

HAPPY DAYS

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No. 2.

CAPTAIN COOK.

To the older generation of readers the story of Captain Cook is an old and familiar tale. But the old stories must be often re-told to the new generations; and the character and work of Captain Cook entitle him to perpetual honour. To him is due the discovery of many islands where his followers have wrought mightily for the salvation of souls.

James Cook was the son of a farm-labourer, in Marton, Yorkshire, England, and was born October 28, 1728. His father was a man of energy, and afterward became a bailiff. When James was thirteen years old, in accordance with the custom of the time, he was bound out to a haberdasher at Straiths, near Whitby. He did not long remain here; some difficulty arose between him and his master, and, like so many other adventurous lads, he left, and entered himself as an apprentice on board a collier, and soon became an officer. At the poor age of in the seventh, his practical aspirations led him to join the royal navy, in the service of which he spent his life. Very soon he attracted the notice of his superiors, by his ability; and on the recommendation of the commander of his ship, Cook was appointed master of the "Grampus," and afterwards of two other vessels.

While in command of the "Mercury," he was sent to join the fleet in the St. Lawrence, and assisted in the capture of Newfoundland—the coast of which he surveyed in the following year, 1763. So well was this done, that, in 1764, he was appointed Marine Surveyor of Newfound-

land, and was chosen to conduct an expedition to the Southern Pacific, to take an observation from that point. He was therefore made a lieutenant, and proceeded to Tahiti, where a successful observation was made by the scientists of the expedition. This done, he cruised westward through the



CAPTAIN COOK.

land and Labrador. While in this service he made a careful observation of a solar eclipse, the report of which gave him considerable fame among scientists.

It was known that there was soon to be a transit of Venus; and in view of Cook's evident skill in astronomical work,

there, and returned to England, where he was further honoured by promotion to be post-captain in command of Greenwich Hospital, and was elected to membership in the Royal Society. And now a third enterprise demanded his services. Arctic discovery took the place of the southern

Southern Pacific, to New Zealand, Australia, and Java, where he stopped for repairs, and then returned to England by way of the Cape of Good Hope, having made the circuit of the globe. He arrived in England, June 11, 1771, and was at once made a captain. His stay was short, however, for public discussion had taken up the question of a southern continent, and Cook was again appointed to make a voyage of exploration in search of it. With two ships, and nearly two hundred men, he left Plymouth July 13, 1772. He passed the Cape of Good Hope, and then cruised through the southern regions until midsummer of 1774, when, having made three voyages to and fro in the southern regions, he was convinced that no continent was

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*.

BECAUSE HE LOVES ME SO.

I love to hear the story
Which angel voices tell,
How once the King of glory
Came down on earth to dwell;
I am both weak and sinful,
But this I surely know,
The Lord came down to save me,
Because he loved me so.

I'm glad my blessed Saviour
Was once a child like me,
To show how pure and holy
His little ones might be;
And if I try to follow
His footsteps here below,
He never will forget me,
Because he loves me so.

To show his love and mercy,
My sweetest songs I'll raise,
And though I cannot see him,
I know he hears my praise;
For he has kindly promised
That I shall surely go
To sing among his angels,
Because he loves me so.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

SIX MONTHS WITH THE SYNOPSIS GOSPELS.

LESSON IV.—JANUARY 24.

JESUS REJECTED AT NAZARETH.

Luke 4. 16-30. Memorize verses 18, 19.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He came unto his own, and his own received him not.—John 1. 11.

THE LESSON STORY.

After the temptation in the wilderness of Judea Jesus went north to the country of Galilee, where he had lived since childhood. The Spirit of God within him had grown so much stronger than his human nature that it shone forth in his looks and in his words, so that wherever he went he drew the people to him, and talked to them in their synagogues. His own village of Nazareth was in Galilee, and he naturally went there. He went into the synagogue where he used to go to worship with his mother, and this time he went to teach the people. One of the men handed him a roll of the prophet Isaiah, and he opened it to that place which reads, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he anointed me to preach good tidings to the poor," etc. (Isa. 61. 1-3). When he had closed the book he sat down and every eye was upon his face, every ear bent to catch his words. They were wonderful words that your mother or your teacher will read to you, and they show that he was the Anointed One. At first they looked at each other in surprise, saying, "Is not this Joseph's son?" and they wondered at the gracious

words that proceeded out of his mouth, but when they found that he was really making the words of Scripture fit himself they were very angry, and led him out of their town to the brow of a hill, where they thought to cast him down and destroy him. He knew their thoughts, and he also knew how to keep them from their purpose, and while they stood still, not knowing why, he passed through the midst of them and went his way. It was the power of the Spirit within him.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

- Where was Jesus' home? In Nazareth.
- When did he come there? After his temptation.
- Where did he go on the Sabbath? To the synagogue.
- What did he do there? He read from the prophecy of Isaiah.
- What was the prophecy about? About himself.
- What did the people think? They wondered at his gracious words.
- What did they think later? Many turned against him.
- Why? Because he spoke of himself.
- What did they do? They led him out of the town.
- What else did they try to do? They tried to kill him.
- What did Jesus do? He went quietly away.
- Why could they not destroy him? His time had not yet come.

LESSON V.—JANUARY 31.

JESUS CALLS FOUR DISCIPLES.

Luke 5. 1-11. Memorize verses 4-6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples.—John 8. 31.

THE LESSON STORY.

The lesson to-day is like a beautiful picture. Let us look at it. There is the blue lake of Galilee, or Gennesaret, with its beach of white shells and lapping water and its misty hills on the farther side, the blue sky over all. Then there are boats here and there upon the lake, and two of them close by the shore—the fishermen washing their nets.

