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The Sunday School Guardian

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THE DAYS OF THE WEEK.



WHO named them? Our forefathers ever so far back, before the missionaries brought the knowledge of God and his Son Jesus Christ to England. England was once pagan; she worshipped several Gods. The days of the week are named after the old English gods and goddesses; for the people kept time by weeks, as the Jews did. Let us see how the names came about.

They saw the sun. What is more beautiful than the sun? The sun gives light and heat. All living things grow and thrive under his brightness and warmth. The sun must surely be a god. So they worshipped the sun, and called the first day of the week Sunday.

Next the moon. Nothing except the Sun is so beautiful as the moon; and so they worshipped the moon, and Monday was named in honour of her.

Tuesday was named after Tuisco, their god of strife and war.

Then the wind; what mighty things it did, and yet nobody saw it. It was always moving and nobody knew how. They said it was a spirit, and they called him Woden, the Mover, the Inspirer, and named Wednesday after him.

There was thunder. Thunder must be a god too, and they called him Thor. The dark thundercloud was Thor's frowning eyebrow, and the lightning was Thor's hammer splitting the trees and rocks. They said, too, that he drove away the

winter cold and melted the ice. They loved him for doing so, and Thursday was named after him.

Spring was a goddess; for does she not make everything beautiful after the dreary winter? The flowers blossom and the birds build their nests, and everybody is happy. She was called Frigga, the Free One, the Cheerful One; and Friday was named after her.

Then came the harvest. How wonderful was it, and is it, that the corn, and the wheat, which are put into the ground and die, should rise again and grow and ripen into golden corn and waving harvests! This must surely be the work of some kind spirit who loves people, they thought; and they called him Sæter, the Setter, the Planter, the God of the seed-field and the harvest; and after him Saturday is named.

How much more do we know! We can look up to the great creator of them all, and exclaim, "The sun and the moon, the wind and the thunder, spring and autumn, are thy works, O Lord God Almighty." And, best of all, Jesus tells us that he is "our Father in heaven," loving us very much, and caring for us every moment of our lives.

GOING HOME.

"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

They are going—only going—
Jesus called them long ago;
All the wintry time they're passing
Softly as the falling snow.
When the violets in the spring-time
Catch the azure of the sky;
They are carried out to slumber
Sweetly where the violets lie.

They are going—only going—
When with summer earth is dressed,
In their cold hands holding roses
Folded to each silent breast;
When the autumn hangs red banners
Out above the harvest sheaves,
They are going—ever going—
Thick and fast, like falling leaves.

They are going—only going—
Out of pain and into bliss—
Out of sad and sinful weakness
Into perfect holiness.
Snowy brows—no care shall shade them;
Bright eyes—tears shall never dim;
Rosy lips—no time shall fade them;
Jesus called them unto him.

Little hearts forever stainless—
Little hands as pure as they—
Little feet by angels guided
Never a forbidden way!
They have gone to heavenly mansions,
Leaving many a lonely spot;
But 'tis Jesus who has called them—
Suffer and forbid them not.