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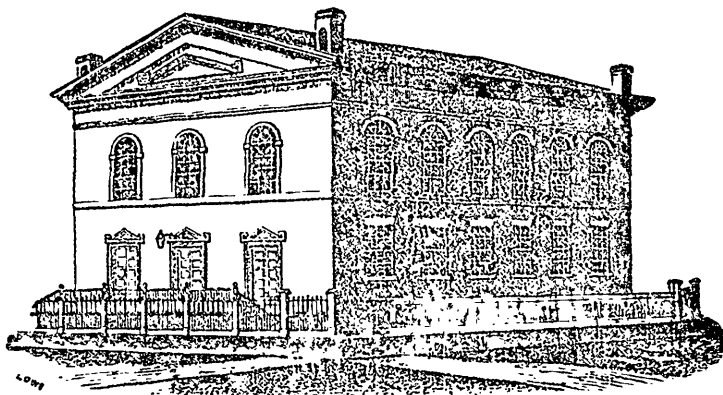
SUNDAY SCHOOL GUARDIAN

For the Province of Canada.

VOL. V.

TORONTO NOVEMBER, 1850.

No. 7.



WESLEYAN CHURCH, ADELAIDE STREET, TORONTO.

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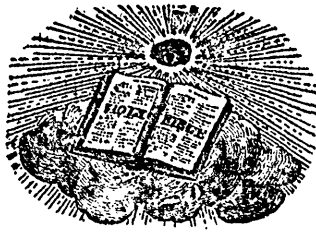
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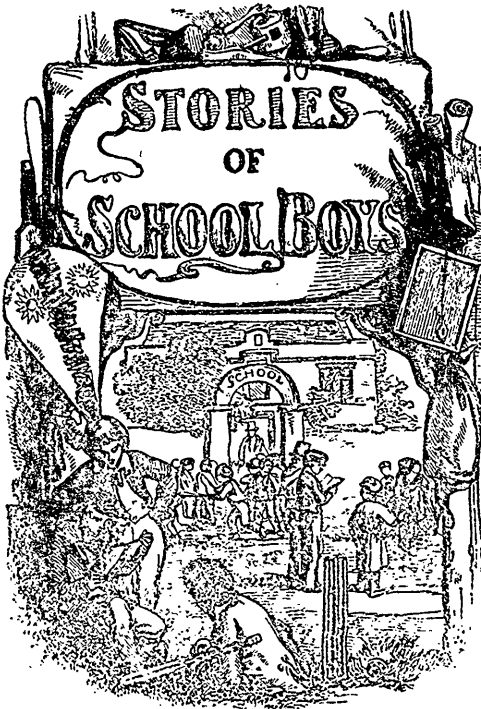
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SUNDAY SCHOOL GUARDIAN.

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

VOL. V. TORONTO, C. W., NOVEMBER, 1850. No. 7.



THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

A TRUE STORY.

Come Lucy and Charles, said Aunt Mary, let us sit beneath the wide-spreading elm, and look at

the glorious sunset, and I will tell you a true story.

Many miles north of us, where the winters are much longer and colder than here, lived a poor man with his wife and children.— Now if you had seen the humble dwelling and coarse clothes of these children, I dare say you would have pitied them, and yet, let me tell you, your pity would have been greatly misplaced, for in spite of their poverty they had many pleasures. Their dwelling was near a vast forest, and rare fun they had in chasing the squirrels, and many pleasant acquaintances they made among the birds and woodchucks, and other inhabitants of the forest, and fine time they had in gathering nuts and berries. And there they possessed a treasure which is wanting in some fine houses I know of, and that was a strong affection

