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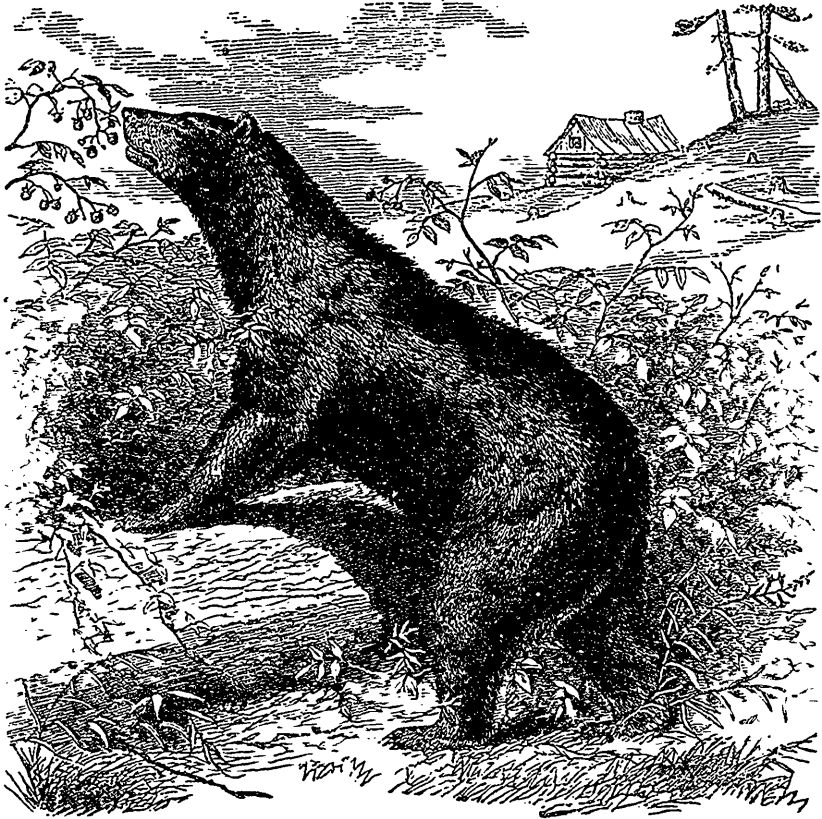
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The SUNDAY SCHOOL GUARDIAN

VOL. I.—NEW SERIES.]

FEBRUARY 8, 1879.

[No. 3.



BROWN BEAR EATING BERRIES.

WILD ANIMALS OF CANADA.

THE BEAR.

THERE are several varieties of bears, but the one best known in Canada is the brown bear. It generally lives in the woods. It is a good climber, and likes to make its home in the hollow of some giant old tree. Sometimes it builds for itself a bower of branches and moss.

It feeds on nuts, wild fruit, berries, various seeds and certain kinds of roots, and when it can get enough of these it does not care for animal food; but when these fail it captures sheep, goats, and other animals.

It is particularly fond of strawberries, blackberries, and grapes, and will travel many miles to obtain these delicacies. Although it has no hands,

it can pick them, as shown in the picture, as cleverly as any of the boys or girls who read this. It is also fond of honey, and robs the hives of wild bees which are made in hollow trees.

When winter comes the bear creeps into a hole under the thick trees. There it makes for itself a bed of leaves and twigs; and when the snow comes the bear lies snugly hid beneath it. It closes its eyes and sleeps during the rest of the winter. It goes to sleep fat and sleek from its feast of autumn nuts, but wakes up in the spring as lean as a rake and as hungry as—well, as a bear.

In the new parts of Canada the bear used to be the terror of the early settlers. Sometimes a noise would be heard in the pig-stye, and Bruin would be found lugging off a young porker. Just when the Indian corn was tender and juicy he had a fashion of stripping the ears and destroying a whole patch in a single night. Sometimes the settler retaliates on the bear by eating him. The flesh is said to be sweet and wholesome, resembling pork. The Rev. E. R. Young, formerly Methodist Missionary in the far North West, tells about a bear that was found in a wigwam quietly swinging an Indian baby in a sort of hanging cradle, in which it had been left by its mother.

In severe winters bears still come near the frontier settlements. We have ourselves seen the broad, flat footprint of a bear by the road-side among the White Mountains.

