

SUNDAY SCHOOL GUARDIAN.



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

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THE CABIN BOY.

The following true story of a Sabbath School boy, is a beautiful illustration of the saying of Solomon, that "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold."—Prov. xxii. 1. Our young readers may learn from the history of this boy, the great value of that early piety and good character which may be acquired by a diligent attention to the instructions given them in the Sabbath School.—We wish every boy and girl to read ~~it~~ It is taken from the ~~Guardian~~ *Guardian*, for April.

A poor widow had become very miserable since the death of her husband. She was full of painful anxiety, and was very often suffering for want of food, and endured great hardships. Her only son had just left school, and was so unhappy at the state to which his poor mother was reduced, that he

went about everywhere, seeing what he could do to help her. "We must not die of hunger," said he one day: "let me go to sea; perhaps I may be able to earn something for you." His poor mother at last gave way to his entreaties; but it cost her a great deal to let him go, and almost broke her heart. The young boy went to the nearest seaport, to see if he could get put on board a merchant-vessel. He asked a great many Captains to take him; but it was all in vain. After spending many days in going from one to the other, weary and sad, he thought he must return to his poor mother; but the thought of being a burden to her made him desperately miserable. Just then he thought he saw another Captain looking at him. John (that was the boy's name) went up to him directly, and said, "Please, Sir, don't you want a cabin-boy?" "I'm looking out for one here," said the Captain. "O, then, dear Sir, do take me!" "Show me your testimonials." "No one knows me here, Sir: if I were in my own parish, I could easily

get some." "I can't take a boy into my ship without any recommendation." "O Sir, I'll be so obedient. I'll do whatever you bid me!" "O, that's very well to say, my good fellow; but, once for all, I say, I'll not have a boy without his certificates." Poor John thought a moment, and looked about him with great sadness. Suddenly he recollected he had his Bible. He took it out of his pocket, and showed the Captain what was written on the first page. "Will that do, Sir, for a testimonial?" The Captain read, "Given to John Reynolds, as a reward for his good conduct in the Sunday-school." "Well, my boy, I'll take you on that recommendation. Follow me quickly to my ship."

John was now on board, on his way to St. Petersburg. After a few days, a violent storm arose, and the vessel was in danger of shipwreck. In the midst of the general confusion and alarm, John took out his Bible, and read the fifty-first Psalm aloud to them. He then knelt down, and earnestly prayed to God to make the storm cease, and to save them from its fury. One by one, the sailors, and even the Captain, gathered round him, fell on their knees, and prayed with him. It pleased God to hear their prayer: the wind ceased, and the ship went on its way in safety. "It was a happy day for me when I decided to take you, my boy," said the Captain. "As soon as we reach St. Petersburg, you shall have a day on shore; for your prayers have saved the ship." He kept his promise, and the boy employed his holiday in going all over that large and beautiful city. He stopped in front of the Emperor's palace, and stood still, admiring all the magnificent carriages which were passing to and fro. While thus employed, he saw something fall out of one of them. He picked it up: it was a beautiful diamond bracelet. He ran after the carriage, and called out

to the coachman to stop; but it was useless. The carriage was soon quite out of sight. John went back directly to the Captain, and showed him what he had found. "You're a lucky fellow, John: these are very valuable diamonds." "But they are not mine," answered John. "Where did you find them?" "They fell out close to me. I picked them up, and ran after the carriage; but the coachman drove on, and neither saw nor heard me." "Well, John, you did all you could to give them back to their owners: now they are yours. You can sell them in London, and get a great deal of money for them." But John was much too honest to be caught by the bait. "No, no, Captain: the diamonds are not mine. If we had a storm in returning to England, I could not pray to God with such a dishonest intention in my heart; and what would become of us then?" "Ah, I had not thought of that," said the Captain: "come, we'll try and find the owner." She was soon discovered, and John received £50 as a reward for his honesty. An immense sum for him. By the Captain's advice, he laid it out in furs, which he afterwards sold in England for double the price they had cost him. With this little fortune, and a light joyous heart, he began his journey home.— He soon saw the cottage where he had left his poor mother; but the path was all grown over with grass, the windows were shut up, the house was empty. Poor John was almost broken-hearted. "Doubtless," he thought, "my poor mother has died of want and misery." But he just then recognised one of the neighbours, who ran up to him, and told him his mother still lived, and was well, though in the alms-houses. With what delight they met! and how happy and grateful did John feel, when he brought his mother back to their own cottage again! It is his greatest delight to take every care of her, and

to support her with his own labour.

