

SUNDAY SCHOOL GUARDIAN.



“ALL THY CHILDREN SHALL BE TAUGHT OF THE LORD.”

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BROCKVILLE WESLEYAN SAB. SCHOOL FESTIVAL, &c.

To the Editor of the S. S. Guardian.

DEAR BROTHER,—If you think proper to insert the following particulars respecting our Sabbath School in Brockville, you will oblige and please some of the numerous readers of your interesting manual.

Preliminary I may remark, that, for some time our schools here has been in a vory flourishing state, the effect principally resulting from the labours of the present staff of judicious and pious officers and teachers. No pains are spared to render the varied exercises of the school both interesting and profitable, as well as to gratify the innocent wishes of the scholars. In proof of this, I may refer to a recent Festival, in which all participated with the greatest delight.

The Committee of Management having decided to have a Festival, selected Wednesday, the 25th instant, as the time. The day ushered in gloomily, which made some feel sad ;

towards noon, however, the clouds dispersed, the sun shone brightly, and many hearts were cheered. At one o'clock, P. M., the teachers, with their various charges, amounting in all to above *one hundred*, assembled at our church, and formed themselves into a procession, walking two and two through the town, every countenance beaming with delight, particularly in anticipation of what was before them. The ground selected was an elevation nearly a mile from town, contiguous to the beautiful River St. Lawrence, commanding a view of the commencement of those variegated spots, usually known as the “Thousand Islands.”

Arriving at the ground, the children were allowed to rest awhile ; after which, they were formed into a circle, and a number recited some delightful pieces and dialogues. The Lord's Prayer repeated by a little coloured boy, in the most devout manner, excited the admiration of all. The singing, conducted by the present Superintendent, Mr. William Holmes, was most excellent, and added much to the in-

terest of the day. All joined in it to the best of their ability, but some excelled.

After the termination of these exercises, the scholars and friends sat down, in turn, to tables loaded with a variety of cakes, buns, and other necessaries, drinking freely of that "which cheers but not inebriates." It was estimated that nearly three hundred partook of refreshments, after which all separated, much gratified with what had occurred.

The patience and zeal of those employed in Sabbath School instruction, to me is often surprising. The Lord alone, I am sure, implants in their hearts the motive to do good in this way. Truly they are doing a great work. Hence all our Schools must be considered as important auxiliaries to the Church of God. This is most certainly the case with reference to Brockville. It is to this source we are to look here for an augmentation of church-members. The continual migration from this place is incessantly reducing our numbers, but the youth of our resident members are the hope of our Church.

During the past year, many such have been gathered in, truly converted to God, and who now are "walking in the fear of the Lord, and in the comforts of the Holy Ghost." But there are many more. May all these precious lambs of the flock be gathered into the fold of Him who hath said,— "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Fearing, dear Brother, I should trespass too much on your space, I conclude.

Respectfully yours,

WILLIAM ANDREWS.

Brockville, August 30, 1852.

THE GOOD OLD MAN OF THE HILLS :
OR, A TRUE STORY FOR SUNDAY-
SCHOOL CHILDREN.

Many years ago, in a country far from happy England, there lived a good old man, whose cottage was on the side of a hill. He chose to live there, that he might be quiet, and away from the noise and bustle of a large town. Thus he had more time to pray to God; and here it was that the people came to talk to him, and to be taught many things which they did not know. He used to speak to them of the goodness and love of that great God who made all things, and who gave them every thing that they needed, and often pardoned their vile ingratitude. But this good man did not always remain at home in his small cottage on the hill: he used to travel about the country, from town to town; and there to preach to the people. And although he was a poor man, he went frequently to the palace where the King lived, and told him when he did wickedly, and kept not the commandments of Him who is King of all the world. As he thus travelled about from place to place, he frequently passed a large house by the side of a road. There lived a rich lady, and her husband. They had often observed the good man going by; and one day the lady sent her servant to ask him to come in, and take some refreshment. He did so, and as often as he passed by, he called in to see his kind friends, and take rest. After he had continued to visit them for some time, the lady said to her husband, "I perceive this to be a holy man of God: let us furnish for him a small room, where he may sleep, and so remain with us all night; that we may have more of his com-

pany." They did so ; and you may be sure that the good man felt the kindness of his friends. He much enjoyed the comfortable room they had prepared for him, and would gladly have made them some return ; but they did not need it. But what added to their happiness most, was their only child, a boy. I need hardly tell you that they both loved him very much, and looked forward with warm hope that, when they were old, he would be a comfort to them. They endeavoured to train him up in the fear and love of God, and to teach him those things which alone can make us happy ; and the good old man, when he came thither, was always glad to instruct him, and talk to him of that holy and happy place which the Saviour has prepared for all good children. One day when this little boy was about eight years old, he went out to his father, who was in the fields looking after his men who were reaping the corn ; it being the time of harvest.