The polar bears are noted for their affection for their young. Neither wounds nor death will divide them. If one of her cubs is killed, the she-bear will remain and fondle the dead cub, and will bring food and endeavour to make it eat, although she may be starving herself.

The grisly bear, which is found in the Far West of Canada among the Rocky Mountains, is the fiercest of the tribe. Its Latin name indicates its character. It is called *Ursus horribilis*—the "horrible bear." It is among the wild animals of Canada what the Bengal tiger is in Hindostan, and the lion in central Africa. It has huge sharp claws with which it tears the flesh of the man or animal that it hugs in its fierce embrace. The Indians make a necklace of the grisly's claws, and wear it with pride as a proof of their prowess and skill in hunting.

Bears are very fond of climbing, and in the Zoological Gardens bear pits are provided in which they may climb on posts. They can climb a tree after honey quicker than any boy we ever saw. We have heard of a hunter who found a nest of young bears in a hollow tree, and while exploring

it the old bear began to back down from the hole above his head. What to do he hardly knew, but as soon as it was near enough he caught it by the tail. The astonished bear scrambled out again as quick as possible, with the hunter behind, and was too frightened to molest him.

The following bear story is taken from a book by the Editor of this paper, called "The King's Messenger, a Story of Canadian Life." It is just the sort of book boys and girls like to read—all about their own country. It sells for 60 cents, and should be in every library:—

"One night, when the snow lay deep upon the ground and a biting frost made the logs of the shanty crack with a report like a pistol shot, quite an adventure occurred in the camp. It was long after midnight, and the weary lumbermen were in their deepest sleep. The fire had smouldered low upon the hearth, and had become a bed of still burning embers. Suddenly there was heard a tremendous commotion as of scratching and clawing on the roof, then a heavy thud on the hearth as from some falling body. This was immediately followed by a deep growl that startled out of sleep everybody not already awake. A smell of singed hair filled the shanty. A large black object had fallen through the opening in the roof on the hearth, and was scattering the red hot coals with its paws. Presently the strange object rolled off the elevated hearth and ran furiously around the large room, and finally attempted to climb one of the bunks.

"Leaning against the wall was a cant hook, an instrument much used by lumbermen for rolling logs. Seizing this Lawrence flung it over the bear's head, for bear it was, and held him pinned to the ground by means of the hook. His friend O'Neal now ran up with a gun which he had hastily snatched from the rack above his bunk. Placing the muzzle close to the bear's head he pulled the trigger expecting to see the animal roll over on the floor. The cap snapped but no flash followed.

"Och, murther," exclaimed Dennis, "it's not loaded at all, shure! Didn't I draw the charge last night, not expecting a visit from a bear before morning!"

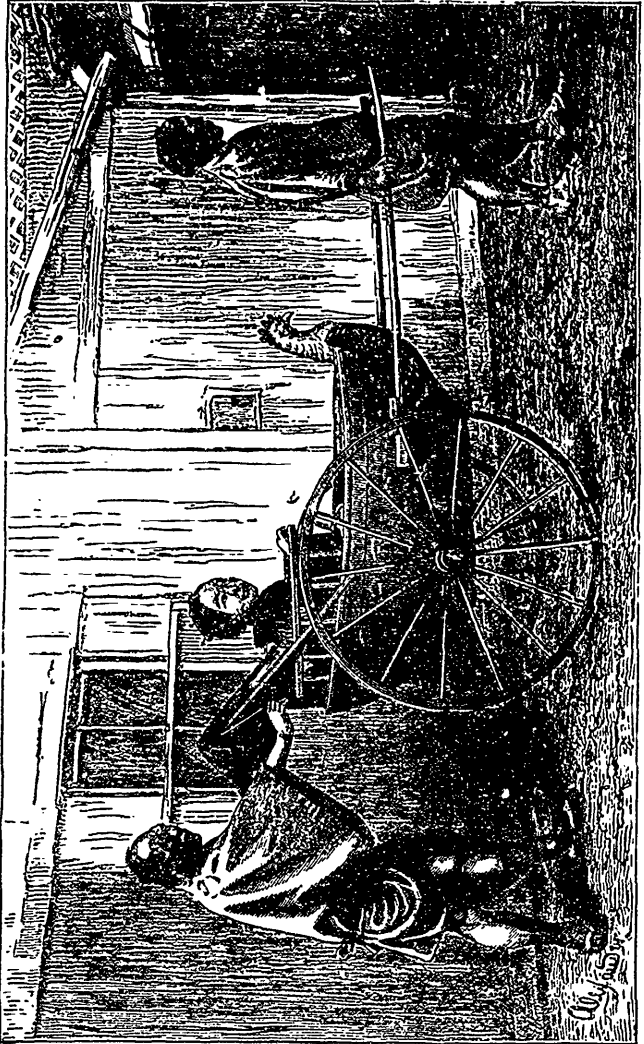
"Here Bruin, finding the constraint of his position irksome, made a violent struggle and burst away from Lawrence. He went careering round the shanty among the half-dressed men, upsetting benches and tables, snapping and snarling all the while, vigorously belaboured by the shanty-men with clubs, crowbars and sled-stakes. At last he was driven to bay in a corner. A gun was brought to bear upon him. He received its discharge with a growl and was soon despatched with an axe."

