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The Sunday School Guardian

VOL. I.—NEW SERIES I

MARCH 22, 1870.

[No. 6.]



GRANDPA'S DARLING.—(See next page.)

GRANDPA'S DARLING.

(See 1st Page.)



WHAT a pretty picture is this—
 the gray-haired old grand-
 father, nearing the end of his
 life's long journey, and the
 fair child whose little feet
 have taken but a few steps on
 its rugged road.

O child ! O new-born d. nizen
 Of life's great city ! on thy head
 The glory of the morn is shed,
 Like a celestial benison !
 Here at the portal thou dost stand,
 And with thy little hand
 Thou openest the mysterious gate
 Into the future's undiscovered land.
 I see its valves expand,
 As at the touch of Fate !
 Into those realms of love and hate,
 Into that darkness blank and drear,
 By some prophetic feeling taught,
 I launch the bold, adventurous thought,
 Freight'd with hope and fear ;
 As upon subterranean streams,
 In caverns unexplored and dark,
 Men sometimes launch a fragile bark,
 Laden with flickering fire,
 And watch its swift-receding beams,
 Until at length they disappear,
 And in the distant dark expire.

God only knows what shall be the future for each one of us—old or young. Let us therefore, all of us, like little children, put our hands trustfully in His and follow where He leads us, He will bring us safely to the Father's house, the true home of the soul, the everlasting city in the skies.


THE witness before the Court was Mr. Wood. "What is your name?" asked the clerk. "Otiwell Wood," answered the witness. "How do you spell your name?" then asked the somewhat puzzled judge. Mr. Wood replied, "O double T, I double U, E double L, double U, double O D." The astonished judge thought it the most extraordinary name he had ever met with, and, after two or three attempts to record it, gave it up, amid roars of laughter.



A THIEF CAUGHT.


THE boy in the picture was engaged by some sportsmen to go with them and help run after the partridges and quail that they shot. I am sorry to say he was not an honest boy, and when one of the men, while at dinner, hung his coat on a tree, the boy snatched his purse out of the pocket and made off with it. He was rather a foolish boy, for he thought if he climbed into a tree he would not be seen ; but he was soon found and the sportsmen determined to teach him a good lesson. Holding out a blanket by the four corners they told him he must drop into it, and when he refused one of them took an axe and began to cut down the tree. This soon made him fall, when the men caught him in the blanket and tossed him up in the air several times. He promised faithfully that he would never steal again, when they let him off. Boys, never touch what does not belong to you, no matter how small. Remember, "Honesty is the best policy" both for this world and for the world to come.

WHERE CONVICTS COME FROM.

 SHORT time since a young man condemned to die for the awful crime of murder, lay in a prison-cell, awaiting the day of execution. A kind lady, who had heard of his condition, visited him several times, and sought to lead him to penitence and faith in Jesus as his only hope. On one occasion the lady was accompanied by her little son, who spoke kindly to the poor prisoner and offered him some fruit. The man seemed much affected by the grace and gentleness of the child, and drawing him towards him, said, as the tears ran freely down his cheeks :

" My dear child, let me tell you what it was that brought me here. It was disobeying my parents, then breaking God's holy day, and, lastly, drinking and gambling : that grew out of the other two. Never forget this, if you would not be where I am now ; and tell your play-fellows to take warning by my sad fate. Always obey your parents ; never drink a drop of anything that can intoxicate ; keep holy the Sabbath-day : and turn, as from the Evil One-himself, from any one who would persuade you to enter a gambling-house or engage in any game of chance. These are the things that fill the dungeons and prisons of the earth, and crowd the gates of hell with victims.—*Young Reaper.*

GRANNY'S STORY.

 ES, lads, I'm a poor old body ;
My wits are not over clear ;
I can't remember the day o' the week,
And scarcely the time o' year.
But one thing is down in my memory
So deep, it is sure to stay ;
It was long ago, but it all comes back
As if it had happened to-day.

Here, stand by the window, laddies,
Do you see, away to the right,
A long black line on the water,
Topped with a crest of white ?
That is the reef Defiance,
Where the good ship Gaspereau
Beat out her life in the breakers,
Just fifty-six years ago.