for each other. But at the time of which I am now going to tell you, the pleasant summer and fall had passed away. One day in the latter part of November, the mother directed two of the children, a girl of eight and a boy of six years, to go upon an errand to the distance of half a mile. Their path led them through the edge of the wood, but soon after entering it they became bewildered, and instead of going out into a field beyond, where their right path lay, they continued to plunge still deeper among the trees, until they were quite at a loss which direction to take. And how different was the forest now from the time when they had their summer rambles there. The leaves had now fallen from the trees, the birds were gone, the squirrels and woodchucks were housed in their winter quarters, and the hearts of the children were very sad, as they wandered on, hoping each moment they should come upon the right path, and yet see nothing but the tall trees. At length the day was gone, and the children passed the long cold night in the wide forest, alone, but not forgotten by Him who hears the cry even of the young raven. The parents were greatly alarmed at the prolonged absence of the children. Search was made as far as practicable, and at the first dawn of the next morning the father accompanied by a number of men, commenced a vigorous search, but the day wore away and night came on, and still they were not found. The next morning it was renewed, and still no trace of them was seen, until just at the close of the day the father heard the notes of a horn, the signal agreed on in case they were found. He hastened to the spot whence the sound proceeded, with a trembling heart, not daring to hope they were alive, and there, beside the upturned trunk of a large tree, lay the children clasped in each other's arms fast asleep. The little girl had divested herself of a part of her clothing, which she had wrapped around her young brother. Over his feet she had drawn a large bag they had taken with them, and then placed them in a basket, and worn out with cold and hunger had laid down by his side, and fallen into what would have been her last sleep had she not been thus found.

They were conveyed most tenderly to their home, which was several miles distant, and at the end of a few weeks they were quite recovered from the effects of this exposure, though I hope they did not soon forget to thank their Heavenly Father who had so kindly watched over them.

A DELIGHTED MOTHER.

A mother, who was in the habit of asking her children, before they retired at night, what they had done that day to make others happy, found her young twin daughters silent. One spoke modestly of deeds and dispositions founded on the golden rule, "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you."—Still these little bright faces were bowed down in serious silence. The question was repeated.

"I can remember nothing good all this day, dear mother; only, one of my schoolmates was happy, because she had gained the head of the class, and I smiled on her and ran to kiss her; so she said I was good. This is all dear mother."

The other spoke still more timidly: "A little girl who sat with me on the bench at school, had lost a little brother. I saw that while she studied her lesson, she hid her face in her book and wept. I felt sorry and laid my face on the same book, and wept with her. Then she look-

ed up and was comforted, and put her arms around my neck; but I do not know why she said I had done her good."

"Come to my arms, my darling!" said the mother; "to rejoice with those that rejoice, and weep with those that weep, is to obey our blessed Redeemer."

SILVER WARE.

"Look, Ellen," said Rose Vernon to her sister, as they sat at dinner with their father, mother, and uncle Gilbert, "here are the Tower marks on the spoons and forks that we are using."

Rose and Ellen had, that morning, accompanied their parents to a silversmith's shop, to make a purchase as a present to a young relative about to commence housekeeping.

A great variety of splendid and useful articles were brought forward for selection, from among which the purchasers seemed disposed to fix on a handsome tea-service, observing, however, that the price somewhat exceeded the sum they had intended to devote.

The master of the shop then offered to their inspection a modern article, extremely elegant, much in request, and which could be sold at a much lower price.

The articles produced were indeed brilliant, tasteful, and well executed, and excited the admiration of all the party, especially of the young ladies, who pronounced them even superior to those bearing the higher price.

"Yes," said Mr. Vernon, pushing aside the goods last exhibited, "they are very beautiful; this kind of ware is brought to great perfection, but *it wants the Tower mark.*" Ellen and Rose wished to know what particular mark it was on which their father laid so great a stress.

Taking up the service first selected, and which he decided on purchasing, Mr. Vernon showed his daughter, on the under part of each article, several small stamps—one of a lion, one of a crown, another of certain letters, and so on.

"Well, papa," said Ellen, "you have, no doubt, a good reason for liking these marks; but I really do not see any great beauty in them."

"And," added Rose, "if they were ever so beautiful, they are placed so out of sight that no one who did not know they were there, would think of looking for them."

"True, miss," interposed the silversmith; "but persons who know the meaning of these marks will never omit to look for them in the goods they purchase. To give you some idea of their importance: the goods in this window, all of which bear the Tower mark, exceed in their intrinsic value, by more than a thousand pounds, that of an equal quantity of the goods you just now so much admired, which do not bear the Tower mark."

"Do you mean to say, sir," asked Ellen, "that the mark really adds to the value of the things?"

