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The Sunday School Guardian

Vol. I.—NEW SERIES.]

AUGUST 9, 1879.

[No. 15.]



THE FAMINE IN INDIA.



MY DEAR CHILDREN,—
When you look at the picture I send with this letter, you will say, "O, what poor wretched-looking people! what is the matter with them? what makes them so thin? Have they been ill for a very long time?" Yes, they have been suffering from a very bad sort of illness—starvation. They are poor Hindu people reduced to this skeleton-like condition through this sad famine. They have had very little to eat, not only for a few days,

or even weeks, but for months. This photograph was taken at Royapoorane, a place about six miles from our house, at the Relief Camp. The Relief Camp is a large piece of waste ground on which many sheds are built for the shelter of the poor starving creatures that are found about the streets. These are for the most part villagers who have left their homes because food has failed. Their ground is baked dry by the sun, and almost as hard as stone for want of rain. The plough could scarcely go through it, and the oxen to draw the plough are dead. The people have no seed; and even if they had and could put it in the ground there has been no rain to make it grow. In many places the wells and tanks are dry, and scarcity of water

adds to the sufferings, and hastens the death of those already perishing from want of food. Thousands of these poor people have dragged themselves towards Madras, the great city, thinking that here they would get help. Many have never reached Madras, but have died by the road side; those who have got here have not been disappointed in their hope of succour. The police have orders to take into the Relief Camp all the poor starving people they find about the streets, and if these are not too far gone before arrival in the Camp, the food and attention they receive keep them alive; and we hope that in many cases health will be fully restored, and many will live to tell in happier times of the kindness of the English Government, and, we hope also, will learn to love and serve God who has put it into the hearts of Christians to pity the suffering and try to relieve their distress. My husband and I went a few weeks ago to the Camp, a few of whose inmates are represented in the picture. I do not know if we saw any of these people, but we saw many hundreds looking quite as wretched. We were told that there were three thousand in the Camp. O! your hearts would have ached if you had gone through the shed called the Nursery, where the little children under two years of age were. Not one of these children in the picture looks as bad as some we saw there. The apothecary told us that they were losing the children at the rate of seven a day. These in the nursery had their own mothers to look after them. All the children picked up in the streets and roads whose parents are either dead or have forsaken them are sent to a place called the Monyar Chultry. At this place we were told that hundreds of these little ones had died, though everything is done that can be done to save them. I have told you a sad tale, not only to make you sad, but that you may do something to help us. God has in mercy been sending us rain, but in many cases it is too late for this year's crop, and instead of an immediate prospect of better times, we know that the worst is yet to come. There will be multitudes of children left destitute; and we should like to gather many of these into

orphanages where they will not only be clothed and fed, but will learn to know and love Jesus: and when they grow up will tell their fellow-countrymen and countrywomen the glad Gospel news that Jesus Christ came into the world to save them all. Pray for us, and ask God to tell you how you can help, for every one however small can do something.

Before closing my letter I want to tell you of one pretty sight I saw at the Relief Camp. In one shed there were gathered the people that had been brought in that morning. There were about a hundred and fifty of them, and they had just had a meal of rice. Lying on the floor in the midst of the crowd were two little girls, about seven and eight years of age. Each had an arm thrown lovingly round the other's neck, and they were fast asleep. Their little thin faces looked so peaceful. I daresay they had not felt so comfortable for many a long day. I think they will live; and though most likely without father and mother, they will be cared for, and I trust grow up to be a blessing. I have not said anything in this letter about what we are doing. We have taken ten destitute children into the Boarding School. These bring our number of boarders up to thirty-eight; and besides these we have twelve day scholars, all of whom have a good dinner every day, and some very poor ones a good breakfast too.

We cannot take any more boarders here, as we are quite full; but we should like to open another school for famine orphans as soon as we have means to begin.

MARY STEPHENSON.

Royapettah, Madras.

The following letter on the same sad subject is sent to you by one of the Wesleyan ministers:—

DEAR FRIENDS,—We know you love us; we need not go far for tokens. That beautiful Bagster's Bible—my daily study—that strong solid English watch, my teacher of time and punctuality, are the gifts of the English Sunday School children of Great Britain. Need I say, that we are thankful to you? We are thankful, and highly prize your tokens of love. Very

often they have been illustrations of Christian love while preaching to the Heathens.