JAPANESE PULL-MAN CAR.

THE queer looking carriage in the picture is the sort that is used almost entirely in Japan. It looks like an overgrown baby-carriage, don't it? and the lady sitting in it like a grown up baby! Some of these *jin-riki-shas*, as they are called, are very fine, beautifully carved and gilded, with an ornamental oiled paper-hood to keep off the rain. The strong, stout-legged fellows whose portraits are given, will trundle that carriage forty miles or more in a day. They don't like to wear much clothes, and when they get out of town will often take off their loose robe and trot along in the hot sun bare-headed and bare-backed, and think nothing of it. The Canadian missionaries in Japan, when they travel through the country, ride almost entirely in carriages like these. Men are much cheaper than horses in that country.

These carriages, although they look very comfortable, are very tiresome for a long journey. One missionary complains that he would go to sleep at the wrong end, that is, his feet and legs would get numb from their cramped position. You may be sure of the accuracy of this picture, for it is taken from a photograph.

Some wag has called these Pull-man cars, in order to make us think of the luxurious Pullman railway carriages in this country. The missionaries, however, don't mind the discomforts and inconveniences they undergo, if they may only bring the poor heathen to the knowledge of the truth; and their souls have been greatly gladdened by a large number of intelligent conversions from heathenism to the religion of Jesus. The converts sing in their schools and churches the same hymns as you do, and to the same tunes. And very beautiful and touching it is to hear the worship of God and love



JAPANESE PULL-MAN CAR.

of Jesus chanted in that soft foreign tongue by those native Japanese, who, only a few years ago, were bowing down at the gilded shrines of Shinto and Buddha.

A GOOD man will find friends everywhere. Joseph did in prison. So the prisoner Paul found a friend in the governor of the island. There is no better capital for a young man entering life than a faithful though modest Christian character. Even the noblest in rank respect such a man, and he finds friends.

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The Sunday School Guardian

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

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 8, 1879.

HOW OUR PAPER IS LIKED.



We have received some very warm congratulations on the improvement of the S. S. GUARDIAN over the S. S. Advocate. We hope to go on improving with every number. Through the kind services of the Rev.

Dr. Punshon, who has not lost, and we don't think ever will lose, his interest in Canadian Sunday Schools, we have secured over a hundred beautiful engravings of Methodist missionary scenes and incidents, some of them in our own North-West, which will be of great interest to all our readers.

Some of our patrons have expressed a wish that the S. S. GUARDIAN were larger. Well, it is printed on just the same sized sheet as the Advocate was, and costs a good deal more to produce; yet it is only the same price. It is the cheapest of the sort published in Canada, or out of it, we think. Another Sunday-school paper, the same size, and not near as handsome, published in Toronto only once a month, is the same price as ours issued twice a month that is, it is twice as dear. English and American papers printing ten times as many copies,—which greatly lessens the cost of each one,—are the same price. Just think—we give 192 large pages, with about 70 beautiful pictures, printed on fine paper, for 31 cents, or when 25 copies are taken, for 25 cents, and charge only one cent for postage for a whole year. We will venture to say there is nothing cheaper published in the world.

EARLY CONVERSIONS.



WE were talking with a Canadian Methodist minister the other day, when he made the following striking statement. He had kept, he said, a record of all the persons whom he had known converted to God in ten years—eight hundred in number. Of these, only three per cent., that is, three persons in a hundred, or twenty-four persons altogether, had been converted after they were forty years old; and almost all the others had been converted while they were young.

