

Not so, however, the occupants of the two cutters. Lieutenant Chipp's boat has not since been heard of. It was a smaller boat than either of the others; and though commanded by a young officer who enjoyed in an unusual degree the confidence and love of his men, it is not probable that he was able to bring his crew to a place of safety, even though he succeeded in making the land.

The sad story of the fate of DeLong and his companions was told several months later by two seamen, named Noros and Ninderman, both of whom had served on board the St. Mary's school-ship.

On September 13th, Captain DeLong's boat, although its mast had been carried away, got within two miles of the Siberian coast, when it struck ground, and the captain ordered the men to get into the water, so as to lighten the load, and tow the boat ashore. Only half of the distance, however, had been traversed when it was found to be impossible to bring the boat nearer, and so they collected the food, arms, ammunition and papers, and waded ashore.

Having rested for two days, the party started southward, each man carrying heavy burdens, though all but the most important articles had been abandoned. In the first ten days' march, the travellers made no more than twenty miles, so difficult was the country; but during those days they enjoyed the luxury of a meal of deer's flesh, which, but for the crippled condition of several of the men, would have put new life into the party.

Then Captain DeLong determined to send Ninderman and Noros ahead, for they were in better condition than any others of the party; and when they left on their perilous mission they bade a sad farewell to a gallant, yet almost helpless band of men, whom no one ever saw again until, nearly six months later, Mr. Melville found their dead bodies.

"The Captain," said Noros, "read divine service before we left. All the men shook hands with us; and Collins, as if knowing that their doom was sealed, said simply: 'Noros, when you get to New York remember me.' They seemed to have lost hope, but, as we left, they gave us three cheers. That was the last we saw of them."

Wholly without food, the two brave men pushed on. They supported life by chewing their leather moccasins and breeches; and after a few days they came upon two deserted huts, in which they found some mouldy fish, which they ate with relish. Here in these huts they rested for three days, when a native found them; but they were unable to make him understand that they had left eleven starving comrades behind.

At length the governor of the province, who lived at a town called Bulun, arrived, but he did not understand their sign-language, and so he sent no aid.

He cared for the two seamen, however,

and sent them to Bulun, and there it was that they fell in with Engineer Melville, whose boat's crew was by this time in safety. Melville at once started out in search of the ill-fated crew, and the result of his search was told briefly in a despatch, dated March 24th, and received in New York on May 6th: "I have found DeLong and his party—all dead."

Thus ends the first chapter of this melancholy story of arctic peril. The last chapter may never be told, and the fate of Lieut. Chipp and his crew never revealed.

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## Happy Days.

TORONTO, JULY 5, 1902.

### BRINGING FRIENDS TO JESUS.

A little girl named Annie had a brother Jack. Jack became angry at the way his father treated him, and ran away from home. Little Annie was pining away for her brother, and so her father sent her to New York to stay with some friends. One day a friend of Annie said: "Do you go to Sunday-school?" Annie said that she did not. "Well, why not come with me next Sunday?" Annie said that she would, and she did. That evening there was to be a missionary address, and Annie went to hear it. The missionary told the story of the conversion of a young man who had no friends, and how he was found sick and brought to Jesus. After the meeting she went to the missionary and said to him: "O sir, if you please, was that sick boy's name Jack Eastman?" "Why, yes," he answered in surprise; "that is his name." It was indeed her Jack, and he came home in a little while. Annie and he soon found that they both loved the Saviour. See what happiness was brought to Annie in finding her brother Jack, and

also the Saviour, simply by her friend asking her to go to Sunday-school with her.—*Westminster Quarterly.*

### JESUS A FRIEND.

"What do you do without a mother to tell all your troubles to?" asked a child who had a mother of one who had none.

"Mother told me whom to go to before she died," answered the little orphan. "I go to the Lord Jesus; he was mother's friend, and he's mine."

"Jesus Christ is in the sky. He is away off, and he has a great many things to attend to in heaven. It is not likely that he can stop to mind you."

"I do not know anything about that," said the orphan; "all I know is that he says he will, and that's enough for me."—*Olive Plants.*

### HOW FLIES BRUSH THEIR COATS.

Willie, flushed and happy, had just come in from the barn, where he had been playing hide-and-seek.

"I guess my little boy needs to find a brush," said mother, looking up from her work, for there were clinging to his pretty sailor suit bits of dry grass and seeds from the mows, and some were playing peekaboo in the little fellow's hair.

"O mother, can't I wait? I'm just too tired now."

"If flies had been playing hide-and-seek, they wouldn't allow a speck of dust to stay on their heads; they'd brush it off," casually remarked Aunt Nan.

"Flies!" exclaimed Willie, incredulously, "where'd they get their brushes, I'd like to know?"

"O, they have them, and use them," laughed Aunt Nan.

"Hairbrushes," questioned Willie, and his face took on a perplexed look.

"Yes, and with them they always keep themselves very clean. Have you never seen a fly rub his delicate front legs over his head?"

"Lots and lots of times," replied Willie, quickly.

"Well, resumed Aunt Nan, "there are a great many hairs on the underside of a fly's feet and legs, and these form tiny hairbrushes. When any dust gets on a fly's head he brushes it off at once; and then he rubs his legs together, as you have probably noticed. This is so that no dust may cling to the little brushes."

"Hurrah, Mr. Fly!" exclaimed Willie; "I guess you needn't think that you're the only one who can use a brush, even if the other fellow doesn't carry his brushes round on his feet."

Away he ran, and when he came back mother said that her little boy looked neat enough to be kissed.—*Sabbath School Visitor.*