

THE SUNBEAM

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IN THE MEADOW.

THIS merry maiden is making the most of the holidays. What a picture of health and content she is, as crowned with wild-flowers, and half-buried among the grass,

Work while you work,
And play while you play,
This is the way
To be happy and gay.

little streams of water ran across the way, but all was dry and hot, and the sun's rays scorched him. How he wished for a cooling cloud, for any thing to screen him from the hot beams. His face grew



IN THE MEADOW.

she rests her dimpled cheeks upon her hands and looks at us with such a saucy smile. No thought of books or study or cares, for is not this the holidays? Right you are, my merry maid—

A ROCK IN A WEARY LAND.
A MISSIONARY had a long way to walk. It was not over grassy fields, or through pleasant, shady woods, but along a stony path where were no grass nor shade. No

red, his breath came short as he panted on his way.

At last he came to a tall rock that stood in the midst of the plain. One side of the rock leaned over the path, and under it, as