Dear boys and girls, if you let your youth pass by without giving your hearts to God, the awful probability is that you will never give your hearts to God at all; but that you will put off from month to month, from year to year, the work of salvation, till death overtakes you and seals your doom forever.

And it is natural that it be so. If when your hearts are young and tender, before your souls are deeply stained with guilt, before you have wandered far from God, and when His loving voice and His Holy Spirit call you loudly to repent and forsake your sins and give your hearts to the Saviour—if you resist those holy influences then, when all things are so favourable, will it not be more difficult, even if your life should be spared, of which you are not sure for a single day or hour, to give up sin when it has become a habit of your being; when your heart is hardened by its deceitfulness, when the cares and the business of life engross every thought, or its sinful pleasures make you deaf to the voice of God?

Oh! do not run the fearful risk. Say, like the youthful Samuel, "Speak, Lord, thy servant heareth." Say with David, "My Father, Thou art the guide of my youth." "Remember now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

OUR LIFE.

LIFE is like a roll of costly material passing swiftly through our hands, and we must embroider our patterns on it as it goes. We cannot wait to pick up a false stitch, or pause too long before we set another. Only, if we keep our eye ever on our great Exemplar, we shall find when He finishes off our work, and smooths out its rumples, and cuts away its frayed ends, that even its spots and mistakes fall into a purpose in its plan.



SOLOMON AND THE QUEEN OF SHEBA.

THE fame of Solomon's great wisdom reached other countries, and the Queen of Sheba came a long distance to see this wonderful man, and hear his wise sayings. She brought many rich and costly presents, and Solomon entertained her with a great deal of splendour, and sought in every way to make her visit pleasant. She tried to puzzle him with hard questions; but she did not succeed, for he answered them all readily. So when she saw his

wisdom, and the magnificence in which he lived, she said to him, "It was a true report which I heard in my own land of thy acts and thy wisdom. Howbeit, I believed not the words until I came, and my own eyes had seen it; and behold, the half was not told me: thy wisdom and thy prosperity exceedeth the fame which I heard." She went to her own country impressed, not only with Solomon's greatness, but with the majesty and the power of the God who gave him all that he possessed.

THE TERRIBLE RED DWARF AND THE CAVE HE LIVED IN.



OW I am sure that you must be wondering why the people did not rise up against this cruel Dwarf and put an end to him and his wicked ways. Farmer Hasty had burnt out my very a wasp's nest; why in the world did he not take a wisp of straw to this cave and set a light to it and kill the Dwarf and all his swarm? Or Jack, the widow's son, who was as brave and strong and active as his namesake the Giant-killer—why did he not take his stout stick and lay it about the Dwarf and all his band until they promised to behave themselves? Or Harry, the clever carpenter; why, with a couple of boards and half-a-dozen screws he could have shut up that Dwarf and all belonging to him, couldn't he? What were all the people about? And you wonder if this can *really* be a true story.

Ay, ay, good readers, it is all true enough, and nothing of it is truer than this, that Farmer Hasty, and young Jack, and clever Harry, and all the villagers *might* each have done a great deal. But it is true, too, that they didn't. *Why* they didn't is the real wonder of the world: the great mystery that men have been puzzling their-heads about for hundreds of years. I wonder now if *you* know anybody who *might* always be good, and kind, and pleasant, and unselfish? And it is so nice to be all this; it makes everybody so happy. Then why doesn't that somebody be so? Farmer Hasty, and young Jack, and Harry ask you, Why not? And what do *you* say?

"O, but shutting up a tiny dwarf like this is so different from being kind and pleasant, and is so much easier, too!"

Not so very different, as you will find out if you have ears to hear my story, and eyes to see its meaning.

Yes, they might have done a great deal, I have said. But all of them put together could not shut up that Dwarf. As for fire, he was a very Salamander, and delighted in it. Nor could any beams of timber fasten him in. Chains could no more hold him than the green withs could hold Samson. Cudgels and blows only set him going on worse than before. The old, wise men who had lived longest in the place said that the only thing was to leave him alone, and to keep out of his way as well as you could. There was no cure, they said. He had plagued the land ever since they could remember, and in their fathers' time before

them. He was hundreds of years old, and would live, they knew, for years to come. So there was no hope of getting rid of him anyhow. And as to curing him of his bad ways, they shook their heads and said that it was a thing that many great and wise men had tried their hands at, but the Dwarf was just as bad as ever. They had bribed and flattered him—they had threatened and abused him; but there he lay in his cave, not caring a bit for any of them, ready to break out in a minute with his swarms and their spears and firebrands.

