

HAPPY DAYS

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CANOE LIFE IN THE GREAT NORTH-WEST.

BY THE EDITOR.

What the horse is to the camel to the desert traveller, or the Eskimo, the birch-bark canoe is to the Indian. The forests along the river shores yield all the material requisite for its construction; cedar for its ribs; birch-bark for its outer covering; the thews of the juniper to sew together the separate pieces; red pine to give resin for the seams and crevices.

"And the forest life is in it—
All its mystery and magic,
All the lightness of the birch-
tree,

All the toughness of the cedar,
All the larch's supple sinews,
Like a yellow leaf in autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily."

During the summer season the canoe is the home of the red man. It is not only a boat, but a house; he turns it over him as a protection when he camps; he carries it long distances overland from lake to lake. Frail beyond words, yet he loads it down to the water's edge. In it he steers boldly out into the broadest lake, or waddles through wood and swamp, and reedy shallow. Sitting in it he gathers his harvest of wild rice, or catches fish, or steals upon his game; braves the foaming torrent, or lies like a wild bird on the placid waters. While the trees are green, while the waters dance and sparkle, and the wild duck dwells in the sedgy ponds, the birch-canoe is the red man's home.

And how well he knows the moods of the river! To guide his canoe through some whirling eddy, to shoot some roaring waterfall, to launch it by the edge of some fiercely-rushing torrent, or dash down a foaming rapid, is to be a brave and skilful

Indian. The man who does all this, and does it well, must possess a rapidity of glance, a power in the sweep of his paddle, and a quiet consciousness of skill, not attained save by long years of practice.

An exceedingly light and graceful craft

floats it. In this frail barque, which measures anywhere from twelve to forty feet long, and from two to five feet broad in the middle, the Indian and his family travel over the innumerable lakes and rivers and the fur hunters pursue their lonely calling.

Canoe travel in the Fur Land presents many picturesque phases. Just as the first faint tinge of coming dawn steals over the east, the canoe is lifted gently from its ledge of rock and laid upon the water. The blankets, the kettles, the guns, and all the paraphernalia of the camp, are placed in it, and the swarthy voyageurs step lightly in. All but one. He remains on shore to steady the barque on the water, and keep its sides from contact with the rock. The passenger takes his place in the centre, the outside man springs gently in, and the birch-bark canoe glides away from its rocky resting-place.

Each hour reveals some new phase of beauty, some changing scene of lonely grandeur. The canoe sweeps rapidly over the placid waters; now buffets with, and advances against, the rushing current of some powerful river, which seems to bid defiance to further progress; again, is carried over rocks and through deep forests, when some foaming cataract bars its way. With a favoring breeze there falls upon the ear the rush and roar of water; and the canoe shoots toward a tumbling mass of spray and foam, studded with huge projecting rocks which mark a river rapid. As the canoe approaches the foaming flood, the voyageur in the bow—the



SHOOTING A RAPID.

is the birch-bark canoe; a type of speed and beauty. So light that one man can easily carry it on his shoulders overland where a waterfall obstructs his progress; and as it only sinks five or six inches in the water, few places are too shallow to

important seat in the management of the canoe—rises upon his knees, and closely scans the wild scene before attempting the ascent. Sinking down again, he seizes the paddle, and pointing to a certain spot in the chaos of boiling water before him,

dashes into the stream. Yard by yard the rapid is thus ascended, sometimes gaining a foot a minute, again advancing more rapidly, until at last the light craft floats upon the very lip of the fall, and a long smooth piece of water stretches away up the stream.

But if the rushing or breasting up a rapid is exciting, the operation of shooting them in a birch-bark canoe is doubly so. As the frail birch-bark nears the rapid from above, all is quiet. The most skilful voyageur sits on his heels in the bow of the canoe, the next best oarsman similarly placed in the stern. The bowsman peers straight ahead with a glance like that of an eagle. The canoe, seeming like a cockleshell in its frailty, silently approaches the rim where waters disappear from view. On the very edge of the slope the bowsman suddenly stands up, and bending forward his head, peers eagerly down the eddying rush, then falls upon his knees again. Without turning his head for an instant, the sentient hand behind him signals its warning to the steersman. Now there is no time for thought; no eye is quick enough to take in the rushing scene. There are strange currents, unexpected whirls, and backward eddies and rocks—rocks rough and jagged, smooth, slippery and polished—and through all this the canoe glances like an arrow, dips like a wild bird down the wing of the storm.