Now, dear children, God's word was the cause of all this. This it was which changed the child's heart, and taught him to be an honest boy, full of trust in God, and made him a tender, dutiful son. This it was which, by the Spirit of God, instructed and directed him. This it is which speaks to him of Christ, the sinner's Friend, and makes him look to be with Jesus in heaven, so that he can say, with David, "Thy word giveth wisdom and understanding to the simple." Remember, dear children, that if you pray for God's Spirit to bless the reading, hearing, and learning of it to your hearts, it can do all this for *you* too.—*C. M. P. M.*

THE POWER OF SUNDAY SCHOOLS,

It is to bring the youthful intellect and the youthful heart of our whole country under the developing influences of religious truth. In aiming at this particular class of our population, it is in strict keeping with the spirit of our age: for there is no peculiarity for which the present day is more distinguished than its devotion to youthful culture. The varied sciences, which, but a few short years since, were contained only in ponderous volumes, accessible to few, and then presented in such a form as that they could be comprehended only by ripened intellects, have now been simplified and brought down almost to the level of the infant's mind, and generally diffused. So remarkable is our day for the facilities of information, so accessible are the sources of knowledge, that there is truth in the remark, so often uttered in the spirit of satire, that "all our boys are men; it is a fact they are men in mind at an age when their parents were but children. It is a natural result of the present system of things. As we look, then,

at the crowds of young immortals who throng our streets, the inquiry is an interesting one—What character are they to develop in the circumstances in which they are placed, and what is to be the sphere and nature of future action? We know that those energies are all to be brought forth, and to tell in some direction with great efficiency; and in their hands are lodged the means of the ruin or the glory of the community. They may prostrate in an hour all that has been consecrated by past generations to truth, virtue, and happiness; or they may lay their foundations deeper, and send their influence far beyond the limits within which they are now confined.

Statesmen and philosophers understand this matter perfectly, hence the simplifying of knowledge, and the facilities for its attainment, which are so wondrously multiplying; hence the system of national instruction which has sprung up, and is maintained by public sentiment and by public resources. The days of ignorance in this land have gone by; the days of light have come. There will be mental development. You might as well roll back the Atlantic as stay the advancing tide of intelligence. Yes, and we may glory in this, as one of the peculiar features of our age; and he is not a man, much less a Christian, who would wish it changed: and yet, amid all the appliances of means of intellectual culture, which abound so greatly, there is no influence which determines the character of that development which they certainly secure—there is no assurance, in any of our civil arrangements, that the mind we are thus educating will not be a wild and ungovernable mind—and instructed in righteousness, with powers fitted for mighty achievements, but wholly ignorant of the moral influence which alone can direct those powers to right ends.

The church of God would be recreant to her trust if she should be behind the spirit of the age, or fail to furnish the great desideratum of education, which the circumstances of the times now, more than ever, demand—a *religious tutelage*. In reference to this matter we have not been wholly inactive, nor can we say that more effective measures than any which have hitherto been put forth might not be adopted. As it is at present, the Sunday-school service constitutes the means upon which we are mainly dependent to affect even the children of the Church herself, and wholly dependent to affect those who are without its pale; and though the service is a noiseless one, it tells with effect wherever it reaches.—[Mason.]

BRITISH SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

We lost no opportunity of visiting Sunday schools while in Great Britain.

We visited schools of various denominations, and of various sizes and circumstances, in London, Nottingham, Edinburgh, and Liverpool. It is not easy in a few words to convey to our readers the precise impressions derived from these visits. We may state, briefly, certain classes of impressions most definitely made upon our mind.

1. It was clearly apparent that Sunday schools in England, as well as in America, were grand and effective agencies of good; and it was most delightful to find in the land of Raikes and Wesleys many thousands of teachers conscientiously and zealously laboring, Sabbath after Sabbath, to carry out the glorious work which these great and good men began.

2. It was also apparent that, in respect to self-sacrificing labor, and especially in a persevering devotedness of heart and life to the work of Sunday school teaching, our American teach-

ers have many most important lessons to learn from the English.

3. English Sunday schools have many obstacles in their way, from which ours are happily free.

Under this head may be mentioned not only the greater prevalence of popular ignorance among the masses, but the distinctions and grades in society, owing to which chiefly, none but the youth of the poorer and middling classes are ever sent to the Sunday school. Besides, the Sunday school in England rarely secures its true and proper position, namely, that of an integral element and agency of the expansion and perpetuity of the Church itself. It is too much an extra; a very good thing just outside of the Church, but not thoroughly incorporated with it.

4. In several important respects our American Sunday schools have decided advantages over those of Great Britain, *e.g.*,—

1. We have generally much more pleasant and agreeably located Sunday school rooms.

2. Our Sunday schools are generally much better fitted up for the convenience and comfort of scholars and teachers.

I did not see but one Sunday school room in England where the seats were furnished with backs. Simple movable benches were the prevailing kind of seats.

