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The
Sunday School Guardian

VOL. I.—NEW SERIES.)

JANUARY 25, 1879.

[No. 2.]



A RAILWAY IN THE CLOUDS.—(See next Page.)

A RAILWAY IN THE CLOUDS.



THE picture on the preceding page gives a view of the most remarkable railway in the world. It runs from Callao, the chief seaport of Peru, right over the Andes, which it crosses at the height of 15,645 feet. This is only 136 feet below the summit of Mont Blanc, the highest mountain in Europe. At Callao all the fruits of the tropics abound. As the road climbs the mountains, they disappear, and are succeeded by those of the temperate zone. These in turn give place to arctic desolation and eternal ice and snow. It is like making a voyage in a few hours from the equator to the frigid zone.

The difficulty of making the road was enormous. Under its hardships, ten thousand of the workmen died. Even in traversing it in the cars, the rarified air causes extreme difficulty in breathing and congestion of the lungs. What must it have been to work at it? It has sixty-one tunnels—making about four miles of solid mountain bored through—and bridges innumerable. The powder alone used for blasting the rock was over 5,000,000 pounds. A thousand horses and mules were employed at one time. Some of the bridges leap from cliff to cliff at a dizzy height above the valley. In places a cord had to be carried across by a kite. A rope was then drawn over, and on this the engineer was drawn across, seated in a sling hanging from the rope. The condors of the Andes would rush at him in mid-air for thus invading their lone domain.

Last summer we went up the railway to the top of Mount Washington, and much of the time were completely enveloped in the clouds. But this road is nearly three times the height of that, and well deserves the title of a Railway in the Clouds. The mountains are so steep that the road had to zigzag backwards and forwards up the sides of the valley to gain the top. It is indeed an extraordinary example of the ability of man to overcome the greatest difficulties. It was built by Mr. Meiggs, a gentleman from near Rochester, in New York State. We venture to say that when he was a boy he was not easily discouraged by the difficulties of his lessons.

Boys, if you want to grow up to be men of energy and of unconquerable will, you must learn

to do so now. Let there be no such word as fail in your dictionary. If there be difficulties in your Latin, or algebra, or arithmetic, grapple with them and overcome them, and you will learn a lesson far more valuable than that in the book. So it is also in the Christian life. It is a warfare against sin, a conflict with evil, and to him that overcometh, says the Great Captain of our salvation, will I give a crown of life.

W. H. W.

JAPANESE FEAST OF DOLLS.

"JAPAN," says an American traveller, "is the paradise of babies. Nowhere else are toys and games for children so numerous and diverting. In these games, children of a larger growth, even adult men and women, take an active part. The toy shops of the cities look like a perpetual Christmas fair. Gaily carved and painted battle-dores, tops, stilts, hobby-horses, hoops, and above all, huge dragon-shaped kites, are in great request on the numerous holidays—old men and little children being alike engaged in these sports. The Feast of Dolls is a high day with the girls. For many days before, the toy-shops are gay with elaborately constructed dolls from four to twelve inches high—made of wood or enameled clay. They represent the Mikado, and the nobles with their families, court persons, and elegant furniture, and the like, with which the girls mimic the whole round of Japanese life.

The great day for the boys is the Feast of Flags. Their toys are of figures of heroes, warriors, flags, banners, and warlike implements and weapons. In old families the collection of these toys are very large; but since the advent of the foreigners, the adults take a less active part in these sports. "In general," says the author before quoted, "their games seem to be natural, sensible, and in every way beneficial. Their immediate or remote effect, next to that of amusement, is either educational or hygienic. Some teach history, some geography, some excellent sentiments or good language, or inculcate reverence to parents, or stimulate the manly virtues of courage and contempt for pain. The study of the subject leads one to respect more highly the Japanese people for being such affectionate fathers and mothers and for having such docile children."

