

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XVII.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 13, 1902.

No. 19.



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 "sombremos" (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.

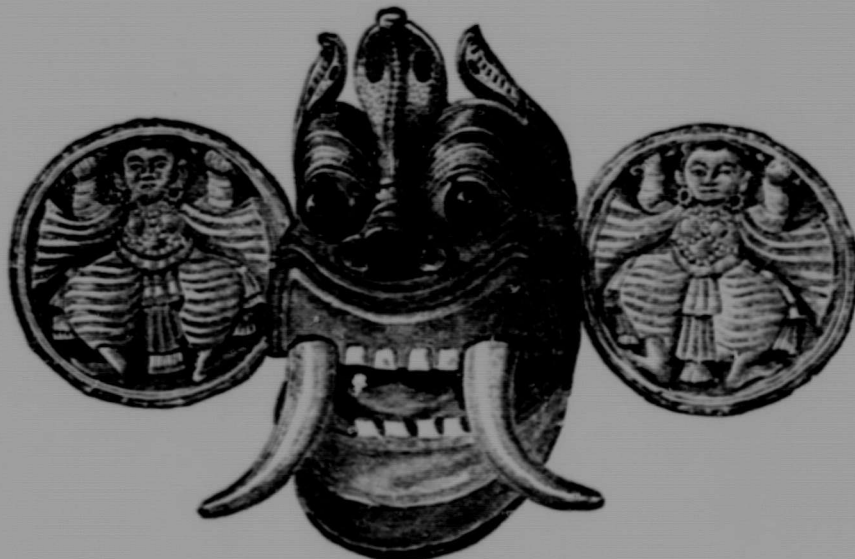
But not to be nurtured for heaven,
Not to be taught in the way,
Not to be watched o'er and guided,
Lest their tiny feet should stray.

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.

And then, as the line grows longer,
So many tapers, though small,
May kindle a brighter shining
Than a lamp would, after all.

Small hands may gather rich treasures,
And infant lips can pray;
Employ then the little fingers—
Let the children learn the way.

So the lights shall be quicker kindled,
And darkness the sooner shall flee;
Many "little ones" learn of the Saviour,
Both here and "far over the sea."

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 15, 1902.

HOW THE BEAR LOST HIS TAIL. —AN INDIAN LEGEND.

An old fox saw an Indian with a sled load of fish. The fox wanted a fish, but he was afraid of the man. How could he get a fish without letting the Indian know? At last he thought of a plan. He laid himself down by the sled road, and made the Indian believe that he was dead.

The Indian wanted the fox's skin, but did not have time to take it. He threw the old fox on the sled with the fish, and pulled the big load toward his wigwam. While the Indian was hard at work pulling, the old fox pushed off two or three good fish and rolled off himself. In a minute he was out of sight with the fish.

The fox met a wolf, who asked him: "Where did you get the fish?"

The fox did not like the wolf, but told him the trick that he played on the Indian. "It is easy; go and do it," said the fox.

The stupid wolf ran away, and, after seeing the Indian, lay down and waited, as the fox had told him. The Indian

found him, but he was not to be fooled twice by the same trick. He pounded the old wolf with the stout stick that he used for a cane. The wolf jumped up very sore, and ran away to find the fox. He did not find him.

A bear saw the fox eating the fish while the wolf was gone. "Where did your fish come from?" asked the bear.

"Follow that road down to the river, and you will find a fishing place. Put that long, bushy tail of yours into the water; wait until the fish bite it, and then snatch them out."

The bear ran down to the river and did just as the fox had told him, but the fishing place froze over while the bear waited for the fish to bite. The bear did not know this, for his back was turned to the water. It was a very cold day, and the bear thought that he would walk and get warm. He tried to get up, and his tail broke off short in the ice. The bear ran so fast that he found the fox, and he wanted to fight him. "I have done nothing," said the fox. "It is all because you are so slow."

The bear never had a long tail after that time. The fox never lost his fine one.—*Kaanerwah, Iroquois Chief, in "Wigwam Stories," by M. C. Judd.*

THE CROSS SCISSORS.

"Why must we always be kept together, fastened up tight with that tiresome screw?" so cried one of the two sides of a pair of scissors. "How much more work we could do apart! Each of us has a sharp point, each has a round ring at the end to hold a finger or thumb, and each has an edge for cutting. We don't care to keep together; we don't choose to keep together. If we can't get rid of that screw, we'll be as wide apart as we can."

So the points of the scissors were stuck out on each side as wide as they could go, and so were the two round rings, till they looked as cross as could be. But the silly pair of scissors soon found out what a great mistake had been made. Some silk was placed between the two points, which it was their duty to divide; but it was clear that no cutting could be done while they remained apart.

"After all, I can't get on without you," said the right side to the left.

"Let us kiss and be friends," said the left to the right.