"The mere addition of the mark, certainly, would not make *that* valuable which before was worthless. But as it never is applied except to articles of intrinsic value, it serves to attest the value of the article on which it is found. Every piece of gold and silver plate is required by law to be tested by duly authorized persons. If, on examination, it should be found that an article presented is, in any degree, below the standard of purity, that article is immediately demolished, and rendered valueless, except as old metal. But if it is approved, these marks are affixed to attest its purity and value; and there they stand as a

permanent memorial that the law has been complied with, and that the article is standard gold or silver, as it purports to be. These marks were formerly stamped at the Mint Office, in the Tower of London.—Hence the name ‘Tower marks.’ But the Mint is now removed from the Tower, and the plate is marked at the ‘Goldsmith’s Hall,’ in London, Edinburgh, Dublin, Sheffield, and Birmingham. They are now more properly called, ‘Hall-marks.’”

“O, then these very beautiful things that have not the mark are not really silver?”

“No, miss, they are plated.”

While this conversation passed, Mr. Vernon had been writing a check on his banker. He then put it into the hands of the silver-smith, and the family pursued their walk.

At dinner time the service on the table recalled to the minds of the young people what had passed in the silver-smith’s shop.

Rose observed the marks on the spoons and forks, and Ellen the same on the fish-slice and cruet-stand.

“Certainly,” said Mrs. Vernon, “you will not find anything of that complexion here without those marks. There may be a degree of prejudice in the feeling; but I have a peculiar dislike to plated things, however elegant; though I have no objection to using china, glass, ivory, wood, or whatever other material of an unassuming character is adapted to the purpose.”

Mr. V. We are quite agreed on that matter. The most homely articles, that really are what they appear to be, are, in my esteem, far preferable to the most specious and successful imitations of something superior. I should not like any one to be deceived by supposing our things to be more valuable than

they are; still less, if we should incur the suspicion of a wish to deceive. I hope we shall never affect display of any kind that does not bear the Tower mark of solidity.—And we must not forget that there are other matters, besides silver goods and plated, in which we are liable to mistake or deception.”—*Extract from one of our Sunday-school books, entitled, “The Tower Mark,” Library A., No. 122.*

WHAT A SABBATH SCHOOL CAN DO.

“Some two years ago,” writes a correspondent, “the Sabbath school connected with Dr. Potts’ church, in St. Louis, conceived the idea of sustaining a missionary among the heathen. After proper consideration of the matter, it was decided upon, and a missionary obtained through the American Board. It was determined that he should go out and occupy the place made vacant by the death of the lamented Lowrie. The gentleman selected is the Rev. H. V. Rankin.

The amount which this Sabbath school raises for their missionary’s support is \$600 per annum, and the means by which some of the scholars procure their portion may not be uninteresting, especially to your juvenile readers. One little girl, during some of her leisure hours, made up a lot of little sewing, and gathering together a few adult friends of the family, made known her object, and then disposed of her handiwork at auction. Her first payment, I think, was \$15. One also raised and sold a few canary birds: others, for a stipulated amount per week, have been doing without coffee, sugar, butter, &c. Thus their contributions *cost them something*, and to their Heavenly Parent, are doubtless, doubly acceptable. May not

scholars, teachers, and superintendents elsewhere, "do likewtse?"—There is an immense amount of good that can be done in the world, if there is but *the will*. Must not heaven be a more blissful place to those who have made self-denying effort in the cause of Christ?"

LITTLE JANE.

A little girl who had always been remarkable for her obedience to her parents, refused one morning to go to school. Her mother expressed much surprise, and said,

"My dear, why do you not wish to go! It is high time; the bell has rung, so put on your bonnet and get ready, or I fear you will be too late; and you know if you are, it will displease Mrs. West very much; for she, like all other teachers, dislikes to have her scholars late."

"I cannot go yet."

"What is the matter, Jane? don't you feel well?" said her mother.

"Yes, mother, but I have this morning neglected to go by myself. I have not thanked my heavenly Father for the kind care he has taken of me the past night, neither have I asked him to keep me from sin during the day—I am sure I cannot think of going to school until I do."

"Why, my child," replied the mother, "as it is getting late, perhaps you had better defer it until you come home—and when you are going along, you can raise your thoughts to God, and he will listen to you."

"No, mother," said little Jane, "this will not do, for I once tried it, and nothing went right with me all that day."

Her mother pressed her no longer, but bade her go and implore God's blessing to rest upon her.—

This dutiful child did so, and was happy and cheerful the remainder of the day.

