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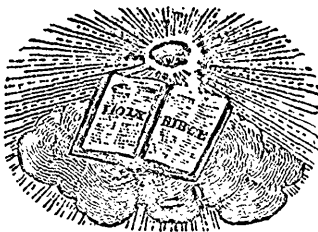
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SUNDAY SCHOOL GUARDIAN.



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

Vol. VI. TORONTO, C. W., APRIL, 1852. No. 11.

HAMILTON SUNDAY SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY.

To the Editor of the S. S. Guardian.

HAMILTON, March 22, 1852.

DEAR BROTHER SPENCER, — I avail myself of a leisure moment, though now somewhat out of time, to advert to our late Sunday School Anniversary in this city, the results of which were both instructive and encouraging. At the meeting of the Sunday School Committee, which was convened for the purpose of arranging for our accustomed anniversary, it was found that the usual Tea Meeting, which had been resorted to for several preceding years, had not only prevented the exaction or enforcement of that article of the Constitution, which required the annual payment of *half a dollar* as a condition of membership, but had failed to defray the expenses of carrying on the two schools, which this society has had under its direction and suffered the treasury to fall in debt above *forty pounds*. It was, therefore,

resolved to restore the rule, relating to the above mentioned condition of membership, into practical operation. Two persons were appointed to canvass for subscriptions in each of the city wards. The result of this appeal, was the noble sum of £32 3s. 4d. Subsequently, myself and colleague preached in behalf of the funds of this institution; and the collections lifted in the two churches, when united, amounted to the further sum of £6 15s 10d., the total being £38 19s. 2d — nearly enough to sweep off the debt. On this account, the Committee, not only felt to breathe with more freedom, but resolved dispensing on with the accustomed Tea Meeting. In lieu of which, it was resolved to have a public anniversary in the body of the Brick Church. This meeting, which was attended by four times the number that have composed the annual meetings for some years past, took place on the evening of the 17th of February. And though we had the assistance of but one stranger, the

Rev. Isaac Barber, of Glandford, who rendered us efficient aid, the meeting was of a very interesting and profitable character. Speeches of the highest order were delivered by brethren of this city, viz.:—Brethren Hutchinson, Belton, Wadsworth, and Bickle. I mention them in the order in which they spoke. It appeared by the able report read by Br. Crossly, that in the *two* schools there were 56 Teachers; 371 Scholars, averaging an attendance from Sabbath to Sabbath, of 239; Scriptures recited, 60,940 verses; and answers to Catechism, 11,939; with 1100 volumes in the library.

A slight modification of the Constitution was moved by Br. J. W. Bickle, seconded by Br. Jackson, and unanimously adopted, it being necessary to the altered circumstances of the schools. The appointment of an enlarged board of officers and managers was moved by my excellent colleague, and seconded by Mr. Dennis Moore. T. Bickle, Esq., having retired from the office of Superintendent of the larger school, a vote of thanks acknowledging his past services was most cordially carried, and the meeting broke up at an early hour and in a happy frame. A *third* school was commenced last Sabbath in the basement of the new church, under the superintendency of Br. R. D. Wadsworth, with the encouraging number of 96 scholars. All that is now wanting is an out-pouring of the Spirit from on high. May all the friends of the young pray for it!

JOHN CARROLL

CRUELTY OF HEATHENS.

Among the Pawnee Indians, the cruel practice prevails, when they are on their hunt, and their old people get so feeble, that they can

no longer accompany them, of leaving them behind, and even burying them alive.

From the S. S. Visitor.

PHYSIOLOGY FOR MY LITTLE SONS AND DAUGHTERS.

BY THE REV. PROF. MEANS, M. D.

My dear little reader, slip your right hand into your bosom, and press gently against your left breast. Be still for a few minutes. What do you feel? Thump, thump, thump, thump,—and on, on, on, on it continues, without cessation—asleep or awake, at home or abroad, sick or well, weeping or laughing, running or standing still. Now lay your finger upon the inner surface of your wrist, and press steadily for a minute. Do you not feel the rise and fall of what seems to be a fluid, forcing its way through an elastic hollow tube? and every successive gush of that moving column, corresponding precisely to every throb which you felt in your chest? Did you know that that pulse in your wrist, was occasioned by constantly repeated jets of *red blood*, sent along through open tubes which proceed from a large, firm, fleshy organ, located in your left breast, and which is continually filled with that fluid? Now this large muscle, denominated the *Heart*, by constant expansions and contractions, takes *into* its cavities and drives *out*, with the power of a suction, and forcing *pump*, all the blood in the human body, so as to send on *two ounces at every stroke*, into a large hollow vessel, like a pumpkin stem, called an *artery*, which ramifies into hundreds of others, that like the branches of a tree, grow smaller and more numerous, the farther they are found from the parent trunk, until they reach the remotest extremities of the body, where other little tubes, finer than