You all have heard of our famine and distress. God has withholden our usual rains for the last two years. He has humbled us much with poverty and pestilence: O, would we become wiser and give up idolatry and serve Him day and night through Jesus Christ our High Priest! I have hardly a heart to describe the misery and wretchedness. Our honest and hardy ryots, (peasants), big, stout men, are now nothing but bags of bones. Their children—ah! our children!—such wretched, emaciated beings, their looks, their begging looks, their stretched-out hands for food, go like daggers to them that behold them.

The British Government and some charitable Hindus have done, and are still doing, what they can do to alleviate our distress; but they are far from conquering the monster.

We are truly thankful for the arrival of the Rev. Robert Stephenson, our worthy chairman, and his good wife, in such a time of distress. We cannot be too thankful to their dear children for their consenting to go so far away from them. Mrs. Stephenson is as busy as a bee in rescuing little children from starvation and death. The other day I took two famished little children to her. She pitied them, and gave each a loaf of bread and plantains. Did not the little ones, with their sharp teeth, make an end of them in five minutes! These children are now well taken care of, smartly dressed and comfortably homed. I had the pleasure of baptizing them the Sabbath succeeding, as their parents are Christians. Her heart is large, her hands are good and liberal, but the purse is small and full of holes. If each reader of my letter would monthly send to Mrs. Stephenson two rupees (four shillings), she would save every child I can get to her. May God bless you and grant you health and strength, grace and peace!

M. A. COOPOOSAWNY ROW.

A LITTLE boy being asked, "How many gods are there?" replied, "One." "How do you know that?" "Because," said the boy, "there is only room for one, for He fills heaven and earth."

THE BOY.

YOU'LL craze your mamma, Johnny dear,
If thus you tattle things about;
What makes you run and jump so high,
With merry laugh and careless shout?

Dear mamma, in the years gone by
Was there no time for mirth and joy?
You are a good and kind mamma,
Were ever you a little boy?

LESSON NOTES.

A. D. 64.] LESSON VII. [August 17.

THE CHRISTIAN ARMOUR; OR, THE CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

Eph. 6. 10-20. Commit to memory verses 14-17.

OUTLINE.

1. The warfare. v. 10-12.
2. The weapons. v. 13-17.
3. The warrior. v. 18, 19.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil. Eph 6. 11.

1. Be strong in the Lord
2. Be bold against temptation.
3. Pray to God for help.

Find account of a king who clothed a young shepherd in his armour. . . . A king who said, "Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast as he that putteth it off" An apostle who wrote, "I have fought a good fight."

A. D. 64.] LESSON VIII. [August 24.

THE MIND OF CHRIST; OR, THE CHRISTIAN'S MODEL.

Phil. 2. 1-13. Commit to memory verses 5-11

OUTLINE.

1. The loving mind. v. 1, 2.
2. The lowly mind. v. 3-8.
3. The loyal mind. v. 9-13.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus. Phil. 2. 5.

1. Be gentle.
2. Be humble.
3. Be like Christ.

Show instances of humility in the life of Christ. . . . Find in the Book of Revelation of the honour paid to Christ.

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The Sunday School Guardian

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 9, 1879.

THE STRAY LAMB.

ONE bright and sunny day,
Upon a grassy hill,
The little lambs were all at play,
Too happy to keep still.
They ran and frisked about
Within their shepherd's view,
Loving their merry games no doubt,
As much as children do.

But by and by a lamb—
A wilful little trot—
Said to itself, "How tired I am
Of keeping in one spot"
I want some better fun:
Fresh places I want to see;
So presently away I'll run,
And they may look for me."

Without a thought of care
He wandered where he would,
And fancied that the change of air
Already did him good.
"This grass is finer far
Than what I left behind:
And O, how pink these daisies are—
Exactly to my mind!"

Thus charmed with all around
The moments quickly fled,
Until, to his dismay, he found
The sun had gone to bed.
The air grew damp and chill,
The little birdies slept,
And over every field and hill
The gloomy shadows crept.

Hungry and tired and cold,
Of unknown ills afraid,
He thought upon his happy fold,
And wished he had not strayed.
Fast poured the heavy rain,
The wind swept roughly by,
And as he sank upon the plain,
He felt he soon must die.

