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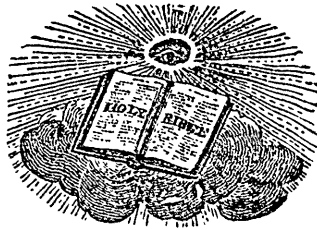
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SUNDAY SCHOOL GUARDIAN.



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

VOL. VIII.] TORONTO, C. W., NOVEMBER, 1853. [No. 6.

A LITTLE TALK ABOUT MISSIONS.

BETWEEN MAMMA, EMMA, AND MARY.

Emma.—Mamma, we have had some Missionary pictures given to us this Christmas; and we want you, if you please, to tell us some stories about them. Mary has a picture of Sierra-Leone, I have one of Wellington, New-Zealand, cousin Robert has Madras, and cousin Lucy a picture of a school in the West Indies.

Mamma.—I shall be very willing, my dear, to tell you a few anecdotes about them. Which place shall I begin with?

Mary.—O, mamma, please to begin with Sierra-Leone; it is such a very pretty picture.

Mamma.—I think there is some information given you under the picture.

Mary.—O yes; it says that Sierra-Leone was reserved for some poor blacks to live in that were in England after the war with America; and now they take there all the slaves that

the English rescue out of the slave-ships: but I want to know about the Missionaries who live there. I think they must be very happy to live in so beautiful a place, with such a bright sun and sky, and such lovely trees.

Mamma.—The Missionaries love Sierra-Leone very much, but it is not exactly on account of the bright sky and graceful trees; it is because, wherever they go, there are hundreds of Negroes who are willing, nay, anxious, to hear about Christ. They listen to the Missionary with earnest attention; and tears of gratitude flow down their cheeks, while he tells them about their Divine Saviour, who has redeemed them from a slavery worse than that in which the English found them on board the slave-ships. There are now in Sierra-Leone 9,114 persons attending the preaching of the Wesleyan Missionaries, and 3,144 children who go to the schools; besides many thousands more who attend the ministry of the Church-of-England Missionaries.

Emma.—Why do they say that

Sierra-Leone is so unhealthy? it looks very pleasant and healthy.

Mamma.—The climate of Sierra-Leone is very hot. The bright sun, that Mary admires so much, is no friend to the Missionary. Instead of having winter as we do, they have a long-continued heavy rain, which they call the "rainy season." This rain causes the trees and all vegetation to grow very rapidly. After the rains, the bright sun shines very hot, and draws up an unhealthy moisture from the damp ground and decayed vegetables: this causes fever and ague. The Missionaries are much exposed to these darp fogs. Often they have got to go great distances to preach to the Negroes of an evening. When they get to the chapel, they generally find it crowded; even the windows are blocked up with eager listeners. In this stifling atmosphere the Missionary preaches, and shows forth the unsearchable riches of the Gospel to these once degraded Africans. After preaching, he perhaps has to meet the classes; and, languid and exhausted as he is, his spirit rejoices in him as he listens to these happy Negroes, who, with their faces beaming with joy, bless God who sent His servant among them to tell them of the Saviour who died for them. All his duties finished, the Missionary goes home, the heavy dews falling upon his dress, already soaked with perspiration. Can you wonder that disease seizes upon him, and that many Missionaries have died in Sierra-Leone?

Mary.—But why do they not build nice, large, airy chapels, that would hold all the people comfortably?

Mamma.—They would be glad to do so; but they have no money to build chapels. Most of them are very poor. When taken out of the slave-ships, they have nothing, and are obliged to learn a trade, and work hard to get a living. They are building one large chapel in Sierra-Leone, which is to be called

Buxton Chapel, after Sir Thomas F. Buxton, who did so much for the abolition of slavery. Several friends in England have given subscriptions towards helping to build it; one gentleman gave the roof; and other presents have also been made. It is not finished, for they have not got money enough yet.

Emma.—What language do the Negroes speak?

Mamma.—There are Negroes from many tribes, and each tribe speaks a different dialect or language; but they mostly talk what I suppose they think to be English; they call it talking "country fashion." It is a curious jargon, and sounds very silly to English people when they first go there.

A lady who went to live in Sierra-Leone, determined she would not talk to the people in their own way, but would speak proper English to them. She was told by her friends, that they would not understand her. One morning, she asked her servant for a breakfast-cup; he brought a cream-jug. She then said, slowly and distinctly, that she wanted a large blue cup; the boy then brought a dessert plate. The lady then said to him, in his own way of talking, "Go fetch big tea-cup; he live in pantry:" then the boy understood her. There is no neuter in the Negro grammar, and every thing is endowed with animation; they say of dinner, "He live on table." The same lady one day sent into the market for some mutton; instead of receiving a message from the butcher to say he had not got any, she received the following note, for the Negroes are very fond of writing letters:—

"PLEASE MADAM,—I very sorry no mutton live in market this morning.

