

ANOTHER YEAR.

ANOTHER year
Has passed away.
Have I been learning,
Day by day,
To be more gentle
And more mild?
More like the holy
Jesus child?
Lord, help me ever
More to be
More like my Saviour,
More like thee.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, JANUARY 9, 1897.

ILL WORDS FLY FAR.

A MINISTER who lived more than three hundred years ago was anxious to show a lady in his congregation the evil of slandering others. So he asked her to do a very strange thing—to go to the market, buy a chicken just killed and still covered with feathers, and walk a certain distance, plucking the bird as she went.

The lady did as she was directed, and returned, anxious to know the meaning of the injunction.

"Retrace your steps," said the minister, "and gather up, one by one, all the feathers you have scattered."

"I cast the feathers carelessly away," said the woman, "and the wind carried them in all directions."

"Well, my daughter," he replied, "so it is with your words of slander; like the feathers which the wind has scattered they have been wafted in many directions. Call them back now if you can. Go, sin no more."

WHEN a man begins by confessing other people's faults he usually winds up by acknowledging his own goodness.

THE NAUGHTY FINGERS.

"MAMMA," said Bessie, as she was undressing for bed, "this finger and this thumb have been naughty to-day."

"Why, what did they do?" asked her mamma.

"They took some raisins from the closet this morning," replied Bessie, hanging down her head.

"Did anybody tell them to do it?"

Bessie turned away, as she softly answered: "I did not hear any one tell them."

"Did they eat the raisins?"

"No; they put them in my mouth."

"But you were to blame for taking them. Your fingers had no right to them, you know," said her mamma. "Now what shall I do to punish this little hand?"

"It was only one finger and my thumb, mamma," Bessie said, beginning to cry.

"They are two little thieves, then. They cannot be trusted, so we must shut them up," said her mother.

Bessie looked very sorry, while her mamma found some black cloth, and wound it round the finger, then the thumb. Her hand felt very clumsy, but she went to bed and got up in the morning with the finger and thumb still tied up.

"Shall I take this ugly black cloth off now?" Bessie asked, on going to be washed.

"Oh no!" the mother said. "We have no proof yet that they are sorry. So it would not be safe to trust them: they might go right away into the closet again."

"I think that they are sorry," said Bessie.

"But they have not said so," replied her mother.

So Bessie went down to breakfast with the ugly black rags on. She could not eat very much, because her papa looked so queer every time that she used her spoon. Soon after breakfast she ran to her mamma with tears running down her cheeks. "Mamma," she sobbed, "I made my fingers naughty. I'm so sorry! Please forgive me."

And now the black cloth was taken off, and the fingers kissed; and Bessie ran away very happy.

WHO STOPPED THE TRAIN?

"TING-A-LING-A-LING." The rope attached to the bell moved through the long train of cars. The engineer turned off the steam, the brakes were put on, the train moved slower and slower and then stopped.

Some of the ladies were frightened. They wondered why the train had stopped away out there on the prairie. The gentlemen put down their newspapers and looked out of the windows, and then went to the door to see what it meant. But there was nothing on the track. The train seemed to be all right.

The young brakeman ran down the

track for a good distance, but the track was all in good order. Then one of them went into the baggage car, and then he found out why the train had stopped.

There was a monkey in the baggage car. He had come from India in a ship, and was on his way to California to a gentleman who had bought him. In his old home in the forests of India he used to twine his tail around the limb of a tree and rock and swing. He sat on a trunk in the baggage car and thought what a stupid place America was. He wished he had a tree to swing on. Pretty soon he saw the bell-rope, and he jumped up, twined his tail around it and swung back and forth; and that was what made the bell ring and stopped the train.

When the brakeman came into the car, the monkey was just getting up for a second swing. The brakeman laughed; but he did not scold the funny little bell-ringer. He only shortened his rope, so that the monkey could not go very far from the trunk.

JESUS IN THE HOME.

A LITTLE girl went on an errand to an elegant house. The lady was proud of her home, and she showed Jenny the carpets, pictures, ornaments, and flowers, and asked: "Don't you think these things are lovely?"

"They are pretty," said Jennie. "What a beautiful home for Jesus to visit! Does he ever come here?"

"Why, no," said the lady.

"Don't you ever ask him?" asked Jennie. "We have only a room and a bedroom, and we have no carpets or pretty things, but Jesus comes and makes us very happy."

The lady told her husband what Jenny had said, and he replied: "I have often thought that we ought to thank God for his goodness, and ask him to come and live with us."

They became Christians, and Jesus came to live with them, and made them happy. Jesus blesses every home to which he comes.

THE FIRST WRONG BUTTON.

"DEAR ME!" said little Janet; "I buttoned just one button wrong, and that makes all the rest go wrong." And she tugged and fretted as if the poor buttons were at fault.

"Patience, patience, my dear," said her mamma. "The next time look out for the first wrong button; then you'll keep all the rest right. And," she added, "look out for the first wrong deed of any kind. Another is sure to follow."

Janet remembered how, one day not long ago, she struck Baby Alice. That was the first wrong deed. Then she denied having done it. That was another. Then she was unhappy and cross all day because she had told a lie. What a long list of buttons fastened wrong just because the first one was wrong!