

# HAPPY DAYS

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No. 14.

## THE VICTIMS OF THE ARCTIC OCEAN.

The *Jeanette*—a name that will never be forgotten while history records the deeds of brave men—sailed from San Francisco on July 8th, 1879, with a crew of thirty-three men, all told. About the end of September the party had really entered upon the dangers and difficulties of arctic exploration. They were in the midst of great fields of ice, which drifted with the varying winds and currents, so that, although the ship was itself inactive, it was carried over great distances.

In January, however, the ship sprang a leak, and all hands were kept busy at the pumps to keep the water down, and for eighteen months the pumps never ceased working. At last, however, the fight could be kept up no longer. On June 13th, the *Jeanette* sank, and the crew were left encamped upon the ice, with no other hope of return than that which their three boats afforded.

Thus left almost destitute, Commander DeLong had no other course open to him than to retreat.

There were in the midst of the sea, indeed, but it was a sea of solid ice; and for weeks the boats did not touch water, except for a short ferriage here and there, where a break in the ice left a narrow slip of open sea. The boats were placed upon

rudely-built sleds, and for fifty-three weary days the resolute men dragged them over the ice.

Some days they would make a mile; on others scarcely more than half that distance. Great hillocks of ice were to be

Melville's boat touched land on the delta of the Lena—a river which, flowing northward through Siberia, discharges itself into the arctic seas. Here the boat's crew met with hospitable treatment by the natives of those shores, and were all saved.



CAUGHT IN THE ICE.

surmounted and cracks to be crossed, nearly every one of these being so wide that the sleds had to be let down into them and then hauled up on the other side.

Nor were these the only hardships the retreating band had to encounter. The cold was intense, as may be imagined. Short rations and their fearful labour had reduced the strength of the men, so that one-quarter of the whole party had to be carried helpless on sleds; while almost all were suffering from frost-bite or from the effects of the ice upon their eyes.

At last the retreating company reached comparatively open water. The boats were launched, and the party set sail for what they hoped would be a milder climate and a more hospitable shore.

For a few days all went fairly well, but during a gale that arose in the night, the boats became separated, and in the morning the company on board the whale-boat scanned the dreary waters in vain for the sails of the boats manned by the crews of Commander DeLong and Lieutenant Chipp. Engineer

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 peckaboo 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.*

AT SCHOOL AND AT HOME.

BY ELIZABETH L. GOULD.

My teacher doesn't think I read  
So very special well.  
She's always saying, "What was that  
Last word?" and makes me spell  
And then pronounce it after her,  
As slow as slow can be.  
"You'd better take a little care,"—  
That's what she says to me,—  
"Or else I'm really 'fraid you'll find,  
Some one of these bright days,  
You're 'way behind the Primer Class,"  
That's what my teacher says.

But when I'm at my grandpa's house,  
He hands me out a book,  
And lets me choose a place to read;  
And then he'll sit and look  
At me, and listen, *just* as pleased!  
I know it from his face.  
And when I read a great long word,  
He'll say, "Why, little Grace,  
*You'll* have to teach our deestric school,  
Some one o' these bright days!  
Mother, you come and hear this child"—  
That's what my grandpa says.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON II. [July 13.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS—DUTIES TO GOD.

Exod. 20. 1-11. Memorize verses 3-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with  
all thy heart.—Luke 10. 27.

THE LESSON STORY.

It was nearly three months after the  
Israelite came through the Red Sea that  
they encamped on a great plain before  
Mount Sinai, and there God gave the  
people the Decalogue, or Ten Command-  
ments. He told Moses to tell the people  
to make themselves clean, and on the third  
day to come near while he talked with  
Moses on the mount. On the third day  
Moses led them to the foot of the mountain,  
and they saw a thick cloud resting on its  
top. There was bright lightning, and  
thunder, and the mountain shook with the  
sound, but Moses went up to hear God's  
words. The people knew that their  
leader, Moses, was behind the cloud with  
God, and that no harm could come to him,  
yet they were afraid. The Lord told  
Moses many things to help him in caring  
for the thousands of Israel, and the Ten  
Commandments were written on a tablet  
of stone, that the people might keep it for  
ever. Moses was in the cloud upon the  
mount forty days, and wrote down all the  
words of the law, that he might read them  
to the people. The first four command-  
ments in the Decalogue tell of our duties  
to God. The six that follow teach us our

duties to each other. When the Lord  
Jesus came he gave us our duty to God  
in one short commandment—our Golden  
Text.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

To what mountain did the Israelites  
come? To Sinai.