3. Our American Sunday schools are generally much better supplied with books, and books of a more suitable character. Sunday school books here are much cheaper, and being published in great numbers for this specific object, there is a better supply, which may be much more easily obtained by the several schools.

In view of these and many other considerations, we would urge upon American Sunday school teachers and scholars high views of their privi-

ges and duties, and earnest efforts to make the very best of them as a means of good to themselves and the world.

HOW BROAD IS SUNDAY.

Quite a small boy desired permission to do a certain thing.

"It 's Sunday," replied his mother.

"Is it Sunday up at Mr. A's?"

"Yes, my child."

"Is it Sunday down at M.?"

"Yes."

"Is it Sunday everywhere?"

"Yes, every where."

Do all my little friends, do all full-grown people, know the breadth of the Sabbath? Is there not an idea among them that, somehow, it don't come in some places just where it does in others.

When at a certain time Ellen stole to her room, and took out her doll, and made a new dress for it, and spread her little tea-cups and saucers on a table before it, did she think it was Sunday there? She knew there was sacred stillness through the house, and that her mother was in the parlor engaged with her Bible; but was she aware that the Sabbath reached to her own room, too? Did she reflect that any deeds unsuitable to the day were just as wicked there in secret as if done anywhere else?

The other day Robert and some of his companions got together and had a game at ball. The church steeple was out of sight; they could not see the people on the road going to meeting; but was that retired nook beyond the limits of that sacred day?

Ah, my friends, the Sabbath is as broad as the earth! You are bound to keep it holy, wherever you are.—Though you may retire where no human eye can see you profane it, no spot is so clouded, no darkness is so deep, that the eye of God cannot there be a witness to your conduct. "Can any hide himself in secret places that

I shall not see him? saith the Lord. Do not I fill heaven and earth? saith the Lord." Jer. xxiii, 24.—[New York Observer.

BETTER THAN DIAMONDS.

I was standing in the broad, crowded street of a large city. It was a cold winter's day. There had been rain; and although the sun was then shining brightly, yet the long icicles hung from the eaves of the houses, and the wheels rumbled loudly as they passed over the frozen ground. There was a clear bright look, and a cold bracing feeling in the air, and a keen north-west wind, which quickened every step. Just then a little child came running along—a *poor*, ill-clad child: her clothes were scant and threadbare; she had no cloak, and no shawl; and her little bare feet looked red and suffering. She could not have been more than eight years old. She carried a bundle in her hand. Poor little shivering child! I, even I, who could do nothing else, pitied her. As she passed me, her foot slipped upon the ice and she fell, with a cry of pain: but she held the bundle tightly in her hand. and jumping up, although she limped sadly, endeavoured to run on as before.

"Stop, little girl, stop," said a soft, sweet voice; and a beautiful woman, wrapped up in a large shawl, and with furs all around her, came out of a jeweler's store close by. "Poor little child," she said; "are you hurt? Sit down on this step and tell me."

How I loved her, and how beautiful she looked!

"O, I cannot," said the child; "I cannot wait, I am in such a hurry. I have been to the shoemaker's, and mother must finish this work to-night, or she will never get any more shoes to bind."

"To-night?" said the beautiful woman, "to-night?"

"Yes," said the child—for the stranger's kind manner had made her bold—"yes; for the great ball to-night; and these satin slippers must be spangled, and——"

The beautiful woman took the bundle from the child's hand, and unrolled it. You do not know why her face flushed, and then turned pale; but I, yes, I looked into the bundle, and on the inside of the slipper I saw a name—a lady's name—written; but I shall not tell it.

"And where does your mother live, little girl?"

So the child told her where, and then she told her that her father was dead, and that her little baby brother was sick, and that her mother bound shoes, that they might have bread; but that sometimes they were very hungry, and sometimes they were cold; and that her mother sometimes cried, because she had no money to buy milk for her little sick brother. And then I saw that the lady's eyes were full of tears; and she rolled up the bundle quickly, and gave it back to the little girl—but she gave her nothing else; no, not even one sixpence; and, turning away, went back into the store from which she had just come out.—As she went away, I saw the glitter of a diamond pin. Presently she came back, and, stepping into a handsome carriage, rolled off. The little girl looked after her for a moment, and then, with her little bare feet colder than they were before, ran quickly away. I went with the little girl, and I saw her go to a narrow, damp street, and into a small dark room; and I saw her mother—her sad, faded mother; but with a face so sweet, so patient, hushing and soothing a sick baby.—And the baby slept; and the mother laid it on her own lap, and the bundle was unrolled; and a dim candle helped her with her work, for though it was not night, yet her room was very dark.