"Your affectionate butcher,

"JOHN MACAULEY."

I could tell you many more stories about Sierra-Leone, and the people; but I have not time now.

Mary.—O, mamma, do tell us something about the children. What are they like ?

Mamma.—Many of them are good children, and love the Lord Jesus Christ. The children, generally, are intelligent little creatures, and are very fond of learning to read and write.—They are often apprenticed as servants to the English people living in Sierra-Leone. A lady, who had a little boy and girl as servants, says, that the boy was so fond of writing, that he did not do his work properly ; and the only way she had of getting it done was to say to him, “ Now I shall not give you any more pens and paper till you have done your work well.”

The little girl had asked her mistress one day, after she had been reading the Bible, if she thought that, had Adam *not* eaten the forbidden fruit when it was offered to him by Eve, he would have been allowed to remain in Paradise. This little girl was one day very naughty, and her mistress told her to stand in the corner, and not to come out till she was good. She stood in the corner for about eight minutes, and then went to her mistress, and asked her pardon in a mild tone of voice. Her mistress spoke a few serious words to her, and she answered, “ When I first been wish to leff corner, and come ask pardon, de devil always say to me, ‘ No, don’t go ;’ but de good Spirit say ‘ Go.’ And I listen to de good Spirit, and come ; and so you been forgive me, ma’am.”

Emma.—Thank you, mamma. We hope the next stories you tell us will be about New-Zealand.

LETTERS FROM A RETURNED MISSIONARY

NO. I.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—You have often heard and read of a country called Africa ; and perhaps some of the readers of this little periodical may some

day see that country. The writer has been to the southern part of that vast continent to preach the Gospel to the Heathen who are ignorant of God, and of His Son Jesus Christ, the Saviour of lost sinners. Probably, therefore, you would like to learn something from him concerning the land where he has laboured. Well, then, he will tell you a little, hoping that what he writes will interest and profit you.

South Africa is a very great distance from England, about seven thousand miles across the wide ocean, and it requires a long time to get there. The voyage is performed now much quicker than it was a number of years ago, because navigation is better understood, and steam-ships are in common use.—A steamer will run to the Cape of Good Hope in about five or six weeks ; but a sailing vessel, which depends upon the wind for motion, is generally about ten or twelve weeks in going, and that is a very long time to be upon the broad waters, far distant from the sight of land. And on reaching Africa you find it a very different country to this. The climate is intensely hot.—Frost is seldom known there, and snow is never seen except upon the distant and lofty mountains, and there on.y occasionally. The scenery is very beautiful ; especially after copious and refreshing showers of rain have descended. There you would find many rich and pretty flowers, such as are seen here only in well-cultivated gardens, growing wild ; and perhaps if you were there you would like to wander among the bushes, plucking the flowers. In Africa there are many wild beasts,—as the elephant, tiger, lion, and wolf. A Missionary’s wife once told me that the tigers were so numerous where she lived in the interior of the country, that they came at nights and scratched with their paws at the windows of the Mission-house ; and often devoured a sheep

or a lamb out of the adjoining kraal. This, you may well think, was very alarming; but God preserves His servants who trust in Him, from the devouring beasts, as you know He did the pious Prophet Daniel from the power of the lions.—These animals are sometimes killed by the colonists, and are greatly prized, especially the elephant, because of the ivory it produces, and the tiger for its beautiful skin. There are also great numbers of reptiles of various kinds, which are very venomous. There is much danger, when walking over ground covered with tall grass, of treading upon these creatures, and thus of being bitten. But accidents of this kind are not so frequent as might be expected.

I have, however, written sufficient for one letter; but I hope to write to you again, and give a little information about the *people* of Africa and its *Missions*.

February 23d, 1853.

HOUSES AT SIERRA-LEONE.

Captain John Thomas's house! and who was Captain John Thomas? He was a native Prince, or King, who lived at Sierra-Leone two hundred years ago. And as I dare say you would like to know what sort of a place Sierra-Leone was then, I will tell you. Instead of being a fine open country, with good roads leading to the interior, it was all overgrown with trees; and there were so many lions and tigers living in the woods, that the people were afraid to go any distance from the shore, for fear of being devoured by them.