May her example lead others to seek the Lord and trust in him.

COMMENTARY ON THE NINTH COMMANDMENT.

At the examination of the children of the Windsor Infant School, on Wednesday last, a little boy was asked to explain his idea of "bearing false witness against your neighbour." After hesitating, he said it was "telling tales." On which the worthy and reverend examiner said, "That is not exactly an answer. What do you say?" addressing a little girl who stood next, when she immediately replied, "It was when nobody did nothing, and somebody went and told of it." "Quite right," said the examiner, amidst irrepressible roars of laughter, in which he could not help joining, the gravity of the whole proceeding being completely upset.

KEEP THE SABBATH HOLY.

The ill-fated steamer Griffith, which was lost on Lake Erie in June last, left Buffalo on Sabbath morning. We have heard of a number of instances where persons were saved from the horrid deaths that awaited its passengers by complying with the command of God. A gentleman and his sisters at Maumee were invited to take passage, the captain offering to remit the fare. They declined, because they would not break the fourth commandment. A lady of Rochester wished to accompany a friend, but could not overcome her scruples against breaking the Sabbath. How often are we reminded that the Most High is true to his promise to honour them that honour him.



MISSIONARY.

FEEJEE MISSION.

Extract of a Letter from the Rev. James Calvert, dated Vewa, Feejee, June 28th, 1849.

I have just returned from a short visit to the town on Ovalau, where several foreigners reside ; a company

of whom have just finished a small craft, of seventeen tons, in which I sailed. I preached to their native wives and children in the Feejeean language, met those of them who are members of our church, and preached

in English to the foreigners. All were very attentive and kind. They have many children belonging to themselves, and many orphans whom they provide for, belonging to some who have visited Feejee, and others who have died here. They are very industrious, and their conduct good. Yet they need religion; and, in order to that, they need a Missionary. As we shall not be likely to be able to supply them with one, it is desirable that something should be done for them. Their children are growing up, and sail about Feejee with their parents. Some of them are able to read

a little; some of the larger having been taught by Mr. Huns. Their parents are very desirous that they should be educated, and would cheerfully contribute what they could for their education. If these children of foreigners are not educated, they will grow up in ignorance and sin, and will produce great evil in various parts of Feejee. Should they be educated, instructed in religion, and converted, they would be the means of great good in the various places where they reside, and in the many parts of Feejee which they visit. Unless you help them, evil results may be anticipated.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

BRAMPTON CIRCUIT.—S. S. TEA-MEETING.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—Although but little leisure to sketch, I surely with lively pleasure witness every fresh and Christian indication that flows in the right direction. By the "wise and the good," the juvenile mind in its happy and developing features is noticed to an increasing extent in every section of our improving country. Hence, in the great field of benevolent operations, appropriate plans are adapted to give a pious and improving touch to the curiosity, animation, and love of the youthful subject. In the Township of Chinguacousy, on the 16th of September last, in connexion with the "Harrison Chapel," they celebrated the annual existence of their school. Although one year old, the occasion was replete with interest. John Sanderson, Esq., of the 6th line, (who, at its organization consented to superintend for a season,) presided with peculiar tact and gratification. They say he was happy in shedding light upon the juvenile

scene. The children who gave the absorbing interest, evinced the *two fold excellencies of diligence* on the part of the instructors, and a tractable perception in reference to themselves. Thos. Holtby's early and very successful offer (as one of the speakers,) was received as a strong indication of future promise, while the managing talent of his brother Vickerman was highly appreciated in the superintendency. The scene was so exciting that the talents of the speakers could not but shine. The cloud of neglect which had been long hanging over the minds of the young, they discovered to be more and more withdrawn, and that the brightness of Scriptural intelligence is reaching them most happily through its various and appropriate channels. The Rev. William Young, Superintendent of this Circuit, excelled all ordinary times in his intelligent, pleasing, and useful gifts and large experience,—while the singing sweetly commingling with its mellowing and stirring strains, contributed an ample share to the enter-

tainment of the many. Thus, this valuable occasion gave the most suitable opportunity to thankfully review the doings of the year, and to form resolutions and plans for the future, as they met by *this* celebration with the handsome avails of *ten* pounds!

