

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XXI.

112 TORONTO, JANUARY 12, 1906.

No. 1

AMONG ICEBERGS.

Among the perils encountered by ships sailing in the north Atlantic Ocean is that of running into great floating masses of ice, called icebergs. In the northern regions where it is very cold, great mountains of ice form in the winter season, and when the spring draws near and the weather becomes warmer, large portions of ice become loosened from the mainland and are carried southward by the currents of the ocean. Vessels in passing, even as far south as the line between New York and England, are in danger of running into them.

Our cut shows a vessel passing one of these mountains of ice during a snow-storm at night. It is having a very narrow escape, but fortunately the berg was discovered in time to put on a full head of steam, and, by running the vessel as fast as possible, she passed just as the berg crashed across her stern.



AMONG ICEBERGS.

Many thrilling incidents are narrated by Arctic explorers and others of narrow escapes from being crushed by ice

ably an eddy of the wind against the lofty ice-walls—we lost our headway. Almost at the same moment we saw that

bergs. We will relate one, taken from Dr. Kane's Explorations in the Arctic Ocean:

"But a new enemy came in sight ahead. Directly in our way, just beyond the line of floe-ice against which we were alternately sliding and thumping, was a group of bergs. We had no power to avoid them; and the only question was, whether we were to be dashed to pieces against them, or whether the bergs might not offer us some providential nook of refuge from the storm. But, as we neared them, we perceived that they were at some distance from the floe edge and separated from it by an interval of open water. Our hopes rose, as the gale drove us toward this passage, and it; and we were ready to exult, when, from some unexplained cause—probably the wind against the lofty ice-walls—we lost our headway. Almost at the same moment we saw that

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."

THE MOON-BABY.

There's a beautiful golden cradle,
That rocks in the rose-red sky;
I have seen it there in the evening air,
When the bats and beetles fly:
With little white clouds for curtains,
And for pillows fleecy wool,
And a dear little bed for the Moon-Baby's
head,
So tiny and beautiful.

There are tender young stars around it,
That wait for their bath of dew
In the purple tints that the sun's warm
prints
Have left on the mountain blue;
There are good little gentle planets,
That want to be nursed and kissed,
And laid to sleep in the ocean deep.
Under silvery folds of mist.

But the Moon-Baby first must slumber,
For he is their proud young king,
So, hand in hand, round his bed they
stand,

And lullabies low they sing,
And the beautiful golden cradle
Is rocked by the winds that stray.
With pinions soft, from the halls aloft,
Where the Moon-Baby lives by day.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

WORDS AND WORKS OF J. ESUS AS RECORDED
IN THE GOSPELS.

LESSON III.—January 21.

THE BOY JESUS.

Luke 2. 40-52. Memorize verses 49-52.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Jesus increased in wisdom and stature,
and in favor with God and man.—Luke
2. 52.

THE LESSON STORY.

The boyhood of Jesus was spent in the town of Nazareth. Here he mingled with other children and was like any other child. He grew naturally, and was in every respect a human child. He played at the same games as did other boys, and went to the same school with them. He worked in Joseph's carpenter shop, and no doubt, too, he met with the same hurts that come to any lad using tools.

When Jesus was twelve years old his parents went to Jerusalem as was the custom at the time of the Passover. After the festival was over they started for home and had gone a full day's journey before they missed their child. Of course they were quite anxious and hurried back to the city, where they found him in the temple listening to the learned doctors and asking them questions, which showed he was a boy deeply interested in spiritual matters.

When reproved by his mother his reply was a strange one. "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" Even as a boy of twelve Jesus had some knowledge of the purpose of his life, and this knowledge grew with the years.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. Was Jesus like other children? Yes! he was a real boy.
2. Did he have the same joys and sorrows? Exactly the same.
3. How old was he when he went to Jerusalem? Twelve years.
4. What happened him then? He tarried with the rabbis.
5. What did he do? Asked them questions.
6. What did he reply to his mother who came to seek him? "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?"
7. Did he return with her? Yes, and was obedient to her.

LESSON IV.—JANUARY 28.

THE BAPTISM OF JESUS.

