

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/  
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/  
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title on header taken from: /  
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

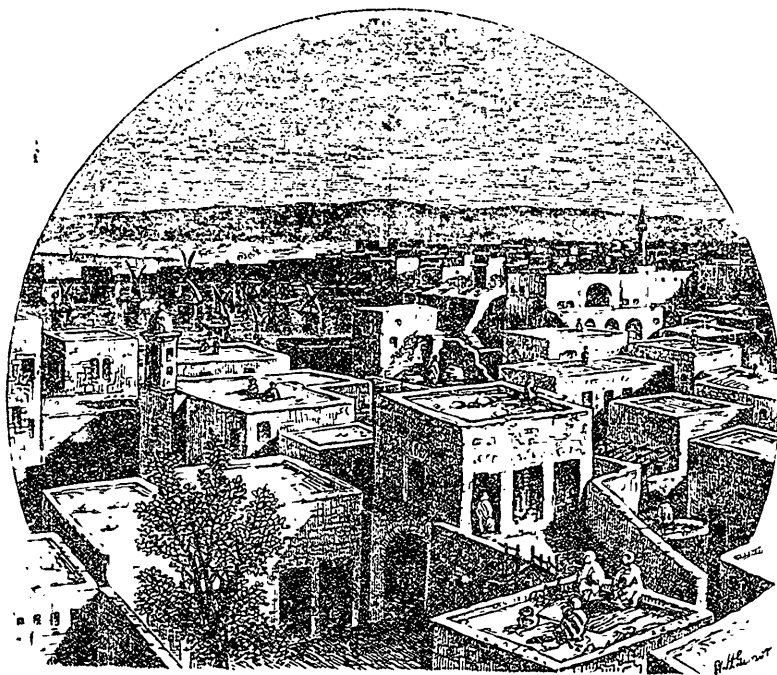
10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

# The Sunday School Guardian

VOL. I.—NEW SERIES.]

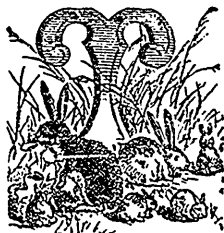
FEBRUARY 22, 1879.

[No. 4.



MODERN TYRE.

## THE FLAT-ROOFED HOUSES OF THE EAST.



HERE are very many allusions in Scripture to the use of the top of the houses which, unless we understand their construction, will seem to us very strange. Such, for instance, are the accounts of sleeping and watching

and pitching a tent on the housetop, and the account

of breaking up the roof to let the man sick of the palsy down into the house where Jesus was. So, also, the laws concerning the battlements of the houses, or the wall surrounding the flat roof. All these will be made plain if we remember that the roofs were flat, and that in Palestine rain seldom fell to an extent likely to cause inconvenience on account of that flatness. The necessity for the battlement wall will be apparent from the picture. These flat roofs are a cool and pleasant sleeping-place in the summer, and here the household often meet to spend the evening after a sultry day.

## THE TERRIBLE RED DWARF AND THE CAVE HE LIVED IN.



He told of giants also, and of the way to slay them, about the arms you had to take with you, and how you could lay spells upon them, and charm them, and make them serve you day and night. I cannot stay to tell you all that the old man found in the wonderful Book—how wise he got, until all the people came to consult him. How rich he was nobody knew, but nobody helped the poor neighbours so bountifully as this old shoemaker did. And he found out a greater secret still—how to be always happy. There was not another man in the country who had such a bright, merry, sunshiny face as that old man got from his Book of Magic. Now as he turned over the pages and read on slowly chapter after chapter, what should he light upon one day but an account of this terrible Red Dwarf that plagued the village. He pushed up his great silver spectacles and laid down his work for a few minutes, that he might think about it the better. He had found out the secret—all about the King, and this poor little slave that could only obey the King's orders.

"So then," said the old man, taking up his work again, "if we could only get another king, things might be very different. If we had but a good, wise, generous king, then this Dwarf would be just as much of a blessing as he has been a plague and a curse."