All this time not a word is spoken; but every now and then there is a quick twist of the bow paddle to edge her off some rock, to put her full through some boiling billow, to hold her steady down the slope of some thundering chute.

HOW LEU YEN WAS HELPED.

A Christian lady of Oakland has told in an exchange the story of Leu Yen.

As I passed through the kitchen into the laundry one Tuesday forenoon, I could not but notice the happy, contented expression in Leu Yen's face, though I saw at a glance that the large clothes-basket was full of tightly-rolled garments to be ironed, and that meant a long, steady day's work.

"How are you getting along, Yen?" was my salutation, and the answer came readily and quick, "All right; Job helped me very much yesterday."

"Job helped you! How was that?" forgetting for a moment that our Sunday-school lessons at that time were in the book of Job.

"Yes, Job helped me!" giving emphasis to his words.

"Yesterday I have big wash, very heavy quilt, too, and I work hard, hang some clothes on the line, fix 'em big quilt on the line, put stick under the line, hold him up, then wash more clothes, go out,

find stick blown down, big quilt all dirt, go this way back again, then I feel so mad, feel just like I swear, then I think of Job, how he lose his money, his children, all his land, get sick, have sores all over, he never swear, he praise God, then I praise God, bring quilt in house, wash him clean, and praise God all the time."

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, MAY 26, 1895.

POOR FLAVOR, ANYWAY.

When General Miles visited Galveston he inspected Fort San Jacinto. One of the men who have the ammunition magazine in charge was standing at the door of the place, says The Galveston News, holding in his hand two little strips of something that looked like macaroni.

"What's that?" asked General Miles.

"Don't you know, General, what that is?" said the government official.

"Don't believe I do," said the general, examining a piece of the stuff.

"That's the powder we use in that rifle there," he said, pointing to one of the guns.

Nobody laughed so heartily as the general himself at the very ridiculous idea of the head of the United States army not knowing what powder was when he saw it.

One of the officers then said: "That stuff is put up in those boxes you see over in that corner there. When the storm hit this fort and scattered our guns and ammunition all over South Texas, it became necessary for us to send out an officer to locate and recover as much of it as possible.

"One day, while in discharge of this

duty, he came upon an old farmer up the bay somewhere, who had been picking up what he could find over in his section of the state. The officer found several of these boxes stacked away in the old man's larder, and in the name of Uncle Sam he proceeded to seize them.

"He procured a waggon and loaded the stuff on it. As he was leaving the place the old man sang out, with some degree of satisfaction: 'Take your old macaroni! It's no good, anyway! Mary boiled some a whole day, and it tasted like mule!'"

A QUEER WAY OF RECKONING BIRTHDAYS.

Far away in north-east Greenland, where life is so cold and cheerless that people can hardly be said to live, but simply exist, the people have an odd way of keeping the family record. They have no written language nor method of making such rude chronicles as we find even among many uncivilized people.

One bit of history is carefully preserved, however, and this is the way it is done: Each baby at its birth is provided with a fur bag, which is kept as his most precious possession. When, after the long Arctic winter, the sun makes his appearance, the bag is opened and a bone is put into it to mark a year of baby's life.

So, each succeeding year, as the sun makes his yearly four months' visit, another bone is added. This bag is regarded as something so very sacred that it never seems to enter into the head of the most impatient little Eskimo to add a bone to his collection "between times" to hurry himself into his "teens."

THE RESURRECTION.

When Winter vanished silently

Before the touch of Spring,

In garden bed I placed a bulb,

A brown and withered thing,

No hint of sweetness it exhaled,

No grace of form it wore,

As in the earth I set it deep,

And strewed it thickly o'er.

In Summer, on the self-same spot,

A rising plant was seen;

Ere long a pearly bud appeared

Amid its leaves of green;

And soon a lovely lily stood

In fair and perfect bloom;

With robe of snow, and heart of gold,

And breath of sweet perfume.

And so it is ordained for me;

Ere long this body plain

Must hide, within the quiet grave,

Its weakness and its pain.

But when at last my Lord shall come,

His kingdom to declare,

In perfect beauty I shall rise

To meet him in the air.

NEVER OUT OF SIGHT.

There is a little saying,
Which you'll find is always true;
My little boy, my little girl,
A saying that's for you.
'Tis this, my darling little one,
With eyes so clear and bright:
"No child in all this careless world
Is ever out of sight."

No matter whether field or glen,
Or city's crowded way,
Or pleasure's laugh or labor's hum
Entice your feet to stray,
Some One is always watching you;
And, whether wrong or right,
No child in all this busy world
Is ever out of sight.

