

# HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XX.

TORONTO, AUGUST 26, 1905.

No. 17.

## CHINESE PORTABLE KITCHEN.

This curious picture shows how the Chinese carry about a sort of portable kitchen with them. With a little lamp they will cook food and sell it in the street; and eat rice with chopsticks, which look like knitting-needles, only they are made of bone.

In our papers we shall have a good deal to say about China, because the Methodist Church has sent many missionaries to that country, and they will write letters which will be very interesting to our young readers. About one-third of the population of the earth live in the great empire of China. It is sad to think that millions of them are dying every year without a knowledge of God! We hope our young friends will take a great interest in the reports of our Chinese Missions, and save their pence that they may contribute something towards the missions in China. The condition of Chinese children, many of whom are abandoned in infancy—if, indeed, they are not put to death to get rid of them—should make our readers in their happy homes very grateful for what God has done for them, and lead them to try to do something for the Chinese.

If all the people of the world can be imagined as standing abreast, in a single line, so that they should just touch one another, that line would be about 500,000 miles long—long enough to reach around the earth twenty times. And if you could pass in front of that line, and look on each face, at least one man in every four you would see would be a Chinaman.

There are eighteen provinces in China proper, each one being about as large as Great Britain; and yet it is very doubtful if many of the boys and girls who have finished their geographies know so much

as the name of any one of these provinces. We Canadians talk much of our vast country, yet China, with its dependencies, has more square miles than are found in the whole Dominion of Canada.

On each square mile in the United States there dwell, on an average, ten or

A Georgian man of enormous girth stood at his gate watching the passage of General Johnston's army. All at once three or four men left the ranks and came running toward the gate, exclaiming: "We've found him! We've found him!"



THE ITINERANT COOK SHOP.

CHINESE PORTABLE KITCHEN.

eleven persons; while China has two hundred and fifty for every square mile.

## THE VERY MAN.

A company of soldiers is unfortunate if it does not contain a few wags to enliven the tiresome march and the comfortable bivouac.

The fat man was astonished, and perhaps a little frightened, and the captain of the company demanded:

"What is it? Whom have you found?"

"Why, captain," answered the men, still dancing about the bewildered citizen, "don't you see? We've found the man who swallowed our bass drum!"

## 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.

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## 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!"

## THE ESCAPE OF THE SHUT-INS.

BY CHARLOTTE BREWSTER JORDAN.

Five little piggies so pink and so white  
Were shut in a pen as dark as night.

Said the first little piggie, the twisty-twirly one,  
"I must work my way out, and have some fun!"

Said the next lively piggie: "I'm a-come-ing, too!  
Wait for me, little brother; I'll soon work through."

Said the next perky piggy: "I really must say  
A feller can't stay here the livelong day!"

Said the next little piggie, with a sad little groan,  
"I just will not be left in the dark here alone!"

Said his wee little brother: "Any room for me?  
Just let me get out, then we'll all be free!"

So they scrambled out before it was night,  
And wriggled about in the glad sunlight.

These five little piggies  
Were Baby's pink toes.  
Their pen was his stocking,  
As you may suppose.  
Five wrigglesome toe-pigs  
Escaped from their pen,  
Were glad when the night came  
To crawl back again.

## LESSON NOTES.

## THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT FROM  
ISAIAH TO MALACHI.

## LESSON X.—SEPTEMBER 3.

THE CAPTIVITY OF JUDAH.

2 Chron. 36. 11-21. Memorize vs. 19-21.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Be sure your sin will find you out.—  
Num. 32. 23.

## THE LESSON STORY.

The story of the captivity of Judah is a very sad one. It is a picture of a human heart made a slave by sin until it is carried away into a way of living that it was never used to and in which it is very unhappy, yet is helpless to find its way back. Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, was lord over all the little nations around him, just as the emperor of Rome was later. He allowed them to have kings, but he

chose them. He took away from Judah a child-king, and put his brother, Zedekiah, in his place. Zedekiah was twenty-one when he began to reign, and he had none of the wisdom and goodness of his grandfather, Josiah. He was disrespectful to the Lord, who spoke to him through Jeremiah, and to the king of Babylon, who had conquered his armies and owned Judah. The leading princes and priests did what their king did, and though the Lord sent them many messages by his prophets, they mocked and misused the prophets until at last the Lord had to let them learn in a very hard way what they might have learned in an easier way.