hairs, take up the circulating fluid, and bear it on to thousands of other small vessels, called *veins*, which run together from all parts towards the heart, growing fewer in number and larger in calibre, as they advance, until *two great veins* pour it back into the grand central organ, the heart, from which it set out. But that *blood*, you will remember, my young friends, is the great life-giver to our animal nature, furnishes all the organs with the elements needed for their healthy action, and when it has gone the round of the whole body, supplying every organ with its necessary nutriment, it becomes impoverished, loses its bright colour, and assumes a dark-red hue, and is incapable, unless restored to its first condition, of supporting life much longer. The heart consists of four chambers or compartments, which communicate with each other by a sort of *drop curtain*, called a *valve*, situated in the membranous and fleshy partitions which divide them. Now as soon as the blood has returned from its long circuit in this vitiated condition, it is allowed to enter on the *right* side of the heart, and to pass through two of these chambers, but is prevented by one of the partitions above named, from mingling with the richer and purer fluid, just returned, fresh and renovated from the *lungs*, until it has been pumped out through a large artery leading to the same organs, and has been re-vitalized itself, when it is carried back through the other two chambers, and sent out on its mission anew.

But my inquisitive young readers very properly inquire: "What are the *lungs*, and where situated?"—Well, then, the lungs are a pair of spongy organs, of a pinkish-grey colour, suspended within the chest, one on each side, and embracing

the heart. They are, each, throughout their whole extent, filled with thousands of little air-cells, into which hundreds of small tubes, which branch out from the wind-pipe, enter, and through which the atmosphere rushes when we breathe. In these delicate organs, all the dark, exhausted blood, of which we have spoken, is exposed to the action of the air, which is constantly charged with a vitalizing principle, called *Oxygen*. This, at every breath we draw, is being constantly absorbed, or sucked in through the thin membrane which here covers the minute blood-vessels, into the general mass of blood, and restores its vigor and purity—changes its hue to bright scarlet again, and prepares it to return to the opposite side of the heart, from whence, as we have said, it is sent out afresh to supply the wants of the entire system.

And now, would you believe it? there are in a full grown human body, about 25 pounds of *red blood*, the same which trickles from your wounded finger, when you have accidentally gashed it with your knife.

This whole amount rushes constantly through the heart, fourteen times in every hour, which is equal to 350 pounds per hour, or nearly 6 pints every minute! It may be interesting, also, to some of my young physiologists to know, that this strange and sleepless organ, the heart, labouring on constantly, and beyond the control of our will, beats 100,000 times every 24 hours, which is equal to 4,000 pulsations or thumps, every hour, and 66 or 67 every minute.

Should this great central muscle stop its work to rest one single minute, life would be endangered:—a few minutes, and death would follow. Our kind Heavenly Father,

therefore, whose wisdom and power constructed it, placed its action beyond our own control, so that we cannot reach or modify its movements, if we would. For had we been commissioned to keep this great life-propeller in play by our *voluntary* agency, as we at pleasure employ our lips, our head, or our feet, he well knew that the frequent excitements and torturing cares of life—its sudden emergencies—its ecstatic joys or poignant griefs, might at some time so absorb our whole attention as to lead us to forget to work its muscular machinery, and then the whole beautiful and complicated organism of this animal body would suddenly and prematurely drop into the grave.

But I must now close this chapter upon the circulation of the blood, and in doing so, I wonder how many of my young friends who may honour it with a perusal, will be able to account, one week hence, for the throbbing of the pulse which they feel in their wrists. It will be worth an effort to remember.

DREAM OF THE TWO ROADS.

It was New Year's night. An aged man was standing at a window.

He raised his mournful eyes toward the deep blue sky, where the stars were floating like white lilies on the surface of a clear, calm lake.

Then he casts them on the earth, where a few more hopeless beings than himself now moved towards their certain goal—the tomb.

Already he had passed sixty of the stages which lead to it, and he had brought from his journey nought but errors and remorse. His health was destroyed; his mind vacant, his heart sorrowful, and his old age devoid of comfort.

The days of his youth rose up in a vision before him and he recalled

the solemn moment when his father had placed him at the entrance of two roads, one leading into a peaceful, sunny land, covered with a fertile harvest, and resounding with soft, sweet songs; while the other conducted the wanderer into a deep dark cave, whence there was no issue, where poison flowed instead of water, and where serpents hissed and crawled.