So the two rings touched, and the two lips kissed, and the silk was divided with ease.

Brothers and sisters who do not love or help one another, who like to keep as much apart as you can, both in your work and your play, remember the story of the scissors. Be glad of the tie that binds you; join hands, join hearts, so that your work will be done more quickly.—*Selected.*

Patience is the key of joy.



GOATS ON THE MOUNTAINS

GOATS ON THE MOUNTAINS.

Touring among the Alps one gets so many charming views of Swiss pastoral life. Here and there dotting the landscape are the summer chalets filled with quaintly dressed women and children. Further away are the goats grazing in small groups on the hillside or climbing dizzy heights with their sure-footed ease and dexterity. Nothing is prettier than to hear the tinkling of their tiny bells, or to watch them as they come pouring in from every direction in the evening by themselves, and always on time. Miss Havergal, writing from Bel Alps says: In the evenings we could hardly pay attention to anything but the goats; they came trooping down the rocks, generally gamboling, and most amusing in their ways. They are most inquisitive and very tame, always came up to look at us in the most comical way, and often let us pat and play with them. There were numbers of pretty little kids too.

ABOUT OLIVES.

When you eat olives, do you ever wonder where they grow, and how? Those that we eat come, probably, from Italy or Spain, where there are large groves of trees. These olive groves are very old; for the trees grow slowly, and do not bear fruit for many years after they are planted. Before the olives are ripe, they look like little green plums; but as they ripen they grow paler and then dark again, until, when ripe, they are almost black. In Palestine, where so many of the stories told in the Bible happened, the people care more for their olive trees than for the others. They eat and sell the fruit, and make beautiful ornaments from the wood, which is very hard and lasts a long time.—*Sunbeam.*

ROCKING-CHAIR TRAVELS.

BY ANNIE WILLIS M' CULLOUGH.

You sit down snug and quiet,
A book upon your knee,
A wonder book that tells about
The lands across the sea;
And then a strange thing happens:
You do not leave your chair,
But as you read about these lands
It seems that you are there.

You see the queerest people,
They talk a language new,
The buildings are not those you know,
The streets are strange to you;
But you are never frightened,
It's pleasant to be there,
For you can always quickly come
Back to your rocking-chair.

It does you good to journey
In such an easy way,
To learn about the big, big world,
And how it looks to-day.
This way a child should travel,
The road is very fair;
It's safe and best for little ones,
To go by rocking-chair.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON XII. [Sept. 21.]

THE DEATH OF MOSES.

Deut. 34. 1 to 12. Memorize vs. 10-12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord spake unto Moses face to face.
—Exod. 33. 11.

THE LESSON STORY.

Moses had finished writing the law, and it was put in the side of the ark to be kept holy and safe. He knew that he must die, for the Lord had called him home. He had done a great work, and now Joshua was to lead the people over Jordan. Moses spoke a song and a blessing before the people, and then the Lord called him up into Mount Nebo, and showed him all the land of Canaan with the river Jordan between. The Lord made his eyes clear and strong to see it all, and told him that this was the land he had promised to Abraham and Isaac and Jacob. "I have caused thee to see it with thine eyes," he said. "But thou shalt not go over thither." So God took his faithful servant home to rest after his great labours, and the angels buried him in a valley in the land of Moab. Perhaps the Lord knew that the people would think too much about Moses' grave, and wish to come back to it, so he did not tell them where he had buried the great lawgiver of Israel. Though he was so old, the Bible says that his eye was not dim and

his strength had not begun to leave him. After his death the people mourned for him for thirty days, and then Joshua, the son of Nun, whom the Lord had called to take Moses' place, became the leader of Israel.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Where was Moses going now? To be with God.

What had he finished? The work God gave him to do.

Where was the law placed? In the ark.

What did he do before he went away? He blessed the people.

Where did God call him? Up into Mount Nebo.

What did Moses see? The land of Canaan.

What did God do then? He took him to heaven.

Who buried Moses? The angels.

How long did the people mourn for him? Thirty days.

Who became the new leader? Joshua.

What was the work given to him? To take the people into Canaan.

What do we see all through this story? God's love to his people.

LESSON XIII. [Sept. 28.]

Review.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thou shalt remember the Lord thy God.
—Deut. 8. 18.

Titles and Golden Texts should be thoroughly studied.

1. The G. of M. Give us this—
2. The T. C. . . . Thou shalt love—
3. The T. C. . . . Thou shalt love thy—
4. W. the G. C. . . Thou shalt have—
5. The T. . . . Enter into his—
6. N. and A. . . . Let us—
7. J. T. C. . . . For thy name's—
8. R. of the S. . . . Blessed is that—
9. The B. S. . . . And as Moses—
10. The P. L. M. . . This is of a truth—
11. L. and O. G. . . For this is—
12. The D. of M. . . The Lord spake—

CARRYING STONES AT THE BOTTOM.