I mind 'twas a raw Thanksgiving,
The sleet drove sharp as knives,
And most of us here at the harbour
Were sailors' sweethearts and wives.
But I had my good man beside me,
And everything tidy and bright,
When, all of a sudden, a signal
Shot up through the murky night.

And a signal gun in the darkness
Boomed over and over again,
As if it bore in its awful tone
The shrieks of women and men.
And down to the rocks we crowded,
Facing the icy rain,
Praying the Lord to be their aid,
Since human help was vain.

Then my good man stooped and kissed me,
And said, " It is but to die :
Who goes with me to the rescue ?"
And six noble lads cried " I !"
And crouching there in the tempest,
Hiding our faces away,
We heard them row into the blackness,
And what could we do but pray !

So long, when at last we heard them
Cheering faint, off the shore,
I thought I had died and gone to heaven,
And all my trouble was o'er.
And the white-faced women and children
Seemed like ghosts in my sight,
As the boats, weighed down to the water,
Came tossing into the light.

Eh, that was a heartsome Thanksgiving,
With sobbing and laughter and prayers :
Our lads with their brown, dripping faces,
And not a face missing from theirs.
For you never can know how much dearer
The one you love dearest can be,
Till you've had him come back to you safely
From out of the jaws of the sea.

And little cared we that the breakers
Were tearing the ship in their hold,
There are things, if you weigh them fairly,
Will balance a mint of gold.
And even the bearded captain
Said, " Now let the good ship go,
Since never a soul that sailed with me
Goes down in the Gaspereau."

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The Sunday School Guardian

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

TORONTO, MARCH 22, 1879

A TALK ABOUT TOBACCO.



OUR talk this time is to the boys alone, for no body ever heard of a girl using tobacco. Faugh! the very thought of it sickens us. They have too much good sense and good taste. Yet, if it is proper for boys and men, we do not see why it is not just as proper for girls or women. How would you like to see your sisters smoking, or when you kiss your mother good-night to find her chewing tobacco? If it would be wrong for them, it is wrong for you. And wrong it is for many reasons. It injures the health. It makes the breath foul. It begets a thirst that often leads to drinking liquor. It generally leads to bad company. It is expensive. It wastes both time and money. It is dangerous. Thousands of dollars worth of property are consumed every year through fires caused by smoking. Our country would be much richer if not a pipe or cigar were known in it. Talk of hard times, when poor men spend large sums for tobacco and whisky who will not give a dollar for the cause of God or Christian missions. He who begins a habit of smoking or drinking is like a man who rivets a fetter on his legs, which he will find it almost impossible to get rid of. Boys, we beseech you, don't smoke, don't chew, nor use tobacco in any form.

LITTLE FOLKS' COLUMN.

THE PLAY-MATES.

WHAT a generous little fellow Master Tom in the picture is! He is sharing his dinner of bread and milk with his little play-mate, pussy. How fondly he caresses her! It is all very well to be kind to dumb animals; but we think Tom carries it rather too far. Puss had better have her milk out of her own dish. It would hardly be the thing to let our dogs and cats, much as we might love them, eat at the same table with ourselves. But Tommy, bless his heart! will soon learn better.

O what would the world be to us

If the children were no more!

We should dread the desert behind us

Worse than the dark before.



FEEDING PUSSEY.

"DO YOU KNOW ANY ANGELS?"

"MATCHES! Matches! Buy any good matches, sir!"

"No, no; don't want any. Besides, you should not come up the front-door steps."

Yet the face of the gentleman who spoke was a kind one, which doubtless had given courage to the little boy, who had mounted the steps with a basket on his arm, on seeing Mr. Train pause for a few moments after closing the door.

The child was neatly clad, with a blue jacket and dark cap; he had moreover a very winsome face and voice, and on a second look Mr. Train stood gazing at him in surprise. Then the boy said:—

"Please, sir, do you know any angels?"

The gentleman looked still more surprised, and said—"Why do you ask me that, my little fellow?"

"Because mamma said, 'Please God send an angel to show Linnie where to go.'"

A tear moistened the old man's eye; he involuntarily put his hand in his pocket, intending to buy all the boy's matches. Then he said:—

"Your mother—is she living?"