He looked toward the sky, and cried out in his agony, 'O youth return! O my father, place me once more at the entrance to life, that I may choose the better way!'

But the days of his youth and his father had both passed away. He saw wandering lights floating far away over dark marshes, and then disappear; these were the days of his waste life.

He saw a star fall from heaven and vanish in darkness. This was an emblem of himself; and sharp arrows of unavailing remorse struck to his heart. Then he remembered his early companions, who entered on life with him, but who, having trod the paths of virtue and of labor, were now happy and honored on this New Year's night.

The clock in the high church tower struck, and the sound, falling on his ear, recalled his parents' early love for him, their erring son the lessons they had taught him; the prayers they had offered up on his behalf.

Overwhelmed with shame and grief, he dared not longer look toward that heaven where his father dwelt; his dark eyes dropped tears, and with one despairing effort he cried aloud, 'Come back, my early days! come back!' and his youth did return; for all this was but a dream, which visited his slumbers on New Year's night. He was still young; his faults alone were real.

He thanked God fervently that time was still his own, that he had not yet entered the deep, dark cavern, but that he was free to tread the road leading to the peaceful land where sunny harvests wave.

Ye who linger on the threshold of life, doubting which path to choose, remember that when years are passed, and your feet stumble on the dark mountains, you will cry bitterly, but cry in vain,—‘O youth return! O give me back my early days!’—*N. Y. Observer.*

NECESSITY OF MISSIONS.

DR. CAREY was once walking with a gentleman at Serampore, who pointed to a boy, and asked the Doctor if he could imagine how he came by him. The reply was of course in the negative. He then stated that he was on the east coast of Sumatra, when, having occasion to go ashore, he saw three little boys. He asked a Malay who they were, and was instantly told they had been stolen from a neighbouring island, and would be sold for food to the Battahs (a nation inhabiting part of Sumatra,) *as soon as they were fattened.* He asked their price; was told it was one hundred and sixty dollars: he paid the money, and took them on board his ship for the preservation of their lives. Truly “the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty!”

When a Missionary in South America was reproving a married woman, of reputed good character, for following the custom of destroying female infants, she answered with tears, “I wish earnestly, father, I wish that my mother had, by my death, prevented the distresses I endure, and have yet to endure, as long as I live. Consider, father, our deplorable condition. Our husbands go to hunt, and trouble them-

selves no further. We are dragged along, with one infant at the breast, and another in a basket. They return in the evening without any burden; we return with the burden of our children; and, though tired with a long march, are not permitted to sleep, but must labour the whole night in grinding maize to make chica for them. They get drunk, and in their drunkenness beat us, draw us by the hair of the head, and tread us under foot. And what have we to comfort us for slavery that has no end? A young wife is brought in upon us, who is permitted to abuse us and our children, because we are no longer regarded. Can human nature endure such tyranny? What kindness can we show to our female children equal to that of relieving them from such oppression, more bitter a thousand times than death? I say again, would to God that my mother had put me under the ground the moment I was born!”

“Five hundred millions of souls,” exclaims a Missionary, “are represented as being unenlightened! I cannot, if I would, give up the idea of being a missionary, while I reflect upon this vast number of my fellow-sinners who are perishing for lack of knowledge. ‘Five hundred millions!’ intrudes itself wherever I go, and however I am employed. When I go to bed, it is the last thing that occurs to my memory; if I awake in the night it is to meditate on it alone; and in the morning it is generally the first thing that occupies my thoughts.”—*Missionary Anecdotes.*

MODESTY.

Modesty in children is particularly beautiful. No one loves a bold and forward child, for boldness is exceedingly unbecoming in any one, but

in children and youth it is very unlovely. the modest child is every where received with kindness, when the forward youth would scarcely be noticed at all, or, if noticed, it would be only to receive a deserved reproof. Let the young, then, ever be modest in their behaviour,

The Boy, the Father of the Man.

Solomon said, many centuries ago: "Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure and whether it be right."

Some people seem to think that children have no character at all.

On the contrary, any observing eye sees in these young creatures the signs of what they are likely to be for life.

When I see a boy in haste to spend every penny as soon as he gets it, I think it a sign that he will be a spendthrift.

When I see a boy hoarding up his pennies, and unwilling to part with them for any good purpose, I think it a sign that he will be a miser.

When I see a boy or girl always looking for himself or herself, and and disliking to share good things with others, I think it a sign that the child will grow up a very selfish person.

When I see boys and girls often quarreling, I think it a sign that they will be hateful and violent men and women.