There was much more than this picture—a multitude of people on the shore pressing close to hear the words of a noble-looking young man who was teaching them the Word of God. He stepped into one of the boats—it was Simon Peter's—and asked him to push out a little from the shore, and then he sat down in the boat and taught the people from his boat pulpit. Can you bring it all into the picture? Then a wonderful thing happened. When the sermon was done he told Peter and Andrew, his brother, to go out into deep water and let down the nets for a draught of fishes. Peter told him that they had toiled all night and had taken nothing, but

they would let down the nets at his word. When they had done so they found their nets so full of fishes that they were breaking, and they called to their partners, John and James, to come and help them, and two boats were filled with the fishes. Then Peter was amazed and fell down at Jesus' feet, confessing that he was a sinful man, but Jesus said: "Fear not; from henceforth thou shalt catch men." They knew what he meant, and when they had brought their boats to land they left all to follow Jesus.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

- What is the lake of Galilee sometimes called? Gennesaret.
- What did Jesus do there? He began to preach.
- Who lived around the lake? Many people.
- What were some of them? Fishermen.
- What did Jesus do by the lakeside? Preached from a boat.
- What did he do afterward? He told Peter to row out into deep water.
- What did he then tell them to do? To let down their nets.
- What did they catch? Two boats full of fishes.
- What did Peter do? He fell at Jesus' feet.
- Who helped Peter and Andrew? Their partners in the other boat.
- What did Jesus call them to be? Fishers of men.
- What were their names? Andrew, Peter, James and John.

FINEST TEAM IN SERVICE.

Two black horses, Harry and Babe, that draw a fire engine in Jersey City, are said to be the finest team in the service. Harry is the more intelligent, and a truly magnificent animal, and a fire is his delight. Both horses stand untied in their stalls, which have a door in front that opens automatically whenever an alarm is turned in. The sound of a gong drives Harry frantic, and almost as soon as the door of his stall flies open when the alarm is sounded he is under the swinging harness. The other morning it was found necessary to take Harry to the blacksmith shop. As he stood there having his shoes looked to, a trolley car passed, and the motorman clanged the gong. With a snort Harry bounded backward, and snapped the chain like a bit of string, and clattered from the shop, not stopping till he reached the engine-house. The men saw him coming, and quickly swung down the chain that was across the door. The horse dashed in, turned around, and then backed himself under the swinging harness. As the men stared at him, he tossed his head and neighed impatiently, as much as to say, "Where is the fire, and why don't you hurry up!"



FROZEN OUT.

MILLIE'S BABIES.

Six little timid kittens,
Out in the cold alone,
Their mother is always gadding about,
And brings them not even a bone;
She's off in the morning early,
She's off till late at night,
A mischievous, selfish old pussy,
That never does anything right.

The kittens are always hungry,
They're too timid to catch a mouse—
And their mother is such an old gadder,
They won't keep her in the house.
She never petted or played with them,
Nor washed them nice and clean,
Such six little dirty faces
I'm sure I've never seen.

Six little sad, sad kittens,
All sitting in a row,

Cold, and hungry, and dirty
From the tip of each nose to each toe.
Twelve little ears and six little tails
Hanging and drooping low,
So out on the steps I found them,
Sitting all in a row.

And Millie begged hard to keep them,
And fed them and washed them so clean—
Such six bright cunning kittens
I'm sure I have never seen.
The boys laughed at Millie's babies,
She cares not a whit, would you?
If she hadn't adopted those kittens,
What in the world would they do?

FROZEN OUT.

These poor little birds seem almost
frozen to death, don't they? See how
languidly they peep out of their half-

closed eyes. The very severe winter
weather is sometimes fatal to the dear lit-
tle fellows. Just outside of my window
a number come to pick the berries of the
Virginia creeper. But when these and
everything else are frozen hard, I hope my
young readers will scatter some grain or
bread-crumbs for these little feathered
friends of ours—they will be very grate-
ful, I assure you. Remember,

“He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.”

ONE NAME FOR ALL CHILDREN.

Just think how funny it would be if all
the little boys and girls had no names un-
til they were four or five years old, or,
rather, if they all had the same name.

There is a tribe of Indians called Mo-
haves, who live in Arizona, on the banks
of the Colorado River. The little Indian
boys and girls play all day long in the hot
sands with the dogs, for they are very fond
of dogs.

When the big red sun is sinking behind
the hills, the Indian mothers come to the
doors of the mud houses and call, “Peet !
peet ! peet !”

Then all the little Indian boys and girls,
if they are quick to mind, leave their play
and run home. All are peet—no Willies,
nor Harrys, nor Georgies, nor Bessies, nor
Marys—all peet. Each little peet knows
his or her mother's voice, and knows if he
doesn't come home quickly there may be
waiting a little osier switch, which will
not feel nice to him, for the little peets
wear no knickerbockers, nor shoes, nor
hats, and it takes them but a very short
time to dress in the morning.

When the little Mohaves get to be five
years old their playtime is partly over, for
the boys must help pick the mesquit beans
for food during the winter, and help in
the grinding-time, when the beans are made
into a sort of flour. The little girls must
sit by their mothers and learn to weave
strips of bark into a kind of cloth, from
which their clothing is made.

Then the boys and girls are big enough
for names, and are peet no longer, but such
funny names as Puck-ar-roo-too and Musk-
to-rook and Mat-ham-oo. But the little Mo-
have boys or girls have no kindergarten or
school, and never have to learn to write
their names, so they don't care. Perhaps
they get tired of being called peet.

Sometimes a little Mohave will kill a
beaver with his bow, or do something
very smart, and then the father will
pat him on the head and call him
Mat-fa-oo, or something like that,
and he will be peet no more. Some
boys or girls will be naughty and full of
mischief, and will grow to be perhaps ten
years old before they will be called any-
thing but peet.—*The Youth's Companion*.