Just then a cheering voice
Fell on his listless ear,
And O, how did that lamb rejoice
To think relief was near!
His own dear shepherd came
And clasped him in his arms,
Not uttering one harsh word of blame,
But soothing his alarms.

"My little lamb," he cried,
In soft, reproachful tone,
"Why did you leave your shepherd's side
And wander forth alone?"
And as he gently bore
The wanderer to his rest,
The lamb resolved it never more
Would think its own way best.

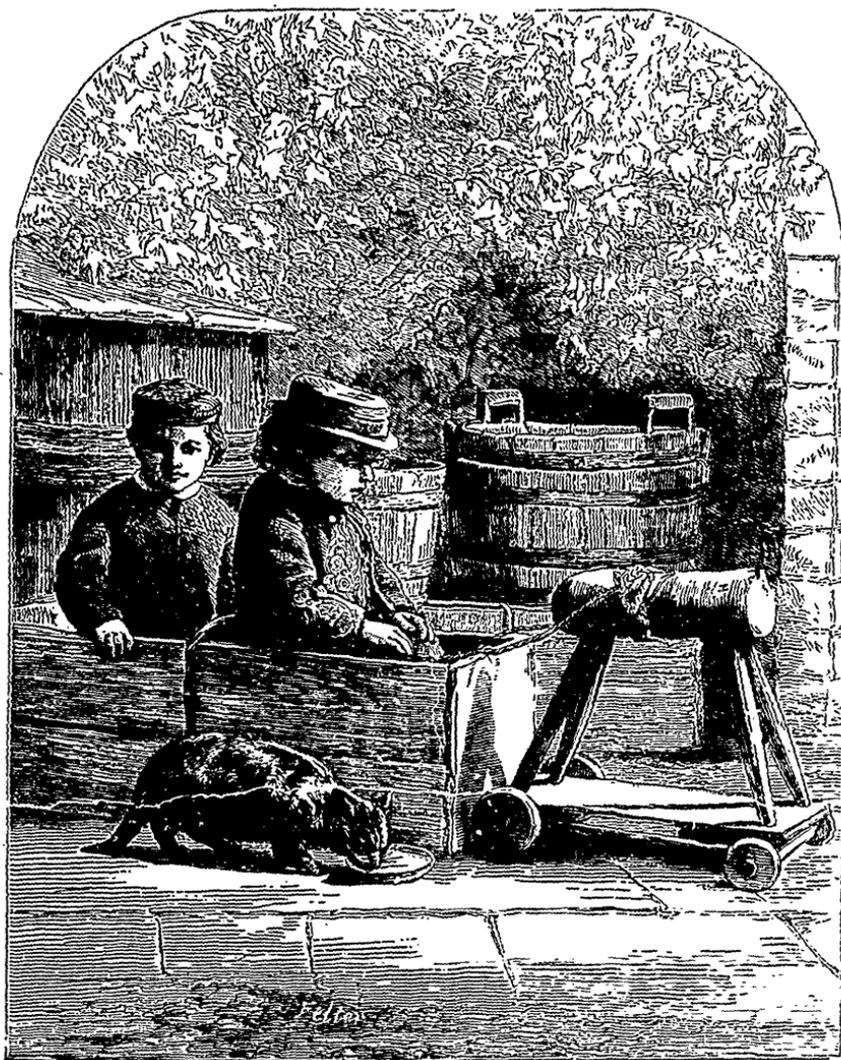
A GOOD INVESTMENT.

MR. HUBBARD, a Connecticut gentleman, has a beautiful home, and this is how he got it:

He was about eighteen years old when he determined to lay aside day by day the money which he would have spent for cigars had he been a smoker. At the end of each month he deposited at interest the sum thus accumulated in a savings' bank.

As the price of good cigars advanced, he correspondingly increased the amount of money to be laid away each day. From time to time, when his savings in the bank reached a few hundred dollars, he would draw them out to make a better investment.

By wise and shrewd management the fund amounted to from \$15,000 to \$18,000 a few years since. Mr. Hubbard then took this money, and with it purchased a charming site on the Greenwich Hill, and built a comfortable commodious home for himself and his family. The place overlooks Long Island Sound, and commands one of the finest views that can be found along the Connecticut shore.—*Youth's Companion.*



PLAYING AT MAIL COACH.