Then, after a while, she kissed her little girl, and bade her warm her poor little frozen feet over the scanty fire in the grate, and gave her a *little* piece of bread, for she had no more. And then she heard her say her evening prayer, and folding her tenderly to her bosom, blessed her, and told her that the angels would take care of her.—And the little child slept, and dreamed—O, such pleasant dreams!—of warm stockings and new shoes; but the mother sewed on, alone. And as the bright spangles glittered on the satin slipper, came there no repining into her heart? When she thought of her little child's bare, cold feet, and of the scant morsel of *dry* bread, which had not satisfied her hunger, came there no visions of a bright room, and gorgeous clothing, and a table loaded with all that was good and nice, one little portion of which, spared to her, would send warmth and comfort to her humble dwelling? If such thoughts came, and others—of a pleasant cottage, and one who dearly loved her, and whose strong arm had kept want and trouble from her and her babes, but who could never come back—if these thoughts did come, repiningly, there came also another: and the widow's hands were clasped, and her head bowed low in deep contrition, as I heard her say, "Father, forgive me; for thou doest all things well, and I will yet trust thee."

Just then the door opened softly, and some one entered. Was it an angel? Her dress was of spotless white, and she moved with a noiseless step. She went to the bed where the sleeping child lay and covered it with soft, warm blankets. Then presently a fire sparkled and blazed there, such as the little old grate had never known before. Then a huge loaf was upon the table, and fresh milk for the sick babe. Then she passed gently before the mother, and drawing the unfinished slipper from her hand, placed there

a purse of gold, and said, in a voice like music, "Bless thy God, who is the God of the fatherless and the widow"—and she was gone; only, as she went out, I heard her say—"Better than diamonds! better than diamonds!"

AFFECTING INCIDENT.

On one of the many bridges in Ghent stood two large brazen images of father and son, who obtained this distinguished mark of admiration of their fellow-citizens by the following incident:—

Both father and son were, for some offense, condemned to die. Some favourable circumstances on the side of the son, procured him a remission of his sentence, under certain provisions; in short, he was offered a pardon on the most cruel and barbarous condition that ever entered the mind of barbarity; namely, that he would become the executioner of his father. He at first resolutely refused to preserve his life by a means so fatal and detestable. This is not to be wondered at; for I hope there are few sons who would not have spurned with abhorrence life sustained on a condition so horrid and unnatural. The son, though inflexible, was at length overcome by the tears and entreaties of a fond father, who represented to him, that at all events his (the father's) life was forfeited; and it would be the greatest possible consolation to him in his last moments to think, that in his death, he was the instrument of his son's preservation.—The youth consented to adopt the horrible means of recovering his life and liberty; he lifted the ax—but as it was about to fall, his arm sunk nerveless, and the ax dropped from his hand.—Had he as many lives as hairs he could have yielded them all, one after another, rather than conceive, much less perpetrate, such an act. Life, liberty, everything vanished before the dear

interests of filial affection—he fell upon his father's neck, and embracing him, triumphantly exclaimed, "My father! my father! we will die together!" and then called for another executioner to fulfill the sentence of the law.

Hard must their hearts indeed be, bereft of every sentiment of virtue, every sensation of humanity, who could stand insensible spectators to such a scene. A sudden peal of involuntary applause, mixed with groans and sighs, rent the air. The execution was suspended, and on a simple representation of the fact, both were pardoned, high rewards and boons were conferred on the son; and finally, those two admirable brazen images were raised to commemorate a transaction so honorable to human nature, and transmit it for the instruction and emulation of posterity. The statues represent the son in the very act of letting the ax fall.

THE CASTLE IN THE AIR.

"Mary, I am afraid your exercise is not likely to be finished in time," said Mrs. B—to her daughter, who sat by her side at the table, her fingers playing with the pencil, and her eyes fixed on some object in the room.

"Dear mamma, I had quite forgotten what I was doing: I was thinking."

"Were you thinking of what you are to write down from your reading in history this morning?"

"No, not exactly, mamma," replied Mary, looking rather foolish.

"Then you will not be ready for walking with me; and I advise you to give up your useless thoughts at once."

"O, mamma, it is very nice to think."

"Very, provided we think of something useful and good, and I keep thought to its proper time and place; but if you are thinking of grammar when you ought to be thinking of history, or of

music when you should be studying spelling, your thought is unprofitable, or worse—it is a hindrance.”

“O, but I was not thinking of any of those things; they are all hard work, and I only think of them when I am obliged.”

“So much the worse. I begin to think you used too good a word when you said you were ‘thinking.’ You remind me of the cow, in the nursery rhyme, of whom it was said—

‘And standing quite still, leaning over the stream,
She was musing, perhaps, or perhaps she might
dream.’”

“O mamma, I am not so silly as the cow,” cried Mary, laughing: “I can tell you my thoughts, and the cow cannot. I had just written all I could remember about the queen’s visit to Tilbury, and the Spanish armada, and then I began to fancy myself a queen like Elizabeth, or like Queen Victoria; and I was thinking of being dressed with jewels, and being so rich and great, when you spoke to me.”

