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The Sunday School Guardian

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 9, 1879.

THE STRAY LAMB.

ONE bright and sunny day,
Upon a grassy hill,
The little lambs were all at play,
Too sluggish to keep still.
They ran and frisked about
Within their shepherd's view,
Loving their merry games no doubt,
As much as children do.

But by and by a lamb—
A wilful little trot—
Said to itself, "How tired I am
Of keeping in one spot"
I want some better fun:
Fresh places I want to see;
So presently away I'll run,
And they may look for me."

Without a thought of care
He wandered where he would,
And fancied that the change of air
Already did him good.
"This grass is finer far
Than what I left behind:
And O, how pink these daisies are—
Exactly to my mind!"

Thus charmed with all around
The moments quickly fled,
Until, to his dismay, he found
The sun had gone to bed.
The air grew damp and chill,
The little birdies slept,
And over every field and hill
The gloomy shadows crept.

Hungry and tired and cold,
Of unknown ills afraid,
He thought upon his happy fold,
And wished he had not strayed.
Fast poured the heavy rain,
The wind swept roughly by,
And as he sank upon the plain,
He felt he soon must die.

Just then a cheering voice
Fell on his listless ear,
And O, how did that lamb rejoice
To think relief was near!
His own dear shepherd came
And clasped him in his arms,
Not uttering one harsh word of blame,
But soothing his alarms.

"My little lamb," he cried,
In soft, reproachful tone,
"Why did you leave your shepherd's side
And wander forth alone?"
And as he gently bore
The wanderer to his rest,
The lamb resolved it never more
Would think its own way best.

A GOOD INVESTMENT.

MR. HUBBARD, a Connecticut gentleman, has a beautiful home, and this is how he got it:

He was about eighteen years old when he determined to lay aside day by day the money which he would have spent for cigars had he been a smoker. At the end of each month he deposited at interest the sum thus accumulated in a savings' bank.

As the price of good cigars advanced, he correspondingly increased the amount of money to be laid away each day. From time to time, when his savings in the bank reached a few hundred dollars, he would draw them out to make a better investment.

By wise and shrewd management the fund amounted to from \$15,000 to \$18,000 a few years since. Mr. Hubbard then took this money, and with it purchased a charming site on the Greenwich Hill, and built a comfortable commodious home for himself and his family. The place overlooks Long Island Sound, and commands one of the finest views that can be found along the Connecticut shore.—*Youth's Companion.*