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The Sunday School Guardian

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

TORONTO, JULY 26, 1879.



A WORD TO BOYS.

WHAT do you think, my young friends, of the hundreds of thousands who are trying to cheat themselves and others into the belief that alcoholic drinks are good for them? Are they not to be pined

and blamed? Do you want to be one of these wretched men? If we are to have drunkards in the future, some of them are to come from the boys to whom I am writing, and I ask you again if you want to be one of them? No! Of course you do not!

Well, I have a plan for you that is just as sure to save you from such a fate as the sun is to rise to-morrow morning. It never failed; it never will fail; it cannot fail; and I think it is worth knowing. *Never touch liquor in any form.* That is the plan, and it is not only worth knowing, but it is worth putting into practice.

I know you do not drink now, and it seems to me as if you never would; but your temptation will come, and it will probably come in this way: You will find yourself some time with a number of companions, and they will

have a bottle of wine on the table. They will drink and offer it to you. They will regard it as a manly practice, and very likely they will look upon you as a milk-sop if you do not indulge with them. Then what will you do, eh? What will you do? Will you say, "Boys, none of that stuff for me! I know better than to drink that?" Or will you take the glass, with your own common sense protesting, and your conscience making the whole draught bitter, and a feeling that you have damaged yourself, and then go off with a hot head and a skulking soul that at once begins to make apologies for itself, just as the soul of Colonel Backus does, and will keep doing all his life.—*Dr. Holland.*

THE DEWDROP'S ERRAND.

SPARKLING little dewdrop,
Nestling in the rose,
Beading, as with jewels,
Every leaf that grows;

What can you so tiny
Do to man, that's good?
What—to the silver streamlets,
Or the thundering flood!

Think of the broad river,
Where gallant navies ride,
Think of the sweep of ocean—
What are *you*, beside?

In the morning gloaming,
An answer met my ear;
Soft, sweet and musical,
A whisper in the air.

"The tender, all-wise Father
Maketh great and small;
For each He sends a mission,
A love-work unto all.

"I brood all night with flowers,
Bathing violet eyes;
Cool their cheeks' red satin,
Deepen their gorgeous dyes.

"God and the stars behold
The work we do within,
And in the morning glory
Man knows where we have been."

I saw it in a lesson:
Call nothing mean or small;
Fill thy lot though lowly;
For God hath need of all!