

OVER THE RIVER OF DROOPING EYES.

Over the River of Drooping Eyes
Is the wonderful land of Dreams,
Where lillies grow as white as the snow,
And fields of green and warm winds blow,
And the tall reeds quiver, all in a row—
And no one ever cries;
For it's a beautiful place for girls and boys,
And there's no scolding, and lots of noise,
And no lost balls or broken toys—
Over the River of Drooping Eyes
In the beautiful land of Dreams.

Over the River of Drooping Eyes
In the beautiful land of Dreams,
There are horns to blow and drums to beat,
And plenty of candy and cakes to eat,
And no one ever cleans their feet,
And no one ever tires!
There are plenty of grassy places for play,
And birds and bees, they throng all the day—
Oh, wouldn't you like to go and stay
Over the River of Drooping Eyes,
In the beautiful land of Dreams?

—The Interior.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, MARCH 6, 1897.

PAPA KNEW BEST.

As soon as May Benson was old enough to hold a pencil in her tiny fingers she tried to draw. Papa made beautiful pictures with brushes and soft bright colours.

When May was very good, papa used to take her to his studio and let her watch him paint his pictures.

"Please, papa, let me paint," she often begged, but papa always said: "By-and-bye, little one. You must learn to draw first, and then some time I will teach you to paint."

But May was quite sure she could paint

without being taught, if papa would only let her try.

One day she ran up from the lawn to the studio to speak to papa. The door was open, but papa was not in the room.

"Now," said May to herself, "I'm just going to s'prise papa, and show him I can paint. It's as easy as nothing 'tall." She pulled a half-finished picture from the easel and put it on a chair, unscrewed the paint bottles, drew up a footstool, and began. Of course it was easy, but somehow May couldn't make her work look the same as papa's. It looked very bad indeed, and kept getting worse.

Suddenly the door opened, and there stood papa with such a sorry look on his face that it made May cry before he said one word.

"I—I wanted to s'prise you," she sobbed.

"And so you have," said papa. "I am very much surprised to find that I cannot trust my little girl. You have not only disobeyed papa, but ruined his picture too."

"Please forgive me, papa, and I'll never touch your paints again till you say I may," said May. And he did forgive her.

When May was ten years old, papa began to teach her to draw; but it took many years of hard work before she could paint as well as her father.

MR. DOANE'S SERMON.

Up among the White Mountains is a large pile of rocks like a pulpit; and when the young people go to the spot on a pleasure excursion, some one is sent up into the pulpit to preach. One day young Mr. Doane was chosen, and he preached a little sermon on temperance.

"There is nothing so good to drink," he said, "as the pure cold water of these mountain springs. If the people were only satisfied to drink water, a great part of the sorrow and sin of the world would be prevented.

"Intemperance is an evil hard to cure, but easy to prevent. Let us do all we can to prevent it. Beginning with ourselves, we can resolve never to touch, taste, or handle anything that can intoxicate. Then let us use our influence with our friends, and persuade every one we know to let it alone. Let us all join hands to-day in the temperance army."

He said more, but we cannot repeat it all. There was a lad in the company who was accustomed to see wine every day on the table. His father and his father's friends drank, and sometimes he was allowed to have a little; and he had learned to love it. But Mr. Doane's little sermon that day from Pulpit Rock convinced him that it was not wise for him to take it, and he determined then and there that he would never taste it again.

Some people say that they go into the country for fun, and need not try to do good there. But we can do good everywhere, and wherever we go we should let our light shine for Jesus, and never be

afraid to stand up for the truth. If Mr. Doane hadn't stood up for temperance that day, we do not know what would have become of Archie Treadwell. Perhaps he would have died a drunkard.

HONEST WITH HIMSELF.

LITTLE Frankie was forbidden to touch the sewing machine; and as he was generally a pretty obedient boy, his mother, auntie, and his auntie's friend were much surprised one afternoon to find the thread badly tangled and the needle broken. Frankie was without doubt the culprit, and he was called before the family tribunal of justice.

"Frankie, did you touch the sewing machine?" asked mamma severely.

"Yes, mamma," was the tremulous answer. He was such a mite; so frail and delicate, so utterly helpless, as he stood before us all with parted lips and big, frightened eyes, our hearts went out to him in pity.

"Now, Frankie," continued his mother, "you know I said that I would punish you if you disobeyed me, and I shall have to keep my promise."

"Yes, mamma," came in a trembling whisper. Surely the little fellow was punished sufficiently, and yet we realized that justice must be enforced.

"It is a very long time since you forbade him to touch the machine; perhaps he has forgotten," suggested his aunt.

"And if he forgot, that would make a difference, would it not?" I ventured to suggest.

"Certainly," answered his mother. "Did you forget, Frankie? I know that my boy will speak the truth."

There was a pause, and in that pause there was a struggle between right and wrong; then came the answer with a passionate cry, as though the struggle were almost beyond his puny strength: "O mamma, mamma, I did remember; I shan't make believe to myself!"

Brave boy! How often we children of a larger growth lack the courage of being honest with ourselves!

"BERTIE'S DON'T CARE."

BERTIE is a little boy who has a bad way of saying, "I don't care." One day Aunt Nell said to him, "Bertie, will you do an errand for me?" "Oh, yes, ma'am," cried Bertie; "what is it?" "Take your naughty 'don't care' away up in the garret, and hide it." Bertie laughed, and then looked sober. Then he said, "I will, Auntie Nell," and away he ran. I think he must have hidden it very carefully, for he hasn't found it yet!

GIVE all you have to God—your body and your soul, your time, your health, and your moneys, your hands and feet, and eyes, and lips.