Mark 1. 1-11. Memorize verses 8-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Prepare your hearts unto the Lord, and serve him only.—1 Samuel 7. 3.

THE LESSON STORY.

Eighteen years have now passed since we saw Jesus the little boy of twelve with the doctors in the temple at Jerusalem. What passed in those eighteen years from boyhood to manhood we do not know. But we are sure they were spent in industrious study and work, and that he mingled with other youths and was a great favorite among them.

John the Baptist, who was his cousin, and six months older, had become a preacher. He is called the Forerunner of Christ because his special purpose in preaching was to urge people to repentance and prepare them for the beautiful ministry of Jesus. As an opening to his life of public ministry Jesus went to the Jordan and asked to be baptized. John felt himself unworthy to baptize Jesus, who he knew was much greater than he, but as Jesus desired it John complied.

Jesus went through this ceremony because he felt it would help him in the great work he was about to begin. He felt the full weight of his great responsibility. Then, too, he wanted to set a great example. At the baptism a voice was heard saying, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. What age was Jesus when he was baptized? Thirty years old.
2. How long since he had been heard of in the temple at Jerusalem? Eighteen years.

3. Do we know anything of those years?

No.

4. Who was John the Baptist? A cousin of Jesus, six months older.

5. What was his mission? To prepare the way for Christ.

6. What was his great message? Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.

FACING THE FOE.

"O, please let me do that!" begged Rhoda; "I hate cutting out dress skirts!"

Aunt Ruth dropped her shears on the cutting-table and straightened her back to give a sharp look at the eager face coaxing her.

"First time I ever heard hatin' to do a thing brought forward as a reason for doing it!" she remarked, looking the girl over shrewdly.

"Oh, yes, Aunt Ruth," said Rhoda; "Mother says, that's the very reason. 'Face the foe,' that's her motto that she's always brought us up on. If you don't, she says you go dreading and dreading it for ever, and worse and worse as you put off trying it, and by and by you are incapable. She always makes us try to do everything we hate to do, and keep at it till we like it."

"Your mother's a very sensible woman," was Aunt Ruth's comment. "Here, take the shears, then. I was going to let you look on and see me do it, but you might as well make your mistakes and profit by them."

"There!" said Rhoda in triumph fifteen minutes later; "that bugbear never will block me again."

"Plucky way of doing," muttered Robert to himself, coming out of the window-seat where he had been lounging over a "Harper's Weekly" instead of doing what he called "tackling" his debating club essay. "Face the foe!" Did it, too, like a soldier. Wonder how the rule would work on some of my 'bugbears.' There's that Christian Endeavor meeting to-night—Dick wanted I should lead it for him. Sneaked out of it by telling him I never did such a thing in my life. Believe I'll go and try it, Rhoda-fashion. Wouldn't she be surprised if she knew what she made me do with her dress-making lesson?"

ONLY.

Only a smile, but how it cheered the broken heart, engendered hope, and cast a halo of light around that sick-bed.

Only a stray sunbeam, yet it cheered a wretched abode and gladdened a stricken heart.

Only a word of encouragement, a single word. It gave a drooping spirit new life, and led to victory.



SNOWBIRDS.

THE SNOWBIRD.

In the rosy light trills the gay swallow,

The thrush in the roses below;

The meadow-lark sings in the meadow,

But the snowbird sings in the snow.

Ah me!

Chicadee!

The snowbird sings in the snow!

The blue martin trills in the gable,

The wren in the gourd below;

In the elm flutes the golden robin,

But the snowbird sings in the snow.

Ah me!

Chicadee!

The snowbird sings in the snow!

High wheels the gray wing of the osprey,

The wing of the sparrow drops low;

In the mist dips the wing of the robin,

And the snowbird's wing in the snow.

Ah me!

Chicadee!

The snowbird sings in the snow!

I love the high heart of the osprey,

The meek heart of the thrush, below,

The heart of the lark in the meadow,

And the snowbird's heart in the snow.

But dearest to me,

Chicadee! Chicadee!

Is that true little heart in the snow.

"WHAT WILL THEY SAY ABOUT IT?"

When Lewis Ormsby was one day urging his schoolmate, Fred Harmon, to become a Christian, Fred, who had a strong desire to be a better boy, said in reference to his playmates: "What will they say about it?"