When I see a little boy willing to taste strong drink, I think it a sign that he will be a drunkard.

When I see a boy who never attends to the services of religion, and who is in the habit of sabbath-breaking I think it a sign that he will be a profane and profligate man.

When I see a child obedient to his parents, I think it a sign of great

future blessings from his heavenly Parent.

When I see a boy fond of the bible, and well acquainted with it, I think it a sign that he will be a pious and happy man.

And though great changes sometimes take place in the character, yet, as a general rule, these signs do not fail.

MY WISH.

May the blessing of God rest upon thee, and may the sun of Glory shine around thy head, and may the gates of plenty, honour, and happiness, be always open to thee and thine. May no strife disturb thy days, may no sorrow disturb thy nights, and may the pillow of peace kiss thy cheek, and pleasure of imagination attend thy dreams; and when length of years makes thee tired of earthly joys, may the curtains of death gently close round the scene of thy existence, may the angels of God attend thy bed, and take care that the expiring lamp of life shall not receive one rude blast to hasten its extinction; and finally, may the Saviour's blood wash thee from all impurities, and at last usher thee into the Realms of everlasting Bliss.

A LITTLE MORE BIRCH.

We believe in birch. Boys do not relish it much. But it is a capital thing in its place, there may be too much of it, and it may not be put on the right way; nevertheless, in its place it is excellent. When needed, you ought to ask for it, as we have known some children do, rather than shrink from it.

Louis XIV, when in his intercourse with the accomplished society of France, he felt his own deficiencies, often unbraided the foolish indulgence which had left his youth without instruction, exclaiming, "Was there not birch enough in the forest of Fontainebleau?"



ELIOT TEACHING THE INDIANS.

The following account of the Indians, amongst whom Eliot, the missionary, laboured, is taken from the life of Eliot, in the library of the Methodist Episcopal S.S. Union:

When the British established their first colonies in New-England, there were about twenty or thirty different nations of Indians in that territory, which closely resembled one another in their external appearance, mode of living, form of government, language, religious views, and moral habits. The Indians of Massachusetts were supposed to be among the most populous of all these tribes; and though, owing to their residence on the sea coasts, they had made some little progress in civilization, they were described by those who were acquainted with them as "the most sordid and contemptible of the human race," and "as the veriest ruins of mankind on the face of the earth."

The Indians were remarkable for their strength, agility, and hardness of constitution. Their clothing, which was very imperfect, was generally formed of the skins of beasts. They were exceedingly

fond of decking themselves with fantastic ornaments, and of painting their bodies with ill-shapen figures of men, trees, and other natural objects; and accustomed to respect the individual who could distinguish himself by any peculiarity in his appearance.

Their food, which was principally the produce of their hunting and fishing, and imperfectly-cultivated grounds, experienced little preparation before it was used. They had no fixed time for taking their meals; and, owing to their extreme indolence and improvidence, they were frequently subjected to long fastings. They have been known, indeed, to abstain from food for several days together, and to live for a considerable time on a handful of meal and a spoonful of water. Comfort seems to be an object which they had not in view, and which, from their ignorance of the most simple mechanical arts, they could not attain, in the construction of their huts or wigwams. These presented a mean appearance, externally and internally, being commonly formed by young trees bent down to the ground, and covered with rush mats,

and having very few articles of furniture.

We cannot suppose that the family concerns of the Indians could be well regulated, when we consider that polygamy was prevalent among them ; but there were other circumstances connected with them which increased the bad effects of this unnatural arrangement. The husband, instead of extending protection to his wives uniformly made them the slaves of his slothfulness and caprice; and instead of employing his superior strength for the support of his family, prostituted it to the vile purpose of maintaining a cruel dominion over those whom he ought to have viewed with sentiments of kindness and endearment. In this state of things, the education of the young was an object which was almost entirely neglected.

All the Indian tribes acknowledged the authority of a chief, whom they called Sachem, or Sagamore, and to whom they were accustomed to render blind obedience. They viewed him as the legal proprietor of the whole territory, over which his authority extended; and, when inclined to raise crops, they solicited his permission to cultivate the lands.

