

HAPPY DAYS

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No. 11.

HIDE AND SEEK.

Found at last! And what a good hiding-place these two little girls have chosen, behind the broad stem of the tree. Perhaps they have been hiding there for a long time, and the seekers have had a hard job to find them. It is a delightful game to play out of doors in the woods, and to judge by the bright faces of the players in our picture, they certainly seem to be enjoying it.

"SAY COME."

The verse was this: "Let every one that heareth say, Come."

Rachel read the words over and over. "I have heard the Saviour say 'Come,'" she said aloud, though no one was near for her to speak to. "I have heard him in the Sunday-school lessons, I have heard him in church when the pastor was preaching, and often my mother has told me how he wants us all to love him. And now I have heard, I must say, Come. How can I?"

"Mamma," said Rachel not long after, "just listen to my verse: it was in my book this morning: 'Let every one that heareth say, Come.' But how can I, a little girl, do it?"

"There was once a little boy," said mamma, "who had saved up a dollar in his bank. He could spend it in many ways for his own pleasure, and it took him a day or two to decide how to use it. At last he came to his mother and said he wanted it sent to the missionaries, that they might buy books and Testaments for the heathen children. Didn't those books say, Come?"

"I knew a little girl who loved Jesus and was very careful that all her words and actions should please him. When asked why she was so careful, she said she wanted, by example, to invite her little friends to love and please Jesus too. Didn't she say, Come?"

"I knew another little girl who wrote a letter to a young man who had once worked for her father and had done some great wrong. She told him how sorry she felt for him, and how sorry Jesus was too, and that she hoped he would repent and be-



HIDE AND SEEK.

gin all over new. Didn't she say, Come?

"Four little girls had learned a new hymn in Sunday-school. Then they went and sang it to a poor old man who was

dying. That hymn led him to Jesus. They said, Come."

"I see, I see," said Rachel. "I will try to say, Come, too."

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*.

THE WORD THAT WAS LOST.

I lost a very little word
Only the other day;
It was a very naughty word
I had not meant to say.

But then it was not really lost
When from my lips it flew;
My little brother picked it up,
And now he says it, too.

Mother is sad, father looks grieved;
Johnny has said it twice.
Of course it is no use for me
To tell him it's not nice.

Lose other things, you never seem
To come upon their track;
But lose a naughty little word,
It's always coming back.

—*Children's Friend.*

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.

LESSON IX. [June 2.]

JESUS OUR HIGH PRIEST IN HEAVEN.

Heb. 9. 11-14; 24-28. Memory v's., 24-26.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He ever liveth to make intercession.—
Heb. 7. 25.

THE LESSON STORY.

The disciples could not be sad and lonely after Jesus went back to heaven, for he sent his Holy Spirit into their hearts to make them sure that he was still alive. Until they went out to begin their great work—the work that is still going on of making Jesus known—"they were continually in the temple, praising and blessing God." You see they were full of joy, for now they knew that Jesus would be always with them. He was living, even though they could not see him, and they knew that he loved them as truly as when he was here on earth.

After Jesus died and rose again, some good man wrote the letter to the Hebrews, from which our lesson is taken. You know how the Old Testament tells how goats and calves were killed and people believed that the shedding of the blood washed away sin. But when Jesus came and shed his blood for us, there was no more need of this, for he freely gave his life for love of us. And now any one who loves Jesus and obeys him may have all his sins taken away.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

How long did Jesus live on earth?
Thirty-three years.

Where did he then go? Back to heaven.
What did he promise to do? To give his Holy Spirit.

What was the work of a High Priest?
To help sinners.

Who is our High Priest? Jesus.
Can he help us from heaven? Yes, and he will.

What did he give for us? His own life.
What should we give him? Our love.
When should we do this? Now.
Can God hear us from heaven? Yes, always.

Who will see Jesus some day? Those who look for him.

What eyes see most clearly? The eyes of love.

LESSON X. [June 9.]

JESUS APPEARS TO PAUL.

Acts 22. 6-16. Memory verses, 6-8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision.—Acts 26. 19.

THE LESSON STORY.

Paul knew that Jesus was alive from the dead. Do you remember how it was made plain to him—so plain that he could never doubt it? If you like, you may read the story in Acts 9. 1-12, before you read it as he tells it himself in the lesson verses.

It was after Jesus had risen from the dead, and the disciples were going everywhere telling the wonderful story. Saul was angry at the Christians and wanted to have them punished, so he went to Damascus to arrest some of them. At noonday a strange thing happened. The living Jesus (alive from the dead) came to arrest Saul. The strong, proud man fell on the ground, smitten by the dazzling light from heaven, and then the same Jesus whom the Jews had crucified spoke to him. Read the story and think about it. You will see how impossible it would be to ever doubt again that Jesus was really living. There is a beautiful lesson for us in the Golden Text. Are we obedient to the heavenly vision that has been given to us? It may not be a vision like Saul's, but in some way Jesus has let us know that he is living still. Try to be able to say *truly* the words of the Golden Text.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Who was Paul? A preacher of the Gospel.

What was he once? An unbeliever.
What was he then called? Saul.
What did he want to do? Punish the Christians.

Where did he go to arrest some? To Damascus.

Who met him in the way? Jesus.
What did he ask? "Who art thou, Lord?"

What was the reply? "I am Jesus."
What did Paul lose? His sight.
Who gave it back to him? God.
What else did he receive? A new heart.
What did he know after this? That Jesus was alive.

ROBBY'S RACE WITH JACK.

