

THE RAINDROPS' RIDE.

Some little drops of water,
Whose home was in the sea,
To go upon a journey
Once happened to agree.

A cloud they had for carriage;
They drove a playful breeze,
And over town and country
They rode along at ease.

But, oh, there were so many!
At last the carriage broke,
And to the ground came tumbling
These frightened little folk.

And through the moss and grasses
They were compelled to roam,
Until a brooklet found them
And carried them all home.

—Anonymous.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 22, 1902.

A BURDEN TO BEAR.

"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ." That was the verse Jessie's mamma was teaching her one morning as she brushed her hair and tied the shining braids with pretty pink ribbon. She told Jessie of the Lord Jesus' life on earth; and that if we would be like him we must be kind and loving, not thinking of ourselves, but of others, and trying to make them happy. Jessie thought it a beautiful verse, one of the very nicest that she knew.

The next day Jessie was invited to spend the afternoon and have tea with her little friend Margery. She took her new dolly that Aunt Fanny had given her on her birthday. Susie was her name.

She was a very pretty dolly, with blue eyes and golden hair; and her dress was of blue silk, trimmed with delicate lace. Jessie loved her dearly, and thought that she looked very fine indeed, leaning back on the soft blue cushions of the dainty doll's carriage, as she wheeled her down the garden path that sunny afternoon.

"O Jessie, what a beautiful dolly!" Margery said. "I wish that mine were like her, but mine has only a cotton dress. One eye is gone, too, and her hair isn't nice any more."

"Well, you can take my Susie, and I'll take your dolly, and we will play going visiting. This will be my house in this corner; you can live in the other corner, and we'll have a real good time," said Jessie. And she added, for she had been thinking of her text: "It's a real burden to have a dolly with only one eye." —*Jewels.*

GOD'S DAY.

Daisy is a little girl. When she comes down to breakfast on Sunday morning it is usually with a more winsome smile than general on her rosy face; and her voice is always softer and sweeter, it seems, than on other days.

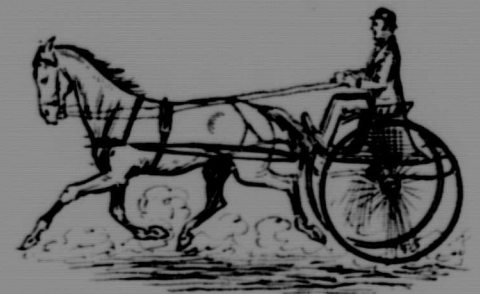
"I wonder how it is, mamma," said Mr. Denton one day, "that our Daisy is always so much happier on Sundays than on week days?"

Then Daisy spoke bravely from her place on her father's knee: "You see, papa, Sunday is God's day, and I want to make it as nice a one for him as I can."

"Bless you, dear," said the father tenderly; "it's right for you to do so, and for everybody else to do likewise." — *S. S. Advocate.*

MILLIONS ARE MADE. REVENUES UPHELD. BUT OH! THE COST!

A cartoon in The War Cry, which we reproduce on our fourth page by the kind permission of the editor, sets forth at a glance the nature of this sinful traffic in strong drink. Many of the people of Canada, many of its young and strong, as well as its weak and helpless, are swept away in the current of temptation and sin, and are ground beneath the upper and the nether millstones of this wicked traffic in the bodies and the souls of men. Their strength, their manhood, their wage-earning power, their happiness, their homes, are all destroyed and swept away. And whose is the profit? The liquor dealers and distillers reap an ill-gotten harvest, which shall prove a curse to them that receive it. The State has shared this infamy by its participations in these guilty profits. It is time to declare with tremendous and unflinching emphasis, when the opportunity is given on December 4th, that we will have no more of it.



THE HORSE THAT GOES WILD.

See this Horse. He has a Bit in his Mouth, and Reins to it. He is a fine Horse, full of Fire and Strength, and so long as the bit is in the right place, and you have hold of the Reins, you can guide him as you please, and he will serve you well. But, as you see in the next cut, if the Horse gets the Bit in his Teeth and sees fit to go wild, he may do as he likes. You cannot check him. He is apt to dash off and run like the Wind, and you will come to Grief. Now, a man's Brain is just like this Horse. God gives us Sense, which is a Bit and Rein to guide the Brain, but Drink takes the



Sense from us, and so puts the Bit in the Teeth of the wild Horse, and we are, as it were, in the hands of a will that is not our own.—*Bengough's "Gin Mill Primer."*

WITH AND WITHOUT.

With your glass of wine you are simply an ordinary wine-drinker; uttering no protest; showing no definite example; allowing a great movement to be conducted without you; leaving a work undone which might have been done supinely resting upon your oars; with drawing yourself from the conflict, while other men are waging a manly and successful struggle in behalf of their fellow man.

Without your glass of wine, you are a part of a great movement; uttering a humble protest; walking in the highway of blessed privilege; showing a practical example; going down to fetch a fallen brother from the mire; with vigour and energy pulling hard against the stream and at every stroke rising to higher and purer waters; and at last conducting, it may be, many souls to glory.—*League Journal.*