

SUNBEAM

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WHAT NAN COULD DO.

Nan was in a cosy sitting-room, her rosy face resting in her hands, watching the bright tongues of flame in the cheerful fireplace, now darting up in spiral beauty, only to fade away again in a tiny volume of smoke.

"I'm just like them," she exclaimed, slowly. "I try to do something to be useful, and sometimes I can never accomplish anything."

"If we do the best we can," reproved grandmother, gently, "we are not the ones to measure the good we do!"

"I—suppose—so," said Nan, slowly, "but then, what can a girl no older than I do? If I had money, I might establish reading rooms for the poor, or lunch counters, where poor working girls could get a nice warm lunch without paying anything for it, or something else really worth doing."

"Never mind, child, there are things you can do just as worthy as those you mention—things, too, that perhaps nobody else could possibly do."

Just then the warning bell rang, and with a good-bye kiss Nan gathered up her books and hurried away to school.

All the morning she kept thinking

of grandmother's remark, "Things that perhaps nobody else could possibly do."

"I wonder what they can be?" and Nan rested her serious little face in her hands with her elbows on the desk.

As she was standing near the cloak-

room door at recess, she overheard Maud Atkins refer to Beth Johnson's grief at her mother's death.

"I pity her," said Maud, "but I don't feel that I can do anything for her; she's not of our set. Her mother has done our

very thin. "Her mother's," thought Nan.

Quietly slipping to her side, Nan took one little hand in hers, and when the girls came back to their seats at the ringing of the bell, Beth's face wore its first smile since her mother's death.

All the remainder of the session Nan felt happy. "I guess it's what grandmother meant," she thought.

The next day, and the next, she found some little way to help, all unconsciously, somebody about her. The old janitor felt pleased all day long at the smile with which she greeted him as she passed him in the entry.

"Bless her, she's a sunshine ray for sure," he murmured, as she closed the door behind her.

Miss Norcross, the teacher, as Nan took her hand and bade her good-night, felt the cares of the day grow lighter and her work less irksome.

She took her little sister out into the fields in the evening.

"I tell you, Nan," said her brother Ted one morning, as she whispered to him not to mind the weather, for another day would surely come in which he could try his new bicycle, "you do a fellow good just by your sympathy."

I'd advise you, little sister, to put out your card—'Sympathy Bureau!' Conducted by Nan Armstrong, who is always ready to sympathize with any one in trouble. Office hours, from morning till bedtime. And as for pay—"



OUR MABEL.

washing for years, you see—that's how I happened to know of her."

Nan turned, and as she did so she saw Beth, who hadn't left her seat at recess, with a mournfully pinched face, fondly regarding a tiny plain gold ring, worn