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The Sunday School Guardian

VOL. I.—NEW SERIES.]

JULY 12, 1879.

[No. 13.



HOW MAY CONQUERED BERTIE.

LITTLE May Stanley is a sweet child about six years of age. She goes to school with a few other children, amongst whom are some little boys. One afternoon when she came home from school, she threw herself down on the hearth-rug and cried bitterly.

"May, May," said her mother, "what is the matter?" "Mother," she said, "I don't love Bertie Foster a bit; I don't even like him; what shall I do? I have tried to like him, but it's no use, and to-day he said he'd bring a stick to beat me."

"He won't do it, child," said her mother, "he only said so to tease you; you will like him better soon; come, get your tea, dear."

So May took her seat at the table, but her eyes were full of tears, and she could not eat. At last a bright smile lit up her face and chased the tears away, as she said "Mother, I know now what I shall do about Bertie Foster;" so having settled the difficulty in her own mind she seemed quite happy.

Soon the little ones were called to say their evening prayers, at their mother's knee, and in addition to her usual prayer, May asked to say a prayer all to herself. (May's private prayers

were said in a whisper; but loud enough to be heard.) Her little sister Lottie listened attentively, and exclaimed in great surprise, "Why, mother, May is talking about Bertie Foster; she's not saying her prayers;"--for May's whispered prayer was, "Lord Jesus, make Bertie Foster a good boy. Help me to love him, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

A week passed, the afternoon's lessons were over, and May returned home once more. Instead of lying down on the hearth rug and crying over her little school-fellow's unkindness, she ran to her mother with a face beaming with delight, and said, "Mother, it's done! Jesus has made Bertie Foster a better boy. I am sure he has, and now we are good friends."

Dear reader, will you try to follow the example of May Stanley? Take all your trials to Jesus, and ask Him to help and comfort you. If any one should tease you do not be unkind in return; but pray for those who are unkind to you, and try to conquer them as May conquered Bertie.

JACK.

"Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty."



JACK was very small for his age. He was seven years old, and yet he could only just see into the shop windows or above the table, if he stood on tiptoe. Not that he had any table to see above as a rule, for he and his mother had no home. They spent their time in wandering about the streets, trying to sell bunches of flowers for a penny apiece, and were glad enough sometimes to get even a warm doorstep to sleep on at night. You think a door-step never could be warm? Yet some door-steps are warm compared to others on bitter nights, when the keen wind drives all one way.

It was just such a night in January when Jack and his mother had come to their very last penny.

It was Sunday, and they watched the ladies in their silks and furs coming daintily down the steps, with light shawls held before their

mouths (for the wind was in the east), and stepping into their easy, warmly lined carriages, and then driving off.

After watching them for some time in the different streets, Jack grew very cold. He had only a thin, old shirt on, worn into holes, and a little jacket, out at the elbows, and a torn pair of trowsers that hung in rags about his ankles, so that, as a whole, his garments formed no great protection against the wind. He shivered dismally, and his teeth began to chatter, while he tucked his little blue hands under his arms to try and make them warm.

"Mother," he said, at last, "it's rare and cold. Can't us get anywhere warm to sleep in to-night?"

"No," she answered; "we've only a penny left, and we shall both want something to eat; we can't be warm *and* have bread, Jack; that 'ud be too much," and she laughed a faint, dreary laugh.

Jack thought for a long time, then he spoke again. "Mother, where do all them ladies go?"

"To church."

"Aye; but what *is* church?"

"A great place, all lighted up, where they have music, and where all the rich folks sits and listens, and are warm and comfortable."

"Like the theatre, where you went one night, and said you wasn't going again?"

The woman laughed a little. "No; I should rather think not: Why, places like that ain't open on Sundays."

"Ain't they? Why not?"

"Because they're not good enough, I suppose."

"How 'good enough?'"

"Good enough for Sundays."

"Is folks better on Sundays than other days, then?"

"What a child you are for asking questions! How should I know?"

Jack was silent for a while, pattering along with little frozen feet, then he began his catechism again.

"What's the difference between the theatre and a church, if they both has lights and musics, and 'un can get warm?"

"I don't know; I never been in a church to service, as I can remember."

"Let's go," suggested Jack, numb, but enterprising.

"Bless you, they wouldn't let the likes of us in; why, it's for rich folks."

At this moment they passed by the door of a large, lighted church. Some one later than the rest was just going in; as she pushed the swinging-door softly open, the light and warmth streamed out into the porch, and beyond, on to the pavement.

"Let's go in," urged Jack again, under his breath, pulling at his mother's gown; "you see it ain't too late, and it's bitter cold out here."

"It is bitter cold!" she echoed; and more from apathy and misery than from any desire to see what was inside, she followed the boy up the steps.

He was going to push the door open, but she stopped him.

"Look here," she said, "we can go round this side way; it ain't so light, and no one'll see us if we sit right behind."

So they made their way noiselessly along a little passage which opened on the aisle at the back of the church. Next the wall was a seat running all the way along, and on this they both sat down, no one noticing them, except a little girl, who stared very hard at Jack, who was rather an apparition, with his uncombed hair, and ragged trowsers, and bare feet.

