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HAPPY DAYS

VOL. XIV.

TORONTO, MAY 13, 1899.

No. 10.

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

On May 24 our gracious Sovereign will complete the eightieth year of her age, having been born at Kensington Palace on May 24, 1819. She was left fatherless in less than a year, Prince Edward, Duke of Kent, dying on January 23, 1820. But her illustrious mother, alive to her great responsibility, had the young Princess brought up most carefully, while the nation safeguarded her with many prayers, and looked forward to her future with bounding hope. When her uncle, King William IV., died at the age of seventy-two, and the Archbishop of Canterbury announced to Princess Victoria her accession to the throne, her first words to him were—*"I ask your prayers in my behalf,"* and they knelt together, while the Archbishop pleaded with God to give her "an understanding heart to judge so great a people."

It is a touching and solemn thought, amid the grandeur of the national retrospect, that the Queen has outlived all her early friends and faithful servants. All who officiated at her coronation have passed into the land of shadows. How deeply she was loved is proved by the utterance of O'Connell, when, in the early days of her Majesty's reign, some one talked of deposing "the all but infant Queen" and putting the Duke of Cumberland in her place. "If necessary," said the Irish agitator, "I can get 500,000 brave Irishmen to defend the life, the honour, and the person of the beloved young lady by whom England's throne is now filled."

On February 10, 1840, her Majesty was married to Prince Albert, of the Protestant line of the Princes of Saxony, and the people rejoiced with her in a union of true affection, which gave promise of a pure Court, and a life of domestic bliss. That

early promise was fulfilled, and many years of unbroken felicity followed, closed at length, and shadowed ever since, by the death of the good Prince Consort on December 14, 1861. Since then the Queen has known much sorrow, having lost by death her devoted mother, and two of her best and most cultured children, the Princess Alice, and Prince Leopold, Duke of

country will regard her only with increased affection, from the recollection they will have that during all the time of her care and sorrow, she has devoted herself, without one day's intermission, to those cares of government which belong to her position.

Happily, of late, our beloved Sovereign has been able to appear on some public occasions, to the great joy of her people, and to her own manifest advantage. The writer has seen her Majesty several times on such occasions. Advancing years, as she goes down the century, have frosted her hair, and multiplied sorrows have furrowed her face; but she keeps the promise made in her maidenhood, "I will be good;" the whole-hearted benevolence of her nature shines through her features, she is a model of womanly simplicity in her dress and deportment, while the purity of her home, and her profound interest in the welfare of all classes of her subjects, often most affectingly shown towards the humblest of them, will place her Majesty in the foreground of England's histrionic canvas as a model monarch through all future time. From books written by her own hand, which reveal much of her daily life, especially in the Highlands, it is most satisfactory to learn that our Queen is a true Christian, realizing in her own experience, and not caring to hide it, the Divine comfort which strong faith brings to a heart stricken by sorrow, and yearning for freedom from sin. "A



QUEEN VICTORIA.

Albany, yet while she has lived in comparative retirement, the Duke of Argyll truly affirms "she has omitted no part of that public duty which concerns her as Sovereign of this country; on no occasion during her grief has she struck work, so to speak, in those public duties which belong to her exalted position; and I am sure that when the Queen reappears again on more public occasions, the people of this

loving and personal Saviour" is her trust, her boast and her joy, as he was also the joy and rejoicing of her amiable and gifted Consort, in life and death.

The Queen has lived to see sons and daughters, grandchildren and great-grandchildren, rise up around her, and displaying for her a fondness of affection and a dutiful regard which only real goodness can inspire, and which, we trust, she may

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!"

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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."

MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE.

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY JOHN.

LESSON VIII. [May 21.]

CHRIST BEFORE THE HIGH PRIEST.

John 18. 15-27. Memory verses, 23-25.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He came unto his own, and his own received him not.—John 1. 11.

A LESSON TALK.