The children had become expert divers and swimmers in their long summers by the lake shore, and spent most of their waking hours on the water or in it. The boats were always in use, and merry, laughing, splashing children kept the water round the pier in commotion at all hours suitable for bathing. One small, sun-browed maiden seemed able to live under water like a veritable mermaid. She was fond of challenging the others in contests in the way of carrying a stone and walking on the bottom with it; but they could not equal her, and gave up the attempt.

"Ho, you can't do it!" she cried in triumph.

"Don't want to!" called back a sturdy little fellow. "What's the use of stayin' down at the bottom carryin' loads, when you can have lots more fun on top swimmin' in the sunshine? 'Tisn't worth learnin'!"

The little philosopher was right. It isn't worth doing anywhere; yet we spend many a day in bearing burdens at the bottom of our sea of troubles, when we ought to be cheerily breasting the waves on top, where the blessed sunshine can reach us.—*Wellspring.*

TOMMY'S LESSON.

I thought that when a boy was old enough to have a slate and book to go to school he was big enough to take care of himself and go the way that he wanted to; so I did not go straight down the road, as my mother told me, but I climbed the fence to go across the field. By and by something said, "Bow-wow-wow!" and there was a big dog running right at me. Didn't I run? That dog almost caught me before I got to the fence, and I tumbled over, and scratched my arm, and broke my slate, and tore my clothes; so I had to go home to mamma. She said: "Ah, Tommy boy, people never get too old to go in the right way instead of the wrong one. The straight path is the safe path. Remember that." And that is all the lesson I learned in my first day at school, 'cause I didn't go.

A school-teacher, on seeing a young scholar misbehave, said to him: "I'm sorry that you did this, because I had formed a very good opinion of you." The boy went home and confessed to his mother that if he had known what a good opinion his teacher had held of him he would not have done wrong. Had this teacher said, "I've had my eye on you for some time, and now I've caught you," the boy would simply have been confirmed in his suspicion that no one expects a boy to do anything but the wrong thing. It ought to be a simple matter to show a child or a man that our first impulse toward him is that of trust rather than distrust; and when one has gone wrong he will be better helped by our showing that we appreciate the fact that he has gone wrong in spite of the good we believed him capable of, rather than in accordance with our suspicions of him.

A schoolmistress, while taking down the names and ages of her pupils at the beginning of the term, asked one little fellow:

"What's your father's name?"

"Oh, you needn't take down his name!" was the reply; "he's too old to go to school this year."



A TREETOP TRAGEDY.

A TREETOP TRAGEDY.

I was sitting under a beautiful elm tree on the banks of the Niagara River a few days ago, drinking in the delicious air and enjoying the exquisite view, when my attention was attracted by a strange noise in the branches of the tree. Looking up I saw a bright little squirrel, apparently trying to open a conversation. He was looking down at me with his twinkling eyes, his pretty tail was waving gracefully behind him and he was chattering so fast I could not understand a word of his gibberish. But he was so friendly I smiled and nodded at him. Suddenly he seemed to think he had made a mistake—I was not after all the person he thought me—and away he whirled like an arrow.

Who could help loving these happy little fellows? But they have their work and their troubles too. In our country they have not so many enemies as the squirrels of lands further south. In our picture we see the terrible robber that sometimes steals into their nests. What horror to look up and find such wicked eyes gleaming so close to your head and to feel the cold fangs about you, knowing that you have no weapon of defence! Poor little fellows! They must leave their pretty home with all its winter store of nuts and run, run away swift as the swallow flies, if they would save their lives.

"When a boy," said a prominent member of a church, "I was much helped by Bishop Hamline, who visited at a house where I was. Taking me aside, the Bishop said: 'When in trouble, my boy, kneel down and ask God's help; but never climb over the fence into the devil's ground, and then kneel down and ask help. Pray from God's side of the fence.' Of that I have thought every day of my life since."

A DAY WITH THE ALLIGATORS.

BY COUSIN FRANK.

I want to tell the young folks who read *Happy Days* something of my visit to Florida. We first went to Jacksonville, which lies on the St. John's River, and is a very pleasant city.

One day, as I sat in the reading room of the hotel, I heard shouts of laughter, followed by the clapping of hands. "What can it be?" thought I, throwing down the newspaper I was reading, and running into the corridor.

There I saw five or six little reptiles, about half the length of my arm, that seemed to be running a race over the canvas carpet with which the floor was covered. A number of people were looking on. They appeared to be highly amused by the queer movements of the creatures.

"What are they? Lizards?" cried I.

"Lizards! No; they are young alligators," said a little girl, in a tone that implied pity for my ignorance.

"Alligators!" said I, retreating in alarm, as one of them came towards me.

