

the bergs were not at rest; that with a momentum of their own they were bearing down upon the other ice, and that it must be our fate to be crushed between the two.

"Just then a broad scence-piece or low water-washed berg came driving up from the southward. The thought flashed upon me of one of our escapes in Melville Bay; and as the scence moved rapidly close alongside us, McGary managed to plant an anchor on its slope and hold on to it by a whale-line. It was an anxious moment. Our noble tow-horse, whiter than the pale horse that seemed to be pursuing us, hauled us bravely on, the spray dashing over his windward flanks, and his forehead ploughing up the lesser ice as if in scorn. The bergs encroached upon us as we advanced; our channel narrowed to a width of perhaps forty feet; we braced the yards to clear the impending ice-walls. We passed clear; but it was a close shave—so close that our port quarter-boat would have been crushed if we had not taken it in from the davits—and found ourselves under the lee of a berg, in a comparatively open lead. Never did heart-tried men acknowledge with more gratitude their merciful deliverance from a wretched death!"

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, JANUARY 13, 1906.

GRATEFUL PRINCE.

Elsie was a dear little girl, and everybody loved the "baby," as they called her. Dear old Prince loved her too, with his whole big heart. You see he had cared for her ever since she was two months old.

Now, Prince was once upon a time a

tramp dog; he had no home, and did not belong to any one. No one ever knew where he came from; but one day he limped into the office of Elsie's father, who was a doctor, and when his poor sore foot was examined, an ugly cut was found with a small piece of glass sticking in it. The doctor took out the glass and bound the foot up and then patted the dog on the head. Prince wagged his tail to thank him but did not move. Then the doctor called the cook to give him something to eat. Poor Prince! how hungry he was, and how grateful he was for all the doctor had done!

After he had eaten his breakfast, what do you suppose he did? He went right out in the yard where baby Elsie was lying asleep on a quilt under a tree, and stretched himself out beside her. The family were afraid and wanted to drive him away, but he would not go. He made up his mind to stay and take care of the baby, to show the doctor how grateful he was for what had been done for him.

When Elsie woke and saw him, she said, "A-goo," and put out her hand. Prince licked the little hand, oh, so gently! and looked up at the doctor and wagged his tail.

That settled it. Elsie's father and mother both said he might stay. Now wherever Elsie goes Prince goes, and we never see one without the other.

BESSIE'S WISER PLAN.

"Tumety-tum!" went the round blue-berries as they tumbled into Bessie's pail. She was picking them off of the low green bushes that grew by the wall, and they were, oh, so big, and round, and blue! They made such a funny sound—just like a great bass drum—that Bessie laughed out loud, and Polly Pringle heard her.

Polly was out in the pasture picking berries, too. She had been picking them off of a bush that grew beside a large rock which stood under a tall feathery pine tree. But the bushes were small and the berries were few; and before Polly had covered the bottom of her bright tin pail, she sat down to rest and fan herself with her broad-brimmed hat.

Polly didn't like to pick berries. "It's too hot!" she said.

"But there are lots more berries on the bushes that grow in the sun!" declared Bessie. "I've got my pail nearly half full already. Come on out here an' see, Polly."

Polly shook her curly head. "No, I'm not going to," she said, decidedly. "I'm 'most roasted when I'm here in the shade, without going out in the melting sun! But I don't suppose I'll get my pail filled till dinner time; 'cause there are so few berries here."

Bessie laughed gleefully. "That will

be twelve o'clock," she said. "I'm going to get my pail filled away up to the top before the town clock strikes ten, an' then I'm going to swing in the hammock and play with the kittens. We've got five of them, little teeny-weeny ones, up in the barn loft, an' they're oh, so cunning an' furry!"

Polly's eyes sparkled. "I love kittens 'most better than anything else," she exclaimed.

"Then supposin' you fill your pail as quickly as I'm going to," said Bessie earnestly, "an' supposin' you come and see them! I'm goin' to work while I work, an' play while I play, an' you'd better do the same, Polly. It's more fun. Come along an' try it!"

Then, would you believe it, that's just what Polly did do!

ROCK-A-BY, BABY.

Wee little, fanciful Golden-hair,
Hugged to her breast a dolly fair,
Singing as sweet as a bird in June
A childish, worn-out nursery tune;
Singing as if she would never stop,
"Rock-a-by, baby, on the tree-top."

Close to her motherly, shielding breast,
She hushed a waxen dolly to rest;
Blue as the bluest of summer skies
Were the little maiden's brooding eyes;
No heart more sunny or blithe and gay
Than Golden-hair with her doll at play.

Over and over she crooned the tale,
How the bough rocked in the awful gale;
And to and fro as she idly swung,
The clock repeated with brazen tongue:
How the bough broke with relentless fall,
"Down came rock-a-by, baby and all."

The shadows of tender thought arise,
And weigh with slumber her heavy eyes;
They weave a tissue of song and dreams,
With misty glories and rainbow gleams;
For, lost in a trance profound and deep,
Both child and dolly have gone to sleep.

God does not now speak in just the same way he did to Samuel. Is there one of you who has not heard a soft, gentle voice within you saying, "Do not do that, it's wrong;" or, "You ought to do this, it's right?" This is the "still small voice" of God speaking to you as he did to Elijah. Do you always listen to him then?

"How can I make papa glad?" asked Myrtle. "You can run to open the door for him, and kiss him, and say, 'Glad to see you home, dear, tired papa! Here's your easy chair; here are your slippers, too, and your pretty wrapper.' That will make papa glad."