Not long after, the wise old shoemaker sat hammering away at his work one fine morning, thinking about the wonderful things he had read in his wonderful book. Suddenly there came such a merry crash of bells from the old church tower near by that he started up from his stool quite frightened, knocking off his big spectacles and almost sending his big lapstone on to his corns. Of course, he must needs hurry away to the nearest neighbour to ask what the bells were ringing for. So he rolled his apron around his waist, thinking within himself that the Squire's daughter must be married, and he made for the door. He caught sight at once of a little crowd that was gathered at the door of the *Blue Bar*, and in their midst a stranger stood eagerly talking. Then in a moment he heard the news: "*The old King was dead, and a good job too,*" said the old folks, nodding to each other. "So a merry peal for the new King."

Then the old shoemaker looked very knowing through his big spectacles, and shook his wise old head. "Ay, ring a merry peal good neighbours," said he; "for well ye may. If the old King is dead the terrible Red Dwarf will be terrible no more."

"Why, whatever can that have to do with it, old friend?" cried Harry the carpenter, as he stood at the door of his favourite haunt; and turning to the neighbours he expected them to laugh with him: "What can the new King have to do with our Dwarf?"

"Well, well, you'll see, good folks," said the wise old shoemaker, as he hobbled away to his work.

Just then up came Farmer Hasty to hear the news. He was going to grumble out something about "What should they ring the bells for? They paid taxes all the same, didn't they? Whatever difference did it make to them?" He was going to; but he didn't. He said, (true he bungled over it, but he said it for all that,) "God save his Majesty, and long may he live!" And he not only said it, but put such hearty good-will into it that the neighbours turned round to make sure that it really was the Farmer himself, and even the dog looked up in his face, and actually wagged its tail. As it was near dinner-time, Harry started off homeward with all the news for Bessie. He opened the door and began. But Bessie stood in amazement, yet without hearing a word that he said. She only heard the old, sweet music of years ago, for Harry's voice somehow had all its former tenderness, and the words rang with the love of years ago:

"—And he says that now the terrible Red Dwarf will not be terrible any more," Harry went on; "I did laugh at him; but the old fellow only shook his head and said: 'You'll see.'—Why Bessie, what's the matter, my ass?"

And Harry took her hand tenderly.

"Harry, lad, forgive me," said she, and the old light of her eyes shone through her tears. "Forgive the past; by God's help the Red Dwarf shall be terrible no more."

That very day Harry began to whistle as if to make up for lost time, and the curly shavings flew from the plane with such music as the carpenter's shop hadn't heard for many a long day.

"You'll see," the old shoemaker had said

And before long the old widow saw. It was only a letter from her boy Jack. But why did she say, "bless him" so often? And why need she take off her spectacles and rub them with her gown as if to make sure that she saw right? "Could this really be her Jack, who never would own himself

wrong? And yet it was from his letter that she read: "*Tell the Squire that I very often think of his kindness to me, and that I have lived to see how foolish and unjust my words were, and that I ask his forgiveness.*"

The old shoemaker was right. They *did* see. Before the week was over another group clustered about the great tree in front of the *Blue Boar*. They were eager to see the placard that was being fastened there. The shoemaker pushed amongst them just as the bill showed all its length.

"Read it out," cried one of the crowd.

Then the old shoemaker looked over his spectacles and read it aloud.

### PROCLAMATION.

BY ORDER OF THE KING.

*WHEREAS for many years past much harm hath been wrought amongst the subjects of His Majesty, the King of these Realms, by the Terrible Red Dwarf: And whereas many and grievous complaints have reached His Majesty of the cruelty, robbery, misery, and destruction wrought by the Dwarf aforesaid, His Majesty the King hath been pleased of his clemency to issue a decree that his subjects be hurt and annoyed no more after this manner.*

*His Majesty the King hath duly notified the Dwarf, his servants and retainers, of this the King's will and commandment, AND His Majesty will take all steps necessary to enforce and carry out this decree.*

*Given under our Royal Hand.*

GOD SAVE THE KING.

