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# HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XIV.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 11, 1899.

No. 21.

## ANDROCLES AND THE LION.

Androcles was a slave of a noble Roman. He had been found guilty of a fault for which his master was going to put him to death, but he found an opportunity to escape and fled into the desert. As he was wandering among the barren sands and almost dead with heat and thirst, he saw a cave in a rock. Finding just at the entrance a stone to sit upon, which was shaded from the fierce heat of the sun, he rested for some time. At length, to his great surprise, a huge lion stood before him, which upon seeing him, immediately walked towards him. Androcles gave himself up for lost; but the lion, instead of treating him as he expected, laid his right paw on his lap, and, with a low moan of pain, licked his hand. Androcles, after having recovered himself a little from his fright, plucked up courage enough to look at the paw which was laid on his lap, and observed a large thorn in it. He immediately pulled it out, and by



ANDROCLES AND THE LION.

squeezing it very gently made a great deal of poisonous matter run out, which probably freed the lion from the great pain he was in. The lion again licked his hand, and with a brighter look in his eyes, left him, soon returning, however, with a fawn he had just killed.

order to send them to Rome, that they might furnish a show for the Roman people, and upon Androcles, his slave, surrendering himself, he ordered him to be carried to Rome as soon as the lions were sent there, and that for his crime he should be exposed to fight one of the lions

This he laid down at the feet of his benefactor, and went off again in pursuit of more prey, not limping now as he did when Androcles first saw him, but bounding along as if his paw had never had anything the matter with it.

Androcles, after having subsisted upon the fawn, and other food which the lion had brought him, for several days, at length got tired of his frightful solitude and savage companionship, expecting that at any moment the lion might forget his act of kindness and devour him. So he resolved to deliver himself into his master's hands and suffer the worst effects of his displeasure. Now his master was at that time collecting together a present of all the largest lions that could be found in the country in

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.

IT PAYS.

It pays to wear a smiling face  
And laugh our troubles down,  
For all our little trials wait  
Our laughter or our frown.  
Beneath the tragic of a smile  
Our doubts will fade away,  
As melts the frost in early spring  
Beneath the sunny ray.

It pays to make a worthy cause,  
By helping it, our own;  
To give the current of our lives  
A true and noble tone.  
It pays to comfort heavy hearts  
Oppressed with dull despair,  
And leave in sorrow-darkened lives  
A gleam of brightness there.

It pays to give a helping hand  
To eager, earnest youth;  
To note, with all their waywardness,  
Their courage and their truth;  
To strive with sympathy and love  
Their confidence to win;  
It pays to open wide the heart  
And "let the sunshine in."

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

LESSON IV. [Oct. 22.]

EZRA'S JOURNEY TO JERUSALEM.

Ezra 8. 21-32. Memory verses, 21-23.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The hand of our God is upon all them for good that seek him.—Ezra 8. 22.

A LESSON TALK.

If Ezra had not been a wise and good man it is not very likely that the heathen king of Persia would have been so ready to let him go to Jerusalem to teach the laws of God more perfectly to the Jews who were there. The king believed in Ezra's God because Ezra was a good man. Do we remember to behave so that people will believe in our God?

It was a dangerous journey that Ezra and his company had before them. They had a wild, desert country to cross, and they carried much gold and silver which the king had given them for the temple in Jerusalem. The land was full of enemies waiting to rob them. Ezra had told the king how strong and good was his God, and he was not willing to ask the king to send soldiers to protect them on the way. He did not need to do this, for he had a mightier King than the king of Persia—even the king of Heaven! How wise he was to call his men together and ask God for protection and help! And he soon had the answer to his prayer, for he went forward in peace and perfect safety, reaching Jerusalem in about four months from the time he left Babylon.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Who was Ezra? A priest and teacher.

Where did he live? In Babylon.  
Where did he want to go? Home to Jerusalem.

What for? To teach God's laws to the Jews.

What did the king give him? Permission to go.

What more did he give him? Money and vessels for God's house.

Who went with Ezra? Many Jews, both old and young.

Why was the journey a dangerous one? There were many enemies.

To whom did Ezra go for help? To God.

Who always hears and helps his children? God.

How long did it take to go to Jerusalem? Four months.

Did any harm come to them? No; God kept them all the way.

LESSON V. [Oct. 29.]

PSALMS OF DELIVERANCE.

Psalms 85 and 126. Memory verses, Psalm 126. 1-6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.—Psalm 126. 5.

A LESSON TALK.

How hard it must be to be driven away from one's own home! Do you remember that the Jews, God's own people, were taken away into captivity by heathen people, and had to serve them as slaves? Does it seem strange that God would let his children become slaves? But it was all the fruit of their disobedience. If they had loved and served God he would not have let such sorrow come to them. Now many of them had come back to their own country, and this is a song of praise to God, who had brought them back.

When a child has been naughty and disobedient, and has had to be punished, how happy he feels when it is all over and he knows that he is forgiven! It was so with the Jews. Their hearts were full of praise to God for the kindness and love which had been shown to them in their sin, and now they meant to do right and please God once more. Little children have many things to praise God for, and one can never be too young to be thankful to the good God for sending Jesus into the world to be our Saviour by showing us the way to heaven and eternal life! Will you not learn the third verse of the 126th Psalm?

