

THE HOUSE-CLEANERS.

Four queer little folks were left one fine day

Alone in their mother's cottage to play,
For mother had gone to the market-town
To buy some cloth for a new Sunday gown.

Said Tom with a twinkle in both his eyes;
"Let's give our mother a pleasant surprise,
And clean up the house before she comes back."
"Oh, won't it be fun?" cried Ella and Jack.

Tom went to the sweep and borrowed a broom,
And they swept the chimney in every room;
They took up the soot with the garden spade,
And a terrible mess the sweepers made.

Nell dug the garden with father's umbrella,
Jack painted the walls—and his sister Ella!
"O she'll be pleased!" they cried; but instead
She sent those house-cleaners all to bed.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, APRIL 23, 1904.

MAYBE I DO LIKE CIDER.

The brave little people who wish to do right can say, "Maybe I do like cider, but since there is so much risk of danger I'll have none of it. No one shall have a chance to say I am a cider drinker. I'll take mine in the apples, just as God gives

them to me. I'll grind them up in my own little cider mill with its white grinders made for just such uses, and I will press out the juice before it has a chance to ferment. In that way I'll keep on the safe side of the line and not see how near I can go to the cider trap without being caught by it."

I have heard of boys when they first came to the city and saw the sign, "New cider," in some runshop who went in and took it and did not stop to think that it could not be new in the winter or spring. It often has so much alcohol in it by that time that they want more and more, till at last they take it every day and are partly tipsy all the time, and then they are of no use to themselves or others. No matter how much I may like cider, there is no reason for taking it. I like safety far better than I like cider.—Er.

NOTHING SAVED.

A little boy was walking with his father one day. As they trudged along, the father saw an old horseshoe lying in the road, and bade the boy pick it up and take it along.

The lad looked at the shoe carelessly and replied that it was not worth carrying, whereupon the father said nothing more, but quietly picked it up himself. He pretty soon sold the old iron for a penny at a roadside smithy, and invested the coin in cherries.

The day was hot, and presently the man noticed that his son was beginning to cast longing eyes upon the box of cherries, but did not offer any to him. He made pretence of eating them, and dropped one to the ground as if by accident. The boy picked it up and ate it with a relish. A little further on another one dropped, and this, too, the lad lost no time in securing. So, one by one, all the cherries were dropped and picked up.

"Well," remarked the father, when the last one had been eaten, "it did not pay to pick up that horseshoe, perhaps, but if you had stopped once for that, you wouldn't have needed to bend twenty times for the cherries."

HOW THE PARROT SETTLED IT.

Mr. Brown had a "bird dog," a very handsome hunter, and I must tell you how he was spoiled for hunting—it was so funny a circumstance that his master always laughed when he told the story, although he was much vexed to lose so good a game dog. His housekeeper had a parrot given to her, and the first time the dog came into the room where the bird was he stopped and "pointed." The parrot slowly crossed the room and came up in front of the dog, and looked him square in the eye, and then, after a moment,

said, "You're a rascal!" The dog was so much astonished to hear the bird speak that he dropped his tail between his legs, wheeled about, and ran away; and from that day to this he has never been known to "point" at a bird.—Our Little Men and Women.

"GOD'S LITTLE ERRAND GIRL."

Little Hester loved Jesus, and tried to do his will. One day she and her mother had been talking together about their heavenly Father, and Hester said: "Why mother, God, is sending us on errands all the time! O, it is so nice to think that I am God's little errand-girl!" There are many things that an errand-girl or errand-boy can do which are very important. To do errands properly one must be attentive, and learn just what needs to be done; must be prompt, and go at once to do the errands; and must be careful and faithful, and be sure to do the errand right.

OUR OWN WAY.

A girl wishing to let her canary fly through the room for a short time opened the door of its cage. The bird, frightened by seeing her hand, flew against the bar of the cage, trying to escape; but by and by, weary of its useless efforts, it came gently out through the door. "Mother," said the little girl, "why did not the canary come out at the door at first when I opened it?" The mother replied: "Because it was trying to get out by a way of its own." Many people are trying to get to heaven by a way of their own.

BESSIE'S TALK TO DOLLY.

Mamma overheard Bessie talking to her doll one day, and this was what she said: "Learn your lesson, Dolly. Don't you see the letters? Now say 'A is for apple, B is for ball,' like a good girl. You know you must learn your letters, Dolly, or you will not know how to read; and then how foolish you will be! You won't know any thing. And then you won't be able to read the Bible; and how will you know what God wants you to do? So be a good girl, Dolly, and study hard. You must be very industrious; that is what my mamma says to me, and you know you are my child."

The boys and girls who are going to heaven do not travel the same direction as go in the same crowd with the boys and girls who are on the road to ruin.

If you intend to do a mean thing wait till to-morrow; if you are to do a noble thing do it now.