The government of the Sachems was cruel in the extreme. They ordered their Paniese, or counsellors, who were generally the wisest, strongest, and most courageous men who could be found in their dominions, to be early subjected to a severe discipline, and to perform many cruel exercises, with the view of being qualified for their office, and rendered capable of enduring the greatest hardships. Though they pretended to be guided by the principles of justice, in the distribution of punishment, they made no proper distinction between the degrees of guilt. From the cus-

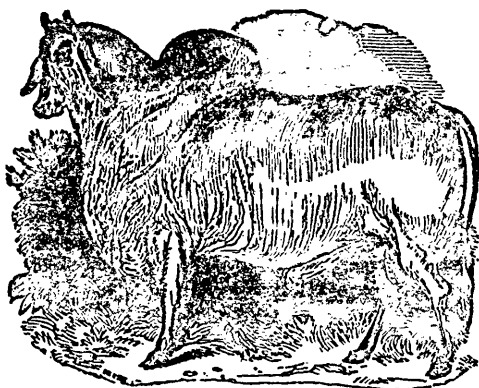
tom which prevailed, of executing their own sentences, they not unfrequently took delight in the agonies of those whose lives & fortunes they conceived to be entirely at their disposal ; and, from the humble submission which was generally rendered to them by the offenders, they found little difficulty in gratifying their evil inclinations, to any extent which they might desire. The only restraint, indeed, which they experienced, arose from the apprehension which they might entertain, lest their people should forsake them, and place themselves under the protection and government of other Sachems. While, however, they entertained all this disregard to human feeling, they practised the rights of hospitality, and took particular care of the widow, the fatherless, the aged, and those who had no friends who were able to provide for them.

The language of the North American Indians was exceedingly barbarous. Dr. Cotton Mather remarks, that "one would think that its words had been growing ever since Babel," and gives the following examples of the length of some of them : " Nummatchekodtantamongannunnonash, *our lusts*; -Noowomantammoonkanunnonash, *our loves*; Kummogokdonattoottammooctiteaongannunnonash, *our questions*."

The religion of these tribes, like that of all others who are sunk in heathenism, formed a dreadful example of the mental degradation and debasement of those who have not retained the knowledge of the true God in their minds; and its principles afford a striking illustration of the perversity of the human heart. While they believed in a plurality of gods, who had made the different nations of the world; and

while they made Gods of everything which they believed to be great, powerful, beneficial, or hurtful, they conceived that there was one God, known by the name of Kitchtan, and Woonand, who was superior to all the rest ; who dwelt in the south-west regions of the heavens ; who created the original parents of mankind ; who, though never seen by the eye of man, was entitled to gratitude and respect, on account of his natural goodness, and the benefits bestowed by him,—and who was altogether unpropitious when offended. The principal object of their veneration, however, was Ho-

bamoch, or the evil deity. To him they frequently presented, as offerings and sacrifices, the most valuable articles which they possessed ; and his favour they were most desirous of obtaining. Their powahs, or priests, pretended to have familiar intercourse with him ; and they affirmed to the people, with the view of maintaining their authority over them, that he often appeared to them in the form of a man, a deer, an eagle, or a snake ; and that they understood the method of procuring his kind regards, and averting his judgments.



The Zebu or Indian Ox.

The Zebu, or Indian Ox, is a variety of the common Ox, although it is difficult to ascertain the causes by which the distinctive characters of the two races have been in the process of time gradually produced. This intermixture and its results would alone furnish a sufficient proof of identity of origin ; which, consequently, scarcely requires the confirmation to be derived from the perfect agreement of their internal structure, and of all the more essential particulars of their external conformation. In both the

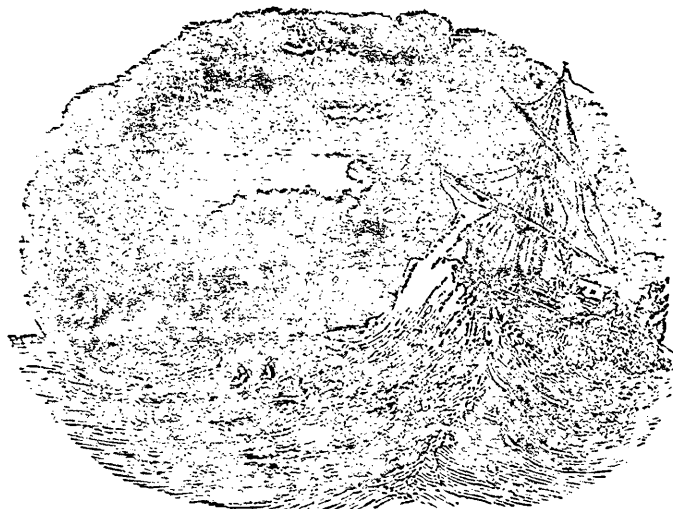
forehead is flat, or more properly slightly depressed, nearly square in its outlines, its height being equal to its breadth. The only circumstances, in fact, in which the two animals differ, consists in a fatty hump on the shoulders and the delicate make of its legs.