To an old box we tied a horse ,
That had no head nor tail ;
I was the guard and sat behind,
And Bertie drove the mail.

JACK.



EARLY in March a bitter frost set in. The pavements were thick with ice, and the snow in the streets was trodden into cakes by the beating of the horses' hoofs upon it. Every here and there there was a crossing, almost more slippery than the rest of the street, for the under surface of the snow had melted and frozen again, and melted and frozen again, until it was impossible to keep a foothold.

Jack and his mother, standing at the corner of the street with a basket from which only two bunches of violets had as yet disappeared, caught sight of a lady on the other side who often bought of them. She did not see them, and turned to go down another way.

"Here, give me two bunches, and I'll go over and catch her!" cried Jack, pulling two out of the basket, and running off as fast as his feet could carry him.

The crossing was dangerous enough—one mass of slippery, uneven ice—but he managed to get safely enough to the "island" in the middle. He had just started on the second half of his journey when a hansom, coming sharply round the corner, swerved suddenly aside to avoid a great dray.

What need to describe what followed? A hundred such things happen every year—a little, ragged boy knocked down and run over; a tall, black figure darting in among the staggering horses and heavy waggons, and bearing the child out again; its face white as death, its soiled, ragged clothes staining the fine black cloth on the strong arms that held it tenderly the violets, crushed and dirty, still held in the one little hand that was whole; a woman, weeping and wringing her hands, following. This is what the world saw. "Poor child! but boys are always so foolhardy, and are always in the way," it said.

* * * * *

It was a comfortable room on the third floor, with a window looking over the smoky chimneys

to the west, where they laid poor little Jack. The tall pale-faced minister, whom he heard that memorable night, offered to carry him to the nearest hospital, but the woman pleaded against it.

"They took my man away to one, sir," she said, and I couldn't see him but once a week, and he died when I wasn't there one night,—and we couldn't never even say good-by. Don't take him there, sir: let me be with him, he's all I have!" The fiery, earnest eyes of the minister softened. "Very well," he said, simply.

So Jack was taken to a room such as he had never entered in his life before.

The minister was poor enough himself. He had just managed to save enough out of his scanty stipend to hire rooms a little better than those in which he lived at present, which were in a noisy thoroughfare, and looked out on a tan-yard. But he set aside the idea at once when he heard the woman speak. She must be with her child to the last. So he laid the little, mangled form gently on a soft bed in one of the better class of lodgings, and went out to get a doctor, leaving them together.

For the greater part of the time Jack was unconscious. The fever ran high, and he talked incessantly. Sometimes he fancied he was selling violets, and would say, pitifully, in his little, broken voice, "Please, lady, buy; oh, do buy! mother and me hain't nothing to eat!" At other times he would think that he was shivering in the keen, east wind, although there was a warm fire burning in the grate. "Ain't you a little bit of shawl for me, mother? Why do them people in that window have such a blazin' fire, and we be out here in the cold?" For Jack was always of an inquiring turn of mind, even in delirium.

The minister came often to see them both, but never, save once, found Jack conscious. He was standing, one day, by the bedside, watching the child, when suddenly Jack opened his eyes, with a ray of recognition in them. His face grew pinched and eager with the desire to make himself understood. He reached up his one little hand, and pulled the minister down to him. "The King," he said, excitedly, "the beautiful King—where the big gates—

ain't shut—can't us get to 'un?" But before the clergyman had time to speak, Jack's mind had wandered again. Long ago the woman had told him the story of that Sunday evening in January, and patiently, beginning at the very beginning he had explained to her the meaning of his sermon.

Late one afternoon, when the sleet fell in splashes against the window, and the wind was moaning round the house, Jack's mother sat beside his bed. It was getting dark, and the firelight played in fitful gleams about the room. Suddenly Jack awoke. For an instant he turned his eyes on his mother, then he fixed them eagerly, intently, on the "glimmering square" of the window which was every moment becoming more and more a vacant place of darkness; but it was no darkness to Jack.

As he gazed, his eyes grew brilliant, and a wonderful, radiant smile broke all over his little, wan face. "It is!" he cried, "It is! Oh, mother, pearl, and amethysts—and the gates ain't shut, and"—suddenly he sprang up in bed—"the King, the King, the King!" he almost shouted. Then all at once he fell back on the pillow.

