

Happy Days

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OUR LITTLE PHEBE.

OUR little Phebe is a bright, roly-poly, rosy-cheeked girl of seven. She comes to our temperance meeting as regularly as Monday evening comes, and always strips in alone. She does not live very far away and is "not a mite afraid," she says. As soon as a hymn is given out she is all ready for the singing and oh! you should see her sing; yes, see her, for Phebe can be seen as well as heard. She throws her little head back, opens her mouth very wide, and pours out the sound. She seems to sing all over, head, hands and feet as well as voice. You never saw such a singer, I am sure. But we love to hear her. She sings in tune and time, and it is a wonder how she learns the words and catches the tunes so quickly, for she has no book to sing from. I think her mother must teach her at home.

But Phebe sometimes laughs and talks in the meeting, and this is not right. Her little head seems hung



THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

it around as you do a doll's head. For a few moments it keeps its place, and then round it swings again. But Phebe is good-natured. She does not pout or scowl, and at the close of the meeting she always comes for a kiss, and says "Good evening" before she goes home.

Upon the whole she is a nice little girl. We only wish she was a little more steady but we hope she will grow up a good, steady woman. If she gives her heart to Jesus, she will. She is going to be "a right-up-and-down teetotal temperance woman," she says.

Her father, who has gone to heaven, was a good man. Phebe says she is "going to be like father."

As the rays come from the sun, and yet are not the sun, even so our love and pity, though they are not God, but merely a poor, weak image and reflection of him, yet from him alone they come. If there is mercy in our hearts,

what is said, she diverts the attention of it comes from the fountain of mercy. If the other children. Sometimes we have to there is the light of love in us, it is a ray go to her, take hold of her head, and turn from the full sun of love,