Numerous breeds of this humped variety, varying in size from that of a large Mastiff dog to that of a full grown Buffalo, are spread more or less extensively over the whole of Southern Asia, the Islands of the Indian Archipeligo, and the eastern coast of

Africa, from Abyssinia to the Cape of Good Hope. In all these countries the Zebu supplies the place of the Ox, both as a beast of burthen and as an article of food and domestic economy. In some parts of India, it executes the duties of the horse also; being either saddled and ridden, or harnessed in a carriage and performing in this manner journeys of considerable length with tolerable celerity.

Some of the older writers speak of fifty or sixty miles a day, as its usual

rate of travelling; but the more moderate computation of recent authors does not exceed from twenty to thirty. Its beef is considered by no means despicable, although far from equalling that of the European Ox. Its most common hue is a light ashey grey, passing into a cream color or milk white; but it is not unfrequently marked with various shades of red brown and occasionally it becomes perfectly black. Its food is similar to that of the Ox.



THE BOY AND HIS FATHER.

The following beautiful lines were written with reference to a circumstance which is thus related by the person with whom it occurred. We had been out at sea and remained longer than we intended, and as night approached, a thick fog set in from the sea, entirely enshrouding us. Without a compass, and not knowing the right direction to steer, we groped our way along for some hours, until finally we distinguished the breaking of the surf on the rocks of one of the

islands, but were at a loss to know which one of them. I stood up in the stern of the boat, where I had been steering, and shouted with all my strength, I listened a moment, and heard through the thick fog and above the breaking of the surf, the sweet voice of my boy, calling, "Come this way father!—steer straight for me—I'm here waiting for you!" We steered by that sound, and seen my little boy leaped to my arms with joy, saying, "I knew you would hear me, father!"

and nestled to sleep on my bosom. The child and the maiden are both sleeping now. They died in two short weeks after the period I refer to, with hardly an interval of time between their deaths. Now tossed on the rough sea of life, without compass or guide, enveloped in fog, and surrounded by rocks, I seem to hear the sound of that cherub voice, calling from the bright shore, "Come this way, father! steer straight for me!" When oppressed with sadness I take my way to our quiet cemetery, still, as I stand by one little mound, the same musical voice echoes from thence, "Come this way, father!—I'm waiting for thee!"

I remember a voice
Which once guided my way,
When lost on the sea
Fog enshrouded I lay;
'Twas the voice of a child,
As he stood on the shore—
It sounded out clear,
O'er the dark billows roar—
"Come this way, my father!
Here safe on the shore
I am waiting for thee."

I remember that voice
Midst rocks and through breakers
And high dashing spray;
How sweet to my heart
Did it sound from the shore,
As it echoed out clear
O'er the dark billows roar,
"Come this way, my father!
Steer straight for me;
Here safe on the shore
I am waiting for thee."

I remember my joy
When I held to my breast,
The form of the dear one,
And soothed it to rest;
For the tones of my child
"I called you dear father,
And knew you would hear
The voice of your darling
Far o'er the dark sea,
While safe on the shore
I was waiting for thee."

That voice now is hushed
Which then guided my way:
The form I then pressed
Is now mingling with clay;
But the tones of my child
Still sound in my ear,

"I am calling you, father!
O, can you not hear
The voice of your darling
As you toss on life's sea?
For on a bright shore
I am waiting for thee."

I remember that voice.
In many a lone hour
It speaks to my heart
With fresh beauty and power,
And still echoes far out
Over life's troubled wave,
And sounds from loved lips
That lie in the grave—
"Come this way; my father!
O, steer straight for me!
Here safely in Heaven
I am waiting for thee!"

For the S. S. Guardian.

Rev. and Dear Sir,—If you think the following Puzzle worth a place in the S. S. Guardian, it is at your disposal. I copied it some years ago out of a friend's watch who came from England. W.

March 17, 1852.

PUZZLE—TO A LADY.

I dreamed
consuming heart my
lay, on Cupid's burning
thy stole he thought I shrine.
heart away, and plac'd it near to
begin heart thy saw I mine.
to melt, like ice before the
glow a both till sun,
congenial felt, and

D E L G N I M

i n t o

N O

E

ANOTHER PUZZLE.

O may
Love by hearts those
United and mingled into
Fondly so vows these keep still one,
Plighted, and dream of them alone;
Ever for on shine love our may and
Like hope's undying ray, which
Misfortune dark or grief
Ne'er hath power
Chase to
Away.



Miss JEMIMA COLLINS, of Niagara.

