

HOLY OFFERINGS.

Holy offerings, rich and rare,
Offerings of praise and prayer,
Purer life and purpose high,
Clasped hands, uplifted eye,
Lowly acts of adoration
To the God of our salvation—
On his altar laid we leave them:
Christ, present them! God, receive them!

Vows and longings, hopes and fears,
Broken-hearted sighs and tears,
Dreams of what we yet might be
Could we cling more close to thee,
Which, despite of faults and failings,
Help thy grace in its prevailings—
On thine altar laid we leave them:
Christ, present them! God, receive them!

To the Father, and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One,
Though our mortal weakness raise
Offerings of imperfect praise,
Yet, with hearts bowed down most lowly,
Crying, Holy! Holy! Holy!
On thine altar laid we leave them:
Christ, present them! God, receive them!

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 4 1905.

EARNING MONEY FOR MISSIONS.

Miss Maynard's six little girls promised her they would do something to earn money for their mission circle during their vacation. The bright days soon passed away, and the first Sunday in September the children gathered in Sunday-school. Katie, Mollie, Jennie, Susie, Annie, and Fannie were all there.

One by one the short stories were told. Katie came first. She said: "Grandma

gave me ten cents a week for getting eggs for her, so I have earned sixty cents." Mollie's blue eyes shone as she gave her silver dollar. "I got it," she said, "for not saying 'My gracious' for a month." Then Jennie said in her sweet voice: "A blind old lady gave me a gold dollar for reading the Bible to her every Sunday." When Susie's turn came she grew as rosy as her grandpa's Baldwin apples, as she said: "I earned fifty cents for feeding the chickens and fifty for wiping dishes when grandma's girl was away." Annie, the youngest, handed her offering slowly, as she said: "I got twenty-five cents for keeping from scowling." Fannie came last with her seventy-five cents, which she had earned by selling "missionary sun-flowers," as she called her small garden of them.

So these little girls began their fall work by putting four dollars and sixty cents into the treasury, the result of a missionary vacation.

MENLA.

Nothing suited Louisa the other morning. The potatoes were not fried right, there was mutton instead of beef on the table, and she didn't like tomatoes. Aunt Rachel sat near Louisa trying to read the morning paper while her niece was finding fault.

At length Aunt Rachel laid down her paper and asked, "Did you ever hear of Menla?"

"No, auntie. Who is she?"

"She is, or was, a dear little girl living in India."

"A returned missionary from India said he had occasion to cross a rice-field one morning, when he saw a little girl gathering up the scattered rice in a cup she held in her hand. She couldn't get much. He asked her what she was doing it for, and she told him her parents were very poor, and she never remembered having as much as she wanted to eat in all her life. They lived on the poorest of the rice she could gather, boiled with pulse. 'But I always save some of the best of it,' said Menla, 'to sell, so that I can have some money to buy Bibles for those who do not know about Jesus.'"

"He asked her why she did not eat the rice when she was so hungry."

"Oh," said she, "I do not think you know how bad it is not to know about God. My folks used to beat me so before they knew about him; that was worse than being hungry; and I want the rest to know so they won't beat their children."

"Why, auntie," said Louisa, "I didn't know anybody lived in that way—never to have enough to eat and not to know about God."

"My child, there are thousands in our

land who seldom have enough to eat and who never hear of God."

Louisa sat still for a few minutes thinking. Then she said, "I am not going to be so selfish any more, auntie; Menla has taught me a lesson."

A JAPANESE FAIRY TALE.

Once upon a time there was a kind old couple that kept a pet dog. One day the old man dug where the dog scratched and unexpectedly found a quantity of gold. Now, there was a bad-hearted couple, their neighbours, who envied them their good fortune, and asked them to lend them their dog. As they would take no refusal, they got the dog; but when they took him along the road he would not scratch the ground. Therefore, they made him scratch, and then dug where he scratched; but instead of finding gold they only found a lot of filthy stuff. Then they got angry and killed the dog, and buried him under a small pine-tree by the way-side.

The pine-tree suddenly grew to a great size, and the kind old man cut it down and made a mortar out of the wood. When he pounded barley in that mortar the barley would flow up out of the bottom and overflow without end. His neighbor again envied him, and borrowed his mortar to pound his barley in. But when he did so his barley all turned out cracked and worm-eaten. Then he became still more enraged, and broke the mortar in pieces and used it for firewood.

The kind old man then took some of the ashes of the mortar and scattered them on dead trees, and made them blossom. He was plentifully rewarded for this with gold, silver and pieces of silk by the prince of the country; and so he came to be called "the old man who made dead trees blossom." Again his neighbor envied him, and attempted to make dead trees blossom with ashes. But when he took a handful and sprinkled it on the limbs of a dead tree, the tree did not blossom, but the ashes blew into the eyes of the prince of the country. The retainers of the prince roared out, "That's a nice state of things!" and seized the old man and gave him a beating. With his head bruised and bloody, he barely escaped. In this condition his wife saw him returning in the distance. And she said, "My husband, too, I see, has been rewarded by the prince with purple garments," but while she was thus rejoicing he came near, when she looked more closely and saw that her husband, instead of being clothed in purple, was stained with blood. As to the man, he then took to his bed sick, and at last died.

God alone knoweth the future. Only he who holds the key may unlock the portals of the dim unseen. Is not our future safe with him?

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