They were in a little dark corner, behind a pillar, but they could see almost the whole of the church; and it was "so warm and comfortable" near the hot-water pipes, that Jack's heart glowed within him.

"Ain't this first-rate?" he whispered.

But his mother didn't hear. She was gazing dreamily before her, apparently recollecting something. All the rest of the congregation were kneeling, but these two never noticed it. Only when they all rose from their knees, his mother said to Jack, "I guess we ought to have knelt down like other folks."

"Never mind!" said Jack, with superficial philosophy, "nobody seed us, so it don't matter."

The first notes of the organ pealed out, and

rang up among the arches. Jack sat entranced. He had never heard anything like that before in his life. When his mother stood up with the rest of the congregation, he stood up too, but he did not know what he was doing.

The boys' clear voices rose fresh and ringing, and all the congregation took up the strain. Jack and his mother had no hymn book, but that was just as well, as they could neither of them read.

Jack listened eagerly for the words, to hear what it was they were all singing about. At first he couldn't make out; then all the people round began to sing, he caught some of the words. It was something about somebody—

"Walking sadly life's hard way,
Homeless, weary, sighing, weeping,
Over sin and Satan's sway."

He didn't know anything about the last, but "homeless," "weary," "walking sadly," why, that was just like him and his mother! Who could it be? Listening intently, in eager wonderment, he heard almost all the rest, with the exception of a few words, but it was all such jumble about a glorious king and a very poor man, that he couldn't understand it; yet the beauty and pathos of it touched him almost more than he knew.

Then all the congregation knelt down again, and Jack knelt down too, this time, the stone feeling very cold through the hole in the knee of his trowsers.

When he got up again he saw a man standing up in a place raised above the heads of the congregation.

"What's yon he's stood up in?" he inquired.

"Hush," his mother answered; "it's a pulpit. You listen; he's going to talk."

He did "talk" too. He was a young man, not more than five-and-thirty, with a pale, pure face, and eyes that had a wonderful fire and earnestness in them.

The ladies leaned back while he spoke, as if they liked it indeed, but were quite accustomed to it. To Jack, on the contrary, it was like a dream. The light and the warmth, and the beautiful dresses, and the rich, ringing, searching voice of the preacher thrilling through the building.

(Continued in our next number.)

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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-burds 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.



WALTER WISP'S DRUM.

THIS LITTLE Walter Wisp for a long time had longed to be the owner of a drum. Every time he passed the village toy-shop his eyes feasted on the prettily ornamented drum which stood so temptingly in a window. I fear that he almost envied every boy he knew who called

himself the owner of a drum. Drums floated before him in his dreams. He talked of drums daily. In a word, his heart was set upon becoming the owner of a drum.

One merry Christmas morning Walter found a drum hanging beside his stocking on the bed-post. Happy Walter! He capered round the room like a fairy in a frolic. He ran and

kissed his pa and ma so frantically that they began to fear the drum had made him a little crazy. Then the drum was slung round his neck, and away he marched with a rub-a-dub, dub, to every person in the house, and even to Thomas in the barn. All day long his jolly rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub, dub, was heard; and at night, when, with wearied arms and wrists he went to bed, his drum was hung upon a chair-back close to his crib.

So it continued about three whole days. Then, will you believe it? Master Walter drove his drum-sticks through his drum-head, and told little Nelly she might have the "stupid thing," for he was tired of it, and didn't care if he never saw another drum as long as he lived!

Nelly, sweet, patient Nelly, wondered that her brother was so soon tired of his drum. She was never tired a great while of her dolly, and couldn't see why he should so soon lose his interest in his drum. But she only said "Thank you, Walter," and then, placing the broken drum on her little waggon, she put her beloved "dolly" into its broken head, and took the little dumb thing "out for an airing," as she phrased it.

Now I was a quiet spectator of Walter's treatment of his drum. I was glad to see him made happy by it, and sorry to see him lose his delight in it *so soon*. Yet I was not surprised. I knew that his conduct was very natural. Thousands of boys had done the same thing before him. Thousands will do it again. In fact, men and women are doing the same thing all the time; that is, they are almost crazy with desire to get something they have not, and almost as soon as they get it they lose their interest in it, be it clothes, diamonds, houses, horses, or honours.

Can you guess why this is so, my young friend? *You cannot?* Well, I will tell you. Boys and girls have souls which are capable of enjoying greater and better things than drums, dolls, or playthings of any kind. They can think great thoughts. They can study the wonderful works of the God who made them. They can *talk with God*. They can

love God. They can ENJOY GOD. Now when they give their first and best love to playthings they are not satisfied long, because they need something higher and better to love. It is just so with men and women. They soon find that fine clothes, big houses, jewellery, amusements, in short, everything they own, soon becomes to them like Walter's drum. They get tired of them, and wish for something higher and better.

Now, my children, drums, tops, balls, dolls, and other playthings are all very well in their places. You do right to enjoy them; but to be truly happy you must serve God, and love His Son Jesus Christ. Then you will enjoy all things!