"There," cried the old shoemaker, triumphantly. "Didn't I tell you so." And he tightened his lips and nodded his head.

"Well, if the King *can* only do it, 'twill be the best thing that ever happened in these parts," said one.

"Pooh, *can*!—why, of course he can," replied the shoemaker. "You'll see—and very soon too; he'll have a regiment of soldiers at the cave if need be." And the old man hurried back to his work.

Whilst this group were reading the proclamation a messenger had arrived at the cave of the Dwarf himself, bearing a dispatch from the King. It was sealed with the great seal; and was solemnly delivered to him as urgent and immediate.

(To be Cont'nued.)

PLEASE THE LORD AT ANY COST.

NEVER mind—the world will hate you,

Never mind its frowns or smiles;

Never mind what frowns await you,

Please the Lord at any cost!

See He reigns supreme above us;

See! His favour's light itself;

'Tis our all that He approves us,

Please the Lord at any cost!

Listen to His still small voice,

Act upon it while He speaks;

Give thyself no time for choice,

Please the Lord at any cost!

Perfect love will dictate to you,

Though severe the mandate be,

Only good His will can do you,

Please the Lord at any cost!

Please the Lord in lonely hours,

With your friends or with the world;

Spend for Him your gifts and powers,

Please the Lord at any cost!

Think His eye is on you ever,

Think—He heareth *all* you say,

Marks each *motive* and endeavour,

Please Him, then, at any cost!

Where's the friend would die to save you?

Who would bear with you all day?

Who but He would care to have you?

Please Him, then, at any cost!

Have no object but t' obey Him,

Single-eyed to do His will,

Your whole life could ne'er repay Him,

Please Him, then, at any cost!

Work in faith of future glory,

Nothing's lost you do for Him;

All recorded, your life's story,

Please the Lord at any cost!

Living always in His presence,

You will realize His "peace;"

Aye! this forms its very essence,

Please the Lord at any cost!

Then there follows sweet communion,

Such as worldlings never know;

One with Christ,—a growing union,

Please Him, then, at any cost!

O! His love is never dying,

Still preparing bliss for you;

It is worth *all self-denying*;

Please the Lord at any cost!

Authorized Publications of the Methodist Church of Canada.

Christian Guardian and Evangelical Witness .....	\$2 00	} Per year, including Postage
Methodist Magazine, 96 pp., 8vo., monthly.....	2 00	
Sunday School Banner, 32 pp., 8vo., monthly.....	0 75	
In cubs 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	
Broan Leaves, 160 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: SAMUEL ROSE, Publisher, Toronto.

# The Sunday School Guardian

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

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 22, 1879.

## THE DAYS OF THE WEEK.



HO 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.



BEAVERS FELLING TREES AND BUILDING THEIR HUT.

WILD ANIMALS OF CANADA.

THE BEAVER.



VERY Canadian boy and girl should know all about the beaver—the emblem of their country—and a very good emblem it is; and a very good motto is “Busy as Beavers” for all Canadians, old or young.

Certainly the beaver is a very industrious fellow, and we need not be ashamed of him upon our country's crest. For so small an animal he accomplishes very remarkable works.

The average beaver is about two feet six inches long, and its tail is about a foot longer. It will weigh from thirty to sixty pounds. Its fore legs are small, but the hind legs are large and strong, and its feet are webbed to the very claws. It is an awkward animal on land, but just let it dive into the water, and it is as active, as graceful, and as much at home as a bird in the air or a fish in the sea.

The most remarkable part of the beaver is its broad, flat, scale-covered tail. It is used as a paddle in swimming, as a trowel and hammer for building, as a support when its owner sits up, and

it can strike such a violent blow as to be heard half a mile off. In this way the old sentinel beaver, who is on guard, gives warning of the approach of an enemy, when splash ! every tail disappears, and solitude reigns again. The tail is a great favourite with Indians and hunters, and, when it can be obtained, occupies an important place in their feasts.