Some One is always watching you,
And marking what you do,
To see if all your childhood's acts
Are honest, brave, and true;
And watchers of the heavenly world,
God's angels, pure and white,
In joy or sorrow at your course
Are keeping you in sight.

Bear this in mind, my little one,
And let your aim be high;
You do whatever you may do
Beneath some seeing eye,
Remember this, my darling one,
And keep your good name bright:
No child who lives upon the earth
Is ever out of sight.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE WRITINGS OF JOHN.

LESSON IX.—MAY 28.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

John 19. 17-30. Memorize verses 25-27.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Christ died for our sins according to the scriptures.—1 Cor. 15. 3.

THE LESSON STORY.

The time had come for our Lord to end his earthly life and finish the work he had come to do. We must not think hard thoughts about the people who brought it about, for it was for this cause he came into the world. Pilate could not save him, and though he saved others, himself he could not save, for he had come to redeem us and to show us the only thing that can save anybody—Love. He went, bearing his cross, to the hill called Calvary, that has been so sacred to the world ever since, and there, between two thieves, he gave up his natural life, that he might come nearer to us, who also have to give up our natural lives when we go to live with him. Over his cross Pilate had written, "Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the

Jews," to vex the Jews, perhaps, since they would not let Pilate set him free. The soldiers parted his garments and cast lots for his clothing. Three Marys stood at the foot of the cross—his mother, Mary the wife of Cleopas, and Mary Magdalene—and John stood with them. When Jesus saw his two closest earthly friends there he said to his mother, "Woman, behold thy son!" and to John he said, "Behold thy mother!" and John took Mary to his own home from that hour.

Knowing that all that he had come to do was now done, Jesus said, "It is finished," and gave up his life.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

What did Jesus come to do? To live our life and die our death.

Why? To bring us into the heavenly life.

What led him to do it? Love.

Who said that Jesus must die? The high priest and Pilate.

Who had already said so? Himself.

How did Jesus go to Calvary? Bearing his cross.

Who went with him? A few friends, but many enemies.

Who stood by his cross? The three Marys and John.

To whom did he give the care of his mother? To John.

What were the last words of Jesus? "It is finished."

What had he done? Redeemed the world from sin.

What have we to do? To believe in him, and do his will.

LESSON X.—JUNE 4.

THE RESURRECTION.

John 20. 11-23. Memorize verses 19-21.

GOLDEN TEXT.

But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept.—1 Cor. 15. 20.

THE LESSON STORY.

How happy we are to come to the resurrection story! We are glad that our Lord won eternal life for us by passing through the life and death of this world, but we do not like to think that the sins of the world—our sins—cost him so much. But let us come with Mary to his tomb in the early dawn of the first day of the week. The Sabbath had passed, and she had hastened with the first light to guide her steps to the garden where her Lord lay. They had found the tomb open and empty, and had run to tell the disciples. Peter and John had been to look also, and, finding only an empty grave, had gone away, but Mary could not go. She stood weeping and wondering, and stooping down once more to look within, she saw two angels sitting, one at the head and the other at the foot of the place where the body of Jesus had lain. When they said, "Woman, why weepest thou?"

she said, "Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him." When she turned again she saw the Risen One standing near, who asked her the same question, adding, "Whom seekest thou?" she thought he was the gardener, and begged him, if he had taken the body of Jesus away, to tell her where he had laid him, that she might take him away. Then a voice that thrilled through her heart said, "Mary," and she threw herself at his feet, crying, "Rabboni!" ("Dear Teacher!")

What joy it was to be the first to see him, to hear his voice, to know that he was alive again! She heard his words about ascending to his Father and about telling his brethren, and then she ran again to the room where the disciples were to tell the joyful news. In another gospel we read that Jesus told her to tell them that he was going into Galilee, and would meet them there; so perhaps they all went there to meet him.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

On what day did Jesus rise? On the first day of the week.

At what time? In the early dawn.

Who then came to the tomb? Mary Magdalene.

What did she see? That it was empty.

Whom did she bring to see it also? Peter and John.

What did she do when they had gone? Wept by the tomb.

Who spoke to her? Two angels sitting in the tomb.

What did they say? "Why weepest thou?"

Who said the same thing beside her? Jesus.

Did she know him? Not until he said "Mary."

What did she then do? Fell at his feet, saying, Rabboni.

What did he send her to do? To tell his brethren.

THE BEAUTIFUL GARMENT.