Jerusalem was starved and ravaged and burned. Even their beautiful temple that Solomon built for them was spoiled of its gold and silver, and every precious thing carried away to Babylon, while the temple itself was burned with fire and its walls ruined. Also the walls of Jerusalem were broken down and the beautiful palaces of David and Solomon burned. Many were killed and many taken away to Babylon to be servants in the king's palace. The fate of the king was a very sad one—too sad to talk about—but it all had to come to teach the people what they would not believe about the Lord God of Israel.

## QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. Who had taken Judah captive? Nebuchadnezzar.
2. Who was he? King of Babylon.
3. Whom did he make king of Judah? Zedekiah.
4. Was he a good man? No, he was not like Josiah.
5. Who followed his example? Priests and people.
6. Did God turn from them? No, he sent messengers to them.
7. What did they do? Mocked the messengers, and despised God's word.
8. What came then? Jerusalem was taken.
9. What was carried away? The people and the treasures.
10. What was done to the temple? It was burned.
11. What did the princes become? Servants to the king of Babylon.
12. What became of Zedekiah? He was a prisoner for life.

## LESSON XI.—SEPTEMBER 10.

THE LIFE-GIVING STREAM.

Ezek. 47. 1-12. Memorize verses 3-5.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.—Rev. 22. 17.

## THE LESSON STORY.

At the beginning of God's World, and

in the middle and at the end, there hangs a beautiful picture of the garden of God, with his river of the water of life flowing through it. This picture teaches us that the life of God in the soul of man is full and free and healing, and wherever it flows the trees of life, the heavenly things planted within us, grow and bring forth fruit. They give good to others, and even the leaves are full of healing. In Ezekiel's story he makes much of the fact that the river flows out of God's sanctuary, and that it is a stream that grows deeper and broader and stronger as it flows. The angel of the Lord, who had been showing Ezekiel the holy city, measured the stream, and after each measurement he led the prophet through the waters. At first it was only to his ankles, the second time to the knees, then to the thighs, and after that it became "waters to swim in, a river that could not be passed over." The angel then showed him the banks of the river standing thick with trees—trees that bore fruit every month and did not fade or cease to bear. The fruit was for food and the leaves for healing. These waters, it is said, go down through a desert to the sea, "and everything shall live whither the river cometh."

Have you seen irrigated land that had once been a dry, lifeless desert? Then you know how wonderfully the land will spring up into life wherever the water comes. Water is like God's truth, and sunshine is like his love, and when they work together they bring forth life. Have we a little brook of the Lord's Spirit of truth flowing in our hearts, and do we feel the warmth of his love shining there? Then we shall live in the Lord's garden, and eat of the fruits, and drink of the water of life.

## QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. What is God's Word full of? Pictures.
2. Why are they there? To teach us great lessons.
3. What picture is in three places? That of the garden and river of God.
4. Where is our picture of it to-day? In Ezekiel.
5. Where does the river flow from? From God's sanctuary.
6. Where does it flow? Through the desert to the sea.
7. What does it do? It makes all things live and grow.
8. How did the prophet know the depth of the river? By crossing it three times.
9. Could he cross it the fourth time? No, it was too deep.
10. What grew on the banks? All trees for fruit and medicine.
11. What is the river a picture of? The life of God in the soul of man.
12. What will grow where it flows? All heavenly thoughts and affections.



### AT SEA.

The mighty sea is full of interest to all young folks. Those who live on its shores learn to love it as a friend and share in all its moods till it seems to become a part of their very natures. They love to watch it in its calm moods as the waves come rolling in on the beach, washing the white sand, or beating gently against the rocks, and find a wild delight in listening to its angry roar as it lashes the shore and unites with wind and rain in a furious uproar. Even the boys and girls who have never seen the sea, love to imagine what it is like, and picture it to themselves as they have seen it described in books. But the fortunate youth who lives on the sea is the envy of all young people. Day by day surrounded by the great stretch of blue water, only once in a while catching a glimpse of land, and experiencing hair-breadth escapes from shipwreck and drowning in its treacherous waves, is a life after the danger-loving boy's own heart. To be able to see a live whale sporting in the water, great floating icebergs, and to stop at far-away shores where strange people are to be seen—what a privilege! Nowadays, when the great ships cross the ocean in a few days and when a journey round the world is accomplished in a comparatively short time, our young folks think with regret of the good