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Why had the Jews been in great trouble? Because they had sinned.

What had God told them to do? To love and serve him.

What had they done? Served idols.

What had God told them? That he must punish them if they did this.

Why did they not stop? They liked to have their own way.

What happened to them? They were carried into captivity.

Who brought them back at last? The Lord.

How did they feel? Very glad and thankful.

To whom did they sing songs of praise? To the Lord.

Who wants to make captives of us? Satan.

Who can set us free from his power? The Lord.

What can make us glad and thankful? To have the Lord make us free.

CHINESE WORSHIP.

"I thought the Chinese worshipped their ancestors," said Hugh with emphasis, as little Kitty showed him the picture of a strange-looking Chinese idol. "And so they do," said mamma, "and a great many other things besides. They have 'gods many,' which they worship according to their necessities or fancies. There are so many, indeed, that it would be impossible to collect the names of them all. Besides the gods of the woods and the fields, of thunder and rain, with many others of like kind, there are local deities without number. Then they worship oddly-shaped stones, gnarled bits of wood, and any queer thing that comes to hand. All these, besides the spirits of their ancestors."

"Whew!" said Hugh; "I should think they'd have to keep at it all the time."

"Human nature is the same everywhere," said mamma. "If men have no motive of love to draw them to a superior being, they seek him only as they feel their need of help beyond themselves."

"But how do they worship the idols?" asked Kitty.

"They bring offerings of cakes, meat, fruits, or anything they chance to have. They set them before the god and burn incense sticks before him. Then they get down on their hands and knees, and bow their heads to the floor, in the meantime telling the god what they want. Then they carry away the food and eat it."

"Then I think I read somewhere," said Hugh, "that every god has its birthday, and has to be specially worshipped then."

"Yes; and in new moons and when they are full. There are many other strange things to be learned about Chinese worship; but the most important thing to remember is gratitude that we know the only true God."

A SECRET.

"How is it you never go with bad boys nor get into bad scrapes?" asked a child of his playmate. "Oh," said the other, "that's because I don't say 'no' easy." We thank that child for his secret. It is worth much more than a bag of money. I have no doubt saying "no" easy has ruined many a child and man and woman too,—saying "no" as if you did not quite mean it. When a bad boy or girl tries to coax you to do a doubtful thing, say "no" as if you meant "no"; when sin whispers an excuse for doing wrong, say "no" loudly.



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, as shown in the picture.

#### OSTRICH EGGS.

The ostrich is generally found in groups of four or five, though sometimes as many as fifty will be found associated. One of this group of five is a male and the remainder females. All the latter lay their eggs in one and the same nest, a shallow pit scraped out by their feet, with the earth heaped around to form a sort of wall, against which the outermost circle of eggs rests. As soon as ten or a dozen eggs are laid, the male bird begins to brood, taking his place upon them at nightfall, surrounded by his wives, while by day they relieve one another, more, it would seem, to guard their common treasure from jackals and small beasts of prey, than directly to forward the process of hatching, for that is often left wholly to the sun. Some thirty eggs are laid in the nest, and around it are scattered some thirty more. The latter are said to be broken by the old birds to serve as nourishment for the newly-hatched chicks, whose stomachs can-

not bear the hard food on which their parents thrive. They are very careful to hide their nests. On the ostrich farms eggs are artificially hatched that are worth twenty-five dollars apiece.

#### WHERE BABIES ARE NEVER WASHED.

A traveller from Russia says that Russian babies in Siberia are not very attractive. And when he tells us one of the reasons, we do not wonder at his thinking so.

He says that one day he noticed in one of the houses a curious bundle on a shelf; another hung from a peg in the wall, and a third hung by a rope from the rafters; this one the mother was swinging. The traveller discovered that each curious bundle was a child; the one in the swinging bundle was the youngest.

The traveller looked at the baby, and found it so dirty that he exclaimed in disgust, "Why, do you not wash it?"

The mother looked horror-stricken, and ejaculated, "Wash it! Wash the baby! Why, it would kill it!"

What a happy country Russia would be for some boys! They would never hear, "Wash your face and hands," nor "Have you brushed your hair?" But, oh, how they would look!

#### MY DAISY LESSON.

I walked at morn in the meadow,  
Each daisy stood in its place,  
And turned to the eastern sunshine  
It's dear little white-frilled face.

I was there again at noontide,  
Each face was looking straight up,  
Catching the golden glory  
In its golden-hearted cup.

And I walked that way in the evening,  
When the sun was sinking low;  
Each flower was gazing westward,  
And smiled in the sunset glow.

Then I thought—If our hearts, as the  
daisies,  
Would always follow the sun,  
What lives of sweetness and beauty  
Would be in us begun;

Lives that would surely please Jesus,  
Jesus our Sun and Light;  
If we lift up our hearts to his shining  
They will ever be pure and bright.

#### HOW TO BREAK OFF BAD HABITS.

Understand the reason, and that the habit is injurious. Study the subject till there is no doubt in your mind. Avoid the places, the persons, and the thoughts that lead to temptation. Frequent the places, associate with the persons, indulge thoughts that lead away from temptation. Keep busy; idleness is the strength of bad habits.