“Then you awoke to find that you are in reality nothing but an idle girl, looking as if you had no powers of thought at all, while they are misemployed in building castles in the air.”

“Castles in the air, mamma! what are they?”

“Just what you have been forming now; setting up in your mind a fanciful impossibility. It is an expression often used to describe an unreal thing—a picture in the mind of something which has no foundation in truth, nor likely ever to happen. Could a house or castle stand in the air?”

“No, of course not, mamma.”

“If one appeared there, what would you call it?”

“A deception; because I know that bricks and stones cannot stand without something to rest upon, and so it could not be a real castle.”

“And do you think you will ever be a queen?”

“No, mamma, I am sure I shall not; but is there any harm in thinking what I would do if I were a queen? I should be able to do so much good.”

“Yes; I think there is harm in fancying or picturing yourself in any other person’s place, unless you could do some service by your advice. Your business is to try to do your duty in your own.”

“But, you see, my mind runs away without my leave very often; and when something rouses me, I am surprised to find where it has flown to. That is one reason, I am afraid, why lessons are so often turned back.”

“Yes, I have seen this, Mary; and it has grieved me very much lately.—God has given you a quick and lively imagination, or power of seeing and arranging things in your mind, and you are not using it in the right way. What would you think of me if I went to sit in the kitchen, and sent my servants into the parlor?”

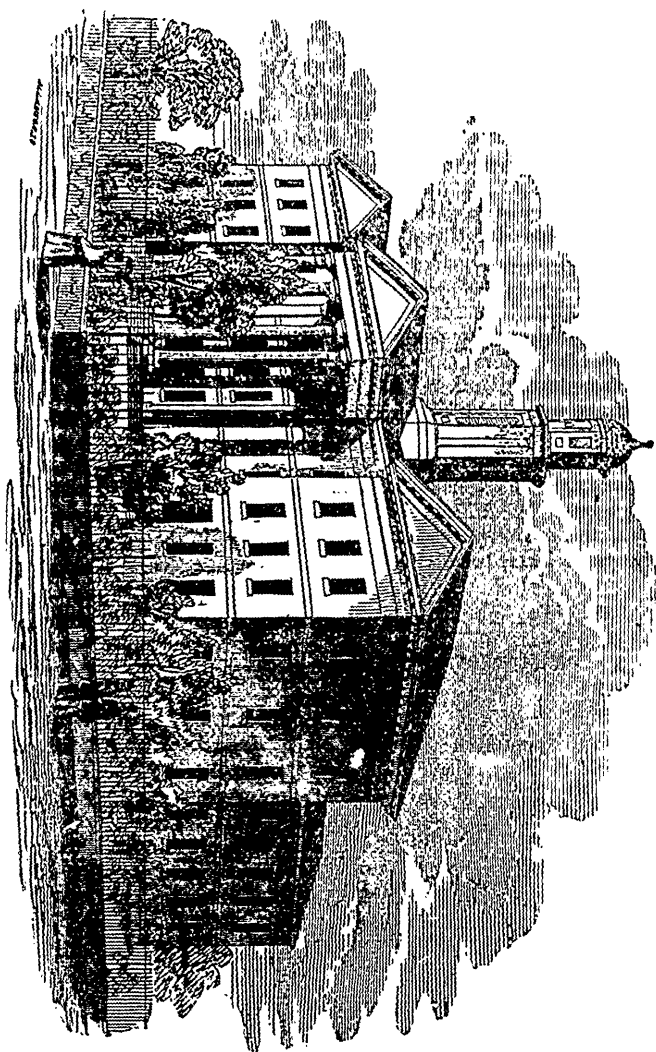
“Why, it would be very odd, mamma; I should think something was the matter with your mind.”

“And very justly. I think, too, there must be something wrong in your mind, when you let imagination, which should be the servant of reason, turn mistress, and set up all sorts of nonsense in your mind, instead of keeping it in its proper place, as a very pleasant help in making your studies interesting.”—Library B, No. 199.

In answer to a question, avoid the monosyllables “yes” and “no,” thus: “Is your father in good health?” instead of saying, “Yes, sir,” say, “Very good, sir, thank you.”

Avoid vulgar, commonplace, or slang phrases, such as, “by jinks,” “first rate,” “I’ll bet,” &c. Betting is not merely vulgar, but sinful; a species of gambling. Gentlemen never bet.

VICTORIA COLLEGE, COBOURG, C.W.



VICTORIA COLLEGE.