The sun shown bright and powerful ; and, as the child was playing about, he felt a severe pain in his head. He ran to his father, and said, " My head ! my head ! " His father desired one of the men to carry him to his mother ; and, when he was brought to the house, he had become insensible from a stroke of the sun. His mother laid him in her lap, and nursed him until he died. It was a great affliction to these good people to see their little boy taken from them so suddenly ; but, although they felt great sorrow, they knew that God sent it for some wise purpose, and therefore they did not murmur. The mother took up the lifeless body of him she so much loved, went into the room where the good

man had slept, laid it upon the bed, shut the door, and came away. She then called one of the men to put the saddle upon an ass, and went immediately to see the good old man on the hill. As she was going up, he saw her coming, and sent his servant to inquire, " Is it well with thee ? is it well with thy husband ? is it well with thy child ? " And she said, " It is well. "

Now, does it not seem strange to you, dear children, that the good mother, who knew that her little boy lay at home dead, should say, " It is well ? " But shall I endeavour to explain to you why she could say so ? She knew and believed in that good and gracious God who does all things well ; and although his ways may appear dark to us, He has ever some merciful end in view. " The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away : blessed be the name of the Lord. " She likewise felt that she had endeavoured to teach her child the knowledge of his Redeemer ; that he might love Him, and that, through Him, he might be happy, not only in this world, but in that which is to come : it was this which enabled her to say, " It is well. " And now dear young reader, ask yourself this question, Could your parents say the same of you, were you to die this night ? Do you think you had endeavoured to be a disciple of your blessed Redeemer ? And does your heart tell you, that He loves you, and would take you to heaven to be with Him for ever ?

When the good man heard how the child had died, he went back immediately with the sorrowing mother ; and when he came to the house, he hastened into the room where the child was laid upon his bed, and shut the door. He knelt down and prayed that the child

might be restored to life ; but there was no signs as yet. He went down stairs, and walked about the house for some time ; then prayed the second time unto the Lord.—The child then sneezed seven times, and opened his eyes. The good man then called the mother, and showed her her little boy once more alive. She was so overjoyed and grateful for this kindness, that she fell down at his feet ; for she saw the Lord had done it through him. She then took up her dear child, and went out.

Children, let us endeavour to gain some instruction from this story. First, that God does not forget those who are kind to His servants; for our Redeemer has said, "Whosoever shall give a cup of cold water in my name to one of these little ones, he shall in no wise lose his reward." If we do a kindness to any one for His sake, he will regard it as done unto Himself. Secondly, let us endeavour so to live, according to the will of our heavenly Father, that whatever occurs we may be enabled to say, "It is well." "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God." And, lastly, when we are in trouble, let us go immediately, and in prayer tell our merciful Father who is in heaven, and ask Him to send us help for the sake of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

THE HONEST BOY.

A gentleman from the country placed his son with a dry goods merchant in King-street. For a time all went well. At length a lady came to the store to purchase a silk dress, and the young man waited on her.—The price demanded was agreed to, and he proceeded to fold the goods. He discovered

before he had finished, a flaw in silk, and pointing it out to the lady, said,

"Madam, I deem it my duty to tell you there is a fracture in the silk." Of course she did not take it.

The merchant overheard the remark, and immediately wrote to the father of the young man to come and take him home ; "for," said "he will never make a merchant."

The father, who had ever reposed confidence in his son, was much grieved and hastened to be informed of his deficiencies.

"Why will he not make a merchant?" asked he.

"Because he has no tact," was the answer. "Only a day or two ago, he told a lady voluntarily, who was buying silk of him, that the goods were damaged and I lost the bargain. Purchasers must look out for themselves. If they cannot discover flaws, it would be foolishness in me to tell them of their existence."

"And is that all the fault?" asked his parent.

"Yes," answered the merchant, "he is very well in other respects."

Then I love my son better than ever, and I thank you for telling me of the matter ; I would not have him another day in your store for the world."

"THAT IS A BOY I CAN TRUST."

I once visited a large public school. At recess, a little fellow came up and spoke to the master ; as he turned to go down the platform, the master said, "*That is a boy I can trust.* He never failed me." I followed him with my eye, and looked at him when he took his seat after recess. He had a fine, open, manly face. I thought a good deal about the master's remark.—

What a character had that little boy earned! He had already got what would be worth more to him than a fortune. It would be a passport into the best store in the city, and, what is better, into the confidence and respect of the whole community.

