

Authorized Publications of the Methodist Church of Canada.

Christian Guardian.....	\$2 00	} Per year, including Postage.
Methodist Magazine, 96 pp., 8vo., monthly.....	2 60	
Sunday School Banner, 32 pp., 8vo., monthly.....	0 76	
In c'ubs of 12 each.....	0 65	
Sunday School Guardian, 8 pp., 8vo., semi-monthly, when less than 25 copies.....	0 31	
25 copies and upwards.....	0 26	
B-rean Leaves, 100 copies per month, or 1,200 copies per year.....	5 60	

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, AUGUST 23, 1879.

THE LITTLE LOAF.

WHEN there was a famine through out the land, a rich man sent for the twenty poorest children in the town to come to his house, and said to them, "In the basket there is a little loaf for each of you. Take it, and come back to me every day at the same hour till the good God sends us better times."

Eagerly did the hungry children fall upon the basket, and quarrelled and struggled for the bread, because each wished to have the best and largest; at last they went away without having even thanked the good gentleman. But Gretchen, a poorly but neatly dressed little maiden, remained standing modestly in the distance; then she took the smallest loaf which alone was left in the basket, gratefully she kissed the rich gentleman's hand, and went quickly home.

Next day the children were just as ill-behaved, and the poor timid Gretchen received this time a loaf which was scarcely half the size of the other. But when she came home and her sick mother cut the loaf open, many new silver pieces of money fell rattling and shining out of it.

The mother was not a little alarmed, and said: "Take the money at once back to the good gentleman, for it certainly got into the dough by accident. Be quick, Gretchen! be quick!"

But when the little girl came to the rich man and gave him her mother's message, he said kindly: "No, no, my child, it was no mistake. I had the silver pieces put into the smallest loaf to reward you. Remain always as contented, peaceable, self-denying, and grateful. She who would rather take the smallest loaf than quarrel for the larger ones, will obtain far richer blessings than even if money were baked into the loaf. Go home now, and greet your mother very kindly from me."—*Christian Weekly.*

LITTLE BEE.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

COME out, little bee,
To the meadows so gay;
They're all spangled thick
With the bright flowers of May.
The fair summer buds
On every hand bloom,
The cups and the bells
Are rich with perfume.

Come out, little bee,
The clover is here;
The wild columbine
Is blossoming near;
And close by that knoll
Where the sunshine abides,
The white daisies grow
And the violet hides.

Don't sting, little bee;
You'll do quite as well
In gathering sweets
To fill up your cell,
If you just softly buzz
A good-natured song
To the beautiful flowers
As you hurry along.

Come out, little-bee;
To the pleasant fields come;
Fill the dells and the groves
With thy musical hum;
The blossoms are brimmed
With honey for thee;
The summer is here;
Come out, little bee.