

ISTERS.

little brothers,
gruff;
little sisters;
and enough.
look down on their

Try and Will are sweeter than roses
In June, and as blithe as the bee,
Sha'n't and Won't are backward and
stupid—
Little, indeed, can they know;
Try and Will learn something new daily,
And seldom are heedless or slow.
Sha'n't and Won't love nothing—no, no-
thing—
So much as to have their own way;
Try and Will give up to their elders,
And seek to please others at play

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, JANUARY 5, 1889.

DID JESUS SING?

At a gathering of children on Christmas Day, a gentleman present related a very interesting incident. A little girl, about three years of age, was very anxious to know why Christmas greens were so much used, and what they were intended to signify. So Mr. L. told the story of the Babe of Bethlehem—of the child whose name was Jesus. The little questioner was just beginning to give voice to the music that was in her heart, and after Mr. L. had concluded the narrative, she looked up in his face and asked, "Did Christ sing?"

Who had ever thought of that? If you will look at Matthew, twenty-sixth chapter and thirtieth verse, you will find proof that Jesus sung with his disciples. Is not that encouragement for us to sing, not with the understanding only, but, as the apostle tells

the Ephesians, "in psalms and spiritual songs," to sing and make melody in our hearts to the Lord?

THE SNOW-MAN.

ELLA has been very busy for some days in building her snow-man. It has been no easy work either, for she has had to bring much of her snow from quite a distance on her sled; but all work into which we put our heart and in which we take real interest, becomes easy and real pleasure to us. When the tall body of her man is finished, then she will model the head and her work will be done. How she will enjoy it, and what troops of young friends she will take out to see it. I sometimes wonder if Ella is as industrious and fond of work when she is in the house at home as she seems to be when out of it? There are many ways in which even a little girl can make herself useful and lighten her mother's cares; and when this is done in a gentle and willing spirit, there is much pleasure to be found in the doing. Let the little Ellas who read this think over the matter, and spare some of their efforts for indoors as well as outdoors.

A LITTLE GENTLEMAN.

THE very first snow of the season had come—just enough to slide on without going in over your boots.

It was a sunny November day, and Ted and Mamie were out on the terrace all ready for fun.

Mamie wore her blue hood and red mittens. Her eyes matched the hood, and her cheeks matched the mittens. She wanted the first slide down the terrace.

"Oh, please let me, Teddy!" she begged, in a happy flutter.

"No," said Ted; "I'm going to slide first, 'cause I'm the oldest. 'Sides, it's my sled."

"Then you're a mean boy," said Mamie.

"Say much and I'll slide all the time," answered Ted, coolly.

Wasn't it a pity that a quarrel should cloud the beautiful bright day? Mamma thought so. She had opened the window to get a handful of fresh snow, and she heard it all.

"Ted! Mamie!" she called, "I'm going to give Tony and Cleo a bath. Don't you want to see?"

They came, hanging back a little.

"Oh yes!" cried Mamie.

It was yet one of her delights to watch the new canaries bathe.

Ted didn't say anything—he didn't care much about such fun himself—but he looked on while mamma took off the cage-bottom and set the cage over a glass dish full of water on the oilcloth mat.

Tony hopped to the lowest perch with an eager flutter and dipped his yellow bill in the water. Then all at once he seemed to remember something. He looked up at Cleo.

"Chip! chip! chip!" said he.

Cleo understood. "Che-up!" she answered, softly.

Then down she came, and into the water she went, while Tony stood by and sang as if he meant to burst his little throat.

When Cleo had finished her bath he took his, scattering the water-drops like rain.

Mamma looked at Teddy. "What do you think of it?" she asked with a twinkle.

"I think Tony's a little gentleman," answered Ted, promptly. "And I'm going to be one, too.—You can slide first, Mamie."

"No, you can," said Mamie.

It was to see who shouldn't be first, this time! But Teddy conquered.—*Youth's Companion.*

KILLING THE DRAGON.

A LITTLE boy about four years old was much impressed by the story of "St. George and the Dragon," which his mother had been reading to him and his sister; and the next day he said to his father, "Father, I want to be a saint."

"Very well, John," said his father; "you may be a saint, if you choose, but you will find it very hard work."

"I don't mind," replied John. "I want to be a saint and fight a dragon. I am sure I could kill one!"

"So you shall, my boy."

"But when can I be one?" persisted the child.

"You can begin to-day, if you will," said his father.

"But where is the dragon?"

"I will tell you when he comes out."

So the boy ran off contentedly to play with his sister.

In the course of the day some presents came for the two children. John's was a book, and his sister Catharine's a beautiful doll. Now, John was too young to care for a book, but he dearly loved dolls; and when he found that his sister had what he considered a much nicer present than his own, he threw himself on the floor in a passion of tears. His father, who happened to be there, quietly said: "Now, John, the dragon is out."

The child stopped crying, and looked quickly around the room, and then up at his father's face, but said nothing. That evening, however, when he bade his father "good-night," he whispered: "Papa, I'm very glad Catharine has the doll. I'll kill the dragon!"—*Michigan Churchman.*