

THE LETTERS.

Three little girlies are busy to-day!
 What do they care for frolic and play,
 When poor papa is over the sea,
 And "just as homesick as he can be"
 For a sight of his girlies so far away
 Who are longing to welcome him home
 some day?
 So they coaxed mamma for some paper
 and ink,
 And some nice new pens, and they're try-
 ing to think
 Of everything loving and nice to write
 Which will make papa feel happy and
 bright.
 But with all the news they may put in
 each letter
 Nothing they write will please him better
 Than the words which come from their
 hearts, you know.
 "Come home, papa, for we want you so!"

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, JANUARY 27, 1906.

THAT ROSY PEACH.

That peach did look so nice, so round,
 so rosy and ripe. Grandma had brought
 it home for grandpa. Fred Perkins stood
 looking at it; he walked toward it; he
 touched it; then he smelled it; and
 —alas!—he bit it; then he ate it all. He
 threw the stone out of the open window,
 and it fell at the foot of an evergreen
 hedge; but Fred was very unhappy; he
 wished he had not touched that peach.
 Next year, at vacation time, Fred went
 again to visit his grandparents.

"Fred," said grandpa, "come into the
 garden and see how things have grown
 since you were here."

Soon they came to the evergreen hedge.

"Why, what is this?" asked grandpa.
 "A peach tree; a little thing, indeed, but
 it will make a large tree some day."
 "Why, how did it come here?" ex-
 claimed Fred.

"I don't know," said grandpa. "I
 haven't had a peach in the house since one
 day last year grandma brought home a
 fine one; but I never had a chance to try
 it, for it disappeared mysteriously—why,
 Fred, what is the matter?" he suddenly
 exclaimed; for Fred looked strangely con-
 fused, and was blushing warmly, while his
 heart thumped away at a great rate. Then
 he confessed that he had taken the peach,
 and was forgiven.

His wrongdoing came from coveting the
 peach when he first saw it.

GOD WILL TAKE CARE OF ME.

One day a little girl was standing by a
 window during a heavy thunder-storm.
 Her Aunt Annie was very much afraid of
 the lightning, and told her to come away,
 lest it might strike her. But Katy an-
 swered, "It is God who makes it thunder,
 and he will take care of me."

HARRY'S WISH.

There was once a little Irish boy named
 Harry whose heart was set upon being a
 missionary when he should become a man.
 He had heard the missionaries who some-
 times stopped at his father's house tell the
 stories of their life among the heathen,
 and though there were stories of great
 suffering and loneliness, no doubt, yet they
 were full of the joy of those who carry
 the name of Jesus and the Holy Bible to
 those who have never heard or seen them.
 But the heavenly Father knew that there
 was a better way. He took Harry to him-
 self; we do not know why, but the Lord
 never makes a mistake.

Before Harry died he asked his father
 to write upon his tombstone the words he
 would like to have there, that they might
 speak for him when he was away. So
 to-day, over a little grave in a quiet
 cemetery in Ireland, any one may read
 Harry's wish. Perhaps God knew that it
 would call more than one to the work
 Harry wanted to do, and so make it much
 greater. Here you may read Harry's
 wish, and perhaps among all who read it,
 one will remember and say some day,
 "Here am I; send me."

"I want to be a missionary; but if I
 die before I can be, I would like my wish
 written on my tombstone, that some one,
 hearing of it, may go instead of me.
 Harry."

A little girl, somewhat noted for her
 quaint and original sayings, said the other
 day at the breakfast-table that "she had
 got a piece of bread head-first down her
 cough pipe."

A FAIR GAME.

"Let's play baseball," said Frankie.
 "All the big boys play that."

"We will," answered the sweet, positive
 voice of Frankie's little sister Millie.

"I will be the batter," said Frankie.

"Yes," agreed Millie.

"You can be pitcher," said Frankie.
 So he took for himself a tennis racket and
 gave to his sister the ball.

"Now who'll be umpire?" asked the
 little boy. "There are only two of us."

"What's umpire?" asked Millie.

"Why, somebody to watch us and see
 that we play fair."

"Oh!" said Millie.

The two gazed round them on all sides,
 hoping to see some little playmate coming,
 but all they saw was Millie's doll, Clari-
 bel, tumbled down in a heap on the grass
 and Frankie's donkey that went on wheels.
 The little boy began to frown.

"There is Claribel," suggested Millie.

"She will watch us."

"She can't sit up," objected Frankie.

"Just look at her now."

Millie looked. Then she said, "She
 could if she leaned against your
 donkey."

"I wish we had somebody else," said
 Frankie, as he waited while his sister ar-
 ranged the doll.

"O, she will watch us," answered
 Millie. "Claribel is a good girl. Why,
 she will watch us every minute."

The children had been left alone with
 grandmother that morning, and grand-
 mother was busy—too busy to attend to
 them. "Run right out in the yard,"
 grandmother had said, "and be good chil-
 dren."

Perhaps Frankie remembered what
 grandmother had said, for the ugly feeling
 inside that was making a frown on his
 face went away, and he took up his tennis-
 racket bat. Millie picked up the ball and
 threw it while Frankie swung the bat. He
 did not hit the ball, but Millie smiled
 sweetly on the doll and asked, "Wasn't
 that fair, Claribel?" She asked this every
 time she threw the ball.

At last Frankie said: "I don't believe
 that's the way, Millie. I didn't hear
 Cousin Ben say anything 'bout asking the
 umpire all the time. He just said the
 umpire watched and when you didn't play
 fair you heard about it."

"I just asked her so she wouldn't get
 lonesome sitting there so still," apologized
 Millie. "Of course, if 'tisn't right I'll
 not ask her. Maybe she'll not get lones-
 some."

"Of course she'll not," answered
 Frankie. "Isn't she right by my
 donkey?"

"I guess we played fair," said Millie,
 when they were quite tired. "Claribel
 didn't say anything."