

crime he should be exposed to fight one of the lions 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."

LITTLE TOP.

Top was a poor little hunchback. When he was a baby he had a fall which hurt him badly, and he never grew like other children. We don't know why they called him Top, but perhaps it was because he was so bright and cheerful that he seemed to be atop of every one around him.

He was so deformed he could not lie down in his bed after a while. He even had to sleep on his knees. And when he couldn't sleep he would crawl to the window and kneel on the window-seat and amuse himself by guessing from the sound of the wheels whether the vehicle he heard coming would be a carriage, a stage, or a cart. And he would laugh in the morning as he counted up his guesses and misses.

But Top loved Jesus. One night some one told him about an old woman who was very sick, on a wretched bed in a damp basement. When the minister visited her and seemed to feel very sad to leave her in such a miserable place, she said, "Oh, sir, remember what a beautiful arm-chair I've got!" He looked all

around the room for it, when she smiled and said, "Don't you know what I mean? The Eternal God is thy Refuge, and underneath are the Everlasting Arms."

Top was delighted with this story, and afterwards used to talk about his wonderful arm-chair; for "it was his too," he said. And when some one asked to see it, he replied, "Safe in the arms of Jesus."

Top died when he was about fourteen years old. He suffered more and more to the last and was very happy. "I shall soon see Jesus," was one of his last sayings.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, AUGUST 12, 1905.

WORK FOR JESUS.

The whole bright afternoon Mary sat busily sewing. Her companions were playing upon the lawn. Why did she not join them? She was making a dressing-gown for papa, and wished to have it finished upon his return home. It was almost dark when the last stitch was taken, and Mary carried her work to papa's room and placed it on a chair by his bedside, with a little slip of paper pinned upon it, on which was written: "For my dear papa, with the love of Mary."

"Mary, Mary!" cried the girls.

"Yes, I am all ready," she answered; and away she ran to join them.

"How happy you look, after sewing all afternoon too! Do you like to sew for so long a time?"

"No; but I have been working to-day for papa, and it has seemed very pleasant. I love him so much that nothing seems hard that I can do for him."

"That is what Miss Alice, our Sunday-school teacher, told us," replied Annie. "She said love made labor light."

"And she also said that it was just so in working for Jesus," added Fanny.

"Working for Jesus! what do you mean?" asked Carrie.

"That if we love Jesus we shall seek to please him. If we are kind and loving and try to do good to others, this will be working for him."

"Will Jesus be pleased with us if we do so?"

"Yes," said Mary, "more pleased than papa will be when he sees the gown that I have made for him."

"I wish that I loved Jesus," said Carrie.

"You cannot help loving him if you will only think how much he loves you; he died for you," said Fannie.

"I think the more we do for those we love, the better we love them," said Mary; "and if we will try every day to work for Jesus in every way that we can, we need not fear but we shall love him."

"Let us begin now," said Fanny, "and let us ask Jesus to teach us the way that we can please him best."

Yes, let us all try, you and I, to live every day working for Jesus.

AT SCHOOL.

We are all at school in this world of ours,
And our lessons lie plain before us;
But we will not learn, and the flying hours
And the days and the years pass o'er us.

And then we grumble and mourn, and say
That our school is so tiresome and weary.

And we ask for a long bright holiday
That will banish our lessons dreary.

But what is it God is trying to teach?

Is it patience, or faith, or kindness?

Is the lesson really beyond our reach,

Or made hard through our wilful blindness?

If we were in earnest and tried to learn,

If our listless study we mended,

Who knows but our holiday we would earn,

And our schooldays be gladly ended?

Who knows but we make our lessons long,

And hinder their meaning from reaching

The hearts that would be full of joyous song

If we knew what our God was teaching?

Then let us study this well while we may;

There's a warning for us in the rule,

That the scholar who will not learn all day

Is the one that is kept after school.