Matthew tells the same story of Jesus and the high priest, and so do Luke and Mark. You will read the lesson verses, which will give you John's story. You have not forgotten how bold Peter was before the hour of danger really came. How hard it was for Peter's loving Lord to hear this disciple deny that he had ever known him! But do not blame Peter too much until you are sure that you are always and everywhere true to your Lord and Master. See by Matthew's story how Peter's sin grew and grew by yielding to it (Matt. 26. 69-75). It was very early in the morning of Friday that Jesus stood before the high priest. What a sad night he had passed! Notice the wise, calm words he used in speaking to the high priest. Even when the rude men near by struck him he did not lose his patience. What a lesson is this for quick-tempered boys and girls! Do not forget that Jesus bore all this sorrow and shame for you.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Where was Jesus taken prisoner? In the garden of Gethsemane.

Where did the soldiers take him? To Annas.

Where did he send him? To Caiaphas the high priest.

Who followed Jesus? Peter and John.

How did Peter follow? "Afar off."

Who denied that he was a disciple of Jesus? Peter.

Why did he do this? He was afraid.

What is much worse than to be hurt? To do wrong.

Who asked Jesus about his teachings? The high priest.

How did the men near by treat Jesus? In a shameful way.

How did Jesus behave? With patient dignity.

What happened when Peter denied the third time? The cock crew!

LESSON IX. [May 28.]

CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.

John 18. 28-40. Memory verses, 38-40.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I find no fault in him.—John 19. 4.

A LESSON TALK.

No doubt the Jews who wanted so much to get rid of Jesus were angry because they could not condemn him to death. They were ruled now by the Romans, something as it might be if a foreign nation, as, for instance, Russia or Germany, ruled us and made our laws. They were not allowed to say that any one should die, and that was why Jesus had to be taken to Pilate, the Roman governor. It was still very early in the morning, and Pilate perhaps did not like to be disturbed so early, and called, as he supposed, to settle one of their foolish quarrels about their religion. He wanted them to settle it themselves, but when he found that it was a question of life and death he began to talk with the prisoner to see what the trouble was. Read the talk between Jesus and Pilate carefully, and see how calmly and patiently Jesus spoke. The story of Pilate's wife, and the poor attempt that Pilate made to shove the responsibility off himself, are interesting, and each has its own lesson to teach us.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

To whom was Jesus taken next? To Pilate.

Who was Pilate? The Roman governor. What did the Jews want him to do? To crucify Jesus.

What did they say he had done? Called himself a king.

What did Pilate think? That Jesus did not deserve to die.

What did he want to do? Release Jesus to them.

What was always done at the passover feast? A prisoner was set free.

What did the Jews keep crying? "Crucify him! crucify him!"

Whom did they want set free? Barabbas.

Who was Barabbas? A very wicked man.

What did Pilate at last do? He let them have their way.

For whose sakes did Jesus die? For all our sakes.

"MY DARLING."

In bright letters these words stood out in bold relief on the dashboard of a huge four-horse truck in a street blockade. The driver looked as unsentimental as possible, but he was not profane or brutal to his horses. Patiently he waited the loosening of the jam, and finding his horses restive, he climbed from his box and soothed them with gentle words and caresses. A newspaper man standing by, asked him why he called his truck "My Darling." This was his reply:

"Well," he said, "because it keeps me in memory of my daughter, little Nelly. She's dead now, but before she died she put her arms about my neck and said:

"Father, I'm going to die and I want you to promise me one thing, because it will make me so happy. Will you promise?"

"Yes," I said, "I'll promise anything. What is it?"

"Then fixing her eyes upon mine, she said,

"O father, don't be angry, but promise me you will never swear any more, nor whip your horses hard, and that you will be kind to mother."

"That's all there is about it, mister. I promised my little girl, and I've kept my word."

When the blockade was lifted the big truckman resumed his seat and was soon lost in the tide of travel.

THE TEACHER'S MICROSCOPE.