But the old wise men of the place did not know all about it. That must be the next chapter of my story.

CHAPTER III.

AWAY in the interior of the country in which all this happened there lived a mighty King. He was the one of whom I told you at the beginning; the one person in all the realm who was stronger than the Dwarf. The fact was that the Dwarf, terrible as he was, could only do what this King bade him. He was the King's slave, and such a slave was he that he could do nothing for himself but by the King's leave; could not even think for himself or speak for himself. So that the mischief he got credit for was not his fault; he really could not help himself. It was all this mighty King. When the stinging hosts flew out with arrow and spear it was the great King that set them a-going. Night and day the Dwarf had to wait for his Majesty's order and could do nothing at all but what his Royal Master commanded.

Now it chanced that one day one of the old, wise men of the village happened to find a strange and wonderful Book that explained to him very many mysteries over which he pored as he sat at his work. It was a very old book, printed in strange old type, and with strange old pictures. It was bound in dark brown leather, somewhat worm-eaten, and was held together by a great brass clasp. The shoemaker had picked it up at a bookstall in the neighbouring market town, but little guessing what a treasure it would prove to him. It was 'a *Book of Magic*,' that told him all the secrets of life,—how to be rich, and how to be wise,—how to kill your enemies, and how to rule countries. Then it told the fortunes of people, what they would come to—how poor folks might become princes, and very paupers might come to live in a palace. It was 'a *Book of Fate*,' too, that foretold all that should happen years hence.

(To be Continued.)

THE RUINS OF BAALBEC.

(See next Page.)



THIRTY miles north of Damascus lie the mysterious ruins of Baalbec, the splendid "city of the sun." According to an ancient tradition, it is identical with Baaeth, one of the garrison cities which Solomon built for Pharaoh's daughter, who was his wife. The great temple of Baal, a thousand feet in length, is unequalled for grandeur and beauty in the world. Several of its stones are over sixty feet long, and one, which lies still in the quarry, is sixty-eight feet long and fourteen feet broad and high. How they were placed in the wall is a mystery. Six noble Corinthian columns still stand, the last of fifty-four. They are seventy-five feet high, seven feet in diameter, and support an exquisitely carved entablature, fourteen feet deep. The great doorway shown in the engraving is forty-two feet high, and is partly filled with rubbish. A part of the lintel has fallen and is supported by a pier of rude masonry. Its exquisite carving will be observed.

MORNING SONG.

NIGHT is over ; light is streaming ;
Through my window-pane 'tis come ;
And the sun's bright rays are beaming
On my own dear happy home.
God has watched me through the night ;
God it is who sends us light.

Night is over ; some poor children
Have been homeless, sleepless, ill ;
God has let me rest so sweetly
In my chamber, warm and still.
Lord, I thank Thee for Thy love ;
Raise my morning thoughts above.

Night is over ; heavenly Father,
I would bend my knees and pray ;
Help my weakness, guide me safely,
Watch and keep me all the day.
Take away my love of sin ;
Let Thy Spirit rule within.

LESSON NOTES.

B. C. 444.] **LESSON VII.** [Feb 16.

THE WAY OF THE RIGHTEOUS ; OR, THE HOLY LIFE.
Psalm 1. 1-6. **Commit to memory verses 1-6.**

NOTES.—The Hebrew name of the Psalms is "The Book of Praise." It is by different authors. The inscriptions of the Psalms, which are very ancient, ascribe seventy-three to David, two to Solomon, twelve to Asaph, twelve to the sons of Korah, one to Ethan, one to Moses, and leave forty-nine anonymous.

OUTLINE.

1. The way of the righteous. v. 1-3.
2. The way of the ungodly. v. 4-6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

But the path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day. Prov. 4 18.

- 1 Shun evil companionship.
2. Seek knowledge from God's word.
3. Remember that God knows all your ways.

Find the name of the king, grandson of David, who walked in the counsel of the ungodly.... Find the name of a King of Judah, a descendant of David, who began to reign at eight years of age, and who walked in the ways of the righteous.

