

Authorized Publications of the Methodist Church of Canada.

Christian Guardian.....	\$2 00	} Per year, including postage
Methodist Magazine, 96 pp., 8vo., monthly.....	2 00	
Sunday School Banner, 32 pp., 8vo., monthly.....	0 75	
In clubs of 12 each.....	0 05	
Sunday School Guardian, 8 pp., 8vo., semi-monthly, when less than 25 copies.....	0 31	
25 copies and upwards.....	0 20	
Berean Leaves, 100 copies per month, or 1,200 copies per year.....	5 50	

By the new Postal Law, the postage must be prepaid at the Office of Mailing.

Address. WM. BRIGGS, Publisher, Toronto.

The Sunday School Guardian

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

TORONTO, JULY 12, 1879.

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR.



MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS, — I wish to keep up a correspondence with you as far as possible while I am abroad, and to tell you all I can about the strange and wonderful things I see. I write these lines at sea, while the ship is rolling and tossing, and the table and floor and walls of the cabin are heaving and reeling in a very extraordinary manner. Life on ship-board is a very singular thing. Here we are, some seventy-five of us in all, cut off from the rest of the world. The good ship steadily ploughs her way onward, day and night, against wind and wave, propelled by a force equal to the combined strength of several hundred horses. The means of propulsion is a large iron screw with four blades or extended wings, each about eight or nine feet long, which revolve through the water at the stern of the vessel about fifty-six revolutions in a minute, and thus push the ship forward at the rate of eleven or twelve miles an hour. This costs the consumption of about 350 tons of coal under the boilers to make steam.

We passed yesterday two beautiful icebergs slowly sailing down from Baffin's Bay to the warm waters of the Gulf Stream, where they will melt away and disappear forever. So the great sin-burges of war, and slavery, and intemperance, and idolatry, and sin of every kind, shall eventually, beneath the clearer shining of the Sun of Right-

eousness and the lavings of the great Gulf Stream of Christian endeavour, disappear forever, and the knowledge of God shall cover the earth as the waters cover the mighty deep.

I am afraid my young readers have only a faint idea of the extent of the great country in which they live. I confess I had myself. It was somewhat of a surprise, after travelling five hundred miles east of Toronto, to find myself sailing for two days in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, along the coast of Canada, and afterward sail for nearly three hundred miles along the coast of Newfoundland.

It was on the Queen's birthday that we took ship at Quebec, and the ancient city which plays such an important part in the history of your country, looked gay with flags. At noon the great guns of the fort fired a royal salute in honour of the day — God grant that they may never be fired in war against living men — and at night the city sent up rockets and fireworks, to which our ship in like manner replied. Right in front of us were the Plains of Abraham, where the brave young heroes, Wolfe and Montcalm, each gave his life in the service of his King, and there on the cliff is the common monument erected to them both. If soldiers, at the call of duty, will thus freely lay down their lives, should not we be willing at the summons of a nobler duty — obedience to the commands of God — to take up our cross and encounter danger, and if needs be, death, in His service?

I want to tell you how one of our visitors, who came on board to bid good-bye to her mother and sister, and remained after the tender returned, went ashore. We were anchored out in the stream, and the only way by which she could return was in a small boat. The captain ordered up an arm-chair in which she was securely tied. This was fastened to a pulley, the sailors then hauled away at the ropes, and she was swung overboard and lowered down into the boat by the dim light of a lantern, for it was night. The swift dark tide was flowing beneath, and the boat was rising and falling on its surface. But strong hands were reached out to grasp her, and she was safely placed in the bottom of the boat. How would you like that way of landing?

REACH UP.

OUR heavenly Father has placed some of His choicest blessings on very high shelves. Only those who reach up with the long arms of prayer are able to secure them.