

HAPPY DAYS

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A MEXICAN WATER-PEDDLER.

MEXICAN WATER-PEDDLERS.

In many Mexican towns they have neither pumps, hydrants, nor springs; they have no cisterns,—or not many, at all events,—for it seldom rains there; so they have to depend on the river for their supply of water to drink, and for cooking.

Quite a number of men in each town make their living by selling water. The city of Matamoras refused to allow a company to erect water-works to supply the city with water, because it would deprive the water-peddlers of their business.

Every peddler has a barrel, with a piece of plank or scantling nailed across each end. In the middle of the plank is a stout spike, or iron pin, to which is attached a piece of chain reaching beyond the edge of the barrel; and to the ends of the chains are attached raw-hide, or other kinds of rope.

The barrel has at one end two large wooden plugs. To fill it, the Mexican goes up to his knees, or deeper, in the water, pulls out both plugs, and the water rushes in at one hole while the air in the barrel goes out at the other. When the barrel is filled, the peddler turns it over on its side, steps inside the rope, and walks through the town, seeking a customer.

The peddlers are queer-looking men, with dark complexion, and long, straight black hair, like Indians. They wear wide-brimmed, low-crowned "sombros" (hats); trousers rolled up to the knees, or higher; and are almost always smoking a cigarette.

Sometimes a peddler saves his money and buys a "burro," a funny little donkey, not much higher than a table; and, either tying the rope of his barrel to the saddle, or putting the rope around the burro's neck, gets astride the little animal, and enjoys a ride while going around with his barrel of water.

Just imagine a man wearing a hat with a brim as wide as a small parlour centre-table, with no shoes, with trousers rolled above his knees, riding a donkey so small that he has to hold his knees away to keep his feet from dragging on the ground; and with a barrel of water rolling over the ground after him.

HINDU IDOL MASK.

The idols of India are generally very hideous. Does it not make your heart ache to think of the thousands of bright boys and girls taught to worship these awful carvings? How willing we, who are taught to worship the true God, who we know is our loving Father, should be to help send glad tidings to these poor children of the darkness!

We plead for the little children
Who have opened their baby eyes
In the far-off lands of darkness,
Where the shadow of death yet lies.

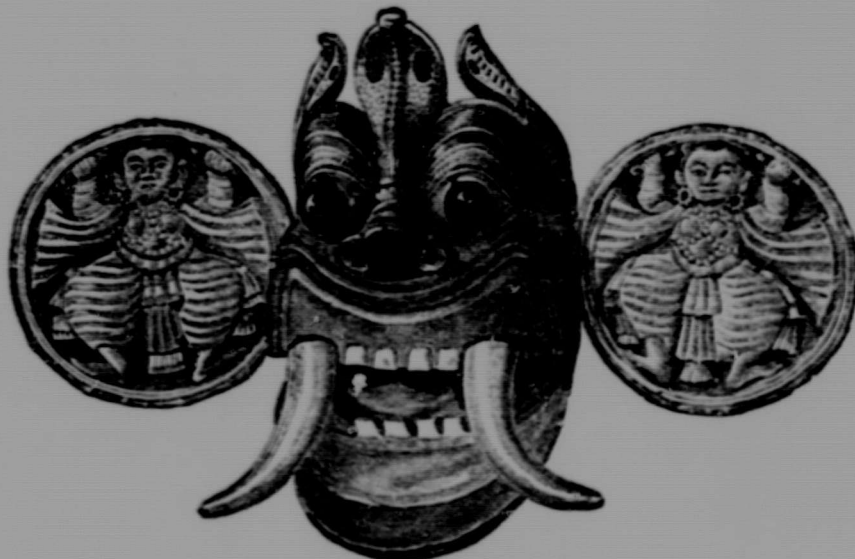
But not to be nurtured for heaven,
Not to be taught in the way,
Not to be watched o'er and guided,
Lest their tiny feet should stray.

Ah, no! it is idol worship
Their stammering lips are taught;
To cruel, false gods only
Are their gifts and offerings brought.

And what can we children offer,
Who dwell in this Christian land,
Is there no work for the Master
In reach of each little hand?

Response.

O, surely a hundred tapers,
Which even small fingers can clasp,
May lighten as much of the darkness
As a lamp in a stronger grasp.



HINDU IDOL MASK.