The village of Captain John Thomas, who was Governor of the country, consisted but of a few huts. He had felled the trees for a hundred paces round, to have a little ground to sow maize, a grain which they used for food. There were many fine springs of water; but when it rained, the stream brought

down so much decayed vegetable matter, that it was quite poisonous. An Englishman who visited the country at the time, says, "The climate is very unwholesome for Europeans; for during six months it rains, thunders, and is so intolerably hot, especially in June and July, that for a whole fortnight men must keep close in their huts to avoid the malignity of the rain-water, which breeds maggots in an instant, the air being quite corrupted by the lightning and thunder." Apes, monkeys, and baboons were so numerous, that they overran the country in mighty flocks. There are three sorts, and it was said that one sort, of a monstrous size, when caught young, were taught to walk upright, to pound Indian wheat, and fetch water in calabashes. These creatures were such lovers of oysters, that at low water they went down to the shore among the rocks, and when the shells opened with the violent heat of the sun, they clapped a small stone between, and so pulled out the oyster; sometimes it happened that the stone slipped aside, and then the monkeys being caught as in a trap, were taken and killed by the blacks, who reckon their flesh delicious food; and the Englishman I mentioned before says, he saw an ape boiling in a pot in the house of Captain John Thomas, but could not be prevailed upon to taste it.

The people were idolaters, as many of them are to this day. Their religion, if such it could be called, consisted in veneration to *greegrees*, or *grisgris*, as they called them. Every person kept in his house, in his canoe, or about his person, something that he highly revered, and that he imagined defended him from misfortune. These *greegrees* were very curious, every one choosing his idol according to his fancy; either a piece of wood, or a little bundle of sticks, or bones; a monkey's skull, or the like, served for the purpose. Some choose

a horn, some a crab's claw, some a nail, a flint, a snail's shell, or a bird's head; these they carried about their neck in a bag adorned with glass beads. To this fetish they offered, morning and evening, the best provisions they had, praying to it for such things as they stood in need of. This was all their worship. Our friend, the Englishman, once saw a fetish *grigri*, or idol of clay, representing a man's head, set up under a small hut to cover it from the weather: he took a sketch of the people's idol. These idolaters had been visited by Missionaries; but, alas, they were Portuguese Roman Catholic Missionaries. They did not tell these poor Heathens the way of salvation by Jesus Christ, but taught them to repeat a few prayers that they could not understand, baptized them, told them they were Christians, and then left them.— But these idolaters not being properly instructed or taught to read the Scriptures, soon went back to their Heathenish practices.

This was at Sierra Leone two hundred years ago. What is it now? A flourishing colony, with many thousand inhabitants who carry on a great trade with England, France, and many other countries. The country for miles is cleared and cultivated, good roads are made to the surrounding villages.— There are many fine large houses.

Missionaries have visited and lived in the country for many years. There are churches, and chapels, and schools, in which thousands of black children are taught to read the Bible; and near the spot where Captain John Thomas's house stood there is a fine building, in which young black men are instructed, that they may be prepared to go as Preachers to their own countrymen; and this institution is called King Tom's Point.

Unchaste language is the sure index of an impure heart.

ROMISH IDOLATRY.

Is Romish idolatry less gross than Pagan? Let our readers judge from the following simple narrative, taken from the lips of an Irish Scripture-reader, and communicated to us by a person of unquestionable veracity.— He says:—

“I happened to sprain my foot, and I was told if I would visit a certain holy well, and address a given number of prayers to the saint, I should be cured. I told the poor ignorant people who urged me to go, that it was directly opposed to the word of God; but I resolved, if better, to go and see the far-famed idol, and accordingly went, accompanied by a friend, now Scripture-reader under Mr. ———, to visit the spot. The first thing that attracted my attention was a poor woman, who was offering prayers at the well. We remonstrated with her for praying to the idol, and at the same time directed her to pray to God; and, after reading a portion of Scripture, admonishing her, and praying for her, we proceeded to examine the place more minutely.— After looking at the offerings to the idol, deposited by the poor ignorant Romanists, which, in some cases, consisted of buttons, pins, and, in most cases, of red rags torn off their petticoats, we closed the well, and removed the idol—a man having previously told me I should *fall* if I dared touch it; I broke the head off, and proceeding to the school-house, put it under a pot of stirabout that was boiling for the children's dinner; the old woman we had found at the well was in a dreadful fright, expecting the pot would split, and the house come tumbling down about our ears, and she ran out of the house in a state of great excitement.— When we left, many of the people accompanied us on our way, thinking, as the barbarians of old did with respect to St. Paul, that something would have

happened to us, whom they considered as worse than barbarians.