The above-named youthful Christian was, we trust, transferred from the church militant in this town, to the church triumphant in the city of the Great King, on the 19th of January, A. D., 1852. As the memory of the righteous should not utterly perish from the earth, I have deemed it proper to send you these few lines for publication.

Jemima had passed 21 years in this wilderness world—this trial state ere she was summoned hence to her Creator and God. About four years ago she was led by the Spirit of the Most High, under the ministrations of our laborious and useful brother, the Rev. E. B. Harper, now of Toronto city, to feel her need of Christ, and seek the pearl of great price, and unite with the Wesleyan Church in Niagara.

There was unquestionably much connected with the life and character of our departed sister well worthy of commendation and imitation.

1. In early life she sought good instruction in the Sabbath School. Her indebtedness to that institution cannot be told by mortal tongue. It is not improbable that she may

now in her exalted position, observe a close connection between the instructions she there received, and the influence there brought to bear upon her heart, and her subsequent conversion to Christ, and happy death, and present felicity before the throne. O, what a noble institution is the Sabbath School! How blessed have been its results!

2. She continued to attend that school for eleven years as a *scholar*. Here is something commendable. Many—far too many, regard themselves as too enlightened and old, after they have been Sabbath School Scholars for a season, and have arrived at the age of 12 or 14 years, to remain longer in the position of mere learners, and thus abandon the school altogether. Not so, however, with Jemima Collins: she never felt herself too old or too wise to profit from the teachings of the Sabbath School. From year to year, even for eleven years, she attended this nursery of good impressions and of piety. Nor did she attend in vain or to but little purpose.

3. She laboured for three years as a teacher in our Sabbath School in Niagara. This also was alike

seemly and good. Many young persons seem to think it quite beneath their dignity to teach the children of the poor and perhaps the degraded, as if it were possible for them to degrade themselves in doing good—in doing what an angel would readily perform if authorised. But the subject of this notice thought very differently. She kept the place of a scholar until she was called to the position of a teacher; and a teacher she remained until disabled by her last sickness.

4. She evinced an ardent desire for, and a holy delight in the ordinances of God's house. She was absent, therefore, latterly, only when circumstances, over which she had no control, kept her away.—The last Sabbath but one she ever spent on earth, was especially a precious and memorable day to her soul. To the surprise of all who saw her, she made her appearance once more in our chapel. It was a sacramental occasion, and although she had been ailing for eighteen months, and was reduced by disease to a mere skeleton, yet she pleaded with her friends that she might enjoy one more love-feast with the church on earth before her departure, until they were induced to bring her again to the house of prayer. While there, she was made unspeakably happy by her blessed Saviour.—Having received the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, she was conveyed to her home in a state of complete exhaustion and unconsciousness. That home she never left more until the disembodied spirit left for God's presence. O how does such a desire to enjoy the means of grace, evinced by an emaciated, suffering, dying youth, contrast with the apparent coldness and indifference of many old professors even in our Church and in this town?—

Verily it will be a mercy if their dying regrets do not furnish a contrast to her joys and triumphs.

5. Her zeal for Christ's cause and love for souls should also be noted and commended. She felt a deep interest in the spiritual welfare of her father and brother—to them she addressed the most touching appeals, and for them she offered to God the most fervent prayers. O that these prayers may be answered! During our protracted meeting she wrestled with the Angel of the Covenant for souls. One evening especially, while prostrate before her God, she prayed until her mother, fearing lest all of her strength would be exhausted, again and again raised her up—but still she bowed and still she prayed. How affecting the sight! It would seem as if the nearer the soul approaches to heaven, the more it feels for sinners. How much more successful should our efforts for the conversion of souls prove were all our members thus engaged? And why should they not be?

6. Lastly, a few words relative to her triumphant death. At that solemn period she called her parents and brother before her, and having given to them appropriate advice, she requested her mother to pray once more in her hearing—"to pray out." That prayer being ended, she said, "now arise, and go to your work,"—intimating that all she desired was done. Then she gently closed her eyes, and slept that sleep that knows no waking.

O that our Sabbath school scholars, and teachers, and church members, and her relatives, may all thus tranquilly and happily pass from earth away when the solemn hour shall come!

G. YOUNG.

Niagara, March 5, 1852.

ELIZA JANE BROWNLEE, of Marlborough.

Died, on the 31st of December, at her father's residence, in Marlborough, Eliza Jane, daughter of Mr. James Brownlee, aged fourteen years and ten days.