Where did they pitch their tents? Be-  
fore the mountain.

What did God want to give them? A  
law to live by.

Where did the people stand? Before  
the mount.

What was around its top? Clouds and  
lightning.

What did they hear? Thunder.

Where did Moses go? Into the mount.

Who called him there? God.

What did he give him? The law.

On what was the law written? On tab-  
lets of stone.

What do the first four commandments  
teach? Our duty to God.

How long did Moses stay in the mount?  
Forty days.

LESSON III. [July 20.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS—DUTIES  
TO MEN.

Exod. 20. 12-17. Memorize verses 12-17.

GOLDEN TEXT

Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thy-  
self.—Matt. 19. 19.

THE LESSON STORY.

The first four commandments were  
about our duties to God—our worship of  
him only, and honoring his name, and  
keeping holy his day—but the six that fol-  
low tell us how to live with each other, and  
not do the things that bring trouble. If  
everyone through all the world would keep  
these commandments heaven would be here.  
Think! What if every child should grow  
up honouring its father and mother always  
in all things; if no man should ever kill an-  
other in war time or at any other time; if  
all should be pure-minded; if no one should  
steal, or tell a lie, or wish for the things  
of another. Would not that be heaven  
upon earth? All God's children are try-  
ing to keep these commandments, and it is  
very easy after we let the Lord's love into  
our hearts, for he has told us that "love is  
the fulfilling of the law." No one who  
truly loves his neighbour with the love that  
God gives will ever wish to harm him.  
Sometimes people pretend to love a person  
when they hope to gain by their friend-  
ship. That is not the kind of love God  
gives. His love is unselfish, and so must  
ours be. God loves the people who are  
not lovable. He loves the people who hate  
him. He knows there is some seed of  
good in every heart, and if that seed can  
ever be made to grow into a fair plant love  
must be the sunshine which calls it to life.  
Will you keep this law in your heart by  
learning it? Then it will keep you in  
time of temptation through all your life.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

What do the first four commandments  
teach? Love to God.

What do the last six teach? Love to  
man.

What are the commandments for? To  
live by.

Who can keep them? Any one who  
lets God help him.

What has God to give us? Love.

What will love help children to do?  
Honour their parents.

What will it help men to do? Put away  
war and hatred.

Would love steal from another? No,  
never.

What always lives with love? Truth.

Who came to fulfil the law? Jesus  
Christ.

Of what does he fill it full? Of love to  
God and man.

Do we have to buy love? No, it is  
God's gift.

ONE LITTLE SUNBEAM.

A tiny sunbeam was shining far above  
the clouds.

Down below it was the ocean and on the  
sand some children playing. In a cottage  
by the shore was a little girl who could not  
walk. Sometimes the clouds shut in the  
sunbeam so that it could not send its light  
down to the earth. Then the ocean looked  
dark, and the wind blowing made it rough,  
and the children could not play as well,  
and frowns gathered on the lame girl's  
face.

But the moment there was a break in  
the clouds, the sunbeam came right down  
to the earth and into the lame girl's room.  
She began to smile, and looked out of the  
window and saw a beautiful sight. Every  
little wave and ripple on the ocean was  
touched with brightness like silver, and  
sparkled as it moved back and forth. The  
children on the beach were looking at it,  
too, and they clapped their hands with joy.  
Everything was happier and brighter all  
because one little sunbeam was trying to  
shine through the clouds.—*Morning  
Light.*

HOW TO MAKE SOAP BUBBLES.