"Various were the opinions entertained by many of the inhabitants regarding the idol; that it prevented the cholera spreading; that the potatoes were not so much injured at —— as at other places; that it had the power of taking away their sins. A person on performing what is called a 'station' at the holy well, on approaching it would lift the idol, and, as they say, bless himself with it; pass it round the body three times from the right hand to left, and so on, passing the right hand with it behind the body in the Cullier's name, say one pater, having taken up seven small stones previously. After the above prayers, he goes round the well seven times, stopping at the point from which he started, casting one of the stones into the well, to which he makes obeisance, mutters another prayer, using the idol as I have described; and when seven rounds are thus made from east to west, the station is performed, and, having blessed himself once more with it, he throws a pin or a button, or drives a nail of some kind into the wall that surrounds the well, or ties some portion of his garment, or a lock of his hair, as an offering, to a branch of a tree, or bush hard by, and then departs."

Such was the account I received of the superstitious practices connected with this piece of misshapen wood, which is about a foot long, and rudely carved, with a figure of the cross on the body of the Cullier, as it is called.—*Churchman's Monthly Penny Mag.*

MISSIONARY MEETING IN NAMACQUALAND.

I wish my dear young friends could witness a Missionary Meeting in Great Namaqualand. The first one held at Nisbet-Bath was in 1840, during the pastoral visit of the late much beloved

and lamented Rev. Thomas L. Hodgson, then General Superintendent of the Wesleyan Missions in the Western division of South Africa. The chapel was well filled; for not only were all the residents on the Station present, but many living at distant out-posts, and who occasionally heard the Gospel during Mr. Cook's itinerating journeys, were so impressed with its value that they willingly journeyed, some of them, fifty or sixty miles, (and that not *by railroad*, but *on ox-back*.) in order that they might profit by the occasion, and give of their substance, to evidence their gratitude for the blessings of the Gospel. When assembled, the countenances of all present portrayed pleasurable excitement, which was not at all lessened by the animated speeches of some of the converted Namaquas, who urged upon their countrymen a recollection of their former state while destitute of the Gospel, in comparison with the peaceful and happy circumstances in which they were now found. They remarked that, before the Mission was established, the different petty tribes were all at war with each other, and lived in constant dread of a sudden inroad being made upon them, either for the purpose of plunder, or to take revenge for some real or supposed injury done to themselves or relatives. This state of things prevented them from taking advantage of the best parts of their extensive, but generally barren, country for pasturing their cattle; the consequence was considerable loss to them, especially in seasons of drought.—"Now," said one of the speakers, "you are all aware, we can go wherever the grass is fine with our flocks and herds, and have no fear of falling in with our enemies. Bondel-Swartz's Africaaners, Veldschoon-dragers, as well as all other tribes of Great Namaqualand, are at peace. The Gospel has not only brought joy and gladness into our souls, but it has also brought temporal bles-

sings, such as increase of cattle, &c.—Let us, then, be willing to give of them for the support of our Missionary, and also to assist in sending Missionaries to other tribes, who are still in darkness." These appeals were cheerfully responded to; and very few who really had anything to give left the Meeting without offering some contribution.

You will, perhaps, like to hear how our collection is made. To send plates round for money would be quite useless, as the Namaquas have none of that article. The usual way of proceeding is this: The Missionary, by way of commencing, and setting the example, tells aloud how much he will give, perhaps a young ox; then he speaks for his wife and children. An incident occurred on this occasion which caused much mirth among the natives. When Mr. Cook announced that his little girl, not then three years old, would give a sheep, she eagerly jumped up, and lisped out, "No, papa, I must give two sheep." After the Mission family, and those immediately connected with the Institution, have had their names put down, then the natives in the congregation stand up, and say what they will give. Both Mr. and Mrs. Cook were busily employed in putting down the names, residences, and articles given. They were frequently rather puzzled how to spell the odd names, in the hurry of the scene, as they were called out so rapidly, one after the other: those who were rich in cattle would give an ox or cow, some a calf, sheep, or goat; some of the young men, expert in hunting, gave of the trophies of the chase, such as ostrich feathers, horse-whips, and other articles made from the hide of the rhinoceros and hippopotamus; others gave wooden bowls, of their own manufacture, spoons, &c., dressed antelopes' skin. One poor man stood up, as if impelled by his feelings; but, when asked what he would give, hung down his head, and exclaimed, "I possess

nothing in the world to give; but if any one present will lend me something, I will give it." Mr. Hodgson related this afterwards at the Missionary Meeting in Cape-Town, when several contributions were sent in "on behalf of the poor Namaqua who had nothing to give." When these various articles, collected at the Nisbet-Bath Missionary Meeting, were sent in to the Cape-Town market, they realized the handsome sum of £60. The following year similar meetings were held at Nisbet-Bath, and also at Africaaner's Kraal, (Jerusalem,) when the sum of £120 was handed in to the general Fund. And this from the poor degraded Namaquas! Let this incite you to increased efforts in aid of the same cause in which these poor Heathen were so much interested.

NOTHING IS LOST.

