

SOME ONE'S LITTLE DAUGHTER.

When mamma scolds her little girl,
Or papa sugar-plums has bought her,
She says with saucy emphasis,
"I'm papa's little daughter."

When papa chides or throws at her
For naughty ways we have not taught
her,

She says, with sweet, coquettish stress,
"I'm mamma's little daughter."

When papa and when mamma, too,
Must scold for wrong in which they've
caught her,

She sobs in broken-heartedness,
"I ain't—nobody's—daughter."

But when she's sweet and kind and true,
And sees the good that love has brought
her,

She says, with loving promptitude,
"I'm bofe you's little daughter."

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, JUNE 3, 1905.

THE WONDERFUL FLY.

BY KATHIE MOORE.

One rainy day when Tommy was looking out of the window he saw a fly buzzing against the pane.

"I'll catch that fly," said he, and his fat little fingers went pattering over the glass, until at last he chased the fly down into a corner and caught it.

"Let me go!" said the fly.

"I shan't!" answered Tommy.

"Do let me go! You are hurting me; you pinch my legs and break my wings."

"I don't care if I do. You're only a fly—a fly's not worth anything."

"Yes, I'm worth something, and I can

do wonderful things. I can do something you can't do."

"I don't believe it," said Tommy.

"What is it?"

"I can walk up the wall."

"Let me see you do it," and Tommy's fingers opened so that the fly could escape.

The fly flew across the room and walked up the wall and then down again.

"My!" said Tommy. "What else can you do?"

"I can walk across the ceiling," said the fly, and he did so.

"My!" said Tommy again. "How do you do that?"

"I have little suckers on my feet that help me to hold on. I can walk anywhere, and fly, too. I am smarter than a boy," said the fly.

"Well, you're not good for anything, and boys are," answered Tommy stoutly.

"Indeed I am good for something. I helped to save you from getting sick when the days were hot. Flies eat up the poison in the air, and if we had not been round in the summer to keep the air pure, you and baby and mother would all have been very sick."

"Is that true?" asked Tommy in great surprise.

"Yes, it is true; and now I will tell you something else. You are a bad, bad boy."

"I am not," cried Tommy, growing very red in the face. "I don't steal or say bad words, or tell what is not true."

"Well, you are a bad boy anyhow. It is bad to hurt flies, and to pull off their legs and wings. It is bad to hurt anything that lives. Flies can feel. Yesterday you pulled off my brother's wings."

"I never thought of that," said Tommy soberly. "I'll never catch flies again; and be sure that I'll never hurt you."

"You won't get a chance," answered the fly, as he walked across the ceiling.

TOMMY'S JACK-O'-LANTERN.

"Elegant! Just look at his eyes!"

"See his teeth!"

"Doesn't the candle flare out splendidly?"

And Tommy Bangs, Billy Ball, Max Morton, and the rest, hopped about jubilantly, after the manner of small boys who have just successfully completed an unusually hideous specimen of a jack-o'-lantern.

"Now let us think of somebody that we can scare," said Billy.

"There's Miss Snip, the dressmaker," suggested Tommy. "She's awful nervous. She's been sewing at my mother's sometimes, and if anybody bangs the door even, she'll hop up and holler: 'Ouch!'"

"She took laughing-gas or something once to have her teeth taken out, and it injured her nerves," remarked Max Morton, who was the doctor's son.

"Miss Snip'd have a cotton-flannel fit if she'd open the door some evening and

see this awful 'jack' glaring and grinning at her," said Tommy.

"Say," said Billy Ball, suddenly, "I know of a better way. It isn't much fun to scare a—sick person, and Miss Snip is kind of sick, isn't she, Max? But we might give her a wee bit of a scare—a nice kind, you know. S'pose we take a pumpkin, a whole one, and set it on her doorstep this evening; then knock and run. I'll furnish the pumpkin; I know my father will let me have one. I think Miss Snip would like one, anyhow, for I heard her say that she hadn't much of a garden this year, because the neighbors' hens got in and scratched up things."

This was certainly a novel plan. The boys viewed it with approval. Of course, Miss Snip might be a little bit scared at hearing a sudden knock and seeing a big pumpkin; but as Tommy Bangs remarked, "It wouldn't be enough to hurt her teeth any more!"

Two days after this the boys were going down the road, Miss Snip opened the door of her little brown cottage and waved her apron at them.

"Come here!" she called out, shrilly.

The boys obeyed, looking a little sheepish. Was she going to scold them for leaving that pumpkin? Not a bit of it.

Miss Snip led them into her tiny dining-room, and there, upon the table, were two big pumpkin pies. And such pies! All golden brown and shining, with custardy flakes in them; pies that were odorous with toothsome delights and fragrant spices.

"There!" said Miss Snip smiling. "Take those pies, and some knives and help yourselves. Go and sit on the steps, though, so as not to mess in here—I just swept up. Cut big pieces, boys. Don't be afraid. I've got three more pies in the pantry. Somebody"—here Miss Snip's eyes twinkled—"somebody left a real nice pumpkin on my front steps night before last. Do you know who it was?"

The boys did not answer. How could they, with their mouths so full of those delicious golden-brown wedges?

Truthful and honest children make truthful and honest men and women. Character is shown in little things. Clean face and hands, neat dress, and pleasant manners go a great way. As the character of the tree can be told by the nature of the seed, each producing after its kind, so we can tell what the man or woman will be from the character of the boy and girl. "Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right."

One day Jessie was sitting in her grandpa's lap, and while sitting there, noticed that his head was bald on top. She said: "Oh, Raupa, your head is peeking froo!"