

she was too brave a girl to give way to this impulse and before the day was over she began to feel more at home.

In the evening, when her father came for her in the boat, how she did jump into his arms, and cover his face with kisses, and how much she had to tell him! Nellie soon grew very fond of her school, and will not miss a day now if she can help it.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 24, 1894.

"WHICH IS THE GOODEST?"

HENRY WALTON was a fine, bright boy of some nine summers, and, unlike many boys, whose chief enjoyment was found in boyish sports, Henry was never so happy as when reading some interesting book. He would have been glad to read at every meal-time if he might have been allowed; and oftentimes, if you had looked under his pillow after he had gone to bed, you would have found a book there. One boy's book in particular he was specially fond of, and became so well acquainted with the characters of the story, that he seemed to think that all around must know them too. Henry had a younger brother, Tom, only about four years old, and one day he mentioned the names of his boy-heroes to him, and asked him which he liked best. Tom knew nothing about their respective merits, and asked in reply: "Which is the goodest?"

I think I hear some clever reader say: "That's bad grammar." Well, never mind, if it was bad grammar it was a good question, and one that it will be well for all boys and girls to bear in mind.

If you have one book to buy out of many—if you have one companion to select out of several—if you have one path to choose out of all that lie before you—always ask "Which is the goodest?"

With bad books, bad companions, and wrong pathways have nothing to do.

Always look out for the best. A bad book or an evil companion may injure you for life, and a wrong road can never bring you to a right end.

THE THREE WISHES.

THREE children, aged respectively four, seven, and nine years, were asked what they would wish for, if they could have their wishes gratified. Bertie, the youngest, said he would wish for a box of sweets. Ethel, the seven-year-old, said she would wish for a beautiful doll, and Willie, the eldest, said he would wish that he might be rich, and all the other people in the world poor, and then he could give money to them, and make them happy.

Which of these wishes was the best? I think Willie's was, and I will tell you why. Bertie and Ethel thought only of themselves, and the sweets would soon be eaten, and the doll would soon lose its beauty.

Willie thought of other people besides himself, and wished to do them good. Still, Willie's wish was not the wisest that he might have wished, and if it could have been gratified, perhaps he would not have been so happy as he thought he would.

There are many ways in which we can do good to others, even if we are not rich, and if we cannot do all that we should like to do, let us always try to do what we can.

Sunny smiles and loving words cost nothing, but they are worth much. Kind actions are better still, and have a value that cannot be told.

TEASING TOMMY.

TOMMY was a great tease. It did not seem to him that he could live without teasing somebody or something. If he saw the cat, he must pull her tail. The dog could not go by him without getting a twitch by the ear, or being tripped up suddenly. His little sister began to scream the minute he entered the nursery, for she expected her doll to be snatched away and dangled by an arm or leg far above her head, or her new book put out of her reach, or something done to make her unhappy. Sister Louise used to try to protect her little sister, but it was of no use.

"It's such fun!" Tommy insisted. One day, a young uncle whom he had never seen came to visit at the house. Tommy thought him perfectly splendid at first, but he soon changed his mind. One day Tommy was flying a kite when Uncle Tom came along and cut the string. "What did you do that for?" he asked, indignantly. "Oh, for fun" was the cool answer.

A few minutes later he was running to meet a friend, when Uncle Tom stuck out his foot and tripped him up. Tommy rubbed his knees and elbows, and glared at his uncle.

The next day, Tommy was near the pond when his uncle came by, seized Tommy by

one leg, and swung him over the water. Somehow Tommy did not think it much fun, although Uncle Tom fairly shouted with laughter.

So it went on. Every day Uncle Tom did something to tease and worry Tommy. It was of no use to keep away from him, for Uncle Tom was sure to hunt him up. At last, Tommy burst out, "I just hate you, Uncle Tom. I never saw so mean a man. You won't let a fellow alone a minute, but you are doing something horrid."

"Why, Tommy! I'm only imitating you. Don't you think it's fun? You did when it was you who did the teasing, but now you don't see any more fun in my teasing you than little sister, and the cat and dog, and everybody and everything smaller and weaker than you, see fun in your teasing them."

"Oh, that is it, is it? You've been teaching me a lesson. Well, I've learned it. I'm cured. Don't give me another lesson, please; I've had enough."

So he had, and he soon found that Uncle Tom was, as he thought at first, a splendid uncle.

FALL GOSSIP.

SAID Mrs. Maple to her neighbour,
"Have you got your new fall gown?
Mr. Frost has lovely samples,
That he's brought from Wintertown.
I thought I'd get a yellow,
With a woodbine sash of red,
Something bright for chilly weather,
And that's stylish, Jack Frost said."

So when hick'rys, oaks, and maples,
Were in gold and crimson dressed,
Looked they into water mirrors,
Seeing which one looked the best.
Though the water laughed and dimpled
Over this reflection bright,
Mr. Frost was very angry,
When the sun withdrew its light.

For his brilliant autumn colours
Needed Indian summer light,
So he tore their pretty finery,
And locked up their mirrors tight.

THE KATYDID.

THE insect whose voice you hear in the trees of a summer evening, saying, "Katy did, she did, she didn't!" is really only a kind of grasshopper. It has a big, round head, and very large wing-covers, shaped a good deal like pea pods. The queer noise you hear is made as they rub the two frames in each wing-cover together, which are around a thin membrane there. The eggs of the katydid are shaped like very small clam shells. They are laid on the twigs of trees and fastened with gum by the careful mother. She has a piercer in her body which she uses to roughen or shave the bark before she lays these eggs.