"Oh, you coward!" cried the little girl, laughing. "They are too small to hurt you. See me." And, saying this, she took one of them up in her apron, and brought it to me.

These little alligators grow to be huge creatures, sometimes more than twenty feet long. They live in the creeks and little rivers that run into the St. John's. They rarely go very far from the shore. They live partly on land and partly in the water.

In Florida the weather in January is often quite as warm as it is in Canada in June. So on a fine winter day we went on board the steamer *Mayflower* for a trip upon the St. John's River, and up some of the small streams, where alligators may be found.

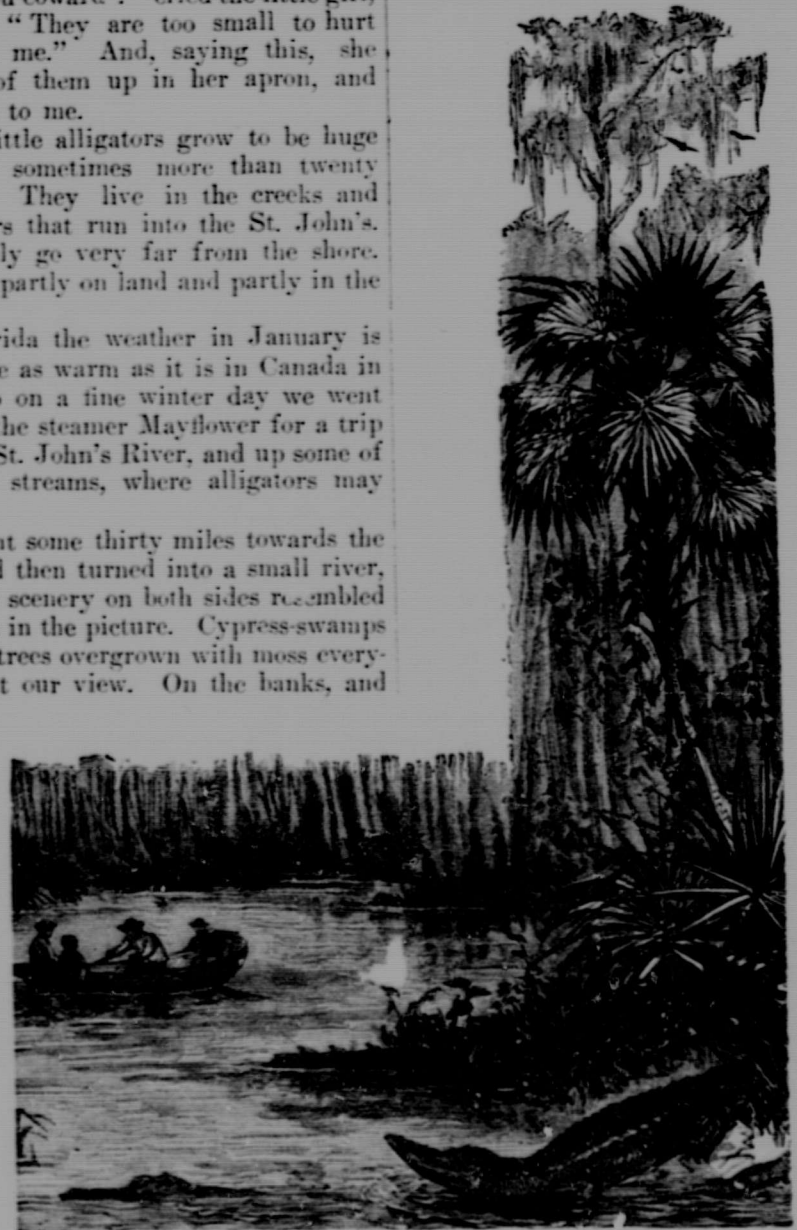
We went some thirty miles towards the south, and then turned into a small river, where the scenery on both sides resembled that given in the picture. Cypress-swamps and high trees overgrown with moss everywhere met our view. On the banks, and

generally on fallen logs, might be seen alligators basking in the sun.

Many of the passengers in the steamboat had brought pistols and guns, with which to fire at the poor alligators. This is a very cruel and useless sport, for the alligators do no harm to anybody. I saw ladies and young girls firing at them. We passed some fifty alligators on our way.

Father and another gentleman took a boat, and rowed some distance up a creek. There we saw an alligator with a young one by its side. The young are very small, compared with the full-grown reptile. You can see from the picture that the alligator is not handsome; but that is no reason why bullets should be lodged in its hide. I came to the conclusion that firing pistols at these animals was poor and mean sport.

What a lovely day it was! and how we enjoyed the excursion! Just think of sitting in your summer clothing on a day in January, and passing through scenery where the trees and shrubs are all green. We returned to Jacksonville just in time to see the sun set, and we shall not soon forget our visit among the alligators.



A DAY WITH THE ALLIGATORS.