

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XVI.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 16, 1901.

No. 4.

QUEEN VICTORIA.

BY ROBIN MERRY.

Our readers will be pleased to see this fine portrait of the late Queen. It is after

a photograph taken in 1877, and varies but slightly from the pictures taken more recently, the latter showing a little more definitely the marks of advancing age.

Victoria's rule over England reached over sixty-three years, and has been the best in the entire history of the country. Indeed, it is quite worthy of remark that the two most brilliant reigns in all English history are those of women, the other being that of Queen Elizabeth. In no period since the government began was the country marked by a more decided development or a greater prosperity than during the reigns of these two illustrious women.

The principles of democratic government have for some time past had decided growth in England, and the people, through the House of Commons and the extension of the franchise, or privilege of voting, have gained a large share in the government of the country. There are probably few people in England who desire the overthrow of royalty, though there are many who desire to take away the hereditary privileges of the House of Lords. It seems probable that in no great time some important changes may take place in this regard in the English Government; but so long as rulers are as wise and conservative as the late honoured Queen, there is little likelihood that an

elective system, like that of the United States, for instance, will take the place of that which has so long given stability to the British Government and throne, in the case of a certain noble lord occupying an important post in the Government, who, late one Saturday night, arrived at Windsor with some State papers for the Queen's signature.

"I have brought," said he, "for your Majesty's inspection some documents; but as I shall be obliged to trouble you to examine them in detail, I will not encroach upon your Majesty's time to-night, but will request your attention to-morrow morning."

"To-morrow morning!" repeated the Queen; "to-morrow is Sunday, my lord."

"True, your Majesty, but business of the State will not admit of delay."

"I am aware of that," replied the Queen; "and as, of course, your lordship could not have arrived earlier at the palace to-night, I will, if these papers are of pressing importance, attend to their contents after service to-morrow morning."

In the morning the Queen and her court went to church, and much to the surprise of the noble lord, the subject of the discourse was the sacredness of the Christian Sabbath.

"How did your lordship like the sermon?" asked the Queen.

"Very much, indeed, your Majesty," he replied.

"Well, then," added the Queen, "I will not conceal from you that last night I sent the clergyman the text from

which he preached. I hope we shall all be improved by the sermon."

Not another word was said about the State papers during the day; but at



THE QUEEN AND THE SABBATH.

The religious feeling of her Majesty was evidenced, soon after ascent to the

night when about to retire, the Queen said:

"To-morrow morning, my lord, as early as seven o'clock, if you please, we will look into the papers."

"I cannot think," was the reply, "of intruding upon your Majesty at so early an hour. Nine o'clock will do well."

"No, no, my lord, as the papers are of importance, I wish them to be attended to very early; but if you wish it to be nine, be it so."

At nine the next morning, the Queen was seated at her table, ready to receive the nobleman and his papers.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

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

	Yearly	Subscription
Christian Guardian, weekly	\$1 00	
Methodist Magazine and Review, 36 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	
Canadian Epworth Era	0 50	
Sunday-school Banner, 65 pp., 8vo., monthly	0 60	
Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies	0 50	
5 copies and over	0 30	
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies	0 25	
Less than 20 copies	0 25	
Over 20 copies	0 21	
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15	
10 copies and upwards	0 12	
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 12	
10 copies and upwards	0 08	
New Drops, weekly	0 20	
Bertram Senior Quarterly (quarterly)	0 04	
Bertram Leaf, monthly	0 04	
Bertram Intermediate Quarterly (quarterly)	0 06	
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 HERRIS,
Methodist Book and Publishing House,
25 to 35 Richmond St. West, and 30 to 36 Temperance St.,
Toronto.

C. W. COATES, S. F. HURDIS,
2126 St. Catherine Street, Montreal, Que. Wesleyan Book Room,
Halifax, N.S.

Happy Days.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 16, 1901.

A LITTLE MINISTER.