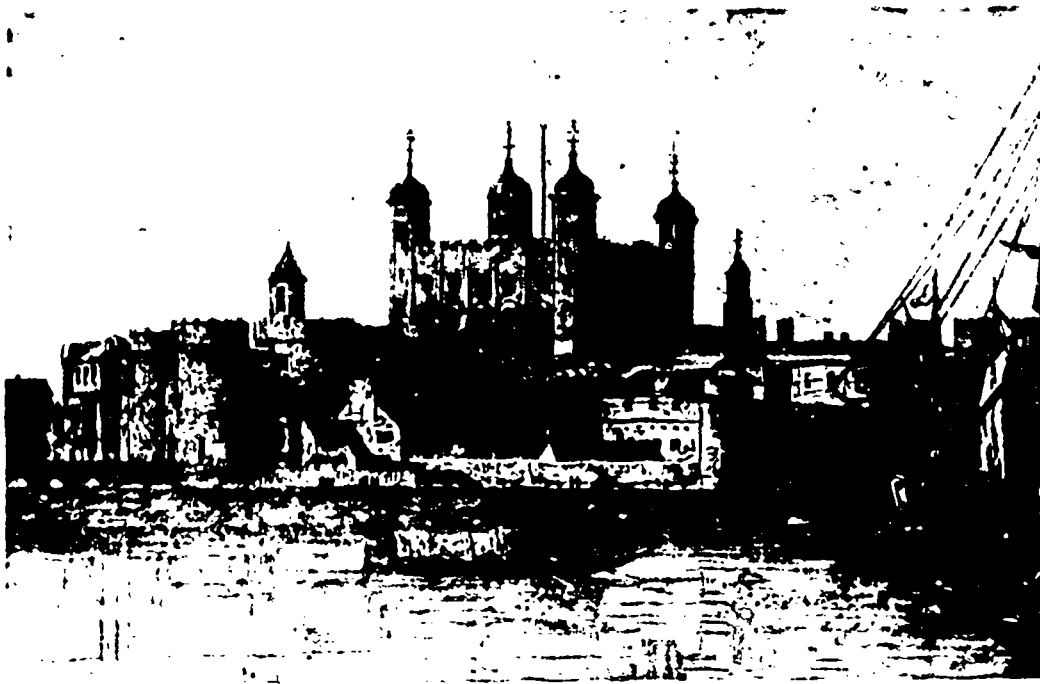
A friend of mine, when she goes to the seaside or the mountains, asks the children of the place where she is staying to come every Sabbath and study the Bible with her, and hear about Jesus.

Once, when she wanted to explain to them God's way of looking at sin, she took a microscope and gave them some very small print to look at through it.

They were all surprised to see how very large the letters which had been so small before became when looked at with the little glass.

Then their teacher said: "This is the way with sin. You may think it very small—a very little thing to tell a lie, or get out of temper, or be disobedient. But God does not think it a small thing. It is so great in his eyes that nothing but the blood of Jesus can wash it away."

Do not think sin a small matter. Remember how large the letters were when looked at through the microscope, and think that thus our sins are in God's sight. Neither can you hide sin from God. All your actions are plain to him.



HER MAJESTY'S TOWER.

THE QUEEN AND THE GOVERNESS.

Grace Greenwood is our authority for the following beautiful and touching anecdote of Queen Victoria:

When I was in England I heard several pleasant anecdotes of the queen and her family from a lady who had received them from her friend, the governess of the royal children. The governess, a very interesting young lady, was the orphan daughter of a Scottish clergyman. During the first year of her residence at Windsor her mother died. When she first received the news of her mother's serious illness, she applied to the Queen to be allowed to resign her situation, feeling that to her mother she owed even a more sacred duty than to her Sovereign. The Queen, who had been much pleased with her, would not hear of her making this sacrifice, but said, in a tone of most gentle sympathy:

"Go at once to your mother, child; stay with her as long as she needs you, and then come back to us. Prince Albert and I will hear the children's lessons; so in any event let your mind be at rest in regard to your pupils."

