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Happy Days

VOLUME IV.]

TORONTO, DECEMBER 21, 1889

[No. 26.]

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,

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 the 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.

A CHRISTMAS STUDY IN STOCKINGS.

THERE was a little daughter once
Whose feet were—oh, so small!
That when the Christmas eve came 'round
They wouldn't do at all.
At least she said they wouldn't do,
And so she tried another's,
And folding her wee stocking up,
She slyly took her mother's.

"I'll pin this big one here," she said—
Then sat before the fire,
Watching the supple, dancing flames,
And shadows dancing by her,
Till silently she drifted off
To that queer land, you know,
Of "Nowhere in particular,"
Where sleepy children go.

She never knew the tumult rare
That came upon the roof!
She never heard the patter
Of a single reindeer hoof!
She never knew how Someone came
And looked his shrewd surprise
At the wee foot and the stocking—
So different in size!

She only knew, when morning dawned,
That she was safe in bed.
"It's Christmas! Ho!" and merrily
She raised her pretty head;
Then, wild with glee, she saw what dear
Old "Santa Claus" had done,
And ran to tell the joyful news
To each and every one.

"Mamma! Papa! Please come and look!
A lovely doll and all!"
And, "See how full the stocking is!
Mine would have been too small.
I borrowed this for Santa Claus.
It isn't fair, you know,
To make him wait forever
For a little girl to grow."

—St. Nicholas.

FIDO'S AND KITTY'S CHRISTMAS.

"MAMMA," said Benjie, "won't you please
give me some money to get a Kismas p'esent
for Fido? I want to buy a silver collar."
Mamma thought a minute, and then said:
"Silver collars cost a great deal; and be-
sides, are apt to be stolen; but Fido may
have a new one, of bright scarlet morocco,
with your name on it, and a little bell. Will
that do?"

"Yes'm; that will be nice." And Benjie
held up his rosy lips for a kiss, as sure of
having the new collar for his pet as if it were
already bought, for he knew mamme's prom-
ises were always kept.

Sure enough, on Christmas morning, the
first thing Benjie drew out of his plump
stocking was a scarlet collar, with a tiny
bell.

There was a blue ribbon, too, for Kitty
Clover, and very happy was Benjie, when
he sat on the rug, watching his pets, with
their new ornaments, eating their Christmas
breakfast, as mamma called it.

Kitty Clover and Fido were good friends,
and would eat from the same plate, and sleep
on the same mat.

"I am glad my little boy thought of his
pets, and tried to make them happy at
Christmas," said mamma; "but, darling, you
might do for them what they would like still
better."

Besides their usual saucer of bread and
milk, they had chicken-bones and bits of
tongue this morning, and greatly enjoyed
their meal.

"What, mamma?" asked Benjie, quite
surprised.

"You love them, I know, and usually
you are kind to them," said mamma; "but
sometimes you forget to feed them, and
sometimes you tease them.

"They don't like to draw your cart, or
dance on their hind feet, but you try to
make them do these things. And some-
times you pull them about or wake them
up. If you will, for all the New Year, treat
them as kindly as you would want to be
treated if you were a kitten or a little dog,
it will be worth more to them than any
present or nice Christmas breakfast."

Benjie thought it over.

"I'll try, mamma," he said, and he kept
his word.

By the time the next Christmas came
round, Kitty Clover and Fido loved him very
dearly, and never ran away to hide under
the sofa, or behind the door.—*Youth's Com-
panion.*

**SOME RULES FOR A HAPPY
CHRISTMAS.**

1. DON'T think too much about being
happy yourself, but try to make others
happy.
2. Think about God's great Christmas
present to the world, and thank him for it.
3. Think about the love that comes with
each one of your presents, whether they are
great or small.
4. Don't be afraid to let others know how
much you love them.
5. Make sunshine in your hearts all day
long.

I think then you will have what I hope
for every one of our little ones—

A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS.

THE GOOD TIME COMING.

OF all the merry days of old
The best is Christmas, all the rest
But ushers to this royal guest.
The children, blithe and gay that night,
Hang up their stockings by the bed,
For Santa Claus will surely light
Upon the roof o'erhead,
And stealing in the chamber, share
His gifts among the sleepers there.
Be merrier, merrier, young and old,
Let nothing cloud this happy day,
Chime bells, as they were never tolled,
And golden moments stay!

A BOY'S EXPERIMENT.

SOMEONE says: "I know a boy who
created a sensation by breaking in upon the
gravity of his guests in this wise. Enter-
ing the room, he commenced: 'The class
in Natural History are invited to witness a
living curiosity. Even the learned Agassiz
has never explained the reason why, if you
take a guinea pig up by the tail, his eyes
will drop out. Please walk out into the
kitchen, and look at Cavy.' They all rush
out, and behold the little fellow with black
and orange spots, in the kitchen, as announc-
ed. 'Let us see his eyes drop out now,' says
Tommy. 'Lift him up by his tail and see,'
says the young showman. But Tommy
makes but indifferent progress, for lo! a
guinea pig is found to have no tail!"

MAKING BELIEVE.

"MABEL, what was that I heard you say
to Paul about a big bear in the closet?"