So Jack did see the King in His beauty at last. Straight out he went from his fever, and his bitter torment into the beautiful city, where there is no more suffering, and the King Himself showed him the way.

Never hungry, never thirsty, never cold, never in misery anymore. And the minister, coming in later, found the woman on her knees beside the bed trying to comfort herself with the child's own words, "Never no more pain." She was sobbing low to herself, "Never no more pain," while on the bed lay little Jack with the same rapturous, white smile upon his face with which he had gone out to meet the King.

The minister bent over the child, and his eyes were dim.

"And Jesus called a little child unto Him," he said, softly.

"Love one another, for God is love; and bear ye one another's burdens."

WORKING BOYS AND GIRLS.

"HOW I do hate work!" exclaimed Dick Lazy-bones as he stretched himself on the grass with a yawn that actually frightened the bob-o'-links which had been singing on the nearest tree.

Foolish Dick! Why foolish? Because he hated work. Work is a blessing. If Dick were my son I would make him spend one entire week in absolute idleness. I think that would be excellent medicine for him. It would make him feel that doing nothing is the hardest kind of work.

Work is pleasure. Working boys and girls are the glory of the land. Work makes the earth fruitful, builds cities and railways, invents machinery, paints pictures, chisels beautiful statues, makes our homes fairy rings of bliss. I want all my readers to love work and to respect all honest and true workers. Here are some lines about working men which I hope you will all commit to memory:

The noblest men I know on earth

Are men whose hands are brown with toil:
Who, backed by no ancestral groves,
Hew down the wood and till the soil;
And win thereby a prouder name
Than follows king's or warrior's fame.

The working men, whate'er the task,

Who carve the stone, or bear the hod,
They bear upon their honest brows
The royal stamp and seal of God;
And worthier are their drops of sweat
Than diamonds in a coronet.

God bless the noble working men

Who rear the cities of the plain,
Who dig the mines, who build the ships,
And drive the commerce of the main!
God bless them! for their toiling hands
Have wrought the glory of all lands.

 GENTLEMAN being invited by an honorable personage to see a stately building erected by Sir Christopher Hatton, he desired to be excused, and to sit still, looking on a flower which he held in his hand: "For," said he, "I see more beauty of God in this flower, than in all the beautiful edifices in the world."



HINDOO DEVOTEE.

THAT a horrible looking creature ! I should be quite frightened if I were to see a real man like that. Whatever is he ? He must be a madman. Does he walk about the streets like that ? If he were in Canada they would take him to the lock-up. So many have said who have seen the above. But he lives in Mysore, India ; and there the people think differently. His name means one who has renounced the world—Sanyāsi. To pronounce it correctly, you must remember that the second ā is long, like ā in father ; and that i is like ē. These men are religious beggars, and are supposed to be very holy. They worship Shiva, and show their devotion by smearing

their bodies with the ashes of cow-dung, wear a simple cloth (piece of calico) round their loins, and throw a coloured cloth over their bodies. Some of them are so filthy that you would not like them to come near you. Look at his matted hair, full of dirt, because never washed, and hanging down like ropes. On his right arm, too, you see a kind of armlet. That is put on to add to his beauty, and is generally formed either of beads or the teeth of swine. In his bag he carries all his worldly possessions ; and if he were to open it, you would see a strange collection of cooking utensils, charms, and odds and ends of a most filthy character.

Some of these poor, deluded men torture themselves, thinking that by so doing they gain God's favour. One day, when the Rev. J. C. W. Gostick and I were itinerating near Shemoga, we spent a day or two at a village called Holaloor. Whilst there, a poor Sanyāsi came to see us. He heard that we were priests of the "English religion," and, of course, thought we belonged to the sacred brotherhood. He was a poor, wretched creature, and looked more like an idiot than a saint. He, however, was very devout, and had run a thick piece of silver wire through the fleshy part of his leg, to show his desire to mortify the flesh : and this wire he kept twisting about in our presence, as a proof of his indifference to pain. Poor man ! how we pitied him, and pointed him to Jesus, the Way, the Truth, and the Life.—J. C. S.

We have given ourselves away ; that implies that we have no longer anything to do with ourselves. Our money, for example, is *all* God's. He leaves us what is necessary for us, and He manages it like a good father who provides largely for all our needs. But the rest is His, and He has a right to despoise of it.