There is a robe of lovely hue
Which Wisdom's eye delights to view;
The God of heaven himself admires
The child who in that robe attires.

Think you 'tis made of silk, all gay
With gold, or gems of sparkling ray?
An outward robe of texture rare,
Such as the rich and mighty wear?

Oh, no! dear child, it is not such;
It differs very, very much;
The robe I mean is nobler far
Than earth's most costly garments are.

It will both rich and poor adorn,
And should by every child be worn.
Hear, then, its name—and seek to be
Adorned with sweet HUMILITY.



NORMAN GATE AND ROUND TOWER, WINDSOR.

A NEW PATRIOTIC ANTHEM.

(Tune, "Rule Britannia.")

When Britain first at Heaven's command

Rose free from error's sinful chain,

The Christian charter of the land
In lovely accents breathed this strain:

Rise Britannia, and shine upon the waves;

Whom Christ makes free shall never more be slaves.

The nations not so blest as thee
Prostrate to idol gods still fall;
While those more blessed bend the knee

To God—Creator of them all.
Rise Britannia, and shine upon the waves:

Whom Christ makes free, shall never more be slaves.

From north to south, from east to west;

Where'er thy banner is unfurled,

Be this henceforth thy great behest,

To spread the Gospel through the world.

Rise Britannia, and shine upon the waves;

Whom Christ makes free, shall never more be slaves.

THE MISSING SMILE.

Some one has said that the best portion of a good man's life consists of his little, nameless, unremembered acts of love and kindness; but sometimes the deeds which seem trivial to the doer, and pass from his mind altogether, sink deep into some grateful heart, where memory holds them fast. A pathetic instance of such loving remembrance is given below:

There was no crape upon the door, although the angel of death had entered the home the night before. A bow of white ribbon and a cluster of pale, fragrant lilies took the place of that symbol of gloom and sorrow. There could be no real mourning in the hearts of those who had loved the patient sufferer, and had known how she longed for her release.

All day friends came and went with grave faces and bowed heads. Late in the afternoon a ragged boy climbed the steps hesitatingly. His eyes were red, as with much weeping, and his voice hardly above a whisper, as he asked: "Say, can't I see her? I won't stay but just a minute."

"How did you come to know her?" some one asked, strangely drawn toward the little waif by the bond of a common sorrow.

The answer was slow in coming, but a little patient questioning drew it out at last: "You see, she used to lie there by the window, an' I'd see her when I went by. If 'twas



LOOK AT WINDSOR.

cold or rainy, she'd look at me sorrylike, an' after awhile she got to smilin' when she saw me, an' wavin' her hand. On real bad days she used to have 'em call me in, so I could warm up by the fire; an' once she knit me a pair of mittens—good, thick ones, too—but 'tain't them things I care so much about," concluded the boy, chokingly. "I kin stan' the cold all right, but seems though I shouldn't never get used to missin' that smile."

They took him into the room where she was lying, with the radiance of heavenly peace on her still face. He looked at her lovingly and longingly, then turned away. His little body was shaken by sobs as he went out into the world that would hence-

forth be colder and more desolate, because it lacked the sunshine of a smile.

WHAT ROYAL CHILDREN DO.

The education of Queen Victoria's grandchildren was conducted on the principle that the Prince Consort introduced into her family. They had to rise early and retire early. During the day they had to keep strictly the time allotted to the various branches of study and recreation. The time between ten in the morning and five in the afternoon was devoted to their lessons, with an interruption of one hour for dinner. Their meals consisted of simple dishes, of which they had their choice, without being permitted to ask for a substitute, if what was placed before them did not suit. Between meals they were not allowed to eat. Only inexpensive toys were placed in their hands; and the princesses dressed themselves without the aid of waiting-maids.

A PRETTY PET.

Mary and Donald have a tame robin for a pet. At first he only came to the window-sill to pick up the crumbs they scattered for him. But when he became better acquainted he ventured nearer, until the three were fast friends. The moment they open the door Bobby hops down to them, and is often at their feet while they are looking all around for him.

As soon as the severe winter weather comes, he taps at the window, and directly they open it he hops in, and very often lives in the nursery day and night for a week or ten days without going out. If he does venture out, and it is still cold, he comes back again very soon. At Christmas-time, when the evergreens are up, he seems even more at home, and likes to sit on them and sing.

One morning they heard him making a great noise. They went to see what was the matter and found that the snow was gone.

They opened the window, and he soon flew out; but he always says good-bye before he goes, by turning round and giving a chirp.



WINDSOR CASTLE, FROM ETON.