I wonder if the boys know how soon they are *rated* by older people. Every boy in the neighbourhood is known, and opinions are formed of him; he has a character, either favourable or unfavourable. A boy of whom the master can say, "I can trust him; he *never* failed me,"

will never want employment. The fidelity, promptness, and industry which he shows at school are in demand everywhere. He who is faithful in little, will be faithful also in much. Be sure, boys, that you earn a good reputation at school. Remember, you are just where God has placed you, and your duties are not so much given you by your teachers or your parents, as by God himself. You must render an account to them, and you also will be called to render an account to Him. Be trusty—be true—*Child's Paper*.



PETER JACOBS'S HISTORY OF HIMSELF.

Twenty years ago, I was a heathen, and so were all the tribes of Canada West. When I was a lad, I never heard an Indian pray, as Christians pray, to the Great Being. Our people believed in the existence of a Great Being, the Maker of all things; but we thought that God was so very far away, that no human voice could reach Him; and, indeed, we all believed that God did not meddle with the affairs of the children of men.

I, as well as the people of my tribe, were very cruel and wicked, because there were no fear of God in our heart, and no fear of punishment; but every man settle his own affairs by the force of his tomahawk; that is to say, by burying his tomahawk in the people's heads, and that ends all disputes. The Indians made their women do all their work, and the men did little or nothing, in heathen life. The women made the wigwam, and removed it when

necessary, carrying it on their backs; and they chop the wood, and carry it home on their backs. They brought the venison home, when the deer is killed by their husband; they dress the skins for their husband's clothes; and make the coats, shirts, mocassins, which completes the Indian dress. All was done by the women. Notwithstanding the poor woman done all this, they got very little gratitude from their heathen husbands.

I will just relate to you one of my prayers in heathen life:—"O God, the Sun, I beseech you to hear my prayer, and to direct my steps through the woods in that direction where the deer is feeding, that I may get near him, shoot him, and kill him, and have something to eat thereby." And this was all the prayer I ever made. There is nothing about the soul-salvation in that prayer. Some pray for fish, or ducks, or rabbits, or whatever they wish to get.

At length the Missionary came, and began to preach about Christ, and how he died for me; but I first said, "No: that is the whiteman's God and whiteman's religion, and that God would not have anything to do with the Indians." But he assured me that God would save me, if I would believe on the Lord Jesus Christ; and, as a proof, he read portions of Scripture to me, again and again. And then, at last, I began to think that he must be right, and I must be wrong, because he read the "book of God" (as we call the Bible) to me. Then I began to pray, for the first time, in English. I only then knew a few words. I said, "O God, be merciful to me, poor Indian boy, great sinner." And the word of God had now got hold of my heart, but it made me feel very sick in my heart.

I went to bed, and I could not sleep, for my thoughts trouble me very much. Then I would pray the words over and over again, and got more and more sick in my heart. I was very sorry that God could not understand my Ojibway. I thought God could only understand English; and when I was praying, tears came spontaneously from my eyes; and I could not understand this, because I had been taught from infancy never to weep. In this misery I passed three or four weeks. I then met with Peter Jones, who was converted a few months before me, and, to my surprise, I heard him return thanks, at meal, in Ojibway. This was quite enough for me. I now saw that God could understand me in my Ojibway, and therefore went far into the woods, and prayed, in the Ojibway tongue, to God, and say, "O God, I was so ignorant and blind, that I did not know that thou didst understand my Ojibway tongue! Now, O God, I beseech Thee to be gracious to me a sinner! take away this sickness that I now feel in my heart; for all my sins lay very heavy in my heart! Send now thy Holy Spirit to come work in my heart! Let the blood of Christ be now applied to my heart, that all my sins may depart!" Though I could now pray in this way in my native tongue, yet God did not seem to think it best to hear my prayers at this time, but left me to pass many miserable nights. And I cried out again, "O God, I will not let Thee alone! I shall trouble Thee with my prayers, till Thou bless me!" And at last God heard my prayers, and he took away this heavy sickness of heart; but not till many tears had been shed. And when this sickness was taken away from my heart, then I experienced another feeling, which was joy in the Holy

Ghost, which was indeed full of glory. My tongue could not express the joy I then felt. I could say nothing but, "Happy, happy!" When I found this religion of Christ so sweet in the heart of man, I wanted all my people then to know of the great and true God; but they all said, No: that I was wrong; that I had been to the white man's God, and not the Saviour of the Indians. But I said that God was the Saviour of all the nations of the earth; for I know in my own heart what he has done for me: and what he has done for me, he can do for you. And they began to pray for mercy, and the forgiveness of their sins; and they praying in strong faith, many of them were converted; and now at this time there are hundreds that are now converted among the North American Indians. I was the first fruits of the Missionary labours in my tribe. After I was converted, I became a prayer-leader, and afterwards, when the Indians were settled in houses, I became a class-leader, then a Local Preacher.