Lily Bell said she wanted to be "bungled up" and go out in the cold weather. O, but wasn't it cold that frosty morning? Mamma laughed; but she let her breakfast dishes stand a few minutes while she bundled up her little girl and sent her out for rosy cheeks and a red nose and bright eyes, and all the rest of the things that a good run in winter gives you.

"O, you dear little birdie!" cried Lily Bell, stopping at the gatepost to speak to a fluffy little brown ball that stood there on his little cold feet, looking at her with eyes as bright as beads, and seeming to want to say something. "Why aren't you scared of me?" asked Lily. She did not know that this was one of Uncle Frank's tame wild birds that came every morning in winter to get crumbs; and it seemed very odd to her that he didn't spread out his wings and fly away, as most birds did. All at once she thought, "You poor little thing! I do believe you're hungry!" she cried, and ran back into the house as fast as her two feet would carry her. When

she came out she had a handful of crumbs, and held some out. The bird had flown away; but he came back then, and pretty soon he came down and ate some of the crumbs that she sprinkled on the snow for him.

Uncle Frank saw it all from his window. "Well done, little minister," he said, when she came in an hour or two afterwards.

"How funny to call me a minister!" laughed Lily.

But he picked up the big dictionary and showed her the word there and the meaning. "Minister: One who serves or helps." "There you are," he said; "a little minister or helper."

NANNIE'S SEED THAT GREW.

He was old and blind. Nannie watched him while he ate the bread and meat, and drank the coffee that her mother had sent out to him.

At last, Nannie asked a question: "Your name isn't Bartimeus, is it?"

He shook his head. "Oh, no, that isn't my name. What made you think it was?"

"I didn't really think so," said Nannie; "but you made me remember Bartimeus; he was blind, you know."

"Was he?" said the old man.

"Yes, and he got cured. Don't you know about him? He sat by the road, and he heard a great noise, and asked what it meant, and they told him that Jesus was going by. Then he began to call, as loudly as he could, 'Jesus have mercy on me!'"

"They told him to hush; but he would not. Pretty soon Jesus stopped and asked what he wanted, and he said, 'Lord, that I might receive my sight.' And Jesus cured him, right away. Did you ever ask Jesus to cure you?"

"No," said the blind man, "I never did; he isn't here to ask."

"Why, yes, he is!" said Nannie, earnestly; "only we can't see him, because we haven't the right kind of eyes. But he never leaves us, and he hears every word that we speak to him. Did you know that?"

"But he doesn't cure people as he did once," said the blind man.

Nannie thought for a minute; then she said, slowly: "That must be because it wouldn't be good for them; if it were, he could do it, you know. If I were you I would ask him about it."

"Why don't you pray that prayer ever so many times, 'Lord, that I might receive my sight'? It is a very short prayer, and I know he would hear you." Just then Nannie's mother called, and she had to go.

A few weeks after that, a wonderful thing happened. The family doctor stopped at their gate one afternoon and asked for Nannie.

"I have just come from the hospital," he said. "A poor blind man was hurt on the street, not long ago, and was carried there. This morning he told me that he knew you, and asked me to tell you that he had prayed the prayer you taught him,

'Lord, that I might receive my sight,' a great many times, and that Jesus had heard and answered him."

"And could he truly see?" asked Nannie, eagerly.

"He can now," said the doctor; "Jesus sent for him this morning, to come home to heaven."

LITTLE GARDENERS.

"How shall we make
Our garden grow?"
Look in this book,
And you shall know.

First you will dig;
Then sow your seed.
A very big hole
You will not need.

Next you will buy
A water-can,
And water the ground
Like a gardening man.

What to do next
The sun knows best;
He and the rain
Will manage the rest.

So patiently wait
Till white and red
Sweet flowers peep up
In your garden bed.

LOVING MOTHER WITH ALL HIS STRENGTH.

A little boy declared that he loved his mother "with all his strength." He was asked to explain what he meant by "with all his strength." He said: "Well, I'll tell you. You see, we live on the fourth floor of this tenement; and there's no elevator, and the coal is kept down in the basement. Mother is dreadfully busy all the time, and she isn't very strong; so I see to it that the coal-hod is never empty. I lug the coal up four flights of stairs all by myself. And it's a pretty big hod. It takes all my strength to get it up here. Now, isn't that loving my mother with all my strength?"