This cut is a very good representation of the buildings and fore-grounds of Victoria College, at Cobourg. This Institution is beautifully situated on a rising ground in rear of the town, and commanding a fine view of Lake On-

tario. The buildings were completed in the year 1836, at a cost of about eight thousand pounds, raised by the voluntary offerings of the Methodists and their friends in Upper Canada.—The land upon which the building stands was given by Mr. Geo. B. Spen-

cer, of this city. In June, of 1836, the Institution was formally opened, under the name of "Upper Canada Academy:" an address was delivered on the occasion by the Rev. Matthew Richey, who for the period of three years occupied the position of Principal. During six years, Upper Canada Academy continued its operations in promoting the education of the youth, having male and female departments; and many have gone forth from its walls who had there been advanced to those literary attainments by which they were prepared to perform their part in the varied scenes and duties of life.

In the year 1841, application was made to Parliament, and a University Charter was obtained, by which the name of the Institution was changed to "Victoria College;" and in June of 1842, the operations in the collegiate department were commenced. The

Preparatory School has, however, been continued in connection with the collegiate department, by which young men can be prepared to enter upon the collegiate course of instruction; or receive such an education as is requisite to fit them for the study of the professions, to which their choice may be directed. And with respect to its general success in promoting the education of the youth of our country, we are perfectly safe in asserting that this Institution has performed no unimportant service; and is, therefore, worthy of the confidence and support of those whose duty it is to aid in providing the means for securing the efficiency of the educational institutions of the country. With the same amount of pecuniary resources, we believe that no Institution in Canada has accomplished more in the good work of imparting a sound and useful education.



ADVICE TO A LAD ON HABITS OF STUDY.

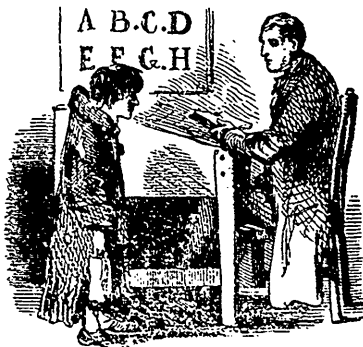
BY THE LATE R. M. M'CHEYNE.

"Do get on in your studies. If you acquire slovenly or sleepy habits of study now, you will never get the better

of them. Do everything in its own time. Do everything in earnest. If it is worth doing, then do it with all

your might. Above all, keep much in the presence of God. Never see the face of man till you have seen His face who is our life, our all. Pray for others; pray for your teachers, fellow-students," &c.

To another he wrote: "Beware of the atmosphere of the classics. It is pernicious indeed; and you need much of the south wind breathing over the Scripture to counteract it. True, we ought to know them; but only as chemists handle poisons—to discover their qualities, not to infect their blood with them." And, "Pray that the Holy Spirit would not only make you a believing and holy lad, but make you wise in your studies also. A ray of divine light to the soul sometimes clears up a mathematical problem wonderfully. The smile of God calms the spirit, and the hand of Jesus holds up the fainting head, and his Holy Spirit quickens the affections, so that even natural studies go on a million times more easily and comfortably."



ALPHABETICAL AMUSEMENTS,

HENRY HOBDAY AND THE HIGHWAYMAN

*An exercise on the letter h.**

A hoary headed honest husbandman, named Henry Hobday, who had hurt his hand in harvest with a hatchet, soon exhausted his,

hard earned hoard of money in providing for his household; and complaints of hunger were heard around his hitherto happy hearth,—how hard for the heart of a husband and father to hear! Hannah, his "better half," hemmed handkerchiefs for a haberdasher, at Harlow-Hill, and wound banks of worsted for a hosier in the hamlet; but Hannah gained only a few half pence, and she began to look haggard and unhealthy, which made her husband heave many a sigh. In the hope of obtaining help, Hobday hating to incur debt, applied to the honourable Miss Harriet Howe, a handsome heiress, inhabiting Hildan House, at Hutton, having heard she was not haughty, but very humane to the poor. The housekeeper at Hildan House gave him a plate of hashed hare and a glass of hock in the servants' hall; and Miss Howe, highly pleased with his honest principles and general behaviour, gave him eight shillings; and as his hand being hurt hindered him from carrying heavy weights, the heiress desired an ostler to take, on horse-back, a hamper containing a whole Hampshire ham, a piece of hung beef, a hundred herrings, and a hen, for Henry Hobday's hungry household; some hose and several homely habiliments were also in the hamper. How happy did he feel while hastening to his habitation!

He was half-way home, and the sun had set, when a highwayman hurried out of a hut behind the high hedge, where he had been hiding an hour, and harshly halloed to him to stop and deliver all he had. Hobday answered, "I hurt my hand in harvest and it is not yet healed, I cannot handle the hatchet, and I have no food at home for my hungry little ones.—The honourable Miss Howe, at Hildan House, has most humanely helped me. She has just given me eight shillings, which is all I have in the world.—

*All the *h's* in Italics are mute.