When I was a Local Preacher, I used to preach very long, very hard, and very often. Once I had been preaching till eleven at night, to the converted Indians from Lake Simcoe, and was just finishing, when the Indians said, "When we were heathen, we never gave up drinking the fire-waters the whole night. And why should we now go to bed? Why should we not go on singing and praising God till daylight?" I was young, and full of spirits; and though I had just done preaching, I began again, and preached great part of the night.

After their conversion, the Indians were settling in houses, and I built myself a large house, and then began to keep a store, and got a great deal of money by selling

things; but I wished to be a Missionary to the tribes of Indians who had not heard of the Gospel; and I offered myself for the mission-work, and was accepted, sold off my store, and went as a Missionary.

I have been a Missionary for sixteen years. Twelve years I have been to the far west, among the Indians in the Hudson's-Bay Territory.

In the year 1842 I came to England, and was ordained in the Centenary-Hall; and in 1843 was sent back to the Hudson's-Bay Territory. I cannot tell you about all the tribes of Indians that I have visited, it would take too long. I have preached to many poor Indians in their Heathen state, and they have become Christian. At Norway-House I first formed seven classes, and helped the Indians to build eleven houses; kept school for children and married woman. This Mission is now one of the best in the Hudson's Bay-Territory. There are more than three hundred hearers, fine chapel, and eighty children in the school. Since I have been in the Hudson's-Bay Territory, there has been slow progress made among the Indians there. There have not been many converts; but the Indians are not so wicked as they were. I am now going back, and my heart is altogether bent to go to Hudson's Bay.—*Peter Jacobs.*

A STORY FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

There was once a little boy who heard a clergyman preach on Sunday. The text which the clergyman read was, "Verily, verily I say unto you, whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it to you."

After reading the text he stopped a minute, and asked his hearers to

consider what it was they should like most, and then to ask for it in Jesus' name, trusting to his promise that it would be given to them. At the end of the service, the little boy asked his aunt if she had asked for anything; then she asked him what he had asked God to give him, and he said, "I thought first of one thing I should like, and then another, but I did not know which would be best to ask, and so I said, 'Father, thy will be done.'"

"PLEASED NOT HIMSELF."

Two of the children had gone to bed. Ellen still sat in her mother's lap, although she was quite a large girl. She seemed to have something in particular to say; for this mother always encouraged her children to tell her fully all about themselves. At last she said, "Mother, I have thought a great deal about what you read to us a little while ago, how Jesus 'pleased not himself.'"

"I am very glad you did, my dear; I hope you will try to be like him."

"Mother," said the child, choking, "I *do* try to, for I saw, after I went to bed that night, that I was just contrary to it. Tom and Jane called me disobliging, and so do the girls at school; and, mother, it is because I like to please *myself* best."

"That is very sad," said the mother, seriously.

"Very, mother," answered Ellen. "I felt it was; and I did wish, I *do* wish to be less like myself, and more like Jesus. Well, it seems to me, by striving I shall, I *really* shall. Yesterday, you know, I went to grandma's, and grandma always wants us to do something for her. Tom and Jane like to, but I don't very well. When I went yesterday, I wanted to feel *obliging* and

do *willingly* what grandma wanted me to. I wanted to please her more than myself; so before I lifted up the latch, I just went under the lilac tree and prayed. I kept asking the Lord Jesus to make me like himself, that I might not please myself, but him. Then I went into the house, and pretty soon I saw grandma wanted something. I knew what was coming, and said, as quick as could be, 'Yes, grandma, I'll get it for you;' and, mother, she thanked me. All along as I went to get it, I *felt beautifully*. It is a great deal better not to try to please yourself."

What an affecting scene is this! "For even Christ pleased not himself" "I came," he says, "not to do mine own will, but the will of the Father who sent me." It is this *forgetfulness of self* which is the very marrow of the Christian spirit, as well as the essence of all true politeness. Lord Chesterfield says, "Politeness is benevolence in little things." Lord Chesterfield was a worldly man, and only acted upon worldly principles; but you see, in describing that which should regulate our behaviour towards each other, how he copies a great Bible principle. A disobliging, selfish, conceited spirit is neither Christian nor polite; it is unlovely every way, and as unhappy as it is unlovely. Ellen saw and felt this; she grieved over it, and was anxious to improve; she was not contented with merely wishing, but the dear child acted accordingly. She asked her mother to help her; but the greatest help of all was her heavenly helper, Jesus Christ. In the hour of temptation she went to him under the lilac tree, and he met her there. He gave her his Spirit; and it was a willing spirit, a kind spirit, a benevolent spirit, a self-forgetting spirit—oh, it was a beautiful spirit!

