

AT SLEEPY-TIME.

What do little chickens say
When the sun goes down?
They say, "Peep, peep, peep!"
We're so glad to go to sleep!"—
These fuzzy little balls of yellow down.

What do little birdies say
When the sun goes down?
They say, "Cheep, cheep, cheep!"
It's so good to go to sleep."
And they cuddle in their little beds so
warm.

What does little Johnny say
When the sun goes down?
Why, he cries, cries, cries,
And rubs his sleepy eyes,
And says he wishes bedtime wouldn't
come.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, APRIL 21, 1906.

THE DOCTOR'S VISIT.

BY DAISY RHODES CAMPBELL.

Jean and Juliet had been quite sick for the first time in their lives. They were twins and their father said that he must have them different or he could never tell them apart. So at last mother hit on a plan. Juliet, whose hair was curly, wore long curls tied with a pink ribbon, and Jean wore her straight hair short and no ribbon.

They were much better of their sickness, but still had to stay in bed, propped up with pillows. Jean's doll lay on the bed fast asleep. Juliet was eagerly watching the window, but Jean kept her face close to her sister's, for it hurt her head to look out of the window.

"He is so long!" sighed Juliet. They were waiting for the doctor, whom they dearly loved.

In a few minutes there he was, smiling, cheery and ready to tell them a story. This time it was about a dear little boy at the hospital. The doctor had just been to see him. He had had a finger cut off and had been very brave about it. His mother lived many miles away and couldn't come to be with him.

"Dear me!" said Jean, "I thought we had had times, but he has worse." (Jean always said "worse" for worse.)

"Perhaps mother will let me send him my animal book," Juliet said, quickly.

"I'd like to send him that easy game for one to play," Jean said.

So, when the good doctor left, his pockets bulged out more than usual. For in them were a game and a big book for brave little Arthur.

Then the little girls talked of him the rest of the day, and forgot their own aches.

THREE QUESTIONS AND ONE ANSWER.

BY ELIZABETH PRESTON ALLAN.

When little Frances and Edgar first got out of the big hot city last summer, they were as full of frolic as two little lambs in the meadow. The good old black mammy had hard work to keep up with their small, twinkling feet. But that was nothing to the trouble she had to keep up with their flying tongues! They both asked questions with every breath, and both at the same time.

"Dar now!" said mammy at last, "I gwine answer jes' t'ree mo' questions dis day; jes' t'ree and no mo'!"

This stopped the little tongues for a while; Frances and Edgar did not want to waste their three precious questions, for fear something might come along which they would be crazy to hear about, but presently Frances could hold in no longer; they were walking down the village street, with its little wooden cottages, set back in groves of trees, so unlike the tall city houses they had left with seraps of grass plots in front.

"Mammy," said the child, "what makes the houses so little and the yards so big out here?"

Mammy thought a minute and then answered, "Becuz men made de houses, and God made de yards."

God? Yes, to be sure, the children looked up into the wide sky and felt God near.

But Edgar's question followed next; it was late evening, and the villagers' strolling cows were slowly making their way back to pails and milking buckets, with never a driver in sight.

"Mammy," said Edgar, "how do the cows find the way home?"

The country-born old woman's answer was ready:

"Dem cows is God's creeters; he shows 'em de way."

God again. God must live always in the country, thought the children.

But houses, yards and cows were forgotten when our little ones met a child crying on the roadside, because he had fallen and hurt himself. He said his name was Jim, and he had no mother and he was hungry.

"Mammy," cried both children at once, "why hasn't Jim got any mother?"

Mammy had one reason, it seems, for all questions: "God took her," she said, "so as you and me mought be good to dis chile."

Then for the rest of the summer Mammy and Frances and Edgar were "good" to little motherless Jim, God's orphan.

THE EASTER ANGELS.

BY PHILLIPS BROOKS.

God hath sent his angels
To the earth again,
Bringing joyful tidings
To the sons of men.

They who first at Christmas
Thronged the heavenly way,
Now beside the tomb door
Sit on Easter Day.

Angels sing his triumph,
As you sing his birth,
"Christ the Lord is risen,
Peace, good will on earth."

God has still his angels
Helping at his word,
All his faithful children,
Like their faithful Lord.

Soothing them in sorrow,
Arming them in strife,
Opening wide the tomb doors
Leading into life.

Father, send thine angels
Unto us, we pray;
Leave us not to wander
All along our way.

Let them guard and guide us,
Whereso'er we be,
Till our resurrection
Bring us home to thee.

A gentleman once saw a little girl weeping by a new-made grave. When she saw him she said: "Poor little Willie lies here. We are too poor to buy him a tombstone; but we and the angels know where it is, and that is enough." God never forgets where his children live, nor where their bodies lie after they are buried.