

LITTLE CHATTERBOX.

They call me little Chatterbox,
Although my name is May;
I have to talk so much, because
I have so much to say.

And, oh, I have so many friends—
So many, and you see
I can't help loving them, you know,
Because they all love me.

I love papa and dear mamma,
I love my sisters, too;
And if you're very kind and good,
I guess I will love you.

But I love God the best of all,
He keeps me all the night;
And when the morning comes again,
He wakes me with the light.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.	Yearly Subscription
Christian Guardian, weekly	\$1.00
Methodist Magazine and Review, 36 pp., monthly, illustrated	\$1.00
Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward together	2.00
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	3.00
Canadian Epworth, 4 pp., 8vo., monthly	0.40
Sunday-school Banner, 65 pp., 8vo., monthly	0.40
Onward, 8 pp., 4to, weekly under 5 copies	0.40
5 copies and over	0.20
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to, weekly, single copies	0.25
Less than 20 copies	0.15
Over 20 copies	0.21
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0.15
10 copies and upwards	0.12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0.15
10 copies and upwards	0.12
Dew Drops, weekly	0.08
Berean Senior Quarterly (quarterly)	0.20
Berean Leaf, monthly	0.05
Berean Intermediate Quarterly (quarterly)	0.05
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24 cents a dozen; \$2 per 100. Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen; 50 cents per 100.	

THE ABOVE PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE.

Address WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book and Publishing House,
29 to 33 Richmond St. West, and 39 to 36 Temperance St.,
Toronto.

C. W. COATES, 2756 St. Catherine Street,
Montreal, Que. S. F. HUESTIS,
Wesleyan Book Room,
Halifax, N.S.

Happy Days.

TORONTO, JUNE 20, 1906.

FOR WHAT WERE EYES MADE?

BY DR. J. C. HANAFORD.

"Of course to see with," some child may say. That is true, but there are thousands of children in our large cities who can seldom, if ever, see but few of the beauties in nature, and all around many of us. They see but little of the beautiful flowers and plants, the luxuriant vines winding around the trees that they may go up higher than the plants around them, though I do not suppose that they are proud of their high position. They can see but little of the glorious scenes in nature all around country children, while it is quite likely that they seldom, if ever, look up into the spacious heavens to see the sparkling stars, looking down upon us so pleasantly, as if inviting us to come up

and visit them! The country children, those on the nice farms, see a great deal to please them, of which those in the cities are deprived—these evidences that the good Father in heaven provides and cares for his children.

How sad it would be for my little girl friends to be robbed of their sight, to be blind! Not able to see the difference between day and night! How sad to be obliged to seek some one to lead them around at all times, or to grope their way in total darkness, in danger every moment of having some accident befall them! What a blessing to be able to look into the smiling faces of parents, brothers and sisters, with those of kind friends. What a comfort to be able to read in a beautiful picture book, an interesting piece in a newspaper, or a chapter in the Testament. It seems to have been intended that our eyes and sight should last as long as we have bodies to be guided by them, and to be provided with food by our labors. To guard them from accidents the eyes are placed in deep sockets of bone, and so protected from blows by bony projections, the cheekbones, forehead, nose, etc., that a common blow would rarely injure them. Well oiled in their sockets, they move with great ease from the right to the left, up and down, and around in all possible directions, not always being told what to do, as if sight was a part of themselves! When asleep, they turn up as if to get a drink, to a place where a little rill of tears is constantly flowing, which we may regard as their food.

Some creatures, like the common housefly, such as are not able to wear glasses when their sight is imperfect, have hundreds and thousands of eyes, some in different parts of the body to give them sight just where they need it, while they could be blind in a great many eyes and still see something. For example, the timid snail has one on the end of what we may call a long finger, which he runs out of his shell, letting that look all about to see if there is any danger, not daring to come out till he sees that all is right. But we would not exchange our good eyes for all of theirs, being thankful to our Father in heaven that he has thus blessed his children.—*Child's Hour.*

THE FAVORITE.

"Girls, won't one of you bring in the evening paper?" said grandpa.

There was hardly a moment's pause before Grace went to the piazza for the paper, and placed it, open and smooth, upon the old gentleman's knee.

"Mattie, please bring my scissors from the sewing-room," said mamma.

"O Grace, you do it; I'm all nicely seated now." And Grace left her piano practice and went for the scissors.

"Papa wants one of you to take a note to Deacon Lewis, girls; which will go?"

"O, I don't want to, mamma," said Mattie.

"O, I wanted to read my new book," said Grace; "but I will go for papa."

"I want to take one of the girls home with me for the holidays, sister," said the girls' aunt. "Which can you best spare?"

"O, Mattie, by all means. Grace is our household comfort and solace," said the mother. "But which would you rather take?"

"I hoped you might chose to let me have Grace. I really want her; and I think, sister, she needs and deserves the outing."

So Mattie stayed at home, and pouted and said that it wasn't fair, and wondered why "everybody always wanted Grace."

The girl who is thoughtful and obliging is the one that is wanted at home, at school, everywhere. No one wants the girl who is always seeking to please herself.—*Child's Paper.*

WHAT WAS IT?

Emma and Dorothy were left alone while mamma went down town.

They were playing quietly together, when suddenly Dorothy said: "What's that noise?"

"I didn't hear anything," said Emma.

"Hark! there it is again. I guess it's a tramp trying to steal the silver spoons." There surely was a noise in the pantry.

Both children tiptoed softly to the pantry door, and there on a shelf were two mice at a loaf of bread.

The laughter of the children drove the mice away. Looking out of the window just then, they saw mamma.

"O mamma," said Emma, "there were two thieves in the pantry. Dorothy was awfully scared, but I wasn't going to let them steal your things, so we went in and drove them away. They didn't steal very much."

Mamma looked frightened, until she saw the fun in the children's eyes. When Emma showed her the bread with the hole gnawed in it, she said:

"Ah, the naughty thieves, I must have them in prison by morning."

A NEW USE FOR EYES AND EARS.

There was once a little boy who had two good, bright eyes and two good ears, and yet I heard his uncle pity him for being blind and deaf.

Joking? No, his uncle was very much in earnest. You see, this boy was so busy reading a story that he did not see when his grandmother hunted for her glasses, nor hear when his mother wished that she had some one to send on an errand.

"So," said his uncle, "if he cannot see and hear what is going on around him, there must be very grave trouble with his eyes and ears. I am very sorry for him!"