

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

God rest ye, all good people,
That hearken to our lay,
And hear the word
That Christ our Lord
Was born upon that day.

We lift our voices gladly,
And gladly do we sing
Of that same night
That showed the light
The promise he did bring,—

When angels sang to shepherds,
That kept their flocks that day,
And bade them seek
Where, mild and meek,
The infant Jesus lay.

So when our life grows older,
And brings its winter's night,
May angels sing
And to us bring
Our Lord, his truth and light.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 21, 1889.

CHRISTMAS.

CHRISTMAS is the children's festival. For them the story of Bethlehem has a wondrous charm. The season glorifies childhood, and its ministries are designed to bring brightness into their lives. How early they are awake and watching that morning! The thought returns that no address to our readers on the eve of Christmas ought to close without a word to the children. A merry Christmas to you! Something of what we would like to say you have in the following lines:

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

"And all the angels in heaven shall sing
On Christmas day, on Christmas day!
And all the angels in heaven shall sing
On Christmas day in the morning!"

When Christmas morning comes, they say,
The whole world knows it's Christmas day.
The very cattle in the stalls
Kneel when the blessed midnight falls,
And all the night the heavens shine
With a lustre of a light divine.
Long ere the dawn the children leap
With "Merry Christmas!" in their sleep;
And dream about the Christmas-tree,
Or rise, their stockings filled to see.
Swift come the hours of joy and cheer,
Of loving friend and kindred dear;
Of gifts and bounties in the air,
Sped by the "Merry Christmas!" prayer.
While through it all, so sweet and strong,
Is heard the holy angels' song:
"Glory be to God above!
On earth be peace and helpful love!"
And on the streets, our hearts within,
The Christmas carollings begin.

PETER PUT-OFF.

I KNOW a little boy whose real name we will say is Peter Parsons, but the boys call him Peter Put-off, because he has such a way of putting off both business and pleasure.

He can learn his lessons well, but he is almost always at the bottom of his class, because he has put off learning his task from one hour to another until it is too late. He can walk or run as fast as any boy in town, but if he is sent on an errand the errand never gets done in season, because he puts off starting from one moment to another; and for the same reason he is almost always late at school, because he never can be made to see that it is drawing near nine o'clock.

If letters are given him to post they never get in in time for the mail; and if he is to go away by the boat or train, the whole family has to exert itself to hurry Peter out of the house, lest he defer starting till the hour be past.

He delays in his play, as in his work. He puts off reading the library book until it is time to send it back; he waits to join the game until it is too late; and generally comes up a little behind-hand for everything from Monday morning until Saturday night, and then begins the week by being too late for church and Sunday-school. Peter is quite conscious of his own fault, and means to reform some time, but he puts off the date of the reformation so constantly that manhood and old age will probably overtake this boy, and find him still only worthy of the name of Peter Put-off.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

BY NORA PERRY.

WHAT'S this hurry, what's this flurry,
All throughout the house to-day?
Everywhere a merry scurry,
Everywhere a sound of play.
Something, too, 's the matter, matter,
Out of doors as well as in,
For the bell goes clatter, clatter,
Every minute—such a din!

Everybody winking, blinking,
In a queer, mysterious way;
What on earth can they be thinking?
What on earth can be to pay?
Bobby peeping o'er the stairway,
Bursts into a little shout:
Kitty, too, is in a fair way,
Where she hides, to giggle out.

As the bell goes cling-a-ling-ing,
Every minute more and more,
And swift feet go springing, springing,
Through the hallway to the door,
Where a glimpse of box and packet,
And a little rustle, rustle,
Makes such a sight and sound and racket,
Such a jolly bustle, bustle,—
That the youngsters in their places,
Hiding slyly out of sight,
All at once show shining faces,
All at once scream with delight.

Go and ask them what's the matter,
What the fun outside and in—
What the meaning of the clatter,
What the bustle and the din.
Hear them, hear them laugh and shout,
All together hear them say,
"Why, what have you been about, then,
Not to know it's Christmas day?"

WHAT WILLIE LEARNED.

WILLIE lived in the city, and though he had many a glass of milk to drink, he had never known nor thought where it came from. All he knew was that the milkman dipped it up out of his deep tin cans, and put it in the pitcher for Bridget.

But this summer he had gone into the country and seen many new and strange things. The most curious was to see a farmer's wife milking. Morning and evening he would go with Ponto to see the cows give their rich, white milk. It was curious to see the white stream flow down into big pails, while the patient cow would stand her cud and stand so still until the milk was over. He and Ponto both liked to drink it while it was warm and sweet.

Farmer Day had many such good cows, and Willie had both milk and milkmaid, and his heart's content.