

an overhanging roof, he seated himself to rest. He took from his pocket a lunch of bread and fruit and a bottle of water, and sitting there, he thought of those beautiful Bible words that compare Jesus to "the shadow of a great rock in a weery land."

MORNING HYMN.

THE morning bright,
With rosy light,
Has waked me from my sleep:
Father, I own
Thy love alone
Thy little one doth keep.

All through the day
I humbly pray,
Be thou my guard and guide;
My sins forgive,
And let me live,
Dear Jesus, near thy side.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, AUGUST 16, 1884.

A LESSON STORY.

WHAT can be brighter than the sun? It shires into the least little crack, and finds a place even in the darkest spots. And it is always shining, though sometimes out of sight. God, the great God who lives in heaven, has an eye that can reach farther than the beam of the sun. It can see into our hearts; it can read all our thoughts; we cannot get away from it. If we do wrong, we feel it upon us, and it hurts like a sharp sting; but if we are doing right it gives us comfort and joy to remember that God sees and knows all about us. Once a wicked boy made his mother a great deal of trouble. Often she would look at him with such love and sorrow in her eye that he could not bear it. He left his home and went far away, but still he could see her

sad eye, and at last he could stand it no longer: he went back to ask her to forgive him, and to be a better boy. Dear children, let us always try to do whatever we do in the light, and then we shall not fear God's eye.

DORA'S HOUSEKEEPING.

ONE morning Dora's mother was going away to the next town. She was going to bring grandma for a visit. The carriage was waiting before she was quite ready. "Now I shall not have time to finish my work," she said. "I will let you sweep the sitting-room, Dora. You did it very nicely last week, and I know you want to help me."

Dora was pouting because she could not go in the carriage with her mother. She thought it was very cruel that she must stay at home when she wanted to go so much. So she did not answer, but sat by the window pouting till the carriage was gone. Then she said to herself, "I don't feel like sweeping, and I don't care how I do it. I think it's too bad that I can't go to ride!"

So she swept the sitting-room in a very heedless manner. She did not get the dust-pan and take up the litter; she only brushed it together and left it under the hearth-rug.

When her mother came home she praised her for making the room so neat. Grandma praised her too. She said, "I like to see children do their work well. Then I feel sure they will do their work well when they are grown up. I am glad if our little girl is going to be a good housekeeper."

O how Dora felt! She was so ashamed of what she had done. She kept thinking of the litter under the hearth-rug. She was afraid some one would move the rug and see it. She was unhappy all the rest of the day. When she went to sleep at night she dreamed that she could not find the dust-pan.

She woke very early the next morning and went down stairs alone. She found the dust-pan and brushed up the litter as carefully as she could. It seemed easy enough to do it now. She wished that she had done it at first; then she would have deserved praise from her mother and grandmother.

Dora remembered this for a long time. I am not sure that she ever forgot it; and it taught her a good lesson. She found that wrong-doing made her very unhappy. When she grew older she learned to be a neat housekeeper.—*Our Little Ones.*



THE LITTLE GRANDMOTHER.

THE LITTLE GRANDMOTHER.

WHAT a comical grandmother is this. The big cap and the spectacles do not correspond very well with the plump cheeks and laughing eyes and mouth. I am afraid the knitting is more for show than for use. What a roguish look the merry little maiden has, and how grandma will laugh when she comes in and finds her easy chair and cap and gown occupied by her pet grandchild. I don't think she will be very angry, do you?

TWO SIDES OF A SENTIMENT.

WHEN two-year-old May Blossom

Came down in clear white dress,
And runs to find "dear Auntie,"

And claim her sweet caress,

Then Auntie takes up Blossom,

And her eyes they glow and shine

Oh! pretty baby Blossom,

If you were only mine!

When Blossom, in the pantry,

High mounted on the chair,

Has nibbled at the icing

Till half the cake is bare,

Then Auntie puts down Blossom,

And her eyes they grow and shine,

Oh! naughty baby Blossom,

If you were only mine!

THE DOVE OF PEACE.

WHEN Jesus lived in our world he went into the water one day and was baptized by John, and as he came out of the water the Spirit of God came down in the form of a dove and alighted upon him. How wonderful that was! But is it not wonderful, too, that God's holy dove of peace and love should come to live in our sinful hearts? But, dear little ones, do not forget that he cannot live there if we let naughty thoughts and tempers stay!