A CHILD'S THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.

OFTEN hear you speak of heaven
Where angels dwell in love,
And when I ask you where it is,
You always point above.

I think it must be pleasant there,
Beyond the clouds and sky,
You say it's far above them all—
It must be very high.

They have no night nor storms up there,
I think I've heard you say,
For God gives light to all around;
And makes perpetual day.

You say its streets are paved with gold,
Its gates are made of pearl;
I think it must be lovely there,
Much brighter than the world.

When I have looked to find the heavens
Far up into the skies,
You say, "You cannot see it, child;
It is where God resides."

I know I've often heard you say
That God is everywhere;
If heaven is, then, where God resides,
It should be everywhere.

Then why is heaven so far away,
For God, you say, is nigh?
I think it might be here on earth,
As well as in the sky.

If we were good as angels are,
And lived as angels do,
Would we be happy all the while,
And this be heaven too?

I don't see why men are not good,
 God want, them to be so,
 I think it strange they do not try
 To make it heaven below.

NATIVE CHILDREN OF INDIA.

There are three classes of children in India, about whom I wish to give you information. I will first tell you about the Hindoo child. Some things you already know about him. For instance, you know that he is ignorant of the true God; that he does not know that Jesus is his Saviour; that he is an idolator; that he worships the sun, moon, and stars, and trees, rocks, mountains, and rivers, the birds of the air, beasts of the field, and all sorts of hideous reptiles. But you may like to know more about the belief and worship of this unfortunate child. He is taught to believe in a supreme being in rank and glory and power very much like the true God. But he is taught that that being is entirely apart from all other beings, has nothing to do with them, that he cares not for, nor watches over, man, or anything in the world. How differently the Bible teaches us! Jesus, our loving Saviour, says: "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing?"—a very small sum of money—"and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father." He also tells us that even the hairs of our head are numbered by God. How minute, then, is His care over us and all His creatures! As the greatest god of the Hindoo child is entirely separate from him, he is not taught to worship or bow down to him, nor ever utter his name in prayer. In all India we know of no Hindoo temple nor altar to this God, nor is his name ever uttered in prayer. The Hindoo child is taught that under this highest god there are three great ones, whom they call the Creator, the Preserver, and the Destroyer. He is taught to worship the last, and make many offerings to him to appease his wrath. He worships him only because he *fears* him. Under these three there are many, very many gods and demi-gods, whom he must worship. Their number can scarcely be counted. Let me see if you can tell me how many—33 mil-

lions—gods he must worship! Among them one of the most popular is Ram, who was none other than a great and famous king in India a few ages ago. He is taught to use this wonderful name, saying, "Ram, Ram," when he begins a work and when he ends it, and to use the same name as the best way of saluting his playmate. But I will tell you more about the worship of this child at another time.—*Rev. F. A. Spencer.*

LESSON NOTES.

A. D. 59.] **LESSON III.** [July 20.

CHRISTIAN LOVE; OR, A FULL SALVATION.

1 Cor. 13. 1-13. **Commit to memory verses 4-8.**

OUTLINE

1. The need of charity. v. 1-3.
2. The work of charity. v. 4-7.
3. The worth of charity. v. 8-13.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity. 1 Cor. 13. 13.

1. Try to be patient.
2. Try to think no evil of others.
3. Try to have true charity toward all.

Find in the Acts about "speaking with tongues"
 ...Find in Luke's Gospel account of a centurion's faith
Find in John's Gospel an instance of a woman's love to Christ.

A. D. 59.] **LESSON IV** [July 27.

VICTORY OVER DEATH; OR, A FINAL SALVATION.

1 Cor. 15. 50-58. **Commit to memory verses 51-57.**

OUTLINE.

1. The change. v. 50-53
2. The conquest. v. 54-57.
3. The command. v. 58.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. John 11. 25.

1. Do not be afraid to die.
2. Live in view of eternity.
3. Look for a glorious resurrection.

Find the account of the death of Jacob.....Of Moses.....Of Stephen.....Find the account of two persons who went to heaven without dying



THE TOPAZ-THROATED HUMMING-BIRD.

THERE are more than four hundred kinds of the "flying-gems" called Humming-birds, but only seven kinds live in Canada. The Topaz-Throated Humming-Bird is one of the most splendid of the whole race. In every part the plumage is composed of scaly-formed feathers, and in every position its brilliant colours receive a change of tint differing from that last seen, and exceeding in splendour anything with which we could compare it. Its general colour is a rich brownish orange, in some lights appearing of the deepest crimson, and in others, of a brilliant ruby colour tinted with gold. The throat is of a topaz yellow, and the tail is a golden green shaded with red.

The nest is only about an inch in diameter, and as much in depth. The eggs are two, and of a transparent fineness. The young ones take their food by putting their bills in the mouth of the parent bird.



FAITH.

LOOKING out of his window one summer evening, Luther saw on a tree at hand, a little bird making his brief and easy disposition for a night's rest. "Look," said he, "how that little fellow preaches faith to us all! He takes hold of his twig, tucks his head under his wing, and goes to sleep, leaving God to think for him."