CLEVER MR. HOP.

Mr. Hop lived in the yard with the chickens. The chickens ate meal from a pan. Mr. Hop was not a chicken, and he didn't like meal. But Mr. Hop was a toad, and he did like the flies that came and buzzed around the meal. He wanted to find a nice easy way to get them, so he put on his thinking cap. Perhaps you didn't know that toads have thinking caps; but Mr. Hop had one, and this is what happened after he put it on:

Every day Mr. Hop climbed into the pan and got himself all covered with damp meal. Then he climbed out again and waited for the flies. They came, of course, for flies don't have thinking caps. Then Mr. Hop's long tongue flew out and one by one he gathered them in for his dinner.

THE
Once in an
A little
So patient
The men a
Flocked

"How is it,
"You a
Yet never
Or snarl o
Of work

"Our weav
Our all
For all we
We know
They si

The little
So full
And pity
That filled
The rail

"I only go
She sai
"You know
"Why, so
Him al

She turne
A mom
"Ah, but,"
"I go and
At the

O little c
Our br
With ma
If on our
At the

LE
STUD

Matt. 26.
Not my
Luke 22.

After t
and the c
Kedron t
they wen
semane.
light nigh
held at th
was very
that pain
and that
would all
stay near
while he

THE LITTLE WEAVER.

Once in an eastern palace wide
A little child sat weaving;
So patiently her task she plied,
The men and women at her side
Flocked around her, almost grieving.

"How is it, little one," they said,
"You always work so cheerily?
Yet never seem to break your thread,
Or snarl or tangle it, instead
Of working smooth and clearly.

"Our weaving gets so worn and soiled,
Our silk so frayed and broken;
For all we've fretted, wept, and toiled,
We know the lovely pattern's spoiled."
They sighed as words were spoken.

The little child looked in their eyes,
So full of care and trouble;
And pity chased the sweet surprise
That filled her own, as sometimes flies
The rainbow in the bubble.

"I only go and tell the King,"
She said, abashed and meekly.
"You know, he said in 'everything,'"
"Why, so do we!" they cried; "we bring
Him all our troubles weekly!"

She turned her little head aside;
A moment let them wrangle;
"Ah, but," she softly then replied,
"I go and get the knot untied
At the first little tangle!"

O little children—weavers all!
Our broidery we spangle
With many a tear that need not fall
If on our King we would but call
At the first little tangle!

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.

LESSON VIII. [Feb. 24.

JESUS IN GETHSEMANE.

Matt. 26. 36-46. Memory verses, 39-41.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Not my will, but thine, be done.—
Luke 22. 42.

THE LESSON STORY.

After they left the supper room Jesus and the disciples went across the brook Kedron to the Mount of Olives. There they went into a garden called Gethsemane. We know that it was a moonlight night, for the passover was always held at the time of the full moon. Jesus was very sad and troubled. He knew that pain and death were just before him, and that the disciples whom he loved would all forsake him. He told them to stay near the entrance to the garden while he went away to pray, and he took

Peter and James and John with him into the garden. He wanted some one who loved him near by in his sorrow. We can never understand how Jesus suffered in Gethsemane that night. "The sin of the world," as well as your sin and my sin, was laid upon him. Yet he prayed, "Not as I will, but as Thou wilt." He loved God's will far better than he loved himself. Does it seem strange that the disciples could not keep awake when Jesus had asked them to watch with him?

But God sent an angel to strengthen his Son, and when he knew that his enemies were coming, he was calm and strong and ready to meet them.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Where did Jesus and the disciples go?
To the Mount of Olives.
What garden was there? Gethsemane.
Why did Jesus go into the garden?
To find a quiet place.

What did he want to do? Pray to his Father.

Who stayed close by him? Peter, James, and John.

What did Jesus ask them to do? To watch with him.

How many times did Jesus pray?
Three times.

What did he ask? "Let this cup pass."

