

HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XIX.

TORONTO, AUGUST 12, 1905.

No. 16.

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 shade 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 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. 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 AND THE LION.

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 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 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.

DRARY'S HYMN.

I cannot think but God must know
About the thing I long for so;
I know he is so good, so kind,
I cannot think but he will find
Some way to help, some way to show
Me to the thing I long for so.

I stretch my hand—it lies so near
It looks so sweet, it looks so dear,
“Dear Lord,” I pray, “O, let me know
If it is wrong to want it so!”
He only smiles. He does not speak;
My heart grows weaker and more weak
With looking at the thing so dear
Which lies so far and yet so near.

Now, Lord, I leave at thy loved feet
This thing which looks so near, so sweet;
I will not seek, I will not long;
I almost fear I have been wrong.
I'll go and work the harder, Lord,
And wait till by some loud, clear word
Thou callest me to thy loved feet,
To take this thing so dear, so sweet.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT FROM
ISAIAH TO MALACHI.

LESSON VIII.—AUGUST. 20

JEHOIAKIM BURNS THE WORD OF GOD.

Jer. 36. 21-32. Memorize verses 22-24.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Amend your ways and your doings and
obey the voice of the Lord your God.—
Jer. 26. 13.

THE LESSON STORY.

How hard it seemed to be for the Jewish people to love and worship a God they could not see! After the death of King Josiah the people fell back into their old ways of idol worship as they had done before. When the heart grows willing to do wrong then the head grows foolish in its way of thinking. This happened when Jehoiakim, the son of Josiah, was king. The Lord had sent a prophet to the people, to tell them what was about to fall upon them because they had turned away from the true God. His name was Jeremiah, and Baruch, the scribe, who wrote his words, read them to the people. He also read them to some of the princes who were next to the king. When the king heard of it he made them bring it to him when he sat in his winter palace. There was a fire on the hearth, and all his princes were standing around him. It was Jehudi who read the words of the roll, and they were not pleasant words to hear. They were all about the king and his people being carried away captives because of their unfaithfulness to God. As Jehudi read he cut the leaves with a penknife, and cast them into the fire. They thought that in this way they could destroy the Lord's purposes. When all the roll was

burned there was no one in the room to feel afraid or to speak a word for the honor of the Lord's Word. After this they tried to arrest Jeremiah and Baruch, the scribe, but the Lord hid them. Yet the Lord always takes care of his Word, and he gave it again to Jeremiah, and Baruch, the scribe, wrote it upon a new roll, so that the prophecy that the king of Babylon should come and destroy their land and carry them away captives still stood as if it had not been burned.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. Who was the king of Judah? Jehoiakim.
2. Whose son was he? The son of Josiah.
3. Was he a good man? No; he worshipped idols.
4. What prophet was sent to him? Jeremiah.
5. Where were his words written? In a roll.
6. What is a roll? An ancient book.
7. Who were troubled about Jeremiah's roll? The princes.
8. What did they do? They told the king about it.
9. What did he do? He had the roll read to him.
10. How did he show his scorn for it? He had it burned.
11. Did that destroy it? No; the Word of God cannot be destroyed.
12. Where is that Word now? Printed and carried all around the world.

LESSON IX.—AUGUST 27.

JEREMIAH IN THE DUNGEON.

Jer. 38. 1-13. Memorize verses 8-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.—Matt. 5. 10.

THE LESSON STORY.

Jeremiah is sometimes called the “weeping prophet,” for he lived in a time of great trial and sorrow. The kings of Judah had been going from bad to worse, and had taken the people with them, though always there is a “remnant,” a few faithful souls, who have kept the light of faith alive in their hearts. There were a few such when Zedekiah the grandson of Josiah, became king of Judah. The king of Babylon was spreading his camp around Jerusalem, as Jeremiah had prophesied, and there was no way of escape. Jeremiah prophesied again, and told the people that if they would go out of their city gates and give themselves up to the princes of Babylon they would save their own lives and prevent the enemy from burning Jerusalem. But the princes of Judah were angry with Jeremiah for saying this, and told the king that his words were doing much harm, and that he should be put to death. The king did not want to put Jeremiah to death, for he half believed that the Lord was with him, but he was

weak, and said, “Behold, he is in your hand, for the king is not he that can do anything against you.” So they took Jeremiah and let him down by cords into a filthy dungeon in the court of the prison, where he sunk in the mire.

