

long be spared to enjoy. While the vast increase of her responsibility and the marvellous events of her reign will be referred to in speech and song, all civilized peoples will join in our grateful enthusiasm as we thank the great King of kings for our manifold national mercies, and unite more cheerily than ever in the old anthem:

"God save our gracious Queen,  
Long live our noble Queen;  
God save the Queen!  
Send her victorious,  
Happy and glorious,  
Long to reign over us,  
God save the Queen!"

#### OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

	Yearly	Sub'n
Christian Guardian, weekly	\$1 00	
Methodist Magazine and Review, 96 pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00	
Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review	2 75	
Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward together	3 25	
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 00	
Sunday-school Banner, 65 pp., 8vo., monthly	0 00	
Onward, 8 pp., 16o., weekly, under 5 copies	0 00	
5 copies and over	0 50	
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 16o., weekly, single copies	0 20	
Less than 20 copies	0 25	
Over 20 copies	0 24	
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15	
10 copies and upwards	0 12	
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15	
10 copies and upwards	0 12	
Dew Drops, weekly (2 cents per quarter)	0 07	
Berean Senior Quarterly (quarterly)	0 20	
Berean Leaf, monthly	0 05	
Berean Intermediate Quarterly (quarterly)	0 05	
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24 cents a dozen; \$2 per 100. Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen; 50 cents per 100.		

THE ABOVE PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE.

Address—WILLIAM BRIGGS,  
Methodist Book and Publishing House,  
39 to 53 Richmond St. West, and 30 to 36 Temperance St.,  
Toronto.

C. W. COATES, S. F. HURSTIE,  
2176 St. Catherine Street, Wesleyan Book Room,  
Montreal, Que. Halifax, N.S.

## Happy Days.

TORONTO, MAY 13, 1899.

### THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

On the 7th of March, 1863, the Princess landed at Gravesend, with her parents, then Prince and Princess Christian of Denmark—for the King was still alive, and paid for the *trousseau* of the youthful Alexandra, her father being too poor.

She was received at Windsor Castle by the then recently-widowed Queen; and on the subsequent Tuesday—the 10th of March—she was married to her illustrious bridegroom, in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. She was surrounded by her family—her father and mother, her sister Thyra, and her little brother Waldemar.

Tennyson greeted her as "The Sea King's Daughter, from over the Sea!" Her ancestors were called "Vikings;" and all the northern mythology was invoked to find parallels for her blushing charms, for her grace and dignity, and for an attraction she has never lost—thorough unconsciousness of self.

An English paper says of this quietly-reared royal girl of Denmark: "The English

people know little more of her than the unconscious goodness and sweetness of her disposition; her unostentatious virtues as a wife, a daughter, a sister, a mother; and the womanly charm of her presence felt as a blessing wherever she goes—worshipped, as true womanhood should be, with the silent homage of the heart. Of her personal sentiments—of any special accomplishments of learning or taste—no public testimony has been given or required. The Princess of Wales is a true lady, and we all believe her to be good—that is enough for us all."

From that time to this she has indeed been one of the most universally beloved and admired princesses in the world; and has, by her admirable prudence, ensured for the Prince of Wales a place in the estimation of all England, which, with a different wife, he might have lost.

After twenty-six years of married life, she is the favourite of London society. She is in the highest degree lady-like and gracious. No one ever speaks ill of her. In manner she is still as sweet and as simple as she was when she arrived in England, although she holds, perhaps, the most enviable place in all the world, as the most powerful and gracious wife of the future sovereign, as the person to whom all hats are taken off, as the most admired, courted, noble lady in the land; for she is after the Queen, the most potent personage in England.

She and her sister—the ex-Empress of Russia—often meet at Copenhagen, and both shake hands with the old coachman, who drove their carriage when they were girls. This always excites enthusiasm in Copenhagen. In their benefactions they do not forget the plain, private school, in which they first learned their "A, B, abs" and multiplication table. They are very dear and kind sisters to each other, and truly benevolent.

It is said that Queen Victoria found her royal girl of Denmark at first wanting in those hereditary ideas of grandeur which should mark "royal blood." She reminded her more than once that she must not help herself; must not put on an apron "to save her gown;" that she thought "Albert Edward would be able to buy her a new one when that was worn out." So the Queen told her to read Andersen's fairy story of the "Real Princess, who felt the Pea through Seven Feather Beds." She told her the story of the Empress Eugenie, who, having not been born a queen, effused and froze at the wrong moments; too dignified one minute—too free another. She thought her daughter-in-law confessed to a plebeian education when she essayed to open the piano for herself, as she was about to play at a private drawing-room at Buckingham Palace. No princess, since the days of Berengaria, had ever opened her own piano, and evidently she had no piano to open!

The Princess is said to have on this occasion vindicated her title to being the daughter of a Viking; and sitting down to the instrument, she played so brilliantly that the Queen herself applauded. "Ask

mamma if I play too well for a princess," she whispered to the Prince. But the Queen could not but see that this daughter-in-law, so plainly and so unpretendingly brought up, was a real queen at heart.

For ten years she went on, gaining every day in public favour, the best of wives to a gay young Prince; the happy mother of many children; and then the fabric of her love and greatness seemed to totter to its base. The Prince, her husband-lover—as dear to her as at first—fell ill of a fever at Sandringham, and lay trembling between life and death for weeks. There was sympathy for the Queen, sympathy for the Princess, sympathy for England, expressed all over the world. There was such danger for England—should he die—in a long regency. Both England and France had felt that before. The hideous spectre of Communism rose on the horizon. There had been angry meetings in Hyde Park. The recent explosion in Paris of the mobocracy frightened well-behaving as well as ill-behaving Englishmen.

The young wife watched by her husband's bedside, a perfect angel of tenderness and love. Every one rejoiced when the tide turned in his favour; and prayers went up from Bombay to San Francisco, that Albert Edward might be spared. And the Danish Princess—what did she do? When the fever left him, and the physician said "Hope!" she took one of her little girls by the hand, and walked through the fields to the parish church near Sandringham, and there—attended by only one lady—she knelt, and, with grateful tears, gave thanks that her husband was spared to her—as any young wife would have done. No procession of lackeys, no outriders, no carriages, no grand going in "State" to thank the King of kings that he had spared England's king. No! the clergyman of the parish did not know she was in church until he looked up from the reading-desk and saw her "devoutly kneeling."

### QUEEN VICTORIA'S VISIT.

When Queen Victoria was at Balmoral, she went one day, as she often did, unaccompanied, to visit the cottages. In one of these she found an old man, bed-ridden and quite alone, and she sat down to talk to him.

"And how is it you are alone?" she asked. "Have you no one to keep you company?"

"No," replied the old man, innocently, "my folks be all away seeing the Queen; they thought they might get a glimpse of her."

His visitor made no reply, but she sat with the old man, pleasantly filling the gap made by the absence of his "folks," and then found time to read to him from the Bible she herself treasured. On leaving, so the story runs, she gave a further proof of her sympathy in the shape of a five-pound note, accompanying it with the words: "When your people come back, tell them that while they have been to see the Queen, the Queen has been to see you."