The most remarkable constructions of the beaver are the dams and lodges which they build. They are made in order to secure a sufficient depth of water to be secure against freezing in winter. Having selected a spot for their village, or cluster of houses, they proceed to cut down the trees with which to build their dam. They always cut down those up the stream, so that they may float down with the current. They have no cutting instruments but their broad, flat, sharp teeth ; but with these they will bite off great chips, and in a very short time cut down a tree, eight or even ten inches through. They select trees that lean over the water, and having felled them, they trim off the branches, and cut them into lengths eight or ten feet long. These are floated to the site of the proposed dam, where they are built into their place with mud and stones, till a broad and solid wall is made. Where the current is gentle, the dam is carried straight across ; where it is swift, the dam is built with an angle or convex curve up the stream. The little architects exhibit as much science in their construction as could the most skilful civil engineer.

The beavers' houses are built of the same material, a chamber being left in the middle, the only entrance to which is by an opening under the water. The roof is made very thick to resist the attacks of the wolverine or glutton, next to man the most deadly enemy of the beaver. The food of these hard working mechanics consists of the bark of the aspen, willow, birch, poplar, and alder, of which it lays up in the summer a stack near its lodges.

The beaver once swarmed all over Canada and the northern United States, and the traces of the beaver dams and beaver meadows may still, in many places, be seen. But the implacable war of the trapper and fur trader has banished him to the remote regions of the north and north-west. For over 300 years this warfare has been waged, and the trade in beaver skins was one of the great inducements to the exploration of this continent. Tadoussac, Quebec, Three Rivers, Montreal, Frontenac, Fort Rouille (Toronto), and Detroit were the great fur-trading posts, of which Albany and New York were, for many years, the jealous rivals. Beaver skins were used instead of money—one skin being an equivalent for a two dollar bill—rather an in-

convenient sort of currency to carry in one's purse. The pelts, as they were called—hence the word peltries,—were used for making beaver hats—those fuzzy-looking things worn by Uncle Sam in the comic picture—which used to be the favourite head-gear of the dandies of Paris and London. With the substitution of silk for the shiny black hats now worn, the beaver's occupation was gone, and he was allowed, for a time, to live a quiet life. Their fur has, of late, been in demand in Europe for trimming dresses, coats, and gloves, and forthwith a war is renewed in the fur wilds of Canada against the poor beaver. So is the world bound together by the ties of commerce.

The beavers are caught by steel spring traps, like huge rat traps, chained to a marked tree. An Indian or white trapper will visit fifty or sixty traps in a circuit of thirty or forty miles, and will catch one hundred or one hundred and fifty beavers in a season. In 1854-1856, the Hudson Bay Company sold in London 627,655 beaver skins. No wonder the beaver is getting scarce. Skins have varied from \$1 to \$8 apiece. At one time in the last century they were such a drug in the market that an immense stock was burned at Montreal to make the rest worth exportation. The beaver once flourished in Europe, but is now extinct

W. H. W.

### LOVING OR FEARING.



IN a Jewish book called the Talmud, there is a parable which teaches how much better it is to love God than only to be afraid of his anger. This is the story :—

A certain king had two servants, one of whom loved while the other only feared him. The same king was a long time absent from his kingdom. During this time, the servant who loved him took the most diligent pains to keep the palace and gardens in order, and to prepare food to be in readiness for his master to eat on his return. But he who only feared the king never thought upon his master while he was away

At last the king returned, and upon the first servant he smiled, but sternly did he look upon the second, who on his part trembled and turned pale, and then for the first time began really to try and serve his master. Such is the difference between him who loves God and him who merely serves Him from the fear or punishment. One delights to think of Him, the other tries to drive Him from his thoughts.