B. C. 1042.] **LESSON VIII.** [Feb. 23.

THE KING IN ZION ; OR, THE HOLY LORD.
Psalm 2. 1-12. **Commit to memory verses 1-6.**

OUTLINE.

1. His foes. v. 1-5.
2. His friends. v. 6-12.

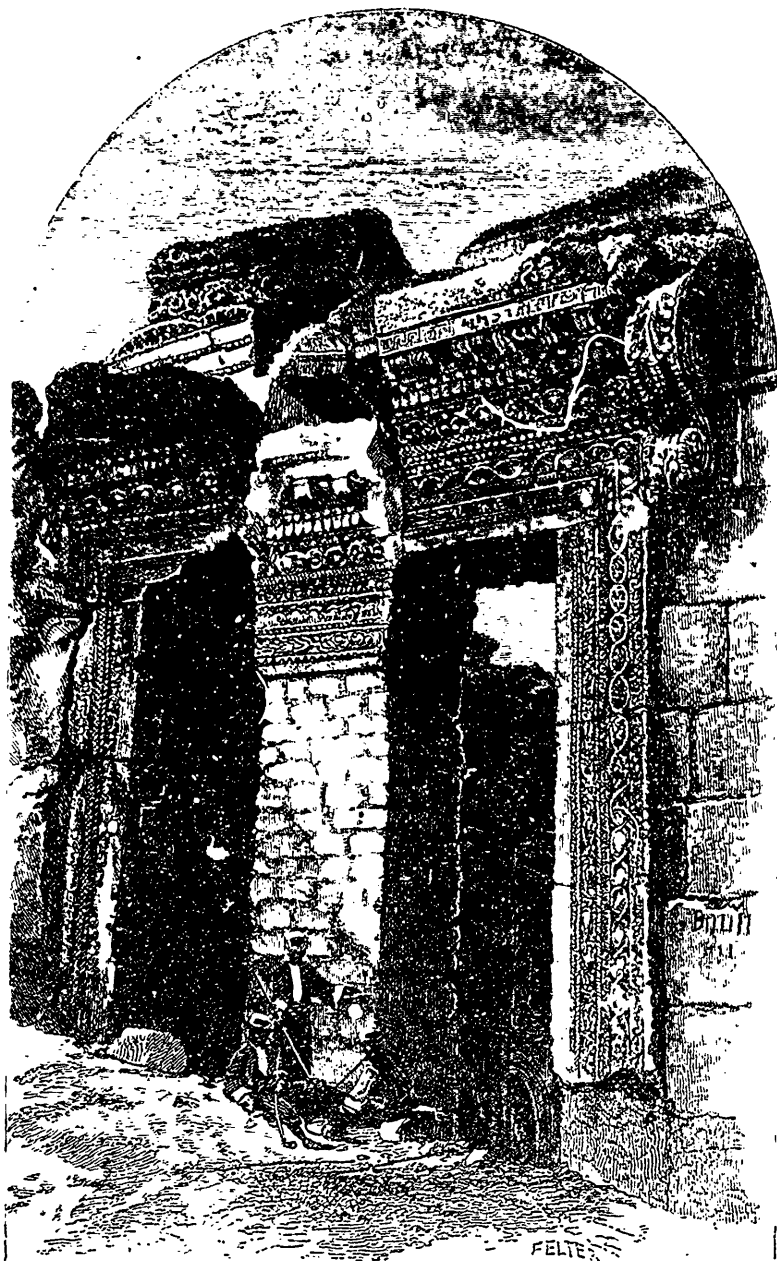
GOLDEN TEXT.

God hath made that same Jesus, whom ye have crucified, both Lord and Christ. Acts 2. 36.

INTRODUCTORY:—When was the first promise of a Saviour? Gen. 3. 15. To whom was the next promise made? Gen. 12. 2. By whom did the next promise come? Gen. 49. 10. What promise came by Moses? Deut. 18. 15. What promise of Christ was given to David? Psa. 89. 19-29.

1. "Be wise." v. 10.
- 2 "Serve the Lord." v. 11.
3. "Trust in him." v. 12.

Find in Acts where the disciples quoted the beginning of this Psalm in prayer.... Find how many times Jesus speaks of his kingdom in the Gospel of Mark.



RUINS OF BAALBEC.

(See preceding page.)