Pray, do not take it all! Here is my hat; and, hold! here is a drinking-horn; perhaps you will have them instead. Do have some humanity, and I hope you will escape the halter." The highwayman did not take the hat, but from habit, he held out his hand for Hobday's money, all of which he pocketed; but this harangue touched his heart, and made him hesitate. "I am not hard-hearted," he answered; "and as you have hoary hair, and do not seem hypocritical, I return two shillings." So putting two pieces of money into the husbandman's hand, he took to his heels.

On reaching home, Hobday heard that an ostler on horseback had brought from Miss Harriet Howe, of Hutton, a hamper containing a Hampshire ham,

a hundred herrings, a piece of hung beef, with some homely habiliments, hose, &c. And a higgler in the hamlet had given Hannah a huge loaf of household bread.

"You are much heated, my dear husband," said Hannah, as he hung up his hat, and approached the hearth: "I hope you have not hurt your bad hand! Has any harm happened to you, Henry?" Hereupon honest Hobday related what had happened to him when half way home, and how the highwayman had returned two shillings. On taking out the money to give Hannah, what was their happiness to behold *two sovereigns*,* which the highwayman in a mistake had put into Henry's hand!

*A fact.



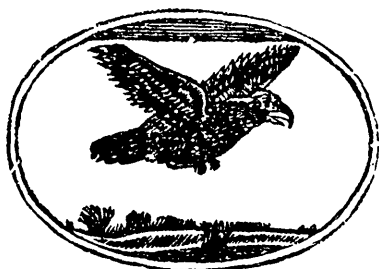
A STORY FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

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

After reading the text he stopped a minute, and asked his hearers to consider what it was they should like most, and then to ask for it in Jesus's name, trusting to his promise that it would be given to them.

At the end of the service the little boy asked his aunt if she asked for anything; then she asked him what he had asked God to give him, and he said: "I thought first of one thing I should like, and then another, but I did not know which would be best to ask, and so I said, 'Father, thy will be done.'"

Never ridicule sacred things, or what others may esteem as such, however absurd they may appear to be.



THE EAGLE.

Have I told you enough about things that have wings? I might say a little of those robbers of nests, the cuckoos—they tell me that they eat the eggs of other birds, but I am not quite sure that this is true; yet I know that they lay their eggs in nests not their own. I might speak of the cruel kite, the gloomy raven, the snowy swan, and many other; but I will only now tell you of the eagle.

There are many kinds of eagles,—the white eagle, the black eagle, the bald eagle, and the sea eagle,—but there is none like the golden eagle. Among all the birds of prey none is so large, none is so swift, and none is so strong. His eye can look at the bright sun. He builds his nest on the high rocks, and he flies abroad in the storm. He is indeed the king of birds.

“The eagle is a daring thing,
And mounts the sky with rapid wing.”

A little child was left alone by its mother. Soon after, an eagle came down and bore it away. How sad for the poor child to be taken high up in the air! How sad for the eagle to carry it to its nest among the high rocks!

But was the little thing torn to pieces? No! For four men, who knew the way to the eagle's nest, took a boat, rowed over the lake, and got up the rocks, and found the child unhurt. How glad were the men!

How very glad was the mother of the poor babe!

There! you have heard of the gnat that played under the tree on the sunny day; of the fly that gave the the window-pane a bang with his head; of the beetle that struck me in the face, and never so much as asked my pardon; and of the fierce fiery wasp who stung poor Mongo on the nose.

You have heard, too, of the bee that is always at work; of the butterfly that the boys run after; of the dragon-fly that put the lady in a fright; of the bat with his wings like a bird and his head like a mouse; and of the lark that was kept in a cage only a span long.

“It was at best a cruel case,
To keep him in so small a place.”

And besides these, you have heard of the white owl, with his great eyes; of the parrot that cried out, “Stop thief!” of the wild goose that flies so high in the air; and of the golden eagle the king of birds. These are a few of the things that have wings. I said I would try to please you, and I think that I have kept my word.

“At last my little tale is told,
Now try to turn it into gold.”

While you think of the things you have read of, from the gnat to the golden eagle, the king of birds, think also of Him who made them all—the King of Kings and Lord of Lords. Try to know more of him by reading his word, which tells us of Jesus Christ, that “God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.” John iii. 16. Ask him to give you the Holy Spirit for Christ's sake, to help you to love him; and the more you love him, obey him, and praise him. “All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord; and thy saints shall bless thee.” Psalm cxlv. 10.—[Things that have Wings, Library A, No. 163.]



THE WILLOW, POPPY, AND VIOLET.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

A child held in his hand a slight leafless bough. It was like a supple green wand. But it had been newly cut from the parent stock, and life stirred in its little heart.

He sought out a sheltered spot, and planted it in the moist earth. Often did he visit it; and when the rains of summer were withheld he watered it, at the cool sunset.

