

good. So that even the very poor may now enjoy what, in my boyhood's days, were considered by the rich as luxuries.

Ah! what a to-do there was when George Stephenson set about changing our ways of land travelling. We were all so satisfied with the coach. Nothing could be faster or more comfortable. What a mad-brained fellow Stephenson was to think of doing better than the coach and horses. What disasters, the knowing ones said, would take place when the first railway was made. Boilers would burst, cattle would stray on the lines and upset the train, and, as for the idea of travelling at twenty miles an hour, it was wicked. People must expect to get killed if they rushed along at such a break-neck pace. But now you youngsters coolly step into the modern trains, with the palace cars, so different to the stifling boxes of early times, and are whisked along at sixty or more miles an hour, making a journey in a day which we old boys would not have dreamt of doing in less than ten days.

I wonder whether the horse will one day be thought worthy a cage in our Zoo, as a specimen of one of the animals which used to inhabit England. People used to ride him a good deal. Now the 'cycle takes his place. To-day we make him drag our carriages. By and by, I suppose, he won't be wanted at all, for we shall all travel by motor-car. And then poor old puss will have to find some other food than cat's meat.

How easily we get our light now. We take our box of matches, strike one, and immediately there is light. You would scarcely believe it, but there was not a match in England when I was a boy. When we wanted a light, we took a piece of flint and a steel, and got a spark, like Bert does when he strikes his heel-tip on the kerb. But we took care to have some very dry tinder close by, into which our spark should drop, and then, having caught our spark, we would blow and puff, and puff and blow, till we got a flame. Ah! often I've stood shivering with cold, click, click, clicking, for the spark. What a feeble light our spluttering, guttering tallow candles gave. Every few minutes they needed snuffing, and, sometimes, in snuffing them, out would go the light, because our snuffers had snapped off too much of the wick. And then we would have to go click, clicking again for another spark. At last Sir Humphrey Davey said we could have our streets and houses lighted with gas. Nonsense! How could it be? How could he get the gas to our houses? No; he was a dreamer, surely. But yet we have got the gas in our houses, so bright, with its incandescent mantle, that surely Sir Humphrey Davey would open his eyes in astonishment at its brilliancy. And, better, than that, electricity is here, with its powerful light; and electricity by which we may send messages in a few moments of time to any part of the

world; and by which we may speak to one another, although hundreds of miles apart. What an alteration, too, in farm work! The sickle and scythe are old-fashioned implements of harvest. Now the farmer employs a machine, which cuts the corn at one side and throws it out at the other as a neat, tied-up bundle. And the old flail, shovel and sieve are laid on one side, for machinery now beats out the corn, winnows it, and stacks the straw. All this is the result of intelligence. The harvest is quickly gathered; little is now spoiled; and so there is more and cheaper food for the people. But we old folks sometimes long for the swish of the scythe and the song of the harvest-home. Ah me, for the good old days! But yet it is good to see the free schools and the free libraries, where all may acquire knowledge. What poky little rooms the old dames taught us in; and what a little they taught. What nervous old souls they were. How they cleared the rooms of all needles, and even the fender and fire-irons, when a storm came, and we all huddled together, shivering with fright, terrorized at each crash of thunder. Wonder of wonders was the penny post, when Sir Rowland Hill enabled us to send a letter to any part of the country for a penny. But you youngsters can beat that, for there is your half-penny post. It was said the penny post would never do, for everybody would be wanting to write. Yes, it's true; these fine schools and the intelligent teachers are putting knowledge in every one's way.

And is it not good to learn that pain is lessened nowadays? With chloroform and ether, our surgeons put us to sleep while they cut away or examine our diseases; and our dentists, with their gas, make us unconscious that we are having ever so many of those aching teeth removed. We have police to protect; firemen to save; while out at sea the sailor in peril sends up his rockets, assured that some brave lifeboat-men will bring their unsinkable lifeboats to his rescue. And there are papers and books by the hundreds for us to read; and children's books are cheaper, and ever so much larger, and twenty times more interesting, than when Victoria became Queen. Surely it is good to live to see it. We are all happier and more comfortable for all this intelligence. Let us use our intelligence to make others happier.

Anna Jane has formed the naughty habit of peeping through the keyhole. When some persons are talking in the next room she thinks they are saying something she would like to hear. Then she goes to the door, looks through the keyhole, and then she puts her ear close up and listens. I am sorry Anna Jane has fallen into such a naughty practice.

### WHAT AN ANGEL IS LIKE.

"Mamma, what is an angel like?"  
 Asked the boy in a wondering tone.  
 "How will they look if they come here,  
 Watching me while I'm all alone?"  
 Half with shrinking and fear spoke he;  
 Answered the mother tenderly:

"Prettiest faces ever were known,  
 Kindest voices and sweetest eyes."  
 Robin, waiting for nothing more,  
 Cried, with a look of pleased surprise,  
 Love and trust in his eyes of blue,  
 "I know, mamma, they're just like you."

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## Happy Days.

TORONTO, MAY 23, 1903.

### A NEW HEART.

A little girl's brother teased her so much one day that she said: "O mamma, I do wish that God would take Freddie and make him all over again." God does make people all over again. If you have not even been trying to please him, will you ask him to give you a new heart, and write his commandments on it, so that you shall love to do the things that he says? I should think that every little child would want to love and serve Jesus. He says: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God."

" . . . Jesus came to us to show  
 The way to the pure, sweet life above  
 From our sinful life below.

We must be and do and love like him;  
 Be kind, all evil shun,  
 And he'll bring us all to his heavenly  
 home  
 When our life work is done."