"Yes, sir, but she's queer now since father died. Sometimes she talks to papa, though he isn't here. Josie says she's unanny."

"How came you, such a little fellow, to think of selling matches?"

"Cis when mamma's money was gone Josie brought us some food, and mamma said, 'I can't bear this, Lonnie.' Then I whispered to Josie, 'I'll go and sell matches;' and Josie helped me."

"Who's Josie?"

"The servant girl who used to live with us."

Then, said Mr. Train, as he opened the door, "Come in, my child. I think God sent an angel to guide you here, in answer to your mother's prayer. Come in, and I will call Mrs. Train."

So the boy was led into a beautiful room. Mr. Train went upstairs and told his wife all I have been telling you. He then added:

"The child has found his way to my heart already."

Mrs. Train went down and spoke kindly to the little fellow; then turning to her husband, she said:

"Oh just suppose this was our little Eldie!"

Then she put her handkerchief to her eyes, and her husband turned with quivering lips to the picture of the little boy that hung upon the wall; then, looking tenderly upon his wife, he said—

"Eddie will never know sorrow. Perhaps God

sent him to guide this little one here; and we will help him in his sorrow."

"Just what I was thinking, husband, dear;" and Mrs. Train drew the child to her and kissed him.

Then he put his arms around her neck, and said, "Does your little boy live in the sky? There's where my pap's gone; perhaps he knows him."

This idea of the child thrilled the motherly heart of the lady, and seemed to be a strong bond between her and the little stranger. With her arm around him, she replied—

"I dare say it is, my darling. And now we are acquainted with each other I intend to see you often."

"O, thank you! thank you! And now please to let me go tell mamma; it will take her sorry look away and make her well."

"Yes, dear," replied the lady; "I will go with you at once, and carry some nice things to her."

As soon as the child reached his mother he rushed into her arms, and said, "Mamma, mamma, here's the angel's mother. God sent her here and she loves me."

The poor lady, who had been sitting with folded arms and downcast face, looked up as if bewildered; there was a strange look in her eye which indicated mental derangement.

Mr. Train spoke in a cheerful voice, saying, "I have become acquainted with your dear boy. I love to visit the sick, and hope you will allow me the privilege of leaving you a few delicacies."

"George! George!" exclaimed the invalid, gazing upward. "Then you sent her. I thought you would."

"God sent me. I am His servant, and am already paid," answered Mrs. Train.

"Oh, oh! that is good—that is good!" replied the invalid; and the anxious, melancholy look gave place to a more tranquil expression, as she said, "Then I can take it." Having partaken of some refreshment, she revived a little, and turning to her new friend said, "Come close to me."

Mrs. Train did so: and the sick lady said, "George is waiting for me. I shall soon go to him. But my darling—my darling boy, what did he say about him?"

"I will take care of him. I have a very pleasant and happy home for him."

The invalid drew a deep sigh as if she would throw off her burden; then laying her head upon the shoulder of her attendant, she exclaimed, "Thank God! now I can rest." Then she seemed to fall into a quiet slumber. She lived but a few

weeks, yet remained in a peaceful, contented frame, and died saying, "Jesus, bless my boy!"

Mrs. Train took the weeping child in her arms, and said, "I will take the place of a mother to you, my darling;" and thus God provided a happy home for little Lonnie.—*Wesleyan*.

—♦—
"I'D BE ASHAMED TO TELL MOTHER."

SUCH was a little boy's reply to his comrades who were trying to tempt him to do wrong.

"But you need not tell her; no one will know anything about it."

"I would know all about it myself, and I'd feel mighty mean if I couldn't tell mother."

"It's a pity you wasn't a girl. The idea of a boy running and telling his mother every little thing!"

"You may laugh if you want to," said the noble boy, "but I've made up my mind never, as long as I live, to do anything I would be ashamed to tell my mother."

—♦—
CHILDREN OF THE TEMPLE.

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTEAWORTH

WHEN, in the gates of Zion,

Jesus appeared on earth,

Music, the temple filling,

Burst from the children forth.

Oh, to have joined that singing!

Oh, to have swelled that chord!