The drop that mingles with the flood—the sand dropped on the sea-shore—the word you have spoken—will not be lost. Each will have its influence, and be felt till time shall be no more. Have you ever thought of the effect that might be produced by a single word? Drop it pleasantly among a group, and it will make a dozen happy, to return to their homes to produce the same effect on a hundred, perhaps. A bad word may arouse the indignation of a whole neighbourhood; it may spread like wild-fire, to produce disastrous effects. As no word is lost, be careful how you speak: speak right, speak kindly. The influence you may exert by a life of kindness—by kind words, holy words, dropped among the young and the old—is incalculable. It will not cease when your bodies lie in the grave, but will be felt wider and still wider, as years pass away. Who, then, will not exert himself for the welfare of millions?



THE THIEF AND THE CHILD.

In the neighbouring town there was a fair, and therefore all the people were gone from the village to the town. In the village, when evening came, it was quite silent.

Twilight sank down gradually over everything. When the merry noisy birds had crept into their roosting places, the queer little bats glided forth from holes in the tree-stem, and flew gently and softly about through the evening sky.

A man came round the corner of a barn. He crept silently and in fear along the wall, where the shadow was strongest. He glanced around him with anxiety to see whether any other men were out who would see him.—When he believed himself unobserved, he climbed over the wall; then he crept along on all-fours like a cat, till he came to an open window of a house, and then he disappeared through the window.

The man had bad thoughts in his heart: he was a thief, and had determined to rob the people of the house.

When he entered by the window he found himself in an empty room, and close to this room was a chamber. The door leading into the chamber was not locked.

The thief imagined it possible, that although the people were gone to the fair, some one might still be in the

room; therefore he listened with his ear against the door.

He heard a child's voice, and looking in through the keyhole, by the glimmering light from the window, he saw that a little child was sitting up all by itself in its little bed praying. The little child was saying the Lord's Prayer before going to sleep, as it had been taught by its mother to do.

The man was pondering how he might best rob the house, when the child's clear, loud voice fell upon his ear as it prayed these words:—

"AND LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION, BUT DELIVER US FROM EVIL!"

The words smote the man's heart, and his slumbering conscience awoke. He felt how great was the sin he was about to commit. He also folded his hands and prayed: "And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." And our dear Lord heard him.

By the same road that he had come he returned, and crept back into his chamber. Here he repented with his whole heart of all the evil he had done in his life, besought God for forgiveness, and returned thanks to him for the protection he had sent to him through the voice of a pious child.

He has since become an industrious and honest man.—*Dial of Love.*



OBITUARY.

LUCINDA VICTORIA HOPKINS.

Lucinda Victoria, daughter of Ephraim and Catherine Hopkins, was born in West Flamborough, County of Halton, Jan. 29th, 1841, and died in great peace at the residence of her widowed mother, at Hopkinsburgh, Salfleet, 29th March, 1853, aged twelve years and two months.

Lucinda was the youngest child of a large family, and deservedly beloved by all its members. She was a favourite with all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance. She was a very promising youth, regular and consistent in her habits, seldom absent from the means of grace; and though young, she took a very lively interest in the improvements of the day. She was playful and lively in disposition, but always seemed to know how to respect the feelings of present company and herself, and paid great deference to the judgment and advice of her parents.

She was a faithful friend, amiable in disposition, kind and affable to every body; few, very few of her age had more real friends, or were more generally and highly respected.

Her last illness, it is supposed, was brought on by visiting the grave of her venerated father. A few days before her death she took a violent cold, which settled on her lungs, and the last enemy soon triumphed over her beautiful but mortal form. She gave evidence to her friends of her thoughtfulness and trust in the merits of Christ's death.

The funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Goodson, April 1st, and was well attended by a large body of neighbours and friends.

May God comfort the afflicted mother and relations, and help us all to improve the solemn warning.—Amen.

D. WRIGHT.

New Credit, Oct. 15th, 1853.

THE DEATH OF LITTLE RICHARD. AN INDIAN BOY OF RICE LAKE, CANADA.

"A CHILD hath gone to heaven,
Gone from a distant land;
His fears all hush'd, his sins forgiven,
Before the throne to stand.

Little Richard was not five years old when he died. His mother was a good woman, a Christian, and taught her children to fear and love God. From his earliest infancy Richard was re-

markable for his good behaviour; nor did he like to see his brothers behaving badly. He would tell his mother when they did any thing wrong, not because he wished to be a tale-bearer, or because he derived any pleasure from seeing them chastised; for he would always intercede in their behalf, to prevent their being punished.

He was remarkably fond of attending the public worship of God, and would always take an interest in the services of the sanctuary. While in the chapel he would be grave and devotional, paying the greatest attention to the truths which were delivered, and he was greatly pained if he saw children playing in time of worship, or if the services would be interrupted by the crying of children, or any other cause, indicating a degree of thoughtfulness far above his years.