On the 17th instant, about 3 or 4 miles from the spot of the Harrison Chapel celebration, ("Watson's Corners,") the children and visitors of that vicinity met with a similar entertainment. The object of this noble display was to heighten the Sabbath School interest in the *double* enterprize of rallying new accessions to their juvenile ranks, and books to give them an intellectual treat. And had you seen (not in a brick but yet in a log S. H.) this exhibition in the general attendance and on the platform, you would have predicted a triumphant issue! Well, Sir, "the prophecy was fulfilled!" From the gifted speakers we had the varied and the rare. A touch of the metaphysical, historical, experimental, and a fair chapter from the field of facts. The vocal music enlivened the scene, while the Rev. William Young gave us the intellectual and the highly useful, with all, making an admirable descent upon the pockets, as he presented one of the best *cases* I ever heard in favour of funds for Sabbath School tuition. See the issue! Without tickets of admittance *six pounds* were found upon the table!!

On the evening of the 23rd instant, on the 1st line east of this Township. The *liberality* of Mrs. Robt. Gardner and Mrs. John Snell, gave a rich and varied repast to the young of their warm solicitude, and the benevolent who assembled to aid. This school had its origin in those ladies, and it lives and flourishes under their soft and skilful management! The specimens of culture displayed before our eyes reflected the highest credit upon their correctness and industry, as the

pieces declaimed were fraught with sound sentiment, and delivered with gesture that talked their meaning,—while the "Missionary Clock," in the tasteful dialogue, happily taking in the Sabbath Scholar as a valuable *wheel* in the motion, gave most thrilling interest to the assembly. A melodium well managed, and the chiming voices of the young ladies and gentlemen in the appropriately selected music, threw the soft and enlivening through the whole of the animating scene.

But to return—the Chairman, Mr. Richard Pointer, of Churchville, in accordance with his useful name, *pointed* us very correctly in all the duties of the evening, in the right direction. While Brother Gardner, whose liberal and prominent part in this noble enterprize at a proper stage of the evening's progress, made a very enlightened and moving appeal for more neighbourhood help to be thrown into this youthful nursery.—Thus, the preceding, with the original and other materials, furnished subsequent speakers with great facilities to do ample justice to the occasion. Not any upon the platform could gather from all parts of the ground, with greater success, than Brother Young. He was as high in the zenith of the times as ever. From the elevated point to which we had been carried by the scholars, we were not allowed to fall. Anecdote being a very convenient material in his hands, was employed with good effect to illustrate the strong claim which the intellectual, moral, and religious culture "of the hope of our country" have upon our attention and means. The amount of the donation was fair for the assembly, giving us, in all, to witness in a very flattering style, a neat, complete, and finished Tea-Meeting from beginning to end. We recognize in the picture of the preceding:

1. That localities where Sabbath Schools not long since did not exist, are now blessed and adorned with their advantages.

2. That to keep in successful operation, they must not only treat the young with the zest of social meetings, but they must *persevere* in the good work, leaning by faith and prayer upon that arm that sustains the universe.

3. That a great object in view is to add to the libraries, as the existence

of the school depends greatly upon them.

4. That ladies can be eminently useful, even if it be necessary in the superintendency. We would that more of the fair would go and do like those in the previous notice, where men, "the lords of the creation," will not take hold of the mighty work.

Yours as ever,

THOMAS DEMOREST.

Brampton, Oct. 25th, 1850.

NATURAL HISTORY.

DOGS.

The Australian dog never barks, indeed, it is remarked by Mr. Gardiner, in a work entitled "The Music of Nature," that "Dogs in a state of nature never bark; they simply whine, howl, and growl; this explosive noise is only found among those which are domesticated." Somnini speaks of the shepherds' dogs in the wilds of Egypt as not having this faculty, and Columbus found the dogs which he had previously carried to America to have lost their propensity to barking. The barking of a dog is an acquired faculty—an effort to speak—which he derives from his associating with man.