Let every child desire to possess it, and not only desire it, but *act* like Ellen under the lilac tree.—*Child's Paper*.

THE NOVEL MISSIONARY COLLECTOR.

In a village in Yorkshire, England, where much interest is taken in the missionary cause, there is a little dog, belonging to a poor woman. This dog is in the habit of gathering up all the bones he can find in the street, and then running

off home with them to his mistress's cottage.

The bones thus procured are carefully preserved by the poor woman, and last year between two and three shillings were obtained for the Society by their sale!

We want our readers to think of the little dog, and to try whether they cannot, by their ingenuity, contrive some fresh means of helping this good cause.—*Church Mis. Juv. Instructor*.



THE GODDESS KWAN-YIN.

THE VISHNOU OF INDIA.

The above drawing is a representation of the goddess Kwan-yin, who by the Chinese is spoken of as the most merciful goddess, and, consequently, much revered by the followers of Budha. She sits on the

water-lily, which is considered a sacred plant, with her feet placed under her, the attitude assumed by all the Priests when meditating on their sacred books, and on observing their private devotions, which they

are enjoined to do, every sixth hour, for the space of one hour, day and night. The drawing is intended to represent the goddess with a thousand eyes, a thousand hands, and a thousand feet, indicating that she is an omnipotent being, having a hand to defend, to re-cue, to punish, to reward, and to bestow blessings in every condition in life. The thousand eyes are supposed to render her cognizant of what is transpiring on earth; while the thousand feet indicate her rapid flight from one part of the world to the other. She is represented as holding in her hand the sacred flower of the water-lily, and is attended on her right by the most honoured Kea-ye, and on the left by the most honoured Ho-nan. The first figure has in his hand an offering of lily flower; while the other is in the attitude of repeating a form of prayer.

The priests of China shave the entire head, as represented in the above engraving, which indicates that they have separated themselves from the world. They do not kneel when worshipping, but stand before their gods, and as they proceed with their prayers, (which are mere sounds of Indian words, scarcely understood by a single Priest, and which are wholly unintelligible to all their worshippers,) they frequently bow towards the idol. The Priests are not allowed to take the life of any animal; hence they live on vegetable diet and lead a secluded life. When they die, their corpse is burnt, and their ashes are gathered and put in an earthen vessel, and buried in the ground attached to their temples. At the large temple opposite Canton as many as five hundreds Priests have been known to assemble on special occasions. They frequently muster from one to two hundred.

Not many weeks since, the writer showed two Chinese an impression of the above design, and asked them to write full particulars of the virtues of the above goddess. The reply of one of them was, in broken English, "Ah-ya! How can do? No, no, me no can do! Ah! he one god. He up in heaven, he everywhere. Me call he when sea make trouble; he come! Ah, no can writee!" Ah!, no can writee!" The writer replied, "The priests at Canton write about the gods." He replied, "Ah yes! He can writee, he one Padre, (one Priest,) he can writee. Ah-ya, I can writee. No can, no, no, no, can!" the other replied, "The god Kwān-yin all same your Jesus Christ. He everywhere, —he all things can do. He one very good god. But no can writee he!"

P. P. T.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL CHILD.

Sunday-schools are valuable auxiliaries to the church of Christ: they have furnished the pulpit with Ministers, the pew with Christians, and heaven with saints. A few years ago a Sunday-school was opened at Monmore-Green in Wolverhampton Circuit, for the benefit of the children of the miners and colliers who reside in the immediate neighbourhood. One of the first scholars was Ann Dakin. She gave early promise of rewarding the labours of her Teachers; her attendance was regular, her attention deep, and her deportment serious. In 1849 it pleased God to afflict her, and for twelve months she was unable to attend her favourite Sunday-school. When the fever left her, she was so debilitated and lame, that she could not walk without crutches; but as soon as she was able, she visited her

class, and was much affected when she saw the other children kneel at prayer, which she could not do. But it was the will of God that her sun should go down while it was yet day. She had a relapse her sufferings were excruciating. Her Teacher visited her, to whom she expressed her love to Jesus and to prayer, and also a fear lest she should have deceived herself. One of the Ministers saw her several times; and a few days before her death, held this conversation with her:—"You appear to be very ill, Jane: do you wish to live?" "No." "Are you afraid to die?" "No." "How do you feel in your mind?" "Ever since God pardoned my sins." "When did He pardon your sins?" "A

long time ago." "What was you doing?" "Weeping, praying, and believing." "Then you felt happy?" "Yes." "Have you much temptation?" "No; for when Satan comes, I tell the Lord, and then he goes away." "Then you want to go to heaven, to be free from pain?" "No; but to be with Jesus." "What shall I pray for?" "that God would take me to Himself." "Should you not like all your family to get religion?" "I should. I do pray for them." She appeared to be ripening for heaven. A few days after, she was heard to whisper, "Jesus is precious to my soul;" and then she fell asleep in Jesus, aged fourteen years.