From an early age he was fond of prayer, and would frequently say to his mother, after breakfast, if from any cause family prayer had been neglected, "Come, mother, let us have prayer; we want to go to play; but we must have prayer first:" so that, while Richard was in the way, there was no danger that this important duty would be forgotten.

On one occasion his mother had gone from home for a few days, and had left him in the charge of his grandmother. During her absence he, by some means, got both his feet burnt, and, on her return, he seemed quite delighted, and said, "Now, mother, I am glad you are come home." When they got to their own house, he said to her, "Mother, I am afraid God will not bless me," by which he meant that he should not recover; and this was really the case, for, almost immediately after, he took the hooping-cough, which was the cause of his death.

During his illness he was remarkably patient and resigned. When the Doctor came to see him, he said to

him, with a smile, "Perhaps I may get better, and perhaps I may not. This was just two days before his death. The same night, while his mother was sitting up with him, he said to her, "Well, mother, I suppose I must leave you." She asked him where he was going. "O," said he, "to a great pretty place. There are a great many Indian children going, and I must go with them." His mother was weeping, and asked him again where he was going; and he said, "O mother! you must not weep; I am going to see Jesus, to a great pretty place, and I shall see you again." On the following morning he asked to see his grandmother, and she was accordingly sent for, as it was now apparent that his end was approaching; she immediately came, with several other of his relatives. In the evening, when they were surrounding his bed, he shook hands with them all; they were weeping at the time. He asked them why they were weeping. They answered, "Because you are so sick." "O," said he, "I am not sick; but I am going to leave you." After some time, his aunt rose up to go. He took her by the hand, and held her for some time, saying, "Good bye, aunt Polly; good bye. You said you were going home; so am I." She asked him where he was going. He answered, "I am going home to Jesus."

Until this time he had conversed with his friends in the Indian language; but the last words were spoken in very good English; in which language he continued to converse, with few exceptions, until his death, to the great surprise of his friends.

His aunt then asked him *when* he should go away. He said, "As soon as the first cock crows in the morning." After supper, he asked his mother if they were not going to pray, at the same time saying, "But let pa pray." His father, however, requested one of

the others to do so, and his grandmother engaged in prayer, with which he was greatly delighted. He then called his father, mother, brothers and sisters, and all his relations, by name, and earnestly exhorted them to pray. He said, "Pray now; you will get a blessing: pray now, pa, pray now!" His father said, "Yes; by and by." "No," said he, "Pray now; father, mother, Jacob, Charley, sister, Job, pray now! But Job, he is going with me." His mother said, "Job must not go now; I cannot part with him." "But," said he, "you will have Jacob and Charley."

It now became painfully apparent that the life of this interesting child was drawing to a close. His parents, especially his mother, could scarcely give up their darling to the ruthless hand of death. But death is no respecter of persons. The *young*, as well as the *old*, must submit to the grim monster. But it had no terrors for Richard. During the greater part of his illness, as we have seen, he only contemplated it as a pleasant journey to his *heavenly home*. Its sting was already taken away. And during the few remaining hours of his earthly life, he was more than ordinarily cheered with the glorious prospects before him. He, about this time, told his parents that he heard pleasant and happy sounds; and then, looking and pointing upwards, said, "It will not be long before I go; for I see a great, pretty person, and he is come to take me away. Mother," said he, "Do not cry for me, you will see me again; only pray to God all the time." He then wished to drink, and his mother gave him some tea. "O," said he, "what good tea! but this is nothing to what I shall soon have; I will get better drink where I am going." He then said, in Indian, *yeao, yeao*; (which means, "always sick," or "in pain;") "but when I get there, I shall not be

sick any more." He then asked his mother for some pie: she had none to give him, which troubled her. He said, "Never mind, mother; there is a plenty where I am going." He then said to his great-aunt, "Good bye; I am going now; farewell." He then called all the members of the family together the second time, and shook hands with them, and proceeded to take a last farewell of them; almost immediately after, while calling his mother by her name, he expired, without a sigh or groan, in the fifth year of his age, just as the first cock crew in the morning.

It is a *remarkable fact*, that not less than fourteen Indian children died within a very short time of Richard; and Job, his brother, was one of them.

ROBERT BROOKING.

Rice-Lake, Canada.

THE LITTLE CANADIAN SCHOOL BOY.

