

CHILDREN'S OFFERING.

O, we would bring our treasures
To offer to the King;
We have no wealth or learning,
What shall we children bring?

We'll bring the little duties
We have to do each day;
We'll try our best to please him
At home or school or play.

And these shall be the treasures
We offer to our King,
And these the gifts that even
The poorest child may bring.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 24, 1906.

EXAGGERATION.

I hold in my hand a piece of India-rubber. It is very elastic. I can stretch it until it is many times as long as when lying on the table. We must be on our guard against speaking India-rubber words. Boys and girls who will not tell a lie will sometimes try to stretch the truth. I have known boys who, when they did not want to do as they were bidden, were always "so tired" or "so sick." They stretched a little ache into a severe sickness. The other day two girls were running together. When they stopped, one said, "Oh dear, I thought I should die!" while the other declared she was "almost dead." They rested about one minute, and ran again as fast as they could go. When I go into a shop I find that a salesman will sometimes say a little more than what is strictly true in order to sell his goods. I meet also some persons who like to tell stories, and who

always stretch the facts to make them more interesting. This careless way of talking is very wrong. We lose our love of truth when we begin to exaggerate. When I was a boy at school I sometimes had a sharp knife, and would sharpen my slate pencil with it, and would thus dull its edge. So our love of truth is blunted by sharpening the point of an excuse or of a story. There are no such things as "white lies." India-rubber words are falsehoods, and every falsehood is as black as a stove.

MRS. PUSSY'S DISOBEDIENT CHILD.

It is not only boys and girls that have to mind; there are animals, too, that have to obey their fathers and mothers. The following little story tells of a kitten who gave her mother not a little trouble:

"I called the kitten," says the writer, "who sprang from her basket, where she had been lying with her mother, and followed me into the next room. The cat followed, growling warningly, and, taking her up by the neck, replaced her in the basket. Again I called her, and again she came at my call. This time the mother, growling still more threateningly, followed us again; but this time she seized the kitten by the tail instead of by the neck, evidently as a punishment, and pulled her roughly along, the kitten mewling helplessly. For a third time I called, and once more she came to me; but this time the mother was silent. She came, took up the kitten, dragged her off, and then began to bite her again and again in order to secure her obedience. This method was successful, and the next time I called it was in vain."—*Animal Life*.

BEGIN RIGHT.

"My dear little girl, you must not be so impatient; I heard you throwing blocks, and stamping in a very naughty way. What is the matter?"

"Why, mother, I've tried and tried to build a house with my blocks, and when I have it almost finished and it looks so pretty, down it tumbles, and I just can't make it."

"I think I know why you cannot do it, Janet. You did not begin right; you should put those large, heavy blocks on the floor first, and build the smaller ones on top. You cannot build your house unless you make the beginning, or foundation, strong; if you do not, it will surely fall."

That afternoon a letter came from Aunt Sue, saying she was coming to make them a visit. "Oh! I am so glad," cried Janet; "I love Aunt Sue, because she is always sweet and never gets cross or tells me to go away and not bother her."

"I will tell you why she is so sweet, dear," said mother, "she started right when she was a little girl. She, too, was

like your pretty block house; she grew up sweet and good because she was kind to her mother and brothers and sisters, and tried to be sweet even when she could not do as she wanted to. This, like the big, strong blocks, made a good beginning or foundation, for her after-life, and she has become the sweet Aunt Sue that you love so much.

MARY'S BUSY DAY.

"Oh dear! Oh dear!" said Mary. "I have so much to do to-day, for Hildrith's new dress must be finished, and Fluff must have her bells sewn on a new ribbon—for to-morrow is my birthday."

Mary's mother had told her that on the fourth day of October, she would be five years old, and had promised her a party.

You may be sure she was pleased, and every evening she climbed up on a chair, and, with father's blue pencil, marked one more day off the calendar, until there was only one left.

She had gone out into the shade of the garden that morning to finish her sewing, and when she had bathed Hildrith (for she was a china baby—not wax), she put on her thimble and kept on saying, "Small stitches—small stitches—small stitches," as she hemmed the new dress.

But Fluff must have her fun, and while her little mistress was busy stitching, the mischievous kitten was also busy tangling the spool of thread.

"Fluff, what do you mean by d'laying me on this important morning? Are you not ashamed of yourself?"

Fluff seemed to understand, for she crept slyly over and lay down with one eye closed and the other peeping.

Then Mary ran back to the house and brought an empty spool for the kitten to play with—and they were all so busy and happy that day that Mary said it was very nearly as nice as the party day.

Do you not think it is the busy children who are the happiest? I do.

THINE IS THE POWER.

Merton was struggling over an addition sum which would not come right. His slate was smudged, so was his face, with the hot tears falling. "I can't do it, indeed I can't; it won't come right." "Put away your slate, Merton," said mother, "sit on my lap and shut your eyes. Now, did you say, 'Our Father' this morning?" "Yes, mother; why?" "Was there anything in it to help you do your sum?"

He repeated it softly. "I know, 'Thine is the power.' He could show me how to do the sum, couldn't he, mother?" He slipped off mother's knee, cleaned his slate, brushed away his tears, and in a few minutes produced the sum triumphantly, saying, "Thank you, God, thine is the power."