

in the amphitheatre, for the pleasure of the people. This was all carried into effect. Androcles, after having been all alone in the wilderness, with the probability of being torn to pieces by lions, was now before a multitude of people, in the arena, looking forward to the same dreadful death. At length a huge lion bounded out from the place where it had been kept, hungry for the show. He was in great rage, and in one or two great leaps he advanced towards Androcles, who was in the centre of the arena, with a short sword in his hand. But suddenly the lion stopped, regarded him with a wistful look, and letting his tail droop, crept quietly towards him, and licked and caressed his feet. Androcles, after a short pause of great surprise, discovered that it was his old friend, and immediately renewed his acquaintance with him. Their friendship was very surprising to the excited beholders, who, upon hearing an account of the whole affair from Androcles, prayed the Emperor to pardon him. The Emperor did so, and gave into his possession the lion, who, through having once been kindly treated, had saved his benefactor's life.

Androcles kept the lion and treated him well in return for the food the faithful animal had obtained for him in the desert, and for having saved his life.

Dion Cassius, the great historian, says that he himself saw Androcles leading the lion through the streets of Rome (and his word is not to be doubted), the people gathering about them and saying to one another, "This is the lion who was the man's host; this is the man who was the lion's physician."

THE NEW NEIGHBOUR.

One spring, in Easthampton, Mass., says the Humane Alliance, a pretty red-eyed vireo quietly hung her basket nest and had laid two eggs in an apple tree, close beside a house, before she was observed by any of her human neighbours. Then the motherly owner of the house discovered her, and was so pleased to find her there that, as she went and came at her work inside, she would talk to the little creature. In this way the two became such good comrades that the woman first, she offered her a large cracker, but this was so alarmingly big that the vireo flew away at sight of it; when a small piece was thought she would like to feed her pet, handed up to her on the end of a stick, however, she took it gladly, and from that time on, her friend fed her every day. Soon they became familiar acquaintances, and the appearance of the woman was looked for.

As the food would slip off the stick, the woman nailed a mucilage bottle cover to the end of it for a cup, and in this way was able to serve boiled egg and other dainties to her friend in the apple tree. A glass cup was hung up beside the nest, but the bird was never seen to drink from it, although when water was put in her

own tin, she would sit on the nest and drink like a chicken, which is interesting, as it is said that vireos usually quench their thirst daintily with dew or rain-drops on the leaves. The people of the village flocked to see their trustful little neighbour, and the little creature was so kindly treated that she lost all fear of her neighbours, and actually let one of them stroke her feathers while she sat on the nest.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 14, 1893.

BRAVE LITTLE GRETCHEN.

BY BELE V. CHISHOLM.

Baby brother had been sick all summer, and the doctor said that nothing but pure country air and plenty of good fresh milk would cure him. The Lunnas had spent their little all in their long trip from Holland to America, but though poor, they loved little Maxie as dearly as if there were an abundance of good things in the home, and out of his small earnings the father managed to send the mother and little ones to the seaside. They rented a tiny cabin, where they lived very frugally, and day after day they went down by the sea, where the mother hoped to coax the colour back to baby's face.

There was no milk to be had nearer than the summer hotel, half a mile away, but sturdy little six-year-old Gretchen was sure she could go that distance every day for it.

The first day she set out on her trip in fine spirits, but her heart almost failed her when she came in sight of the beautiful hotel grounds, crowded with children dressed in the daintiest garments, so unlike her own queer little peasant clothing. The odd little figure, with its long shoulder-shawl and close-fitting cap, excited the mirth of the light-hearted boys and girls,

and without meaning to be cruel, they laughed at the little Hollander and teased her about her dress, until she ran back to her mother and said she would never go there again.

But baby brother drank the milk so eagerly and was so much better afterwards, that the joy in her heart made her brave for the next day's battle. The rude children tormented her more the second day than they had done the first, and poor, brave Gretchen's life was made miserable, until at last one morning, at the suggestion of Elsie Gray, half a dozen little girls gave chase, "just to see the funny little Hollander run." Run she did, until, tripped up by Elsie, she fell, bruising her arm painfully and spilling every drop of baby brother's precious milk.

The mishap was an accident on Elsie's part and she was really sorry for the pain she had caused.

"I'll buy more milk out of my own spending money," she said, remorsefully, leading the way back to the hotel. She asked her mother to bind up Gretchen's arm, while she went to the kitchen to have the bucket refilled.

"I'll go along past the boys," she confided to Gretchen, as, taking her hand, the two little maidens started off together. At the outside of the hotel grounds they parted, Elsie promising to meet her new friend there in the morning. She did not forget her promise.

But even when little Gretchen was admitted to play with the well-dressed children, she never went if she was needed at home, never.

ON A JAPANESE STREET.

As the fronts of Japanese houses are open to the street, the occupations of the family often afford much amusement to the American or European traveller.

Sometimes he will see the housewife grinding rice. She sits on the floor, Japanese fashion, ties back her sleeves, covers her head with a blue cloth, and attends to her work, quite unmindful of the passers-by.

In passing a barber's shop, one will often see a woman having her hair dressed. This is a very long process, for the Japanese give special attention to the appearance of their hair. In order not to tumble it after it is dressed, the people sleep on a pillow which is often nothing but a block of wood and placed not under the head, but under the neck, so that nothing shall touch the carefully arranged topknots.

Here is the greengrocer, who carries vegetables and fruit in baskets hanging from a pole which he suspends over his shoulders. He uses his staff for a double purpose of an aid in walking and a support for his pole while stopping at a door to trade.

Sometimes these market men will spend half an hour haggling over the paltry sum of one rin, equal to one-tenth of a cent. When the bargain is finished, they will move on, half running, shouting their wares as they go.