A little boy, being at his grandfather's house on a Sunday morning, when, in consequence of the Missionary's absence, there was no service in church, and seeing a good many people there, proposed that, as their Minister was not at home to call them to the house of prayer, they should join in singing the praises of God; and, so saying, the little fellow opened his book, and commenced singing in Indian the hymns which he had been taught in school. He was joined by the grown persons present, and, having concluded this part of the worship, remarked that it was not sufficient for them to sing the praises of God, they must worship Him too, and invited them to join him while he knelt down to repeat the prayers which he had been taught both at the Sunday and day schools.—*Kingsmill's Missions and Missionaries.*



CHINESE SAYINGS.

Ponder well, and you will find
Food for a reflective mind.

No doubt you have laughed at the Chinese figures painted on tea-chests; the women with their fans and little feet, and the men with their bald heads and long tails; and very likely you have thought how wise the English, and how very foolish the Chinese are. We are now about to show you that, foolish as you suppose the people of

China to be, they are not without wisdom.

The picture represents an English Missionary preaching the Funeral Sermon of a young Chinese convert to Christianity, who became a preacher of the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

We are going to lay before you a few Chinese sayings, or wise words, that have been translated into English; and perhaps, when you have read

them, some change may take place in your opinion about the Chinese. The first that we produce is the following:—

“If on an ape a crown you fling,
Say, will that make the ape a King?”

No, indeed it will not; neither will a great name make a great man, nor riches a good man. This Chinese saying is one that may be turned to good account, and no bad thing will it be to commit it to memory. But here is another:—

“He who pursues an idle wish
But climbs a tree to catch a fish.”

That is, he goes the most unlikely way in the world to do himself any good, or to accomplish any desirable purpose. Hardly could any one have set forth in a more striking manner the folly of wasting our time in foolish wishes. Let us now try another saying:—

“Water and protect the root;
Heaven will watch the flower and fruit.”

A wise maxim is this, and one which may with confidence be relied on. He who ploughs and sows diligently, need not be over anxious about the harvest. He who honestly performs his duty, may safely trust the wisdom and goodness of his heavenly Father. The next saying is a singular one:—

“Few and simple be your words,
But your actions strong as swords.”

What a reproof is this to the proud boasters of the world, whose promises are always greater than their performances! Depend upon it, these Chinese are not such ignorant people as many suppose. Actions speak louder than words, and they know it. But let us proceed:—

“To seek relief from doubt in doubt,
From woe in woe, from sin in sin,
Is but to drive a tiger out,
And let a hungrier tiger in.”

The truth of this saying can scarcely be called in question. To hide one fault by another is both unwise and

wicked. Sin is overcome only when by God's grace we repent of it, abhor it, and forsake it. The next wise saying is the following:—

“Know you why the lark's sweet lay
Man's divinest nature reaches?
He is up at break of day,
Learning all that nature teaches.”

Herein is set forth the value of rising early, and a love of nature. We should hardly think that the Chinese would care much about these things, judging by their appearance; but the love of nature is, more or less, implanted in every heart. We think that the Chinese are an odd people, and they no doubt return the compliment by thinking us much odder than themselves. We are now come to our last specimen:—

“There's no confusion in the springs
That move all sublunary things:
All harmony is heaven's vast plan;
All discord is the work of man.”

A sad pity it is that the Chinese, having the wisdom these lines imply, should not know that wisdom's first step is the fear of the Lord. And a still sadder pity it is, that, knowing so much, they should still be ignorant of Him, whom to know is eternal life. As yet, they may be said to be a Scriptureless and a Saviourless people.

The Chinese knew three of the most wonderful discoveries in the world long before Europeans knew them; printing, the mariner's compass, and the use of gunpowder: but if they knew some things that we knew not then, we know many things which they know not now. Let us take, then, their silks, their carving, their vermilion, and their tea, and send them, among other things, in return, the Gospel of the Redeemer; so that, having the means of grace and the hope of glory, they may be made wise unto salvation through faith in Him who died upon the cross, even our Lord Jesus Christ.

BAD BARGAINS.

A teacher in a Sunday School once remarked, that he who buys the truth makes a good bargain; and enquired if any scholar recollected an instance in Scripture of a bad bargain.

"I do," replied a boy, "Esau made a bad bargain when he sold his birth-right for a mess of portage."

A second said, "Judas made a bad bargain when he sold his Lord for 30 pieces of silver."

A third boy observed, "Our Lord tells us that he makes a bad bargain, who, to gain the whole world, loses his own soul." A bad bargain indeed!

"Why did you not pocket some of those pears?" said one boy to another; "nobody was there to see."

"Yes, there was—I was there to see myself, and I don't ever mean to see myself do such a thing."

I looked at the boy who made this noble answer; he was poorly clad, but he had a noble face, and I thought how there were always two to see your sins, yourself and your God.

THANKS.

"DANK U, MYNHEER."