What else did he say? "Not as I will."

Did the disciples watch with Jesus?
No, they slept.

Who came to help Jesus? An angel.

Why did Jesus bear all this pain? For our sakes.

LESSON IX. [March 3.

JESUS BETRAYED.

John 18. 1-14. Memory verses, 8-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Son of man is betrayed into the hands of sinners.—Matt. 26. 45.

THE LESSON STORY.

You remember that Judas left the supper table that last night of our Lord's life, and went out into the darkness. Any one goes into darkness that goes into sin, and Judas went with the evil thought in his heart of giving Jesus up to his enemies. Judas knew where the Saviour would be likely to go, and soon he came leading a band of Roman soldiers into the Garden of Gethsemane. It is hard to think that Judas could sit at the table with Jesus and listen to his heavenly words, and all the time be listening to Satan and planning to do what he bade him. And yet it is true that even now, while we are here thinking and talking about our Lord's love, many are listening to Satan and willingly going in the way he points. Just as Jesus could see what was in Judas' heart, so he can see what is in the hearts of such foolish people.

Read carefully the whole story, and remember that Jesus did not bear all this because he could not help it. He could

have scattered his enemies with a word or a look if he had chosen!

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Who came to Gethsemane? A mob of soldiers.

By whom were they led? By Judas.

Who hired him to do this? The chief priests.

How much did they give him? About twenty dollars.

Who was Judas obeying? Satan.

What could Jesus have done? Killed all his enemies.

What did he let them do? Arrest him.

What did he come here to do? To save from sin.

How could he do this? By dying for us.

What did Peter cut off? A man's ear.

Who made it well again? Jesus.

Who was Jesus obeying? God, his Father.

NORA'S STONE BUTTERFLY.

Teddy and Nora ran into grandpa's study all out of breath.

"It is, isn't it, grandpa?" cried Nora.

"It isn't, is it?" cried Teddy.

"What are you talking about, children?" asked grandpa, smiling.

"About my stone butterfly," said Nora eagerly. "I found it down by the brook. It must have got caught in the stone some way. See here!"

Nora held out a stone in which was something that looked very much like a butterfly with his wings spread. Grandpa took it in his hand and looked at it carefully. "That is not a butterfly," said he.

"There, Nora!" said Teddy; "I told you it just happened so."

"No," grandpa went on, "it did not just happen so. Let me tell you a story."

"O do, grandpa!" cried Teddy and Nora together.

"A long, long time ago—"

"When you were a little boy?" interrupted Nora.

"It was long before there were any little boys in the world," said grandpa, "and just where our farm is now nothing was to be seen then except the ocean. In this ocean lived a great many shells. There was one little fellow who had a very pretty shell, though I can't tell you now just what colour it was. He had a splendid time swimming about with his mates in the warm sea water as long as he lived, and when he died he left his little shell in the sand at the bottom of the ocean. The sea slowly dried away, and the sand drifted over the shell and grew harder and harder, till at last it turned, and the shell turned to stone too. There it lay for thousands of years, till at last a little girl found it and called it a stone butterfly."

"O grandpa, how funny!" said Nora. "And are there any more shells in the rocks?"

"There are so many," said grandpa, "that you could not write the number on your slate."

"Then see if I don't fill my cabinet with 'em!" cried Teddy.



THE QUEEN'S PRIVATE APARTMENTS, OSBORNE HOUSE

STORY OF THE QUEEN'S LIFE.

CHILD VICTORIA AND CHILD ALBERT.

Queen Victoria was born in 1819. Her father was the Duke of Kent. He used to like to hold his baby princess in his arms and say, "Look at her well! She will yet be the Queen of England." But she did not know that she was to be the Queen of England till she was twelve years old. Then she was told; and what do you think she said first? "I will be good," she said.

Her father died while she was a baby, so her mother had to train the future Queen of England alone. The little Princess wore plain cotton and woollen gowns, and plain hats, stout shoes and waterproof garments when it rained, for she spent much time out-of-doors, so she might grow up strong and healthy.

