

## SOME WISE BEFORES.

BY HAROLD FARRINGTON.

Before I'd say a harmful thing  
Of some one else, I'd see  
How I would feel if some one else  
Said that same thing of me.

Before a cross word should escape  
My lips (if I were you),  
I'd reckon, if I could, the good  
A kindly word would do.

Before I'd utter a complaint—  
The weather might seem bad—  
I'd first see if that rain did not  
Make other persons glad.

Before I'd let an angry frown  
Come o'er my face, I'd see  
How really more becoming  
A pleasant smile would be.

Before my character was fixed  
(I'm very sure you can),  
I'd cultivate those traits—each one—  
That make a noble man.

## OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

	Yearly	Sub's
Christian Guardian, weekly	.....	\$1.00
Methodist Magazine and Review, 28 pp., monthly, illustrated	.....	3.00
Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review	.....	3.75
Magazine and Review, Guardian and O'ward together	.....	3.25
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	.....	1.00
Canadian Epworth Era	.....	0.25
Sunday-school Banner, 48 pp., 8vo., monthly	.....	0.25
O'ward, 6 pp., 6to, weekly under 5 copies	.....	0.25
5 copies and over	.....	0.20
Pleasant Hours, 1 pp., 6to, weekly, single copies	.....	0.25
Less than 25 copies	.....	0.25
Over 25 copies	.....	0.21
Seaboard, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	.....	0.15
10 copies and upwards	.....	0.12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	.....	0.12
10 copies and upwards	.....	0.12
Dew Drops, weekly	.....	0.25
Brown Senter Quarterly (quarterly)	.....	0.25
Brown Leaf, monthly	.....	0.25
Brown Intermediate Quarterly (quarterly)	.....	0.25
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24 cents a date; 32 per 100. Per quarter, 6 cents a date; 20 cents per 100.	.....	0.25

THE ABOVE PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE.

Address—WILLIAM BRIGGS,  
Methodist Book and Publishing House,  
20 to 25 Richmond St. West, and 20 to 25 Temperance St.,  
Toronto.

C. W. COOPER, S. F. HUBBES,  
226 St. Catherine Street, Wesleyan Book House,  
Montreal, Que. Halifax, N.S.

## Happy Days.

TORONTO, AUGUST 26, 1905.

## A WARNING TO THE YOUNG.

It is often worse to read bad books than it is to keep company with bad boys. Actions grow off our thoughts, and a bad book can in a few minutes damage us for ever.

One of England's greatest and best men says that when a boy another boy loaned him a bad book for just fifteen minutes. It sent a deadly dart to his soul. He never could get away from the vile impression made upon his mind by that book

in so short a time. He shed many bitter tears over it, and tried to forget it, but the shadow lingered. God forgave him, but he could not tear from his soul the memory of that evil book.

My young friends, if you will hear the voice of age and wisdom, do not read bad, trashy books and papers. They feed unholy, lustful thoughts and lure to dark deeds. They poison the mind and corrupt the morals. They are worse on the soul than liquor is on the brain. If you fill your mind with the rubbish of nonsense and the filth of vile thinking, there will be neither room nor relish for the choice gold of truth and the diamond dust of pure thought. In the Bible you will find the loftiest sentiments expressed in a clear and captivating style. It is a fountain of pure thought and clear English. Read it much, love it more, and live out its blessed teachings for ever.

## RAINY-DAY STORIES.

BY MARY J. CLARK.

"It rains. Oh, goody!" said Dorothy. "Now we'll have the candle story that grandmother's been saving for the next rainy day."

It was a cold, winter day, and Dolly and Dorothy brought their little chairs close to the gate, bright with glowing coal.

Grandmother took her knitting. "When I was a little girl," she began, "we didn't have any gas in the house or any lamp—just candles."

"Why, grandmother! Candles are just a teeny bit of light. Was that all?"

"Yes, I've heard my father say they gave just enough light to see how dark it was. But we were very glad to have them. Every year there was an ox killed and the fat from him made the tallow for the candles. The day before candle-making mother used to get everything ready. She had long wooden candle rods (about the size of those your sash curtains are run on) with points at each end."

"What were the points for?" asked Dolly.

"That you may guess by and by. There was a ball of candle-wick, something like soft darning cotton. The ball was as large as an orange. From this mother measured off a piece about twice the length of a candle. Then she doubled and twisted it, and left a little loop at the top to slip on the candle rod."

"Oh, now I see," said Dolly, "what those points were for—to go through the little loops."

"Yes, that is right," replied grandmother. "Then mother put twelve twists of the wick on the rod and kept stringing the same way until she had a dozen rods ready. Next day the kitchen was cleared of everything that would be in the way, and a great, shining, brass kettle was set

on the fire. This was filled with tallow that had been melted and strained, and when it was hot enough it was lifted off the fire and set in the middle of the room. Then she dipped the rods into the kettle and the warm tallow covered the wicks. Then they were put away to cool. When they were hard they were dipped again and cooled as many times as were needed to make a good-sized candle. These candles were called dips. Nicer ones were made in moulds. This holds six. See the tubes—one for each candle. Two short rods were strung, each with three wicks. How many would that be?"

"Six," said Dolly and Dorothy together.

"Then the rods were held over the mould and each wick dropped down into its own tube. It must be exactly in the middle and fastened at the bottom with a wooden peg wedged in tight. Then the warm tallow was poured in clear to the top, and the mould set away to cool. When the tallow was hard the pegs were pulled out and the rods lifted, and out came six fine candles. Father used to have one of these in a silver candlestick on the round table in the sitting-room. Beside that was set the silver snuffer tray, and snuffers and extinguisher."

"How cunning!" said Dolly. "It looks like a little dunce cap with a handle."

"Didn't you have to make a great many candles?" asked Dorothy.

"Yes," replied grandmother; "but we didn't use a light so late as we do now. People went to bed earlier. There was a bell rung called the curfew bell. At nine o'clock every light must be out and the fire covered, and every one must go to bed."

"How do you cover a fire?" asked Dorothy.

"In those days we didn't have matches, and used to cover the fire with ashes so that it would burn very slowly and last all night. In the morning there would be some live coals under the ashes to kindle it again."

"Our word curfew comes from two French words, *couvre feu*, which mean 'cover the fire.'"

"There's the tea bell," said Dorothy.

"Let's make believe it's the curfew bell."

"Oh, yes!" said Dolly, "and don't light the gas; let's just have a candle."

## INFLUENCE OF BAD WORDS.

"I don't want to hear naughty words," said little Charlie to his schoolfellow. "It does not signify," said the other boy; "they go in at one ear, and out at the other." "No," replied Charlie. "The worst of it is, when naughty words get in they stick; so I mean to do my best to keep them out!"