than your own father and mother? that he is more watchful, more loving, always able to provide for your wants, comfort you when sickness comes,

and you fear you may die? Hear what the Bible says:—He who clothes the lily of the field will surely clothe his children; He who feeds the ravens when they cry, will not let you suffer hunger. "They that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing." "Who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases. Who redeemeth thy life from destruction, and crowneth thee with living kindness and tender mercies." He promises to make your bed in your sickness, that is, to send you relief from your pains. Still, the time must come when you will die. No father or mother can drive death away. Now hear what David the psalmist said when he thought about dying. God dwelt with David; so he said, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me." So you need not be afraid to die, for he will be by your bed side. And he will watch over your grave to bring you forth; for he says, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

Little folks, trust in God; make him your friend. Seek first his kingdom, his righteousness, his hope, his peace, his joy, while the lamp holds out to burn; delay not, *delay not*. Now, *now* is the accepted time, *now* the day of salvation. —*Golden Rule*.

OBEDIENCE.

I, for my part never despair of a child, however careless, idle, or mischievous he may be, if he has been trained to prompt obedience. It is like the main-spring of a watch; little irregularities may occur, but they are easily rectified, if the princi-

pal moving power be strong and active.

Allow me to offer a few remarks on this essential branch of a moral training.

Begin early. "Satan begins with the infant in arms."* Anticipate him; be on the watch for the first risings of self-will, and check it in the bud. As your children advance in years, *be firm*. When they prefer a request, consider, before you reply, whether it will tend to innocent amusement or profit. If busy, or perplexed with many cares, delay the answer to a more convenient time, otherwise you may bring yourself into a dilemma, either of breaking your word or of granting what you do not approve. The answer once given, *be firm*; never allow yourself to be moved from your resolution by the entreaties of your children. You have, doubtless, all seen the effects of such vacillation, rendering children a plague to those around them, a perplexity to the parent, and fostering in their own hearts a secret spirit of rebellion. "Do, mother;" "Pray, let me;" "Only this time;" "We will not ask again;" or, with the cry and whine peculiar to badly-trained children, publishing to all the mother's weakness and the child's self-will; whereas, if the mother maintain her ground, the same family scene will not be again persevered in.

It is not necessary, though at times desirable, that you explain your motives for refusing. They should learn to obey, because your command is founded on the principle, "Children, obey your parents in the Lord."

Their obedience should be prompt; not, "In a little while;" or, "Yes, when I have done this;" or, "I am going, mother;" yet loitering all the while. Give your injunctions clearly, distinctly, *once*; let the child obey immediately.

* Bridges on the Book of Proverbs.

Avoid a multiplying of rules, which imposes a yoke upon the child which he is not able to bear. "Do not go on the hearth-rug;" "I must punish you if you climb on a sofa;" "You must not run on the grass;" nor linger behind when walking, and so on without end; galling to the spirit, and wearying to the flesh. No child can remember all these prohibitions, (he is no child that can,) and by often reproving, he becomes callous; the conscience is hardened to rebuke, and consequently, when sin is committed, the child is indifferent to the reproof which is then justly called for. If your hearth-rug is easily soiled, substitute for it a common one, or cover it. If it is the danger of fire you apprehend, use a guard. If the grass is wet give your children tight shoes. Never waste their obedience on trifles, nor relax your demand on their obedience in essentials.

I think that we may trace this fruitful source of evil, viz. : disobedience, in many cases, to the indolence, bodily and mental, (often the latter,) of the mother; an unwillingness to enter the list with this giant evil; putting off to another opportunity what should be done to-day. As the twig is bent, the branch will grow; every day adds to the firmness of the texture, making it more difficult to train the plant. Then, why delay? Begin at once, in the strength of the Lord, this most needful task. Say not: "It is of no use: grace alone can change the heart." I deny it not; nay, if it were not so, I should say, sit still; for who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean?" but it is simply because grace alone can change the heart, that I urge you to work. A full supply is laid up for you. "Ask, and ye shall receive." All thy children shall be taught of me." Can you read these promises and doubt their fulfilment?

Do you yet object "that many pious parents have ungodly children?" Perhaps it may be so; but whose is the fault? The promise is to you and to your children. "God is not a man, that he should lie, neither the Son of man, that he should repent; hath he said, and shall he not do it? or hath he spoken, and shall he not make it good?" But are there no conditions on the parent's side? Think ye that the blessing will be given to the indolent and slothful servant? Expect it not; arise! awake! The night is far spent, the day is at hand. Work, labour, agonize as if all independent on yourself, but look to the Lord *alone* for the blessing.

"FROM MY MOTHER, SIR."

A few days since a case came up in the U. S. District Court in Philadelphia, in which a captain of a vessel was charged with some offence on shipboard by his crew. An incident occurred in the hearing of the case, which excited a deep feeling in court and in all present.

A small lad was called to the witness's stand. He had been a hand on board the barque at Pernambuco, and was present during the controversy between the captain and the crew. The shaggy appearance of his head, and the bronzed character of his face neck, from the exposure of a Southern sun, and at first sight, would seem to indicate carelessness and neglect; but underneath that long and matted hair, the fire of intelligence gleamed from a pair of small and restless eyes, which could not be mistaken. The counsel for the captain, from the extreme youth of the lad, doubted whether he understood the obligation of an oath he was about to take, and with a view to test his knowledge, asked leave to interrogate him. This was granted, and the following colloquy took place:

Counsel—"My lad, do you understand the obligation of an oath?"