She was born in the township of Goulbourn. Her parents have, for many years, been very exemplary members of the Wesleyan Methodist Church; her father, for many years, has been a pious, devoted, and zealous class-leader. Being thus highly favoured with pious parents, her bent to good was given when very young. Like Samuel, she was given to the Lord when a child; and like Timothy, she was early taught the scriptures, and revered them as the words of eternal truth. Many portions she committed to memory, and repeated to her teacher at the Sabbath School. In the Sabbath School she took great delight, and regularly attended, never allowing anything to prevent her attendance over which she had the control. And going on a sabbath when the weather was cold and damp, she took a severe cold, which is supposed to have brought on the disease which terminated her mortal existence.

She was dutiful and obedient to her parents, a kind and affectionate sister; being naturally mild and gentle in her disposition, and having the fear of God before her eyes, she took no delight in those sinful plays so common to children, and in her leisure hours would rather seek retirement, and read some good book, or spend her time in some profitable exercise.

During her sickness she suffered severe pain, but she bore all without a murmur or complaint; she had no fear of death, she loved Jesus as her Redeemer, and expected soon

to reign with him in heaven. She is gone, she sleeps in death and rests with God. Her funeral was attended by a numerous concourse of friends, and a sermon preached from Mark v. 39, "The damsel is not dead but sleepeth."

G.



THE FOREST FUNERAL.

She was a fair child, with masses of long black hair lying over her pillow. Her eye was dark and piercing, and as it met mine she started slightly, but smiled and looked upward. I spoke a few words to her father, and turning to her, asked her if she knew her condition.

"I know that my Redeemer liveth," she said in a voice whose melody was like the sweetest strain of the Æolian. You may imagine that the answer startled me, and with a very few words of the like import I turned from her. A half hour passed, and she spoke in the same deep, rich, melodious voice—"Father, I am cold—lie down beside me;" and the old man lay down by his dying child, and she twined her arms around his neck, and murmured in a dreamy voice, "dear father, dear father!"

"My child," said the man, "doth the flood seem deep to thee?"

"Nay, father, for my soul is strong."

"Seest thou the thither shore?"

'I see it, father—and its banks are green with immortal verdure.'

'Hearest thou the voices of its inhabitants ?'

'I hear them, father—as the voices of angels, falling from afar in the still and solemn night-time—and they call me—her voice, too, O, I heard it then.'

'Doth she speak to thee ?'

'She speaketh in tones most heavenly.'

'Doth she smile ?'

'An angel smile! But a cold, alm smile. But I am cold—cold—cold! Father, there is a mist in the room. You'll be lonely. Is this death, father ?'

'It is death, my Mary.'

'Thank God!'

Sabbath evening came, and a slow sad procession wound through the forest to the little school-house. There, with simple rites, the good

clergyman performed his duty, and went to the grave. The procession was short. There were hardy men and rough, in shooting jackets, and some had rifles on their shoulders. But their warm hearts gave beauty to their unshaven faces, as they stood in reverent silence by the grave. The river murmured, and the birds sang, and so we buried her.

I saw the sun go down from the same spot—and the stars were bright before I left—for I always had an idea that a grave-yard was the nearest place to heaven on earth—and with old Sir Thomas Brown, I love to see a church in a grave-yard, for even as we pass through the place of graves to the temple of God on earth, so we must pass through the grave to the temple of God on high.

POETRY.

In Commemoration of the Bazaar, held at the Wesleyan Mission-House, London, June, 1851.

He shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth. They that dwell in the wilderness shall bow before Him; and His enemies shall lick the dust. The Kings of Tarshish and of the isles shall bring presents: the Kings of Sheba and Seba shall offer gifts. Yea, all Kings shall fall down before him: all nations shall serve Him.—Psalm lxxii. 8—11.

Glory, glory to our God!

Let earth and heaven agree;
Sound Immanuel's praises loud
Through heaven, and earth, and sea!
May His kingdom still extend,
Idols bow, and sceptres fall;
Children come, in rapture bend,
And crown Him LORD OF ALL!

See, beneath His gentle sway,
The olive yields her fruit;
Warriors cast their spears away,
The trump of war is mute!
All is love where Jesus reigns,
Savage deeds no more appal;
Praise Him in the loftiest strains,
O crown Him LORD OF ALL!

See His promises fulfill'd,—
The isles their tribute bring;
Savage hordes, debased and wild,
Have own'd Him as their King;
Human vultures change to doves,
Bears and tigers wait his call:
O the power of Jesu's love!
Come, crown Him LORD OF ALL!

Soon shall our Immanuel be
Euthroned in every land;
"Kings of armies" then shall flee,
And bow to His command;
Bloodless conquest! Glorious day!
Satan shall no more enthrall;
Foes shall meekly own His sway,
And crown Him LORD OF ALL.

Margaret.

June, 1851.

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