old days, when the slow little sail-boats took eight or nine weeks to cross from England to America. In those days a voyage across the ocean was a thing you might be excused for talking about all the rest of your life. But the great ships now built seem themselves indifferent to the merciless waves, as if they were conscious that with their wonderful size and strength they were masters of the sea. How gracefully the boats shown in our cut are sailing over the calm sea, their sails unfurled, hurried along by the fresh sea breeze!

### NATIVES OF HAWAII.

When Lady Brassey, the noted traveller, reached the Sandwich Islands, she and her party visited the volcano of Kilauea, where they spent Christmas Day. The crater is a lake of fire a mile across, boiling like Acheron. "Dashing against the cliffs with a noise like the roar of a stormy ocean, waves of blood-red fiery lava tossed their spray high in the air." Returning over the lava bed, she continues: "Once I slipped, and my foot sank through the thin crust. Sparks issued from the ground, and the stick on which I leaned caught fire before I could fairly recover myself." Soon after a river of lava overflowed the ground on which they had just walked. The natives of Hawaii seem almost amphibious. On a narrow board mere boys will ride upon the wildest surf or rapids; and, for the amusement of the tourists, two natives leaped from a cliff, a hundred feet high, into the sea at its base.

### HOW ARE YOUR SAILS SET?

Is our reader surprised that we should ask this question? Well, you will not be when you have read a little farther on.

Did it ever occur to you that you are a sailor? Not one of those who live upon a canal or river-boat or a great ocean steamer, and whose business it is to go from one city and country to another and help in carrying forward the commerce of the world. No, not in this sense are you a sailor, but you are one in a much more important sense. You are a mariner upon the great sea of life. God has placed you in charge of a more costly ship and a more precious cargo than was ever committed to the captain of the finest merchant vessel

that ever crossed the Atlantic. This ship is your own self, and this cargo is whatever this self possesses that is of real value and interest. Whether you are travelling to the good or the bad, whether you make shipwreck or enter, after life's voyage is over, into the calm and peaceful harbor of rest, depends upon the proper use of your sails.

Do you know that the same winds may carry different vessels in almost directly opposite directions, the course pursued by the vessels depending upon the angle at which the sails are set? Just so it is that the same set of circumstances, the same trials and temptations to do wrong, may blow upon one boy and he may go in the right direction because he has determined to be master of the ship; while another boy, facing the same winds, may go in the wrong direction because he has either set his sails wrong or refused to use them at all and is content to drift.

The wise sailor uses the favorable breezes when they come, and takes advantage of those unfavorable by the adjustment of the sails of his ship. By this means adverse and contrary winds are made to speed him on his journey. So all wise young persons use all favorable circumstances to increase in knowledge, goodness and usefulness: while he so adjusts himself to the unfavorable that, instead of doing him harm, they really furnish the opportunity for the development of strength and the attainment of wisdom and experience which he would not otherwise acquire.

Our advice to all is: Instead of complaining that yours is a hard lot and that you have not as good a chance in life as others, so adjust yourselves to your surroundings and so determinedly go forward in the pathway of right as that you shall reach the high and the good despite the drawbacks of whatsoever kind.

### DADDY'S GIRL.

Who'll make a bid for Daddy's own girl?  
What will you give for each golden curl?  
What for her smile, so sweet and so wise?  
What for her beautiful bright blue eyes?

"A golden guinea I'll give," I said.  
"For each soft curl on her golden head,  
And I'll give, besides, a priceless pearl,  
Pure as the heart of this 'Daddy's girl.'"

Daddy's girl smiled as she answered, "No,  
The price you offer is much too low—  
A chest full of love with a kiss for a key,  
Daddy will pay—so I'm his, you see."

Young folks like a change. Even where change is not an improvement, it may be a relief. Never take a step backward for the sake of change, but try a step forward.