

TEMPERANCE NURSERY RHYMES

SING a song of Temperance,  
A pocket full of gold,  
Four and twenty bank notes  
In the cupboard rolled.  
When the door is opened,  
Out the notes we bring,  
Tell me where's the drinking man  
Can show you such a thing

The brewer's in the counting-house,  
Counting out his money,  
His wife is in the parlor  
Eating bread and honey.  
The drunkard in the taproom,  
Dressed in ragged clothes,  
Soon may he be made to see  
The cause of all his woes.

—Temperance Record.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, AUGUST 30, 1884

THE MISSION FOR THE SICK.

ROGER DELAND was sick. He was just sick enough to be cross. His picture-book fell off the bed. His playthings hid under the bedclothes, and Roger cried. His mother read aloud to him, but he did not like the story. Then she told him the true story about the "Mission for the Sick."

"Kind ladies met in a hall," she said, "and took with them fruit, flowers, and good things for sick men and women, and dear little children." Roger was pleased. He thought about the mission some time. Then he said, "I wish I could send my rosebush in the little red pot."

"You can if you wish," replied his mother, "and I will write a note for you." Roger's eyes grew bright. His mother wrote, "Roger Deland sends this rose to

some sick child." Then it was sent away in a nice basket.

Three days after the flowers was sent the postman brought Roger a note. It said: "Dear Little Boy,—I am lame. I can never walk. My mother goes out washing. I am alone all day. I used to cry. I never cry since the rose-bush came. I sit in my chair and watch it. I thank you, and mother does too. I learned to write before I fell down on the ice. My mother cannot write, but she will ask God to bless you. She can work better, for the rose keeps me company. Mother used to cry, too, when I was left alone.

"The rose will grow forever, she says. I hope it will not die.

"My mother says if it does not die in the pretty pot, the goodness will keep growing. I shall not let it die.

"Your friend,

"MARY BRENNAN."

When Roger's mother finished reading the note, her little boy looked very happy. After that he sent little Mary some of his toys. He is well now, but he never forgets the Mission of the Sick.—Our Little Ones.

A FABLE.

IN a beautiful window hung a canary-bird's cage; vines were trained up on each side, and flowers drooped about the cage. On a stand underneath was a glass vase, and in the vase was a gold fish. Every morning a little girl came and cleaned the cage and put in fresh feed and a clean bath for the bird; then she put fresh water in the vase and scattered bread crumbs upon the water, so that the fish might have its breakfast. Flowers, bird, and fish all seemed contented in the window for a while; but by and by the fish looked up at the bird's graceful motions as it hopped from perch to perch, wished that it might live in the cage, and the bird, looking down into the cool, shady depths of the water, (for moss and pebbles had been arranged in the vase for the fish,) wished that the vase had been chosen for its home. Day by day each grew more dissatisfied, and moped its life away, until the little mistress, wishing to please them, made the exchange. How long do you suppose it was before the bird stifled and died in the cool, shady depths of the water, or how happy a life do you suppose the fish led in the cage? Let us be satisfied with the place God has given us. He knows best.

Be true to the dream of thy youth.



RESTING.

RESTING.

It is pleasant to ramble in the woods in the summer time, to walk about in the shade of the trees, to gather mosses and ferns, and to smell the sweet fragrance of the evergreens. It is also pleasant to sit under the outspreading branches of some old tree, and listen to the rustling of the leaves as they are moved by the gentle breeze. This is much better on a hot day, than to be pent up amid the brick or stone walls and pavements of a great city. City people enjoy such a change as this, and though the plain country house may be very different from the elegant mansions one sees in town, yet if peace and contentment are there, it will be a happy home.

It is a good thing to rest once in awhile. This remark cannot give any encouragement to laziness, since there can be no real rest where there is no labour. The labour comes first, and the rest follows when the labour ends, and is all the more enjoyed because of the toil which preceded it.

This world is a world of labour to all people, young or old, who wish to lead a true life. By and by when our work is done we may hope for rest—real rest. Heaven is a Sabbath that shall never end. Open your Bible to Heb. iv. 9, and see what is there written.

SHE said, "Oh, yes, I am very fond of little boys," and as a snowball stuck in the back of her neck, she added, "I feel as though I could eat a couple this minute, boiled!"