The governess went, and had several weeks of sweet, mournful communion with her dying mother. Then, when she had seen that dear form laid to sleep under the daisies in the old kirk-yard, she returned to the palace, where the loneliness of royal grandeur would have oppressed her sorrowful heart beyond endurance had it not been for the gracious, womanly sympathy of the Queen—who came every day to her school-room—and the considerate kindness of her young pupils.

A year went by, the first anniversary of her loss dawned upon her, and she was overwhelmed as never before by the utter loneliness of her grief. She felt that no one in all that great household knew how much goodness and sweetness passed out

of mortal life that day a year ago, or could give one tear, one thought, to that grave under the Scottish daisies. Every morning before breakfast, which the elder children took with their father and mother in the pleasant crimson parlour looking out on the terrace at Windsor, her pupils came to the school-room for a brief religious exercise. This morning the voice of the governess trembled in reading the Scriptures of the day. Some words of divine tenderness were too much for her poor, lonely, grieving heart—her strength gave away, and, laying her head on the desk before her, she burst into tears, murmuring, "O, mother, mother!"

One after another the children stole out of the room, and went to their mother to tell her how sadly their governess was feeling, and that kind-hearted monarch, exclaiming, "O, poor girl! it is the anniversary of her mother's death," hurried to the school-room, where she found Miss—trying to regain her composure. "My poor child!" she said, "I am sorry the children disturbed you this morning. I meant to have given orders that you should have this day entirely to yourself. Take it as a sad and sacred holiday—I will hear the lessons of the children." And then she added, "To show you that I have not forgotten this mournful anniversary, I bring you this gift," placing on her arm a beautiful mourning bracelet, with a locket for her mother's hair, marked with the date of her mother's death.

WRONG SIDE OUT.

An object-lesson often implants a truth deeply in the childish mind. A small boy who was in the habit of occasionally revealing the "cross" side of his disposition in the morning, was sent back to his room by his mother, with orders to take off every article of his clothing, turn it

wrong side out, put it on again, and then come downstairs. The mother waited for a time, and the boy not having appeared, she went up to see what had become of him.

She found him standing before the looking-glass, so the story goes, a picture of despair. His clothes were on wrong side out, and there were seams and ravellings, raw edges and threads and rough spots. The boy presented a decidedly fantastic and "contrary" look.

"Well, my boy," said his mother, "how do you like it?"

"Oh, mother!" he gasped, "it's horrible! Can't I put them on right?"

"Yes," she said, "if you'll put your temper right side out, too, and promise to wear it that way. But remember, if you forget and put your temper on wrong side out, you will have to put your clothes on the same way."

The boy quickly restored his clothes to their normal arrangement, and came downstairs in good temper. He had learned the lesson and never

forgot it again.

STILL WILL WE TRUST.

Still will we trust, though earth seem dark
and dreary,
And the heart faint beneath his chastening
rod,
Though rough and steep our pathway,
worn and weary,
Still will we trust in God!

Choose for us, God!—nor let our weak
preferring
Cheat our poor souls of good thou hast
designed:
Choose for us, God!—thy wisdom is un-
erring,
And we are fools and blind.

Let us press on in patient self-denial;
Accept the hardship, shrinking not from
loss;
Our guerdon lies beyond the hour of trial;
Our crown, beyond the cross.

SKIMMED MILK BUTTONS.

Skimmed milk is being used, according to an exchange, for making buttons, combs, backs of hair-brushes, billiard balls and similar articles. The milk is mixed with a substance the ingredients of which are, of course, the secret of the inventor. It is compressed, and at the end of three days is as solid as celluloid, and is ready to be cut and shaped in any way the manufacturer wishes.

At present a factory in Holland is engaged in fashioning the hardened milk into various articles, buttons being the chief. They can be coloured any colour by simply mixing the colouring matter with the milk before the hardening process begins, but are naturally a creamy white.