J. H. N.



SIMEON GREEN;

OR, THE MAN THAT CURED HIS BAD NEIGHBOURS.

One day, some labourers employed by Simeon Green, passing over a bit of marshy ground with a heavy team, stuck fast in a bog, occasioned by long-continued rain.—The poor oxen were unable to extricate themselves, and Simeon ventured to ask assistance from his

waspish neighbour, Reuben Black, who was working at a short distance. Reuben replied gruffly,—“I’ve got enough to do to attend to my own business.” The civil request that he might be allowed to use his oxen and chains for a few minutes being answered in this surly

tone, Simeon silently walked off, in search of a more obliging neighbor.

The men who had been left waiting with the patient and suffering oxen, scolded about Reuben's ill-nature when Simeon come back to them, and said they hoped Reuben would get stuck in the same bog himself. Their employer rejoined, "If he should, we will do our duty and help him out." "There is such a thing as being too good-natured," said they. "If Reuben Black takes the notion that people are afraid of him, it makes him trample on them worse than ever."

"O, wait a while," replied Green smiling; "I will cure him before long. Wait and see if I do not cure him."

It chanced soon after, that Reuben's team did stick fast in the same bog, as the workmen had wished. Simeon noticed it from a neighbouring field, and gave directions that the oxen and chains should be immediately conveyed to his assistance. The men laughed, shook their heads, and talked about the old hornet. They, however, cheerfully proceeded to do as the employer requested. "You are in a bad situation, neighbour!" said Simeon, as he came along-side the foundered team; but my men are coming with two yoke of oxen, and I think we shall soon manage to help you out." "You may take your oxen back again," replied Reuben, quickly; "I want none of your help." In a very friendly tone Simeon answered, "I cannot consent to do that; for evening is coming on, and you have a very little time to lose. It is a bad job at any time, but it will be still worse in the dark." "Light or dark I do not ask your help," replied Reuben emphatically. "I would not help you out of the bog the other day

when you asked me." "The trouble I had in relieving my poor oxen teaches me to feel for others in the same situation. Do not let us waste words about it, neighbour. It is impossible for me to go home and leave you here in the bog, and night coming on."

The team was soon drawn out, and Simeon and his men went away without waiting for thanks. When Reuben went home that night he was unusually thoughtful. After smoking a while in deep contemplation, he gently knocked the ashes from his pipe, and said, with a sigh, "Peg, Simeon Green has cured me!" "What do you mean?" said his wife, dropping her knitting with a look of surprise. "You know when he first came into this neighborhood, he said he would cure me," replied Reuben, "and he has done it. The other day he asked me to help his team out of the bog, and I told him I had enough to do to attend to my own business. To-day my team stuck fast in the very same bog, and he came with two yoke of oxen to draw it out. I felt ashamed to have him lend me a hand, so I told him I wanted none of his help; but he answered just as pleasant as if nothing contrary had happened, that night was coming on, and he was not willing to leave men in the mud." "He is a pleasant-spoken man," said Mrs. Black, "and always has a pretty word to say to the boys. His wife seems to be a nice neighbourly body, too." Reuben made no answer; but after meditating a while, he remarked, "Peg, you know that big ripe melon down at the bottom of the garden? You may as well carry it over there in the morning." His wife said she would, without asking him to explain where "over there" was.

But when the morning came Reuben walked backwards and forwards, and round and round, with that sort of aimless activity often manifested by fowls, and fashionable idlers, who feel restless, and do not know what to run after. At length the cause of his uncertain movements was explained. "I may as well carry the melon myself and thank him for his oxen. In my flurry down there in the marsh, I forgot to say that I was obliged to him."

He marched off toward the garden, and his wife stood at the door, with one hand shading the sun from her eyes, to see if he would carry the melon into Simeon Green's house. And it was no wonder that she did so, for it was the most remarkable incident that had ever happened since her marriage. She could hardly believe her own eyes. He walked quickly, as if afraid he should not be able to carry the usual impulse into action if he stopped to re-consider the question. When he found himself in Mr. Green's house, he felt extremely awkward, and hastened to say, "Mrs. Green, here is a melon my wife sent to you, and we think it is a ripe one." Without manifesting any surprise at such unexpected courtesy, the friendly matron thanked him, and invited him to sit down. But he stood playing with the latch of the door, and without raising his eyes, said, "Maybe Mr. Green is not in this morning?"