A REPTILE ROOM BY NIGHT

The following account of a visit by night to the Room in the Zoological Gardens, Regents Park, is taken, with some abridgement, from Bentley's Miscellany:

About ten o'clock one evening during the last spring, in company with two naturalists of eminence, we entered that apartment. A

small lantern was our only light, and the faint illumination of this imparted a ghastly character to the scene before us. The clear plate-glass which faces the cages was invisible, and it was difficult to believe that the monsters were in confinement and the spectators secure. Those who have only seen the boas, and pythons, the rattlesnakes and cobras, lazily hanging in festoons from the forks of the trees in the dens, or sluggishly coiled up, can form no conception of the appearance and actions of the same creatures at night. The huge boas and pythons were chasing each other in every direction, whisking about the dens with the rapidity of lightning, sometimes clinging in huge coils round the branches, anon entwining each other in massive folds, then separating they would rush over and under the branches hissing, and lashing their tails in hideous sport. Ever and anon thirsty with their exertions, they would approach the pans of water and drink, eagerly lapping it with their forked tongues. As our eyes became accustomed to

the darkness, we perceived objects better; and on the uppermost branch of the tree, in the den of the biggest serpent, we perceived a pig quietly roosting, apparently indifferent alike to the turmoil which was going on around and to the vicinity of the monster whose meal it was to form. In the den of one of the smaller serpents was a little mouse whose panting sides and fast-beating heart showed that it at least disliked its company. . . .

During the time we were looking at these creatures, all sorts of odd noises were heard. A strange scratching against the glass would be audible—it was the carnivorous lizard endeavoring to inform us that it was a fast-day with him entirely contrary to his inclination. A sharp hiss would startle us from another quarter,—and we stepped back involuntarily as the lantern revealed the inflated hood and threatening action of an angry co-

bra. Then a rattlesnake would take umbrage, and sounding an alarm, would make a stroke against the glass, intending for our person. The fixed gaze from the brilliant eyes of the huge pythons was more fascinating than pleasant,—and the scene taking it altogether, more exciting than agreeable. Each of the spectators involuntarily stooped to make sure that his trousers were well strapped down; and as if our nerves were jesting, a strange sensation would every now and then be felt, resembling the twining of a small snake about the legs. Just before leaving the house a great dorr beetle which had flown in, attracted by the light, struck with some force against our right ear. Startled we were,—for at the moment our impression was that it was some member of the happy family around us who had favored us with a mark of his attention.”

T E M P E R A N C E.

AN INCIDENT OF THE REFORM.

At a recent temperance meeting in New York, an anecdote was related by one of the speakers, a Methodist clergyman, which, as coming from his own experience, produced no small effect on the audience. It is reported by a correspondent of a city paper, and is a noble instance of the devotion of woman in the hour of distress.

“A few years since,” said he, circumstances took place which led me to enter into a new covenant with God, to fight against temperance, with every weapon that he might give me. I had a brother in Allegany county, in this State, sur-

rounded with all the blessings of life, the head of an affectionate family, and sustained an honorable position in society. He was led to engage largely in public affairs. This often took him away from home. One stormy December evening he was absent on an occasion of this kind. He was to attend a public meeting at a public house several miles from his dwelling. The storm raged furiously, the snow came down like an avalanche, and when the public business was transacted, the weather was too tremendous to let them think of returning home. They remained at the tavern. Glass after glass was called for; glass after glass was drank by

the whole company; for in those days total abstinence was not. At length the storm abated a little, and they left the house. Meantime the wife and children—eight lovely blooming little girls and one only darling son—awaited the slow return of the husband and parent.—He did not come. Nine o'clock struck and he did not come. They all retired, in dreadful anxiety, except the mother. She watched and waited till three o'clock, when weary with suspense, she went to rest. In the morning, the eldest daughter on opening the door, saw the well known cape of her father's great coat upon the snow. Calling the family she went with them to the spot, and there half buried by the snow, was the frozen body of their father, who had thus perished at his own door. Since that time,"

continued the deeply moved speaker, "I vowed to God to wage an eternal warfare against intemperance, in all its dreadful, fatal forms. And had I not cause?"

The simple pathos of the narrative was irresistible. No one could hear it without being inspired with new devotion for the movement, the necessity of which was illustrated by such a fearful experience.

CARTING OFF DRUNKARDS.

More than \$1,300 were paid, by the police department of New York city, the last year, for carting drunkards out of the streets. Licenses were granted in the city. Let the law be repealed, and we shall not want a carman, devoted to the above work, in the most of our populous towns.

A N E C D O T E S .