Ebed-Melech, one of the king's servants, went to the king and told him all about it. The king told him to bring Jeremiah out of the dungeon, which was done very kindly.

So he was brought up into the prison court and afterward into the king's house, and when the great day of trouble came and the city was burned the king of Babylon was kind to Jeremiah, and sent him to his own people. He also let the faithful Ethiopian go free.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. Who was Zedekiah? King of Judah.
2. Who was his father? The good king Josiah.
3. Was Zedekiah good, like his father? No.
4. Who came against Jerusalem? The king of Babylon.
5. What was he trying to do? To make them give themselves up to him.
6. How long was he doing this? Two years.
7. What did Jeremiah say to the people? To yield themselves.
8. Would they do this? No, and they were angry with Jeremiah.
9. What did they do to him? They put him in a deep, miry dungeon.
10. Who was his friend then? An Ethiopian.
11. What did he do? He told the king, who sent him to take Jeremiah out.
12. What was done for Jeremiah? He was kindly cared for.

“FOLLOW ME.”

I was but a little lamb,
From the Shepherd straying,
When I heard within my heart
Some one softly saying:
“Follow me, follow me;
I will safely guide thee
Through the stormy ways of life,
Walking close beside thee.”

Early to his loving care
Shall my heart be given,
For each step I take with him
Brings me nearer heaven.
“Follow me, follow me,”
Is the Saviour saying
Unto every little lamb
Who from him is straying.

The leaves of the talipot palm of Ceylon do not seem wet even after the hardest rain, but are always light and dry. The natives use them to write upon instead of paper. They use a sharp knife instead of a pencil, and the lines thus traced on the leaf endure for years, because the water is shed from it.



THE YOUNG CAPTAIN AND HIS QUEER CREW

BRAVE LITTLE GRETCHEN.

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 Lunnis 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 color 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.

LESS HASTE, MORE SPEED.

An eminent French surgeon used to say to his students when they were engaged in difficult and delicate operations: "Gentlemen, don't be in a hurry, for there's no time to lose."

The people who do the most work are the calmest, most unhurried people. Those who are nervous and excited may be always busy; but in the end they do far less work than if they wrought calmly.

DOGS THAT WEAR SHOES.

In Alaska even the dogs wear shoes—at least part of the time. It is not on account of cold, for a shaggy Eskimo dog will live and be frisky where a man would freeze to death. The dog does all the work of dragging and carrying which in this country falls to the horses, and in trotting over the rough ice of the mountain passes his feet soon become bruised and sore. Then his driver makes him soft little moccasins out of buckskin or reindeer skin, and ties them on with stout thongs of leather. In this way he will travel easily until his feet are thoroughly healed up; then he bites and tears his shoes with his sharp wolf-like teeth.

Wonderful animals are these dogs of Alaska. Although they are only little fellows—not more than half the size of

a big Newfoundland—they sell for seventy-five dollars to two hundred dollars each, more than an ordinary horse will sell for in this country. They will draw two hundred pounds each on a sled, and they are usually driven in teams of six. They need no lines to guide them, for they readily obey the sound of their master's voice, turning or stopping at a word.

But the Eskimo dogs have their faults. Like many boys, they are overfond of having good things to eat. Consequently they have to be watched closely or they will attack and devour stores left in their way, especially bacon, which must be hung out of their reach. At night, when camp is pitched, the moment a blanket is thrown upon the ground, they will run into it and curl up, and neither cuffs nor kicks suffice to budge them. They lie as close up to the men who own them as possible, and the miner cannot wrap himself so close that they will not get under the blanket with him. They are human too, in their disinclination to get out in the morning.

"Oh, what pretty chickens!" exclaimed Mabel, looking at some whose fluffy feathers had been dyed different colors. "Yes," explained seven-year-old Madge: "they were hatched out of Easter eggs."

I thank the Lord, that all this day
Thou hast my footsteps led;
O, keep me through the night I pray,
In this my small white bed.
And when the day begins to dawn,
And birds and children wake,
O, keep me ever at thy side,
I ask for Jesus sake.