

PATIENCE.

Every lily in the meadow
Waits in patience for the rain;
Every daisy in the shadow
Waits till sunshine comes again;
Every birdie in its home-nest
Waits for God, nor waits in vain.

Dearest Saviour, it is written,
"Be ye patient," in thy Word;
Make me patient as a lily,
Or the daisy, or a bird;
Give me, Lord, thy loving Spirit,
Never by a passion stirred.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, MAY 25, 1901.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S DOLLS.

"The Little Princess Victoria and Her Dolls" is the title of an article by Elizabeth Finley, which appears in *St. Nicholas* for April.

In one of the rooms of Hampton Court Palace, says the writer, hangs a portrait of the late Queen of England, painted at the age of four years, when she was the little Princess Victoria. She is represented standing in a park. She is in full out-of-door dress, with a dark cape and large black hat, and wears white wool gaiters. Her head droops shyly, in an attitude of childish timidity, but in the figure of the small princess of four years one may easily trace the resemblance to the Queen of fourscore.

In those early days of her quiet childhood the little Victoria lived in dingy Kensington Palace, which to modern eyes looks more like an almshouse than like a royal residence. She was born on May 24th, 1819, in one of its lofty frescoed rooms; and in another, overlooking a fine stretch of lawn and avenues of elms, she set up,

a few years later, her dolls' house. It has two stories, and the furniture is not in the least royal. In fact, the kitchen is better equipped than the other rooms. A fine supply of pewter plates and cooking utensils is among its treasures. The present caretaker of Kensington Palace shows the visitors a small box where some scraps of time-worn yellowed muslin attest the industry of baby Victoria. There is a deal of laboriously neat stitching on the dolls' house linen and clothes, and there is an apron for the doll cook which is quite a triumph in dressmaking for the chubby fingers of a four-year-old.

Victoria owned a hundred and thirty-two dolls. She must have been a tireless seamstress, for she dressed no fewer than thirty-two with her own hands. But all the art of their royal modiste did not suffice to make Victoria's dolls beautiful. They are, for the most part, little wooden creatures from four to eight inches in height, with sharp, triangular noses and vermilion-touched cheeks. Seven boy-dolls are included in the collection, and a few rag babies with painted muslin faces. Some of the dolls are attired as court ladies with wonderfully ruffled frocks. Others are the owners of minute hemstitched pocket-handkerchiefs, with embroidered initials.

The time came when the little needlewoman put by her needle and her toys, and the princess took up the duties of a queen.

Out of this very Kensington Palace Victoria hastened on the morning of June 20, 1837, to hear the news of her accession.

Half awake and half clad, a gray shawl thrown hastily over her nightdress, her bare feet thrust into slippers, she hurried down the wide staircase to hear the tidings that gave her to her people's service. The dolls' house and the neatly-sewed dolls' garments were put aside for ever, to fade and grow yellow during the more than threescore years of Queen Victoria's reign.

FOR WHAT WERE EYES MADE?

BY DR. J. C. HANAFORD.

"Of course to see with," some child may say. That is true, but there are thousands of children in our large cities, who can seldom, if ever, see but few of the beauties in nature, and all around many of us. They see but little of the beautiful flowers and plants, the luxuriant vines winding around the trees that they may go up higher than the plants around them, though I do not suppose that they are proud of their high position. They can see but little of the glorious scenes in nature all around country children, while it is quite likely that they seldom, if ever, look up into the spacious heavens to see the sparkling stars, looking down upon us so pleasantly, as if inviting us to come up and visit them! The country children, those on the nice farms, see a great deal

to please them, of which those in the cities are deprived,—these evidences that the good Father in heaven provides and cares for his children.

How sad it would be for my little girl friends to be robbed of their sight, to be blind! Not able to see the difference between day and night! How sad to be obliged to seek some one to lead them around at all times, or to grope their way in total darkness, in danger every moment of having some accident befall them! What a blessing to be able to look into the smiling faces of parents, brothers, and sisters, with those of kind friends. What a comfort to be able to read in a beautiful picture book, an interesting piece in a newspaper, or a chapter in the Testament. It seems to have been intended that our eyes and sight should last as long as we have bodies to be guided by them, and to be provided with food by our labours. To guard them from accidents the eyes are placed in deep sockets of bone, and so protected from blows by bony projections, the cheekbones, forehead, nose, etc., that a common blow would rarely injure them. Well oiled in their sockets, they move with great ease from the right to the left, up and down, and around in all possible directions, not always being told what to do, as if sight was a part of themselves! When asleep, they turn up as if to get a drink, to a place where a little rill of tears is constantly flowing, which we may regard as their food.

Some creatures, like the common house-fly, such as are not able to wear glasses when their sight is imperfect, have hundreds and thousands of eyes, some in different parts of the body to give them sight just where they need it, while they could be blind in a great many eyes and still see something. For example, the timid snail has one on the end of what we may call a long finger, which he runs out of his shell, letting that look all about to see if there is any danger, not daring to come out till he sees that all is right. But we would not exchange our good eyes for all of theirs, being thankful to our Father in heaven that he has thus blessed his children.—*Child's Hour*.

TED'S CONSCIENCE.

One day Ted's mother gave him two slices of buttered bread, telling him to give one of them to his little sister. He carried out the order.

That night, when he went to bed, he was evidently disturbed in his mind and remorseful about something, and his mother questioned him in a way to bring out the truth.

"I—I wasn't nice to Peggy about that bread and butter," Ted owned.

"Why?" asked his mother. "Did you take the bigger piece?"

"No," he answered; "her piece was a little bigger than mine was, but mine was a good deal 'butterer.'"—*Child's Hour*.