It is great sport to make soap bubbles;  
but it is twice as much fun if the bubbles  
are big ones, strong enough not to break  
when they are floated to the floor. Bub-  
bles as big as the largest kind of football  
can easily be blown by any one who knows  
how to mix the soap bubble material.  
Take a piece of white castile soap about  
as big as a walnut; cut it up into a cup of  
warm water, and then add a teaspoonful  
of glycerine; stir well, and blow from a  
small pipe. This will make enough bub-  
bles to last all the afternoon. To make  
pink bubbles, add a few drops of straw-  
berry juice; and to make yellow ones, put  
in a little orange juice.—*Exchange.*

## A DISASTROUS RIDE.

Some little drops of water  
Whose home was in the sea,  
To go upon a journey  
Once happened to agree.

A cloud they had for carriage,  
They drove a playful breeze,  
And over town and country,  
They rode along at ease.

But oh, there was so many,  
At last the carriage broke,  
And to the ground came tumbling  
These frightened little folk.

And thro' the moss and grasses  
They were compelled to roam,  
Until a brooklet found them  
And carried them all home.

mother, this is no splash, it is Lake Ontario." I was much amused, and told her to dry it up and rest awhile, which she did, and I have not had courage to ask her since to do a like favour.

## ROB'S CARELESSNESS.

Little Rob's mother put a gate at the top of the stairs, and fastened it with a string. She told Rob, when he went through the gate, to be sure to fasten it, so that baby would not fall down the steps. But Rob was very careless; several times he forgot to fasten the string, and his mother found baby at the open gate, ready to go down. Finally, one morning when the mother was not watching, Rob left the gate unfastened, and baby tumbled down-stairs. The mother ran as fast as she

Does Jesus whisper in your heart? When you do right, does he approve? When you do wrong, does he rebuke? Does he make your heart sad when you have sinned, and happy when you have done rightly? Be thankful, then, for this; and remember always to heed the Saviour's whisper, and then you will be safely guided to his heavenly home at last.

## A HELPFUL BROTHER.

Baby Annie wanted to lie down on the bed, and she felt in such a hurry that she could not wait for mamma to come, so she threw herself down on the floor and cried very hard.

Aleck was sorry to see baby so tired, so he pulled mamma's skirt, and said:

"Please, mamma, put Annie on the bed."



MOUNT SINAI.—SEE LESSON FOR JULY 13.

## A SMALL LAKE ONTARIO.

I would like to tell you a story of my little girl, aged eight years. Last summer I was very ill, and my help was gone, so I said one day to her, Do you think, darling, you could wash off the hall floor. She thought she could, so made her arrangements for doing so. It was her first effort, so I watched it with a great deal of interest. She succeeded admirably until she came to a part of the hall which widened twice the regular width and had several corners to it. I saw at once she was getting confused, but decided to wait and see what she would do. Finally I said, "My dear, you have a dreadful splash there." I might say here that we live on the bank of Lake Ontario, and without a moment's hesitation she said: "I will tell you,

could when she heard his little head and limbs striking against the cruel steps; and when she picked him up he was badly hurt. The doctor said his leg was broken; so he bound it in a hard cast, and poor baby had to lie still in his crib and suffer for weeks, all because Rob was so careless that he forgot to fasten the gate.—*Picture World*.

## JESUS WHISPERING.

"What is conscience?" said a Sunday-school teacher, one day, to the little flock that gathered around to learn the words of life.

Several of the children answered—some saying one thing, and another another—until a little timid child spoke out: "It is Jesus whispering in our hearts."

Mamma lifted the little girl, patted and kissed her, and laid her down, then hurried to her work.

Aleck ran into the room, saying: "Baby dear, what is it?"

"I want my bootins off," sobbed baby. "I'll take 'em off for you."

Aleck worked until his fingers ached, and soon had the boots off. Then he took the tired feet and patted them as he had seen his mamma do.

Baby Annie turned her head on the pillow with a sigh, and was soon asleep. Aleck ran away to play, with a happy feeling in his heart, for he had helped Annie and busy mamma.

Have you ever tried to help in such a sweet way? If not, begin at once. There are so many things you can do.