The sap, which is the blood of plants, began to flow freely through its tender vessels. A tiny root, like a thread, crept downward, and around the head was a bursting forth of faint green leaves.

Seasons passed over it, and it became a tree. Its slender branches drooped downward to the earth. The cheering sun smiled upon them; the happy birds sang to them; but they drooped still.

"Tree, why art thou always so sad and drooping? Am not I kind unto thee?" But it answered not; only, as it grew on, it drooped lower and lower; for it was a weeping willow.

The boy cast seed into the soft garden-mould. When the time of flowers came, a strong budding stalk stood there, with course serrated leaves. Soon a full red poppy came forth, glorying in its gaudy dress. At its feet grew a purple violet, which no hand had planted or cherished.

It lived lovingly with the mosses, and with the frail flowers of the grass,

not counting itself more excellent than they.

"Large poppy, why dost thou spread out thy scarlet robe so widely, and drink up all the sunbeams from my lowly violet?"

But the flaunting flower replied not to him who planted it. It even seemed to open its rich mantle still more broadly, as though it would have stifled its humble neighbour. Yet nothing hindered the fragrance of the meek violet.

The little child was troubled; and at the hour of sleep he spake to his mother of the tree that continually wept, and of the plant that overshadowed its neighbour. So she took him on her knee, and spoke so tenderly in his ear, that he remembered her words when he became a man.

"There are some who, like the willow, are weepers all their lives long, though they dwell in pleasant places, and the fair skies shine upon them in love. And there are others, who, like the poppy that thou reprovest, are proud at heart, and despise the humble, whom God regardeth.

"Be not thou not like them my gentle child; but keep ever in thy breast the sweet spirit of the lowly violet, that thou mayest come at last to that blessed place which pride cannot enter, and where the sound of weeping is unknown.

NEVER STRIKE BACK.

That is, never render evil for evil. Some boys give eye for eye, tooth for tooth, blow for blow, kick for kick.—Awful! Little boys, hark! What says Solomon? "Surely the churning of milk bringeth forth butter, and the wringing of the nose bringeth forth blood: so the forcing of wrath bringing forth strife." "Recompence to no man evil for evil; but overcome evil with good." "Love your enemies; bless them that curse you."



POETRY.

THE ANGEL'S MISSION.

"The drying up a single tear has more of honest fame than shedding seas of gore."

Angel, wing'd messenger
Whither thy way
Hastest so quickly ?
Say, angel, say.

Has that one, attended
By thee so well,
Just gone up before thee
In heav'n to dwell ?

And art thou con. mission'd,
Sweet angel-dove,
To open the pearl-gates
At home above ?

Or what is thy mission,
That thou shouldst fly,
Sweet angel, so quickly
Through azure sky ?

Alas ! earth-born mortal,
Dost thou not know
The just are not borne by
Angels below ;

But a train of seraphs,
In vesture bright,
Are sent to escort them
To realms of light ?

Far away, away, where
The blest abide,
The pearly gates ever
Stand open wide.

O no, erring mortal,
No need that I
Throw open the pearl gates
In the far sky.

This, this is my mission :—
While soft clouds fling
Their gray folds around my
Upward-bound wing,

To bear, with rapt transport
Of soul, on high
The name and the gift of
A passer-by.

Her name ! what is it ? Say,
What shall it be
'Mong angels and seraphs ?
Sweet Charity.

Her gift ! of what value,
When seraphs bear
Her to heaven ? *It shall be
A passport there !*

Then go, go, bright angel,
On wing so free ;
Bespeak a mansion for
Sweet Charity.

THE BIBLE.

Roman ! spare that book.
Keep off thy bloody hand :
There's danger in thy look,
And life is thy demand.
Touch not that sacred page,
There's hatred in thine eye !
Ah, Roman ! cease thy rage,
I'll keep this book or die !

That good old book I love !
It bids my sorrows cease :
It leads to joys above,
And gives the mourner peace.
It is the orphan's stay,
And heals the widow's heart ;
Take life or friends away,
With this I'll never part !

Behold these tender youth,
Whom Jesus died to save !
I'll teach them here his truth,
Or fill a martyr's grave !
The crimes are ne'er forgot,
The deeds of thee and thine ;
Go, Roman ! touch it not,
That holy book is mine !

Ah, Roman ! spare that book ;
Our fathers, long ago,
Thy slavish creeds forsook.
Its precious truths to know.
These children now are free
From error's galling chain ;
Go, Roman ! let it be,
That book shall here remain.

Give up that book to thee,
And rob my soul of God ?
To Papist bend the knee,
And kiss the tyrant's rod ?
Never ! while I have breath
To raise my feeble hand ;
I'll tread the freeman's path,
In this my native land !

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