

fore the children went home she took off the cover and gave to the three girls and two boys each a large red apple. All ate their apples on the way home, except Nannie. She did not even show it to her mother, but hid it away so quietly that nobody knew anything about it. Her little brothers twitted her for not being one of the best, but she did not say a word.

On Christmas morning, while Mrs. Dane was out of the room, she put her apple and shilling on her mother's plate. Then she looked with eyes full of love to say, "Merry Christmas," when she came in. I think angels looked with eyes of love on Nannie then.

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TORONTO, NOVEMBER 24, 1906.

DOING ONE THING WELL

To know something of everything may be a good thing; but I think to know everything about some one thing is still better. A gentleman told me the following story: It was in a college town. Many students had to depend upon their own efforts to defray their expenses in the college. This gentleman wanted a boy, and advertised his need in the city papers, but did not state that he had any one thing he wanted done especially well. Of course there were many applicants. He questioned each boy as to what he could do. Every boy but one said, "O, I can do almost anything." He did not object to that kind of a boy, but he also wanted a boy who could do one thing well; but he did not say what that one thing was. That, of course, would have revealed the secret. But one boy, when asked what he could do, replied by saying, "I should like to see the boy that can groom a

horse quicker and better than I can." That was the one thing the gentleman wanted done well, and this boy was employed, and not only did that one thing especially well, but everything else in a way that pleased the gentleman. This boy finished his college course, became the head clerk in a large establishment, and is to-day a member of the firm and retains the confidence of all who know him. So it pays to know as much as we can about everything, but it pays better to know everything about some one thing, and I trust the boys that see this will remember the story of this boy and apply the principle to their own lives. Some time in the life of every individual it will be necessary to know everything about some one thing. In the crisis of the nation, the State, the community, the individual that knows everything about some one thing is the individual that will be chosen to places of trust and responsibility. I heard a great and good man, a bishop, say that he did not think any one would amount to much in the world that did not have a "hobby." But he did not mean "hobby" in the way it is ordinarily understood.

THE MOON'S CHILDREN.

A little girl believed that the stars were the children of the moon. Her mother wanted her to go to bed one night before she felt quite sleepy enough to go willingly.

"But the moon hasn't sent her children to bed yet," objected the little astronomer, petulantly.

It so happened that a storm was brewing, and heavy clouds were gathering in the heavens.

"Go and see if it hasn't," said her mother. The little head was immediately popped out of the window, and the sky was scanned eagerly.

"Well, I guess I've got to go to bed now," said the little girl, after the survey; "the moon is covering up her children and tucking them in."

HELPING FATHER.

Helen looked out over the great wide sea and sighed.

"What are you thinking of, lassie?" asked her mother.

"Of poor father out in his boat on the ocean in all sorts of weather, fishing. I wish I was a boy, so that I could help him; but I'm only a girl, and can't do anything at all but cost him so much money that he must work all the time for me."

"Well, father is glad to work for his dear little lass. Your love and your sweet face pay him for all you cost him. But if you really want to help him, you can."

"Can I? Tell me how, please. I'd do anything."

"You could mend his nets. I used to do it until I had so much work to do in the house."

"But I don't know how," objected Helen.

"I will teach you. Think how surprised father will be when he comes home so tired, and goes out to spend his only day off in mending his net, to find it already done. He will say, 'Who's done me this good turn, wife?' and I will say, 'Your own wee lassie has done it.' Won't he be proud then?"

Helen could hardly wait to begin her first lesson. She grew very tired at first, but a look across the water at the distant fishing-boats gave her fresh courage to go on.

The holes in the net looked very big, but she worked patiently, and by and by they were all filled out.

When father came home all happened as mother had said it would. And Helen was a very happy little girl when father gave her a kiss and told her that he was very proud of her.

JOHNNY'S CALCULATIONS.

Johnny was poring over his mental arithmetic. It was a new study to him, and he found it interesting. When Johnny undertook anything he went about it with heart, head, and hand. He sat on his high stool at the table, while his father sat just opposite. He was such a tiny fellow—scarcely large enough to hold the book, you would think, much less to study and calculate; but he could do both, as you shall see. Johnny's father had been speaking to his mother; and Johnny had been so intent on his book that he had not heard a word; but as he leaned back in his chair to rest a moment he heard his father say: "Dean got beastly drunk at the club last night; he drank ten glasses of wine. I was disgusted with the fellow."

Johnny looked up with bright eyes, and said to his father: "How many did you drink?"

"I drank one," said the father, smiling down at his little boy.

"Then you were only one-tenth drunk," said the boy, reflectively.

"There, there!" interrupted his father, biting his lips to hide the smile that would come. "I guess it's bedtime for you, and we'll have no more arithmetic to-night."

So Johnny was tucked away in bed, and went sound asleep, turning the problem over and over to see if he was wrong; and just before he lost himself in slumber he had thought: "One thing is sure; if Dean hadn't taken one glass, he would not have been drunk. So it is the safest way never to take one, and I never will."

And the next thing Johnny was snoring, while his father was thinking: "There's something in Johnny's calculation, after all. It is not safe to take one glass, and I will ask Dean to sign a total abstinence pledge with me to-morrow." And he did so, and they both kept it.

So great things grew out of Johnny's studying mental arithmetic.