She ate her bread and milk and fruit for breakfast, studied with her mother in the forenoon, and rode out in the afternoon. Even when she was a big girl she was just as fond of a romping play as any little girl, but she studied hard, too.

Queen Victoria was a fine musician, and she learned to play, as every girl has to, by constant practice.

THE BONNY ENGLISH ROSE.

That is what the English called the Princess Victoria as she grew up into girlhood. The Bonny English Rose was eighteen when, at the death of William IV., she became Queen.

Immediately after the death of her uncle, William IV., the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Chamberlain hastened to Kensington Palace, where the Princess and her mother lived. They knocked a long time at the gate before they could wake the porter, for it was yet early dawn.

The Princess, too, had to be awakened

out of a sound sleep to be told that she was now Queen of England. She came to meet these two messengers, with a shawl thrown over her nightdress, her feet in slippers, and her fair hair tumbling over her shoulders.

The first words she spoke as they hailed her Queen, were to the Archbishop

"I beg your Grace to pray for me," she said; and the good Archbishop did pray for the young ruler of England.

A few hours after came the great officers of State and Church to kneel and kiss her hand, and to swear allegiance.

Very shortly after, Victoria went to live at Buckingham Palace, the London home of the kings and queens of England. But she was not crowned till more than a year after—June 28, 1838.

On the morning of that day, the great guns of the Tower and of the battery in St James' Park were fired early. About ten o'clock, the procession left Buckingham Palace for Westminster Abbey, where the sovereigns of England are always crowned. The Queen rode in the state chariot, drawn by eight magnificent cream-coloured horses.

Everywhere, everywhere the people crowded—in the streets, looking down from windows and balconies, the women waving handkerchiefs, the children dropping flowers.

In the nave of the abbey, galleries had been raised for the spectators. These were covered with crimson cloth, fringed with gold. On a platform, covered with cloth of gold, stood the "Chair of Homage." Near the altar stood the quaint old chair called the "Coronation Chair," in which all the sovereigns since Edward I. have been crowned. This chair is of oak, and under the seat is the famous "Stone of Scone," which Edward I. brought from Scotland. On this stone the kings of Scotland used to be crowned.

The noble lords and ladies were all there,

and were gorgeously dressed. Says Grace Greenwood: "Prince Esterhazy especially looked as though he had been snowed upon by pearls and rained upon by diamonds, so dazzling were his jewels."

The Queen came in near the centre of the procession. She wore a crimson velvet robe, trimmed with ermine and gold lace, and eight noble young ladies carried her immense train.

As the procession entered the Abbey, the choir and the orchestra played "God Save

the Queen!" and the people shouted.

The little choir boys, in their white robes, chanted Vivat Victoria Regina! (Long live Queen Victoria!)

The Archbishop of Canterbury said, in a loud voice, "I here present unto you Queen Victoria, the undoubted Queen of this realm, wherefore all you who are come this day to your homage, are you willing to do the same?"

Then all the people shouted, "God Save Queen Victoria!" the drums beat, and the trumpeters away up aloft in the Abbey sounded their trumpets. This was repeated at the north and west and south sides of the theatre.

The Archbishop of Canterbury crowned the Queen. The instant the crown touched her head, all the Peers and Peeresses who had been holding their coronets in their hands, crowned themselves, and shouted "God save the Queen!" And again the drums beat, the trumpets sounded, and a signal being given, the great guns of the Tower and of the battery in St. James' Park were fired.

After more singing and other ceremonies, the Queen was seated in the Chair of Homage. The Dukes and Peers one by one, knelt, touched his coronet to the Queen's crown and kissed her hand. The final ceremonies were long and tedious, and no doubt the young Queen was glad when they were all over, and she changed her crimson velvet robe for a purple one, and went home wearing her crown.

When she got home to Buckingham Palace, she heard her pet spaniel barking a joyous welcome on the staircase. "There's Dash!" she cried out, and was in a great hurry to get off her crown and her purple velvet robe, and give Dash his bath. For the Queen was very fond of animals, especially of dogs and horses.