A SCOTCH GEOLOGIST.

A Scotch geologist, being in the country on the Sabbath, and having his pocket hammer with him, took it out, and was chipping the rock by the wayside, for examination. His proceedings did not escape the quick eye and ready tongue of an old Scotch woman.

"What are you doing there, man?"

"Can't you see, I am breaking a stone."

"Ye're doing mair than that; ye're breaking the Sabbath, man."

EFFECTS OF SLANDER.

The famous Boerhaave was one not easily moved by detraction. He used to say, "The sparks of calumny will be presently extinct of themselves unless you blow them." It was a good

remark of another that "the malice of ill tongues cast upon a good man is only like a mouthful of smoke blown upon a diamond, which, though it clouds its beauty for the present, yet it is easily rubbed off, and the gem restored, with little trouble to its owner."

A CURE FOR SLANDER.

Dr. Rowland Hill on being told that it was expected he should take notice of some unhandsome things which had been publicly said of him, said that he did not consider it necessary to enter into any vindication of himself; and, he added, "I have now lived a great many years in the world, and have passed through much of evil report and good report, and I have arrived at this conclusion, that no man can possibly do me any harm except myself."

POETRY.



PRAYER.

Wake, little child, the morn is gay,
The air is fresh and cool ;
But pause awhile, and kneel to pray,
Before you go to merry play,
Before you go to school.

Kneel down and speak the holy words ;
God loves your simple prayer
Above the sweet songs of the birds,
The bleating of the gentle herds,
The flowers that scent the air.

And when the quiet evenings come,
And dew-drops wet the sod ;
When bats and owls begin to roam,
And flocks and herds are driven home,
Then kneel again to God.
Because you need Him day and night,
To shield you with His arm ;
To help you always to do right,
To feed your soul and give it light,
And keep you safe from harm.

THE CHILD AND THE SKEPTIC.

A little girl was sitting beside a cottage door,
And with the Bible on her knee, she conn'd its
pages o'er,
When by there pass'd a traveller, that sultry sum-
mer day,
And begg'd some water and a seat, to cheer him
on his way.

"Come in, sir, pray, and rest awhile," the little
maiden cried,
"To house a weary traveller is mother's joy and
pride."
And while he drank the welcome draught and
chatter'd merrily,
She sought again the cottage door, the Bible on
her knee.

At length refresh'd, the traveller—a skeptic he—
uprose :

"What! reading still the Bible, child?—your
lesson, I suppose?"
"No lesson, sir," the child replied; "I have no
task to learn ;
But often to these stories here with joy and love I
turn."

"And wherefore do you love that book, my little
maid, I pray,

And turn its pages o'er and o'er the livelong sum-
mer day?"

"Why love the Bible, did you ask?—how angry,
sir, you look!

I thought that everybody loved this holy, precious
book."

The skeptic smiled, made no reply, and pondering
travelled on,

But in his mind her answer still rose ever and anon:
"I thought all loved the holy book,"—it was a
strange reply ;

"Why do not I, then, love it too?" he whispered
with a sigh.

He mused, resolved, examined, pray'd ; he looked
within, above ;

He read, acknowledged it, the truth, and wor-
shipp'd Him, the love.

A nobler life, from that same hour, the skeptic's
proud began,

And lived and labour'd many a year, a Bible-
loving man.

London Christian Times.

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOUR ?

Thy neighbour?—it is he whom thou
Hast power to aid and ble-s ;
Whose aching heart or burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbour?—'tis the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim ;
Whom hunger sends from door to door :
Go thou and succour him.

Thy neighbour?—'tis that weary man,
Whose years are at their brim,
But low with sickness, cares, and pain :
Go thou and comfort him.

Thy neighbour?—'tis the heart bereft
Of every earthly gem ;
Widow and orphan, helpless left :
Go thou and shelter them.

Thy neighbour?—yonder toiling slave,
Fetter'd in thought and limb ;
Whose hopes are all beyond the grave :
Go thou and ransom him.

Where'er thou meet'st a human form
Less favour'd than thy own,
Remember 'tis thy neighbour worn,
Thy brother or thy son.

Oh! pass not, pass not heedless by,
Perhaps thou can'st redeem
The breathing heart from misery :
Go where thy lot with him.

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