"No matter what they say about it," replied Lewis. "Do as you think that you ought to do, and do not be influenced by fears of what others may think or say or do."

And Lewis was right. There are many who continue in wrong doing because they are afraid of what some one will say if they try to do right. How strange that they do not stop to consider what good people think of them while they keep on sinning! Why do they not ask: "What will my parents and friends think of me? What will God think of me?"

The true question is not, "What will people say about it?" but "What is right?" It is not always easy to do right; but it is always safe, and it is the only safe way; and as far as the difficulty of right doing is concerned, God always helps every one who tries in the right way. How can anything be really difficult when God helps?

Suppose we are laughed at for being Christians. Who is harmed by it? Those who laugh. It hurts them, but does not damage us. True, it is not pleasant to be ridiculed; but, for Christ's sake, we can endure it. Ridicule is but a slight thing compared to what many have suffered for Jesus.

IN CAPTIVITY.

Janie Lindsey had a fashion of "going by" with the girls after school, and staying—oh—ever so long! The worst of it was, she had been told again and again not to do so. She always made such good excuses.

"Oh, mamma," she would say, "I was so thirsty! I believe I should have fainted if I hadn't 'gone by' Annie's for a drink;" or, she would say, "Mamma, I just 'went by' Lucy's to see the loveliest of dresses, that she had made for her dolly," and so on, and so on.

Janie's mamma determined to break Janie of this bad habit.

"Janie," said her mamma, one Friday morning, "come straight home from school, I'll have something nice for you this afternoon."

"Yes, ma'am! As soon as school is out, just as sure as my name is Janie Lindsey, I'll fly home to my dear, sweet, good mamma;" and she kissed her mother good-bye, fully intending to do just as she said.

About four o'clock Janie came walking slowly home. "Mamma, I just went by Fannie Stout's to see her new little puppy. Oh, mamma, it's the nicest little white-haired poodle you ever saw; just as soft and downy and—mamma, I—I for-

got! Please forgive me for not coming straight home just this one time! I declare, mamma, I just declare that—"

"That will do, Janie! Come and eat your supper. Your father has been gone three hours, as he couldn't wait for you. He wanted us to go out to auntie's with him and eat some of her nice grapes, peaches and cream, and drive back by moonlight."

"Oh!" and Janie caught her breath. "But, mamma, it isn't supper time yet."

"I know it isn't; but my little daughter is out so much that I know she must be very tired. So, as I had to stay at home and wait for her I prepared an early supper of milk and bread for her, so that she could eat and go right to bed. Eat your supper."

Janie knew, from the tone of her mother's voice, that she was in earnest; so she ate her bread and milk without another word.

"Come, my dear," and Janie followed her mother up to her own dear little room, which had never seemed hateful before. "Here is your gown. Put it on; and, when you have prayed, get in bed. Now, I will close the door and nobody shall disturb you," and mamma was gone.

Well! Of all the funny things this was the funniest. Janie did not know whether to laugh or to cry, and she felt very much like doing both. At length she fell asleep, and dreamed that she was Joseph in prison, and that Pharaoh had just sent for her to tell him the meaning of his dream—when she awoke.

Janie got right out of bed and down on her knees, and was asking God so earnestly to help her obey her mother and come straight home from school that she didn't hear the door open and shut as her mother came in. She got into bed again, and then she saw her mother.

"Oh, mamma, I know what it means!" she exclaimed. "I'm in captivity. When the children of Israel disobeyed God, he let them go into captivity; and I've been so disobedient, mamma, that I'm in captivity suffering for it. But you are going to give me my freedom, aren't you?"

"Not to-day."

Janie raised half up in bed, and looked as if she couldn't believe what she had heard. "What, mamma!" she cried, "are you going to keep me in captivity sure enough?"

"Yes, dear, you must suffer for your disobedience."

Janie spent the whole day in captivity. Her mother sent up her meals, and at bed-time had another long talk with her. Janie was up bright and early the next morning, and was ready for Sunday-school in good time. From that day to this Janie has never "gone by" with one of the girls without her mother's permission.