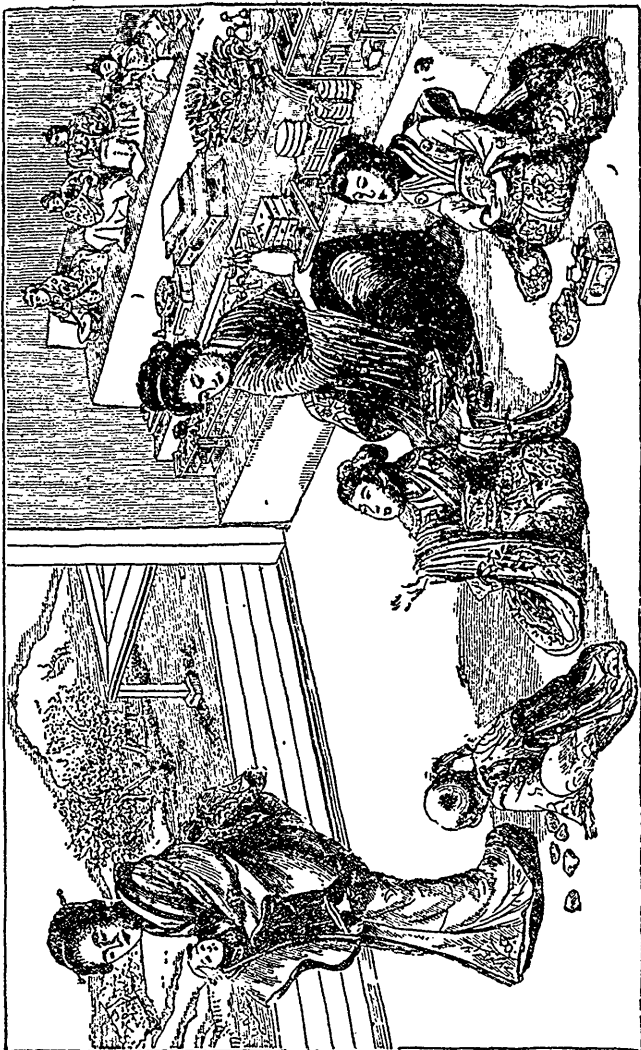
"But," he adds, "nothing can ever renovate the individual heart, purify society, and give pure blood-growth to the body politic in Japan, but the religion of Jesus Christ. The religion of the home-maker can alone purify and exalt a Japanese home."

To Canadian Sunday-school children the Empire of Japan should have a special interest, because four ministers of our Church have gone to that country as missionaries, with their families. God has greatly blessed their labours. A large number have been converted from heathenism, and five of these native converts are now ministers on probation in connection with our Church. The Rev. Mr. Cochran sent us some time ago a copy of part of the Holy Scriptures which the ministers are translating into Japanese. We suppose it was all right; but we could not tell the beginning from the end, nor the top from the bottom of the page.

At the Centennial Exhibition we happened to ask a Japanese gentleman, in charge of the wonderful exhibits of that country, if he knew the Rev. Mr. Cochran. "Knew him," he exclaimed, and his dusky face lighted up, "I knew him very well. Why, he baptized me." And we had a very interesting conversation. Poor fellow, Mrs. Cochran tells us that he has died since. What a blessing that he was converted to God before his death! Yet there are over 30,000,000 of his fellow countrymen without the knowledge of the true God. Should we not do all we can to send them the gospel.

We shall try to obtain from Mrs. Cochran, who is now in Canada, copies of some of the kind letters written by Japanese converts, that our young readers may see how grateful they are to the Missionaries for the Word of Life.

Dr. Macdonald, who is now on a visit from Japan to Canada, and whom many of our readers have heard at the missionary meetings, has a large number of Japanese curiosities of great interest. So has Mrs. Cochran—among others, a native dress, and when her little daughter puts it on, she looks just like the figures in the picture.



FEAST OF DOLLS.

THE ONLY PASSPORT.

THE blood of Jesus Christ is the only passport. Have you an interest in it? Do not be like the foolish virgins, who let their lamps go out, and then when they came and knocked, saying, "Lord, Lord, open unto us," the Master answered, "I know you not," and the door was shut. Oh, think what it would be to have the door of heaven shut against you, while within are your father, mother, sisters, and brothers! You cannot bear a long separation from them here. What would it be to be shut out from them for all eternity?

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The Sunday School Guardian

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

TORONTO, JANUARY 25, 1879

THE FOUR CALLS.

THE Spirit came in childhood,
And pleaded, "Let me in;"
But ah, the door was bolted
And barred by childish sin.
The child said, "I am too little;"
There's time enough to-day;
I cannot open; sadly
The Spirit went His way.

Again He came and pleaded
In youth's bright, happy hour,
He called, but heard no answer;
For, fettered in sin's power,
The youth lay dreaming idly;
And crying: "Not to-day;
For I must have some pleasure,"
Again He turned away.

Again He came in mercy,
In manhood's vigorous prime;
But still could find no welcome
The merchant had "No time"
To spare for true repentance,
No time to praise and pray;
And thus, repulsed and saddened,
The Spirit turned away.

Once more He called, and waited,
The man was old and sad;
He scarcely heard the whisper,
His heart was seared and bad.
"Go, leave me. When I need Thee
I'll call for Thee," he cried;
Thou, sinking on his pillow,
Without a God he died!