Boy—"Yes, sir, I do."

Counsel—"What is the obligation?"

Boy—"To speak the truth, and keep nothing hid."

Counsel—"Where did you learn this, my lad?"

Boy—"From my mother, sir," replied the lad, with a look of pride, which showed how much he esteemed the early moral principles implanted in his breast by her to whom was committed his physical and moral existence.

For a moment there was a deep silence in the court room, and then, eye met eye, and face gleamed to

face with the recognition of a mother's love and moral principle which has made their fixed expression upon this boy, it seemed as if the spectators would forget the decorum due to the place, and give audible expression to their emotions. The lad was instantly admitted to testify.

Behold the mother's power! Often had evil influence and corrupt example assailed this boy. Time and care, and exposure to the battling elements had worn away the lineaments of the infant face, and bronzed his once fair exterior, but deeply nestled in his bosom still the lessons of a mother's love, which taught him to love and speak the truth.



"ARE YOU KIND TO YOUR MOTHER?"

Come, my little boy, and you, my little girl, what answer can you give me to this question? Who was it that watched over you when you were a helpless baby? Who nursed and fondled you, and never grew weary in her love? Who kept you from the cold by night, and the heat by day? Who guarded you in health, and comforted you when you were ill? Who was it that wept when the fever made your skin feel hot, and your pulse beat quick and hard? Who lunged over your little bed when you

were fretful, and put the cooling drink to your parched lips? Who sang the pretty hymn to please you as you lay, or knelt down by the side of the bed in prayer? Who was glad when you began to get well, and who carried you into the fresh air, to help your recovery? Who taught you how to pray, and gently helped you to learn to read? Who has borne with your faults, and been kind and patient with your childish ways? Who loves you still, and contrives, and works, and prays for you every day you live?

Is it not your mother, your own dear mother? Now, then, let me ask you, Are you kind to your mother? There are many ways in which children show whether they are kind or not.

Do you always obey her, and try to please her? When she speaks, are you ready to attend to her voice? or do you neglect what she wishes you to do? Do you love to make her heart feel glad?

TO A CHILD.

BY T. K. HERVEY.

Just out of heaven!—grace from high
 Around thy forehead clings,
 And fancy gazes till her eye
 Can almost see thy wings.
 The world, as yet, hath laid no stain
 Upon thy spirit's light,
 Nor sorrow flung a single chain
 Upon its sunny flight.
 The rose upon thy cheek still wears
 The colour of its birth;
 Its hues unwithered by the tears
 And breezes of the earth;
 And round the tints of beauty, yet,
 The gleams of glory play,
 As thou hast left the skies of late
 And in their starry plains hadst met
 The rainbow on thy way;
 And like the bird that pours its lay
 Its own bright paths along,
 Thy foot-steps dance along thy way,
 Unto thine own heart's song!
 Oh! thus that it might ever be!
 But onward, onward, darkly driven,
 The world shall be too cold for thee;
 Of such as thee is heaven.
 That thou might'st ever be as now!
 How brightly on thy childish brow
 Is heaven's sign unfurled!
 Thou walk'st amid our darker day,
 Like angels who have lost their way,
 And wandered to the world.
 Oh! that thou might at once go back,
 Nor tempt the sad and onward track
 Where lights that are not of the skies
 Shall lead thy wandering feet astray;

And breezes not from Paradise
 Shall chill thee on thy way;
 Where hills that seem for ever near
 Shall fade before thy cheated eyes,
 And shouts of laughter in thine ear,
 Sink, wailing, into sighs;—
 Where thou shalt find hope's thousand streams
 All flow to memory's gloomy river,
 Whose waves are fed by perish'd dreams
 For ever and for ever;
 Where guilt may stamp her burning brand
 Upon thy soul's divinest part,
 And grief must lay her icy hand
 Upon thy shrinking heart;
 'Till—like a wounded sinking bird
 Joy's song may never more be heard,
 And peace, that built within thy breast,
 May perish in its very nest;
 And youth, within thy darkened eye
 Grow old, and cease to prophecy;
 Till thou, amid thy soul's decline,
 And o'er thy spirit's ruin'd shrine.
 And o'er the forms that haunt thy sleep
 To fade with night—may'st sit and weep:
 Like me, may'st vainly weep and pray
 To be the thing thou art to-day,
 And wish the wish—as old as wild—
 Thou were, again, a playful child.

THE SUMMER IS PAST.

Summer is past,—her soft farewell
 Still lingers in my ear;
 Like chiming of a faroff bell
 That we but faintly hear.
 The zephyrs sigh a sad sweet plaint,
 As 'mid the leaves they stray;
 And the birds breathe forth their soft
 Summer is past away. [lament:
 The rose-leaves now are falling fast,
 On the soft ground they lie;
 And each sweet flower droops its head,
 To wither and to die.
 And in this cold and dreary time,
 When earth was wrap'd in gloom,
 And all of Nature's fairest pets
 Seemed hastening to the tomb.

One tender bud my rose-bush bore,
 Methought 'twould blossom soon:
 And oh! I loved this little bud
 More than the rose of June.
 Methought that when the rest were gone,
 This little rose would bloom;
 And that 'twould cheer my lonely heart,
 When all but it was gloom.
 Alas! my hopes were all in vain;
 The blight it could not bear;
 My little bud ne'er bloomed, nor shed
 Its fragrance on the air.
 And so it is with earthly things;
 They last but for a day;
 And what we fondly love the most
 Doth quickly pass away.