"Blessed is He that cometh,

Blessed is Christ the Lord!

Hosanna!"

Still, in the gates of Zion,

Jesus appears on earth;

Music and adoration

Burst from the children forth;

Still may we join in singing,

Still may we swell the chord,

"Blesseth is He that cometh,

Blesseth is Christ the Lord!

Hosanna!"

Cometh the King in beauty,

Light of the Gospel days,

Out of the mouth of children

He hath perfected praise.

Nations the hymn are singing,

Nations now swell the chord,

"Blessed is He that cometh,

Blessed is Christ the Lord!

Hosanna!"

LESSON NOTES.

B. C. 1520.] **LESSON I.** [April 6.

SANCTIFIED AFFLICTION; OR, THE LORD'S CHASTENING.

Job. 33, 14-30. Commit to memory verses 23-26.

OUTLINE.

1. God's loving care. v. 14-18.
2. God's chastening hand. v. 19-22.
3. God's saving grace. v. 23-30.

GOLDEN TEXT.

My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of him. Heb. 12 5.

INTRODUCTORY.—First lessons in Job. A rich book—in its literary character, in its descriptions and religious applications of nature, in its account of a wonderful man, in its counsels and warnings and promises.

Who was Job? Where and when did he live? State briefly the story of his life. Who was the speaker in this lesson?

1. Remember that God sees the troubles of even a little child.
2. Go to him in every little trouble, and he will help.
3. Wait patiently, and he will explain what you cannot understand.

Study the lives of Joseph, of Moses, of David, and of Manasseh, and see how they illustrate this lesson.

B. C. 1520.] **LESSON II.** [April 13.

PROSPERITY RESTORED; OR, THE LORD'S MERCY.

Job 42. 1-10. Commit to memory verses 1-6, 10.

OUTLINE.

1. Penitence. v. 1-6.
2. Prayer. v. 7-9.
3. Prosperity. v. 10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Behold, we count them happy which endure. James 5. 11.

INTRODUCTORY.—The long trial of Job is past: he proves his fidelity, trusts in God, and is delivered.

Who were Job's friends? Recall his history. Make three pictures; 1. Job prosperous; 2. Job in affliction; 3. Job restored; and see what differences are apparent in his character.

1. Ask God to hold his candle, and show you your sinful heart.
2. Then give him the heart to be made clean by the blood.
3. In all trouble trust him, and he will deliver.

What good young man was brought up from the dungeon to the throne?... What suffering beggar and happy rich man exchanged conditions?... Find about a barrel of meal and a cruse of oil; five loaves and two fishes; six water-pots filled with water; and what became of them.



A JERUSALEM JEW.

THE JEWS IN JERUSALEM.

THE history of the Jews is a most wonderful fulfilment of Holy Scripture. Our Lord foretold that their great and glorious temple should be destroyed and that the abomination of desolation should be set up in the holy place. He wept over the sinful city, but the people whom

He came to save despised and rejected, mocked and crucified Him. "His blood," they cried, "be on us and on our children." Within forty years from the crucifixion of our Lord the Romans came and besieged Jerusalem, and battered down its walls, and burnt the temple, and drove the ploughshare of ruin over its very site, and sowed it with salt — the symbol of utter desolation. Ever

since the Jews have been aliens in the land of their fathers—without a country, without a city of their own, without a temple, and without an altar. They have been persecuted by fire and sword as no people ever were.

About 8,000 Jews, mostly very poor sad eyed men, are permitted by the Turkish conquerors of Palestine to live in the Holy City. But they are compelled to live by themselves in the worst quarter, and are not allowed to enter the sacred enclosure on which stood the temple of their fathers. Every Friday afternoon a number of these Jews may be seen in the Place of Wailing—an open space on the outside of the old temple wall. Here they sit, beating their breasts, and reciting from the prophets the accounts of the former glory and present desolation of Jerusalem, and there they passionately kiss the stones of the wall and wash them with their tears. The sight is quite touching. Would that God would open their eyes to embrace the Messiah whom their fathers rejected! But let us also take heed lest our practical rejection of the Saviour and neglect of His great salvation involve us in a condemnation even greater than theirs.



THE JEWS PLACE OF WAILING.