JOSEPH BEFORE PHARAOH

At Othan by his cruel brethren sold
To the wild Ishmaelites, toward Egypt bent,
The youthful Joseph in his grief behold,
But God was with him wheresoe'er he went.

By falsehood wronged, and into prison thrown,
His true nobility was still displayed:
His virtue like the cloudless sunshine shone,
And blest a d prospered all he did and said!

Called from the prison, see him calmly stand,
In conscious rectitude and sense of right,
Unmoved amidst the princes of the land,
Before the throne of Pharaoh in his might.

And there, with wisdom all divine imbued,
He solves the mystery of prophetic dreams,
And tells of famine year by year renewed—
Seven years on which no harvest-gathering beams.

See Pharaoh draws from his own hand his ring,
And puts it upon wondering Joseph's hand;
"None shall be great as thou except the king,
See! I have made thee ruler of the land."

Clad in a royal vest—with chain of gold,
Next to the king he rides, for ever free,
While heralds of his chariot cry, "Behold,
Your ruler and deliverer—bow the knee!"

So Joseph prospers—sent before of God
To save a nation in its hour of need;
The captive issues from his dark abode,
Great Egypt's millions to sustain and feed.

So Jacob's tears all brighten into joy,
For God sent Joseph to preserve his life;
He never thought to see his darling boy,
Or end his days in Goshen free from strife.

Wouldst thou be happy? Do as Joseph did;
Strength grows with virtue and with sin withheld,
And though God's ways in mystery may be hid,
All things shall work together for thy good.

A SWEET little boy, four years old, was one night observed by his female attendant to be wakeful, and apparently engaged in thought. "What troubles you, dear?" he was asked. "Oh!" said he in reply, "the Bible says the fowls have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but dear Jesus had not where to lay His head! And I have such a nice, comfortable bed, and yet I am often naughty. O! will God forgive me?" Here his voice, which had been tremulous with feeling, became quite choked, and he burst into a flood of tears of penitential sorrow.



JOSEPH BEFORE PHARAOH — (See Poem.)

THE TERRIBLE RED DWARF AND THE CAVE HE LIVED IN.

CHAPTER II.



T would take me a great deal too long a time to tell of half the harm that came out of that dreadful cave. If I lived to be as old as Methuselah, and did nothing but write all my days, I should not have told you all about this dwarf and his evil doings. There certainly was not a cottager in the little village hard-by, but had some story of the troubles he wrought. Some could tell of the friends he had parted ; some of the enemies he had made. Many talked of the angry quarrels that he was constantly leading people into. Some had been robbed by him of all that they had, and been turned adrift on the cold world. Others, even in that little village, wept for homes he had ruined ; and some, who did not talk much, knew even of hearts that he had broken. In fact, there was no end to his mischief.

There was Farmer Hasty, who lived in the long, low, white house, with the thatched roof, and the old-fashioned garden in front of it ; the dwarf almost plagued the life out of him. If you met him you saw a miserable face, and heard nothing but a miserable grumble about him being the worst-used man in the kingdom. The weather was always against him, and his crops were always going to be ruined—but there, as if to show that nothing agreed with him, a long row of wheat stacks came every year. He was always going to be starved, he was quite sure of that,—and there all the time were his broad shoulders and his rounded waistcoat quite making fun of their master, and his double chin actually contradicting him to his very face. It was all this little Red Dwarf that plagued him wherever he went. There were his servants ; he never saw such a set, never. He couldn't keep one of them ; ploughman, milkmaid, cook, shepherd—they all went almost as soon as they came. This, too, was the fault of that wicken Red Dwarf. Why the very dog came sneaking along, crouching on his hind legs, with his tail tucked tightly between between them—the Red Dwarf had actually spoiled him too.

Then there was young Jack again, the widow's son. What chances that boy had had to be sure ! When he was only a little curly-headed boy the Squire had taken a great fancy to him, and sent him to school. Everybody said then that the lad's fortune was made. So it would have been but for

the Red Dwarf. One day he upset it all, Jack and his prospects too, in about a couple of minutes. Then Jack had gone away to a great town and was doing well, folks said. "Jack would get on ; trust him for that," said the people in the village when somebody came back from the great city and reported that Jack was coming out quite like a gentleman. Steadily he was working his way up from one position to another, and there was nothing to hinder his being Lord Mayor of London some day, if it hadn't been for this terrible Dwarf. One day there he was home again, loafing about with nothing to do, until at last he had to emigrate and leave his poor old lonely mother almost broken-hearted. If I could stay to tell you all the story you would see that it was brought about by that dreadful Red Dwarf.