## THE HEART OF WINTER.



CANADIAN boy or girl will know how to appreciate the beauty and the poetry of the winter picture on the following page. First we have the old-fashioned, cheery, open fireplace, now disappearing, where the merry flames snapped and crackled and roared up the wide chimney throat; where grandpa and grandma, father and mother, basked in the blaze and told stories of "Auld lang syne" to the children.

Then there is the broad mill-pond above the dam, where the ring of the skater's steel is heard, and the ice snaps and cracks in the frost, and the great icicles hang from the mill wheel.

But best of all the boys will enjoy the "coasting" down the long hill. How they fly along, almost like a bird, over the slippery snow. What if they sometimes get a tumble into a deep drift! Their merry shouts fill the air, and they climb up the long hill and start again. That's the way to succeed, boys. If you fail once, try again and again, till you master your task, however difficult. Life with most of us, who are grown up boys and girls, is a long uphill road, sometimes hard to climb, but, thank God, there is a glorious reward, and rest, and joy at last. Let us, therefore, not grow weary in well-doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not.

The last picture, that of the poor houseless wanderer exposed to the pitiless peltings of the storm, should excite our sympathy and pity. God help the poor in the cold wintry weather. But He only does so by putting into the hearts of His servants a love for the bodies and the souls of men. Do you want to win the smile and favour of God? Then listen, "Blessed is he that considereth the poor: the Lord will deliver him in the time of trouble."

Look at this German portrait of winter, boys, and see if you do not like it:—

- "Old Winter is a sturdy one,  
And lasting stuff he's made of;  
His flesh is firm as iron stone;  
There's nothing he's afraid of.
- "Of flowers that bloom, or birds that sing,  
Full little cares or knows he;  
He hates the fire, and hates the spring,  
And all that's warm and cosy.
- "But when the foxes bark aloud  
On frozen lake and river,—

When round the fire the people crowd,  
And rub their hands and shiver,—

"When frost is splitting stone and wall,  
And trees come crashing after,—  
That hates he not, but loves it all;  
Then bursts he out in laughter.

"His home is by the North Sea's strand,  
Where earth and sea are frozen;  
His summer home, we understand,  
In Switzerland he's chosen."

## LESSON NOTES.

B. C. 1034.] **LESSON IX.** [March 2.  
THE PRAYER OF THE PENITENT; OR, HUMILITY  
BEFORE GOD.

**Psalm. 51. 1-13. Commit to memory verses 9-13.**  
**OUTLINE.**

1. Man's sin. v. 1-5.
2. God's grace. v. 6-13.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin. Psa. 51. 2.

**INTRODUCTORY.**—Who wrote this Psalm? What great sin had he committed? Who had reproved him? Read 2 Sam. 12. 1-10.

1. Confess your sins to God.
2. Trust in his mercy.
3. Pray for a clean heart.

Find the name of another king of Judah who repented of his sin, and was forgiven.... Find, towards the latter part of 1 Chronicles, what other sin Satan tempted David to commit, and what came of it.

B. C. 1034.] **LESSON X.** March 9.  
THE JOY OF FORGIVENESS; OR, SALVATION FROM GOD.

**Psalm 32. 1-11. Commit to memory verses 7-11.**  
**OUTLINE.**

Salvation—

1. From sin. v. 1-5.
2. From dan\_er. v. 6-9.
3. From sorrow. v. 10-11.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