"He is at the pump, and will be in directly," she replied; and before her words were spoken, the honest man walked in, with a face as fresh and bright as a June morning. He stepped right up to Reuben, shook his hand cordially, and said, "I am glad to see you, neigh-

bour. Take a chair—take a chair!"

"Thank you, I cannot stop," replied Reuben. He pushed his hat on one side, rubbed his head, looked out of the window, and then said suddenly, if by a desperate effort—"The fact is Mr. Green, I have not behaved right about the oxen."

"Never mind—never mind," replied Mr. Green. "Perhaps I shall get into the bog again, one of these rainy days. If I do, I shall know whom to call upon."

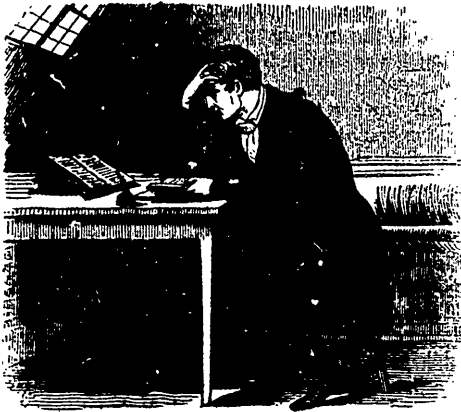
"Why, you see," said Reuben, still very much confused, and avoiding Simeon's mild, clear eye, "you see the neighbors here are very ugly. If I had always lived by such neighbours as you are, I should not be just as I am."

"Ah, well, we must try to be to others what we want them to be to us," rejoined Simeon. "You know the good Book says so. I have learned by experience, that if we speak kind words, we hear kind echoes. If we try to make others happy, it fills them with a wish to make us happy. Perhaps you and I can bring the neighbours round in time to this way of thinking and acting. Who knows?—let us try, Mr. Black, let us try. And come and look at my orchard. I want to show you a tree which I have grafted with very choice apples. If you like, I will procure you some cuttings from the same stock."

They went into the orchard together, and friendly chat soon put Reuben at his ease. When he returned home, he made no remarks about his visit; for he could not, as yet, summon sufficient greatness of soul to tell his wife that he had confessed himself in the wrong. A gun stood behind the kitchen-door in readiness to shoot Mr. Green's

dog for having barked at his horse. He now fired the contents into the air, and put the gun away into the barn. From that day henceforth, he never sought for any pretext to quarrel with the dog or his master.

A short time after, Joe Smith, to his utter astonishment, saw him pat Towser on the head, and heard him say, "Good fellow."—*Simeon Green; or, the Man that cured his Bad Neighbours.* Library B. 160.



MY GRANDFATHER'S LIBRARY.

Honoured be the name of my grandfather. My first recollections of my venerable relative were so intimately connected with his library, that I scarce ever think of him aside from it.

He was always there, when I used timidly to raise the latch and steal in, and would raise his eyes from his volume, they alone speaking a grave welcome.

The library was in the shadiest and most retired part of the house, where quiet, best suited for contemplation, ever reigned. High trees, with clustering foliage, came closely up to the windows, concealing the distant view of hill and mountain and shutting out the sunshine. The room was small, and furnished with almost rigid plainness, but

suitied to his old fashioned taste.— One side of it was lined with books, while the others were unadorned save with a full length portrait of Cromwell, dimmed by time, while in a corner stood a bust of Washington. A single chair covered with leather, stood by a small table, in front of the window, and whatever he might be reading, his old family Bible was always lying on the table. It had been a splendid edition, covered in velvet, richly chased, with gold clasps, a legacy from a German friend. It was his most frequent study, and his constant delight, and an unfailing source of pleasure to him. I would often see Fox's Book of Martyrs lying beside it, another of his favourite works, and great was my joy when I could

prevail upon him to show me the pictures, and tell me, with his trembling voice of their sufferings.

The library itself was not large, but contained a choice collection of the old authors, arranged to suit his taste, and please his fancy. On the first shelf were the classics—long, barbarous titles and names were they—Iliad, and Odessey, Herodotus, Tacitus, and Plato; from these he kept the dust carefully brushed, that his school-boy memories might not become obscured.

Then next stood the works on legislation—Sir Matthew Hale, and Blackstone, in ponderous volumes; no prohibition was needed to keep childish fingers from their pages, the books wore a look of legal dignity. Then came the choicest collection of all the old divines.

A religious awe stole over me as, at a distance, I spelled out the names of Barrow, Sherlocke, Baxter, Bunyan, and Jeremy Taylor. My grandfather would often point to them with a sigh, that he did not live when such men proclaimed the unadorned truth.