It was a sunshiny April day, and Robby and his dog, Jack, were out on the sidewalk playing. Robby was short and fat, and when he ran his little legs bounded up and down like little balls, often throwing him down. Each time he would get up and try again. A gentleman who was passing stopped to watch the funny sight.

"Come, now, Jack," called Robby; "let's race again;" and Jack, wagging his tail and smiling as plainly as a dog can, came back to where his little master stood. Again they started, but again Robby fell, and Jack reached the corner long before the little boy.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the gentleman. "Jack can beat you running."

Robby looked at the gentleman, and then at Jack, and then said: "Well, he ought to; he has four legs, and I've only two." Then the little boy called his dog, and the two walked home together.—*Sunday-school Evangelist.*

A BRAVE BOY.

Mr. Edison, who is known all over the world as a great electrician, was a poor boy. He sold newspapers, he ran errands, he did everything an honest boy could do to support himself. The following story, relating an event in his boyhood, shows that he was a brave boy:

One summer forenoon, while the train was being taken apart and made up anew, a car was uncoupled and sent down the track with no brakeman to control it. Edison, who had been looking at the fowls in the poultry yard, turned just in time to see little Jimmie on the main track throwing pebbles over his head, utterly unconscious of danger. He dropped his papers upon the platform, seized the child in his arms, and threw himself off the track, face downwards, in sharp, fresh gravel ballast, without a second to spare. As it was, the wheel of the car struck the heel of his boot.

"I was in the ticket office," said the child's father, who was the ticket agent and telegraph operator. "And, hearing a shriek, ran out in time to see the train hands bringing the two boys to the platform."

Having no other way to show his gratitude, the agent said: "Al, if you will stop off here four days in the week and keep Jimmie out of harm's way until the mixed train returns from Detroit, I will teach you telegraphing."

"Will you?" said Edison.

"I will."

He extended his hand and said, "It's a bargain;" and so Edison became a telegrapher.—*Child's Hour.*

Aunt Gertrude: "What will you do when you are a man, Tommy?" Tommy: "I'm going to grow a beard." Aunt Gertrude: "Why?" Tommy: "Because then I won't have nearly so much face to wash."



BABY'S FIRST STEP.

ALEC'S FRIGHT.

Alec lived in the country, and it was a great event to him when his mother took him to the city to pay a visit to his little cousins. Everything seemed new and strange to Alec, and he asked questions all day long. A day or two after his arrival he was out in the front yard, when a policeman came by.

"Who is that man dressed up in blue?" asked Alec.

"That's a policeman," answered his little cousin, Arthur. "If you're not good, he'll arrest you and take you to gaol."

Alec was very much frightened, and ran into the house. No one could coax him to go out again, and he stayed close to his mother all the time. Two or three days passed, and still he would not go out. He cried and screamed if any one tried to

make him do so. "I'm afraid a policeman will arrest me," he said.

The children at last made him promise to go to the museum to see the monkeys and goldfish; but when they had gone only a little way he ran back to the house, and would not go out again. Then his Aunt Florrie put on his hat, and said that she knew Alec would go with her; and, by promising him all sorts of pretty things, she at last got him as far as the corner where they were to take the street-car for the museum. As they waited there, three policemen came along, and Alec turned very pale and began to tremble; but his aunt held on tight to his hand, and called one of the policemen to her, and told him how frightened Alec was.

"Why, I never hurt little boys; I take care of them," said the policeman; and he

lifted Alec up in his arms and showed him his badge, and then carried him to the car and put him in.

Alec was very pale, and for a long time did not say anything, and he held on very tight to his aunt's hand; but at last he looked up and smiled. "I'm not afraid of a policeman now," he said; "but I'm glad we don't have policemen in the country."

After that Alec was willing to play in the yard, and did not run when he saw a policeman coming.—*Olive Plants.*

GOD'S CARE AND LOVE.

"Do you suppose," said Johnny, as his little cousin laid away her largest, rosiest apple for a sick girl, "that God cares about such little things as we do? He is too busy caring for the big folks to notice us much."

Winnie shook her head and pointed to her mother, who had just lifted the baby from its crib. "Do you think," she said, "mother is so busy with the big folks that she forgets the little ones? She thinks of baby first, 'cause he's the littlest. Surely God knows how to love as well as mother."—*Selected.*

THE HEIGHT OF PATRIOTISM.

Jesus made sacrifice a test of faithful discipleship. Those who would "follow him" must also be willing to "leave all" that they hold dear. What such self-denial may mean is well shown by this anecdote of a soldier who loved his country above all:

In the Franco-Prussian war a French gunner was commanded by his colonel to fire on a small house which was believed to be a nest of Prussians.

"Try it with a shell, my man," said the officer.

With pale face, Pierre obeyed. He sighted his piece deliberately and accurately, then fired it.

"Well hit, my man, well hit!" said the officer, as he looked through his glass. "That cottage could not have been very solid, for it's completely smashed." Turning round, he noticed a tear stealing down the gunner's cheek. "Why, what's the matter?" he exclaimed, roughly.

"Pardon me, colonel," was the answer. "It was my own little house—everything I had in the world."—*The Classmate.*

SWALLOWING SUNSHINE.

Katie was eating her breakfast one day. She had a spoonful of oatmeal, and was just about to raise it to her mouth when the sun shone across it, making it look yellow and warm.

"O, mamma," said Katie, "think what I have just swallowed!"

"What was it, dear?" said her mother. "A whole spoonful of sunshine!"—*The Evangelist.*