

continent, and Cook was sent with two ships to find the "northwest passage" from the Pacific to the Atlantic. He left England early in the summer of 1776; discovered some small islands in the South Pacific; and in January of 1778 he started northward, discovering the Sandwich Islands on the way. In March, 1778, he struck the west coast of America; and after following the coast to Behring's Straits, he was stopped by ice, and returned to winter at the Sandwich Islands. Here he lost his life on the 14th of February, 1779, being killed by the natives in consequence of a quarrel arising from their having stolen a boat from one of the vessels.

Captain Cook was a man of fine personal presence, energy, and discretion; a favourite with his subordinates, and honoured by equals and superiors. He was the first man to sail around the world; and in his various voyages he discovered many islands of importance, some of which bear his name.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, JANUARY 16, 1904.

A BICYCLE AND OSTRICH RACE.

"Go and hitch up the ostrich" is not at all an absurd command on an ostrich farm. There these great birds are often harnessed to a carriage, and make fairly good substitutes for horses. Although they cannot draw a heavy load, their speed is a recommendation. An interesting account of one is given in *Kind Words*.

At Jacksonville, Florida, there is a bird named Oliver W. that can run a mile in two minutes and twenty-two seconds. His owners claim that he is more satisfactory than a horse, because he eats less, never

shies at anything, never runs away, and goes steadily at a good pace without laziness or fatigue.

This particular ostrich appears to like his work. When the little carriage is brought out, he comes running toward it at full speed, with both wings spread out, ready to have the harness put on.

On one occasion a cyclist tried to pass Oliver W. on a long, smooth stretch of road. He came up behind the carriage, thinking to get ahead and escape the dust. Oliver W. thought differently. He threw his head high in the air, gave a flap with his wings, and went forward with a speed that astonished the cyclist. Putting forth more effort, the latter made another attempt to pass the ostrich, but the faster the pedals of the bicycle moved, the faster sped the long legs of the bird.

It so happened that the cyclist had a record as a fast rider, and to be distanced by an ostrich was not to his liking. For two miles he tried to pass his feathered rival, but was then obliged to give up the race, defeated.

Some fast horses have tried conclusions with Oliver W., who seems to like nothing better than testing their speed, starting slowly, to make them think it easy to distance him, and then gradually increasing his pace.—*Sabbath-school Visitor*.

A DOG'S AFFECTION.

I heard a pretty story the other day that plainly shows how even a dog can express sympathy for those whom it loves. A little girl named Mary, who lives far away in the country, in some way fell and broke her arm. As a result she had to keep in bed for a long while. A very dreary time it seemed, especially when she was compelled to lie so still and quiet. Her playmates came to see her, and often brought her beautiful flowers, of which she was very fond.

There was something else, too, which Mary loved dearly, and that was her dog, whose name was Bob. He seemed to be very sorry for his little mistress, and he noticed how happy the flowers always made her; so he thought that he would give her a bouquet too. Away he went into the garden and plucked a mouthful of laurel leaves. Then he hurried back to Mary, put his forepaws on her bed, dropped the leaves, and wagged his tail, saying as plainly as any dog could: "Don't you think that my flowers are pretty, too?"
—*Our Four-Footed Friends*.

THE BOY AND THE COLT.

I had overheard a conversation between Karl and his mother, says a writer in the *Church Record*. She had work for him to do that interfered with some of his plans for enjoyment, and, though Karl

obeyed her, it was not without a good deal of grumbling. He had much to say about never being allowed to do as he pleased and that it would be time enough for him to settle down to work when he was older. While the sense of injury was strong upon him, I came out on the piazza beside him and said: "Karl, why do you try to break that colt of yours?"

The boy looked up in surprise.

"Why, I want him to be good for something."

"But he likes his own way," I objected: "why shouldn't he have it?"

By this time Karl was staring at me in perplexity. "I'd like to know the good of a horse that always has his own way!" he said, as if rather indignant at my lack of common-sense.

"And as for working," I went on, "I should think there was time enough for that when he gets to be an old horse."

"Why, don't you see, if he doesn't learn when he's a colt"—Karl began. Then he stopped blushed, and looked at me rather appealingly. I heard no more complaints from him that day.

COASTING.

A lot of snow, the wind just so,

A bit of leisure,

With no one to interfere

With plan or pleasure.

A bill, a sled all painted red,

The name in yellow;

A boy in cap, mittens, and wrap,

A happy fellow.

The track like ice, that's very nice:

Ascerape and ruckle,

A little swerve, a tricky curve—

And such a tumble!

A whirl, a stop, the sled on top,

Snow all this hiding;

A merry laugh—yet this's not half

The fun of sliding.

—*Young Disciple*.

A QUEER HOME.

Away up in cold northern Alaska lives a little girl whose home is made of snow. It is a queer little round house, and is about the same shape as a beehive. She has to crawl through the little front nall on her knees, because it is so low. When she gets inside she finds a fire in the middle of the floor, with no place for the smoke to get out but through a hole cut in the snow roof. Her brothers and sisters, all wrapped in furs till they look almost like little bears, are sitting around the fire. Here they eat and sleep and play together, for there is no other room in this little house of snow.—*Christian Observer*.