

Happy Days

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HOW LITTLE PRINCESSES DRESS.

I HAVE seen the three daughters of the Prince of Wales with their parents, when, on one occasion, the little one getting sleepy, her mother took her up on her lap, and let her sleep there on her knees the evening. I have seen them riding, driving, fishing, boating, and on all of these occasions, I dare to say, did the wardrobe of either exceed a ten-dollar bill. A simple white muslin frock, decorated by any lace, relieved by any silk slip or expensive sash, formed the costume; the winter and summer dresses are of serge, summer dresses of wash-prints. And all are in the simplest style—no gufferings, no pucker-flouncings, no bias, no knife plaitings. Feathers in the hats, no bows anywhere. Would the "Mrs. Lofties" of this age, these vulgar and senseless creatures who at the present time at the watering places all over the country are making the eyes of their children a means of parading their power to spend money, who are ruining the health of their offspring by inculcating in the impressionable young a mad passion for personal adornment—would these silly and repre-



THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE AGE OF SIX.

hensible mothers, I say, could be here to see the pattern set in this matter by the Princess of Wales. The example is followed, as all examples are when coming from the fountain-heads of social eminence, and the result is seen in the admirable dressing of young English people, universally extolled in every community of taste.

"THE OTHER ALSO."

Two brothers had fallen out, and in the heat of passion the elder struck the younger on the cheek. Brave as steel and quick as lightning, the younger raised his arm to return the blow, but ere it fell he remembered how he had read that morning by his mother's knee these words, "When one smites thee on the one cheek, turn to him the other also." A simple child, who took Christ's words in their ordinary sense, he drops his arm, and turning on his brother eyes where tears of forgiveness had quenched the flash of anger, he offered the other cheek for a second blow. It was the other's turn to weep now. Surprised, subdued, melted, he fell on his brother's neck, and asked forgiveness. And there, locked in fond embrace, the two boys stood, a living proof that our Lord's highest and apparently most impracticable injunctions admit of a more literal obedience than any give them.