Then there was poor Harry, the carpenter who had married pretty pert Bess, the schoolmaster's daughter. There in his pleasant little cottage, with the roses clustering about it, and the jessamine and honey-suckle covering the porch, he had set up for the happiest man in the parish. And so he was, if loving hearts, and steady work, and good wages can make people happy. Little wonder that Harry went whistling to his work and came whistling home again ; and little wonder that whenever you stepped into the carpenter's shop you heard Harry's merry voice singing as he sent the curly shavings flying from the plane.

Ah ! he might have whistled always if it had not been for that dreadful Red Dwarf. Foolish Bess forgot about *him*. She thoughtlessly left the cottage-door open, so that the dwarf sent in a swarm of his mischief-makers, and his stinging messengers ; and, waiting until a chance came, they would burst out upon Harry, and worry him so that often he was driven away to the public-house. Bess might have seen with half an eye what the dwarf was doing ; but she didn't—not even with her two eyes, though they were as bright a pair as ever flashed. Again and again the fierce little army burst out upon Harry with dart and arrow and sharp sword, until his corner, of an evening, was generally at the *Blue Boar* instead of being at home. Then he ceased to whistle as he came and went. The shavings dropped sullen and silent from the plane. Drink and idleness stole the roses from Bessie's cheeks, and from the cottage too ; and stripped the place of one comfort after another till you would not have known it. Such a power had that terrible Red Dwarf.

(To be Continued.)

THE ROCK CITY OF PETRA.



IN the lonely desert of Idumea, or Stoney Arabia as it is called, just beneath the summit of Mount Hor, where you will remember Aaron died and was buried, (Numbers xx. 23-28) is a narrow pass among the mountains. "The cliffs, says a recent traveller, "rise from eighty to three hundred feet on either side, frequently not more than twelve feet apart, and seem almost to touch at their summits. On, on," he continues, "my amazement growing with every step as each new turn brought a fresh surprise. Under my feet were the stones of the old road bed. It required no great stretch of fancy to imagine the days when this pavement rang with the clatter of the hoofs of the war-horse, or trembled beneath the soft and heavy tread of the immense caravans of camels which filed along it, freighted with the untold treasures which, from over land and sea, were brought to this gateway of the East and West. Still on for a mile I wandered amid the winding maze; tombs on the right of me, tombs on the left of me; till all at once I came to an open space, and a large magnificent temple stood before me—El Kusneh. (See engraving.) The cliff from which it is cut, one solid piece, rises many feet above it, and is of a beautiful rose colour. Its height is a hundred and fifty feet. The perfection of its preservation is marvellous—the finest carving looking as though but a day from the touch of the chisel—and only here and there a column or a figure has perished."

Near by is an amphitheatre, hewn out of the solid rock, capable of holding three or four thousand persons. Ed Dier,—"the convent,"—cut out of the solid rock, is 150 feet long and 240 feet high. The lower columns are seven feet in diameter. From unfinished work, it is evident that the artists began at the top and carved their way downward. The very existence of this rock-hewn city—the depot of the wealth of the East, was forgotten, till it was re-discovered by Burckhardt in 1812.

"And now of all its monuments," says a traveller, "those which alone remain, with few exceptions, are the records of death. Tombs everywhere, and in the midst a theatre! 'I said of laughter, it is mad, and of mirth, what doeth it.' What a fulfilment of God's Word: 'O thou that dwellest in the clefts of the rock, that holdest the height of the hill: though thou shouldst make thyself high as the eagle, I will bring thee down from thence, saith the Lord. Also Edom shall be a desolation: every one that goeth by it shall be astonished.'"

LESSON NOTES.

B. C. 445.] **LESSON V.** [Feb. 2.]THE READING OF THE LAW; OR, THE HOLY WORD.
Neh. 8. 1-8. **Commit to memory verses 1-3.**

NOTES.—While building the wall, Nehemiah accomplished several reforms—particularly for the relief of poor debtors. After the wall was completed, he met with much trouble from his enemies without and their emissaries within the walls, but he triumphed over them all simply by watchfulness and implicit reliance on God.

OUTLINE.

1. The Book sought. v. 1.
2. The Book brought. v. 2-6.
3. The Book taught. v. 7, 8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The entrance of thy words giveth light; it giveth understanding unto the simple. Psa. 119. 130.

1. Be found among those who study God's word.
2. Pay attention to those who teach God's word.
3. Seek to understand the lessons of God's word.