"Oh, mamma!" answered Mabel, hang-
ing her head, "I was only making believe.
I didn't really mean there was any bear
there."

"Can my little daughter tell me the
difference between 'making believe,' as she
calls it, and telling a falsehood?"

Mabel's head hung still lower, and her
cheeks flushed. "Why—why—mamma,
lying is real mean and wicked, but 'making
believe' is only in fun, you know. You
don't mean harm by it."

"But you meant Paul to believe it?"

"Yes, ma'am—just for a minute."

"And you knew it would frighten him;
and fright to a baby—even for a minute—
may mean a great deal of harm. Besides,
how will your little brother know when to
trust and believe you?"

"I'll never 'make believe' again, mamma.
I see that it is as mean as lying."—*Our
Children.*

If we want to be happy we must always
try to do what is right.



CHRISTMAS MORNING.

"MARY CHRISTMAS."

BY MRS. GEO. ARCHIBALD.

BESSIE GRAY was four years old,—
Mamma's black-eyed, only daughter;
Cunning ways and odd conceits
Bessie's four short years had brought her.

Loving faith in Santa Claus,
Childish tale and song had taught her,
And on Christmas morn she rose,
Sure the saint some joy had wrought her.

Smiling at her stockingful,
Papa found her when he sought her,
"Merry Christmas, Bessie Gray!"
And he kissed her as he caught her.

"Mamma," said the happy child,
When the day to night had brought her,
"Mary Christmas surely is
Santa Claus's lovely daughter!"

THE CHRISTIAN BOY.

IF a boy is a lover of the Lord Jesus Christ, though he cannot lead a prayer-meeting, or be a church officer or a preacher, he can be a godly boy, in a boy's way and in a boy's place. He ought not to be too solemn or too quiet for a boy. He need not cease to be a boy because he is a Christian. He ought to run, jump, play, climb, and talk like a real boy. But in it all he ought to show the spirit of Christ. He ought to be free from vulgarity and profanity. He ought to avoid tobacco in every form and have a horror of intoxicating drinks. He ought to be peaceful, gentle, merciful, generous. He ought to take the part of small

boys against large boys. He ought to discourage fighting. He ought to refuse to be a party to mischief, to persecution, to deceit. And above all things, he ought now and then to show his colours. He need not be always interrupting a game to say that he is a Christian, but ought not to be ashamed to say that he refuses to do something because it is wrong and wicked, or because he fears God, or is a Christian. He ought to take no part in the ridicule of sacred things, but meet the ridicule of others with a bold statement that for the things of God he feels the deepest reverence. Such a boy's religion will be marked by growth and continued usefulness

LITTLE RED MEN AND WOMEN.

BESS and Sue love to play "Out West." Bess gets on a horse and plays she is her soldier papa, and Sue puts on the cribble-ket and plays that she is a squaw bringing her pappoose to the white soldier doctor.

Perhaps they and some other little people would like to know how the real little Indians "Out West" live.

Most of an Indian baby's first year is spent strapped up in a tight little cradle, such as you have seen in pictures. When those little feet get out of the cradle they will soon learn to run about. Then the little red man will mount on a cornstalk and take just such rides as you take on a cane or a broom. He would say that his horse is much better, because it makes such a dust.

As soon as the little red woman is out of

her cradle she begins to carry a doll or a puppy on her back, just as mamma used to carry herself. She makes cunning little wigwams and plays "keep house" while her little brother plays at hunting and fishing.

But the little red men and women do not play all the time. They learn to help their mothers, and a good Indian mother takes great pains to teach her children to be polite. She teaches them that they must never ask a person his name, that they must never pass between an older person and the fire, and they must never speak to older people while they are talking. When a little red man forgets these very good rules and is rude, what do you suppose his mother says to him? I am sure you can never guess. She says, "Why, you act like a white child!"

Can it be that these little red men can teach us lessons in politeness?

BEAUTY THAT ENDURES.

"MAMMA," said Nelly Brown to her mother one day, "do you think I am really beautiful?" Mrs. Wilson said to her the next morning: "Nelly, you are very handsome and you will by-and-by be a very beautiful woman." Do you think so too, mamma?

Mrs. Brown gazed at her daughter in silence a few moments, as if at a loss for an answer to Nelly's question. She knew that Nelly was indeed beautiful. Yet she regretted that Mrs. Wilson had praised her beauty so unsparingly, because she felt that such praise tended to feed vanity in her daughter's heart. At last she replied: "My child, God has given you a beautiful face and you no doubt found its praise by Mrs. Wilson was like a sweet morsel under your tongue; but let me repeat to you the words of a thoughtful old writer, who said: 'The amber attracts straw so does beauty, admiration, which only lasts while the war lasts; but virtue, wisdom, goodness, worth, like the loadstone, never lose their power.' These are true graces. You know that beauty may be defaced by disease; beauty of the soul outlasts the life of the body and commands lasting admiration. Therefore, Nelly, be grateful to God; he has given you a lovely face, but don't forget to ask him to adorn your soul with a beauty like his own."

Nelly made no response, but looked heavenward and said in her heart: "Blessed Lord, give me a beautiful soul!"
Our Youth.