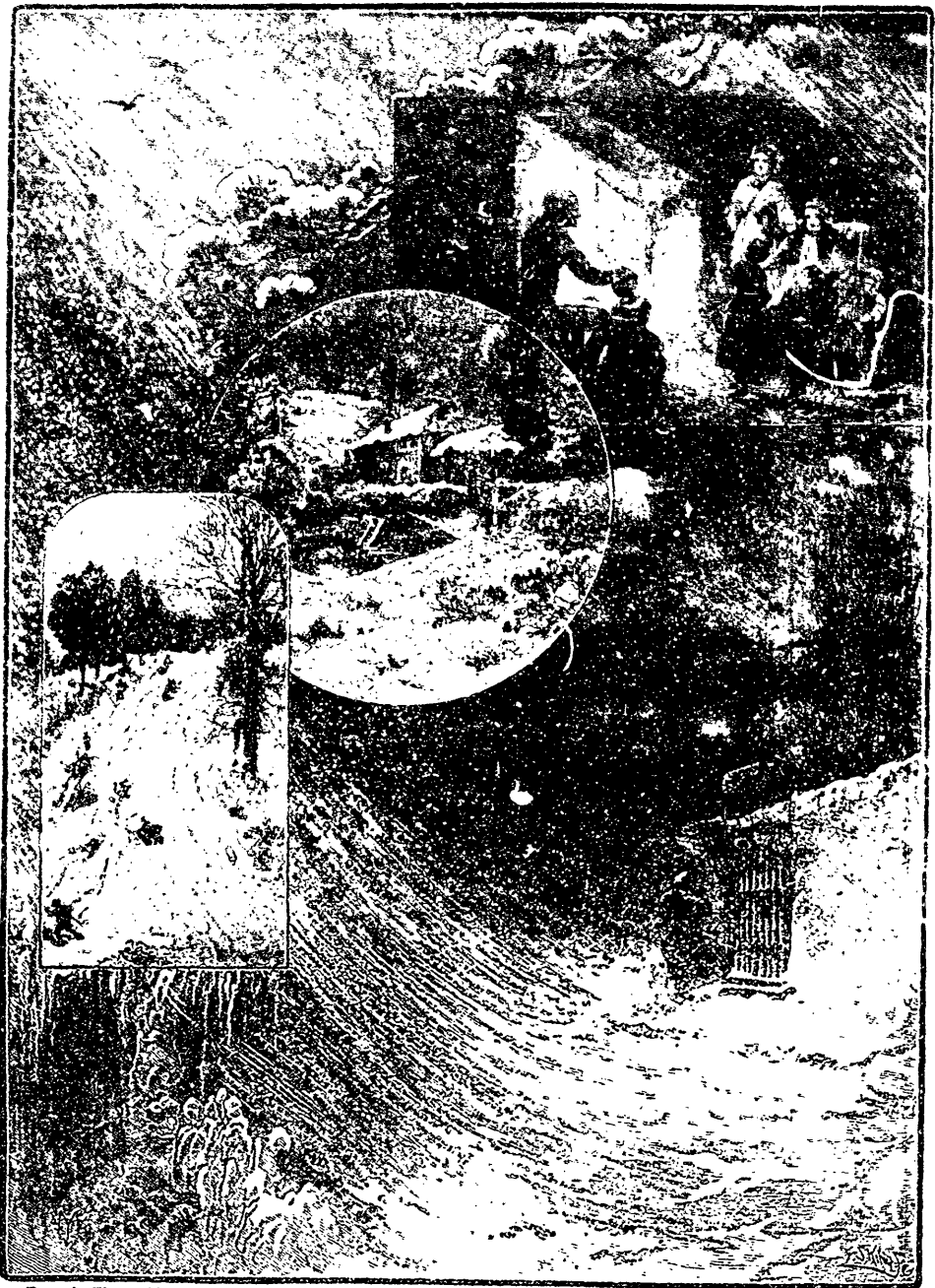
Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered. Psa. 32. 1.

**INTRODUCTORY.**—This Psalm was probably written by David soon after his repentance, as set forth in the last lesson, and celebrates his joy at forgiveness. It is one of the seven which Augustine is said to have studied incessantly.

1. If you *confess* you will be *forgiven*.
2. If you *trust* you will be *kept*.
3. If you *obey* you will be *blessed*.

Find in 1 Kings, and read, Solomon's prayer for forgiveness of the people when they should sin.... Find and read Daniel's prayer of confession, and for forgiveness of sins.... Find, in the latter part of Luke, Christ's prayer for the forgiveness of his enemies.





Drawn by Thomas Moran.

Engraved by F. S. King.

THE HEART OF WINTER.