Find when and where Joshua read the law to all people.... Who found the book of the law in the time of Hezekiah.... When and where Christ, after his resurrection, caused his disciples to understand the Scriptures.

B. C. 434.] **LESSON VI.** [Feb. 9.]

THE KEEPING OF THE SABBATH; OR, THE HOLY DAY.

Neh. 13. 15-22. **Commit to memory verses 19-22.**

NOTES.—After the reading of the law, the people kept the feast of tabernacles, and then entered into a solemn covenant to keep all the law of the Lord. Read chapters 9 and 10. Nehemiah, after a time spent in Babylon, returned to Jerusalem, and found the people disobeying God's law.

OUTLINE.

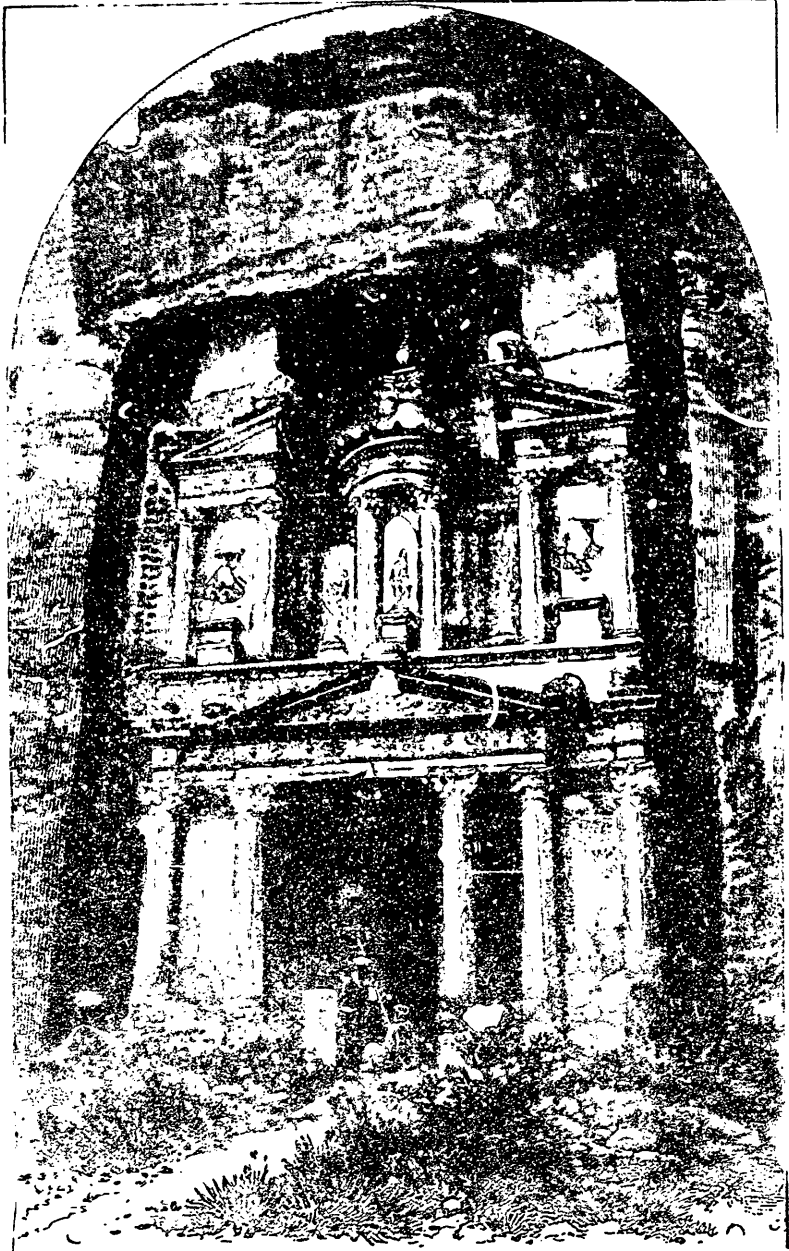
1. The day profaned. v. 15-18.
2. The day sanctified. v. 19-22.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Exod. 20. 8.

1. Avoid the company of Sabbath-breakers.
2. Encourage others in keeping the Sabbath.
3. Seek God's blessing on the labours of the Sabbath.

Find in Luke what Christ's habit was in regard to the Sabbath.... In Isa. 58, what is the blessedness of keeping the Sabbath.... In Exod. 20, what the Sabbath is a memorial of.... And in Heb. 4, of what it is a type.



ROCK TEMPLE AT PETRA. —(See preceding page.)