"What does that mean?" says our little friends: "it is not English: I don't understand it?" It means, "Thank you, Sir," and was the response the Missionary received from the little Dutch children at the Cape of Good Hope, when he gave them some rewards. Two months ago we said something about the wants of the people at our Mission-Stations; now I will tell you of THANKS.

At the Cape of Good Hope there are a great many Dutch people living. A friend in England, who thinks a great deal about the little children at our Mission-Stations, and would always be glad to help and please them, sent some little Dutch books and other pre-

sents to Mr. Moister, the Missionary at the Cape of Good Hope. When Mr. Moister visited the schools, he took them with him, and distributed them to the children. You would have been pleased could you have seen their little, bright, brown faces beaming with delight. "Dank u, Mynheer," was heard on all sides, as they received their rewards. You children who have so many books can scarcely imagine how precious these little books were to the little Dutch children, and how pleased they were with them.

BAD BOOK, OR BAD PRIEST!

A Roman Catholic priest in Belgium rebuked a young woman and her brother for reading that "*bad book*," pointing to the Bible.

"Mr. Priest," she replied, "a little while ago my brother was an idler, a gambler, a drunkard, and made such a noise in the house that no one could stay in it. Since he began to read the Bible, he works with industry, goes no longer to the tavern, no longer touches cards, brings home money to his poor old mother, and our life at home is quiet and delightful. How comes it, Mr. Priest, that a bad book produces such good fruits?"

SONG TO THE SUNBEAM.

Sparkling on the waters,
Glad'ning hill and dale,
Playing with the shadows,
Dancing o'er the vale,
Peeping through the forest,
Rustling on the plain,
Comes the rosy sunbeam,
With blessings in its train.

It glances on the cottage,
Visits the proud hall,
Smiles upon the lowly,
Loveth each and all,
Gilds the brow of childhood,
Cheers the pilgrim gray—
Unnumber'd are thy blessings,
Thou rosy orb of day.

 POETRY.



FAGOT GATHERERS.

A PLEA FOR RAGGED SCHOOLS.

BY MISS M. P. AIRD.

Torn and stricken lambs of childhood,
 Ye are pale with want and care ;
 Were you gathering in the wild-wood,
 Flowers to wreath among your hair ?

Not for beautiful flowers ye ramble,
 Through the long bright summer hours ;
 For the wither'd reed or bramble
 Ye must pass the lovely flowers !

Wave on wave of woe's dark river
 Breaking o'er ye in its strife ;
 Tears of sorrow wrestling ever
 With an April smile of life.

Early martyrs to life's sorrow !
 Rough and weary is your way,
 Where the hunger of to-morrow
 Clouds the sunshine of to-day.

Like the sunbeam through the wild-wood,
 Or the singing of the bee,
 Is the happy dance of childhood,
 O'er the daisy-spangled lea ;

Like the stars from darkness peeping,
 Pale as pity, on the earth,
 Sad and weary are ye creeping
 Like sad mourners 'mid its mirth.

Life for you unfolds no May-flower,
 Where fair nature spreads her bloom,
 For ye wither like the day-flower,
 Blanch'd and blighted ere its noon.

O ! compassionate the lowly,
 These pale children of the poor,
 For the Highest—the Most Holy—
 Their poor humble vesture wore.

Now to save them were a glory
 Far excelling crowns of gold,
 When the world's brief little story
 As an evening tale is told.

A CHILD'S THOUGHTS.

It is said that the idea set forth in the following beautiful lines, was really expressed by a little boy five years old.—*Puritan Recorder*.

O, I long to lie, dear mother,
 On the cool and fragrant grass,
 With naught but the sky above my head,
 And the shadowing clouds that pass.

And I want the bright, bright sunshine,
 All round upon my bed :
 I will close my eyes, and God will think
 Your little boy is dead :

Then Christ will send an angel
 To take me up to him ;
 He will bear me slow and steadily,
 Far through the ether dim.

He will gently, gently lay me
 Close to the Saviour's side,
 And when I'm sure that we're in heaven,
 My eyes I'll open wide.

And I'll look among the angels
 That stand about the throne,
 'Till I find my sister Mary,
 For I know she must be one.

And when I find her, mother,
 We will go away alone,
 And I will tell her how we've mourned
 All the while she has been gone !

O ! I shall be delighted
 To hear her speak again—
 Though I know she'll ne'er return to us—
 To ask her would be vain !

So I'll put my arms around her,
 And look into her eyes.
 And remember all I said to her,
 And all her sweet replies.

And then I'll ask the angel
 To take me back to you—
 He'll hear me slow and steadily,
 Down through the ether blue.

And you'll only think, dear mother,
 I have been out to play,
 And gone to sleep, beneath a tree,
 This sultry summer day.

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