A few works on history, some of a later date, had been allowed, on account of especial merit, to take place in this time-honoured library: Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon.

Next stood his favourite poets arranged in plain binding, little indicating the glowing genius within, were the quaint Canterbury Tales of Chaucer, Spencer's enchanting Fairy Queen, and the lovely Una, and the English classics of a later date, Shakspeare and Milton.

The top shelves were miscellaneous, mostly solid and useful reading, —while on the top shelf were piled old Congressional Documents, useful only to himself, where he had placed them for future reference.

My grandfather would often bid me notice the plain binding, and unpretending appearance of his library, and from it draw many a useful lesson. Never shall I forget the *last* lesson my grandfather gave me in that hallowed library, and the earnestness of his look and tone, as pointing to those plain and unadorned volumes, he said, "True merit needs no adorning; ever beware of that which wears an unusually showy exterior; always suspect a blank within, or something which requires an external aid.

SARAH S. JEWETT.

July 16, 1852.

INCIDENTS IN MISSIONARY LIFE.

No. II.

THE MISSIONARY'S WIFE AND THE CONJUROR.

It was in the sultry clime of India that a Missionary and his wife were journeying, and reposed during the heat of the day in a choultry by the road-side. These choultries are buildings erected for the convenience of travellers. As there are no inns in the country, any traveller may stay in them; but they must take their food and bedding with them, for they find nothing but the bare walls of the choultry.

While the Missionary's wife was resting, a fine young man came up to the choultry. He was on his way from a distant part, on a pilgrimage to Juggarnath.

He was a *pandāram*, or "sacred mendicant," and was dressed in his yellow robes, which are sacred to his profession. Before I proceed, I ought to tell you, that the value of the yellow robes principally consists in the cotton being plucked off the tree, spun, dyed, and woven, ready to be worn, in one day. The Missionary was in the verandah of the

choultry, when the *pandāram* came up and requested permission to show his feats, for he was a conjuror or juggler. He began by biting pieces off the servant's cloth, (or native cotton dress,) and then, by some incantation, instantaneously repairing it, without the least distinction from the other part. The Missionary called his wife to witness the performance, and asked the pilgrim to repeat it. He asked for a table-knife, and, without the least attempt at concealment, cut off three pieces of the same cloth, then, picking up the pieces, laid them on the part from which they had been cut, struck them a few times, while muttering something in a *sacret* tongue, and then showed the cloth without darn or flaw. Well, to place the matter beyond doubt, the lady said, "You have played some trick, and I will not believe unless you allow me to cut the cloth." The man hesitated, but at length consented; and, in the presence of many natives, she took hold of the cloth as you would the centre of a pocket-handkerchief, cut off three pieces with a table-knife, and threw them on the ground, that all might see them. The conjuror took them up, and connected them with the cloth, as he had done before; and when the Missionary's wife examined the cloth, it was perfectly whole: all she could see was a twist she had given the cloth before cutting it. When the lady saw the cloth quite perfect, she trembled all over, and was much frightened at the deed. She has never been able to understand how it was done.

The conjuror then went on to show other feats. He swallowed ten small stones about the size of a marble, one stone about the size of an egg, one shell a little larger than an egg, and a metal image of the god Krishna. "Rather hard

food," you will say; "they will not be very easy of digestion:" but he did not mean to digest them. After keeping them down for a short time, he brought them all up again, slowly and without disguise: this he did twice. He said, it had taken him *five years* to practise, before he was expert at it. The stones went quite down his throat; for while they were down, he spoke very distinctly. The Missionary examined his throat, which seemed to be very large and very bony.

MR. CAMPBELL, THE MISSIONARY, MEETS
WITH A CONJUROR WHO VERY MUCH
ASTONISHES HIM.

Mr. Campbell was one of those who are disposed to laugh at the deeds of jugglers, and regard them as childish tricks; but a juggler called one day at his house, and he asked him to show him some of his exploits. After making ribbons, and performing some very curious deeds, he asked if Mr. Campbell had a rupee. "Yes," he replied, "I have one;" and, taking a rupee out of his pocket, he showed it to him in his hand. He was sitting on the carpet, and Mr. Campbell was standing not less than five or six feet from him. "Well, sir," said he, "you are sure you have it?" "O yes," was the reply, and he held it with a firmer grasp.—"Now," he said, "open your hand." He did so very cautiously, lest any trick should be played; but all his caution was vain: his hand drew back with an involuntary shudder; there leaped out of it a small snake, and sprang about on the floor. The juggler laid hold of the reptile, and put it into his bag, and afterwards took Mr. Campbell's rupee out of his bag and gave it to him. How this was done, was always a mystery to him.