

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!

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

| The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular. | Yearly | Sub'n |
|---|--------|-------|
| Christian Guardian, weekly | \$1 00 | |
| Methodist Magazine and Review, 36 pp., monthly, illustrated | 2 00 | |
| Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review | 2 75 | |
| Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward together | 3 25 | |
| The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly | 1 00 | |
| Sunday-school Banner, 45 pp., 8c., monthly | 0 60 | |
| Onward, 8 pp., 4c., weekly, under 5 copies | 0 50 | |
| 5 copies and over | 0 30 | |
| Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4c., weekly, single copies | 0 20 | |
| Less than 20 copies | 0 25 | |
| Over 20 copies | 0 15 | |
| Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies | 0 12 | |
| 10 copies and upwards | 0 15 | |
| Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies | 0 12 | |
| 10 copies and upwards | 0 15 | |
| Dew Drops, weekly (2 cents per quarter) | 0 10 | |
| Berean Senior Quarterly (quarterly) | 0 05 | |
| Berean Leaf, monthly | 0 05 | |
| Berean Intermediate Quarterly (quarterly) | 0 05 | |
| Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24 cents a dozen; \$2 per 100. Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen; 50 cents per 100. | | |

THE ABOVE PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE.

Address WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book and Publishing House,
29 to 33 Richmond St. West, and 39 to 35 Temperance St.,
Toronto.

C. W. Co. 128, S. F. HUFSTLER,
2176 St. Catherine Street, Wesleyan Book Room,
Montreal, Que. Halifax, N.S.

Happy Days.

TORONTO, JANUARY 21, 1899.

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.

"THE HEATHEN HAVE BEAT."

One day Robert's uncle gave him a penny.

"Now," said he, "I'll have some chocolate creams, for I've been wanting some for a long while."

"Is that the best way you can use your penny?" asked his mother.

"Oh, yes! I want the chocolate creams very much." And he hurried on his cap and ran off in great haste.

His mother was sitting at the window and saw him running along, and then he stopped. She thought he had lost his penny, but he started off again, and soon reached the door of the shop; and then he stood there awhile with his hand on the latch and his eye on the chocolate in the window. His mother was wondering what he was waiting for; then she was more surprised to see him come off the step, and run back home again without going in.

In about one minute he rushed into the parlour with a bright face, as he exclaimed:

"Mother, the heathen have beat, the heathen have beat!"

"What do you mean by 'the heathen have beat?'"

"Why, mother, as I went along I kept hearing the heathen say, 'Give us your penny to help to send us good missionaries. We want Bibles and tracts. Help us, little boy, won't you?' and I kept saying, 'Oh, how I want the chocolate cream.' At last the heathen beat; I am going to put my penny into the missionary box."

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."

PASSING THROUGH THE FIRE.

In China is observed the festival of fire that celebrates the reputed birthday of the Taou gods, and is observed by the devotees running barefoot through or over a heap of burning charcoal and wood. A missionary writes about it as follows:

"When the preliminary rites have been performed the officiating priests rush wildly through the fire, followed by the others, while the deafening sounds of gongs, tomtoms, and horns drown the shrieks and groans of the suffering. Some reel and stagger, especially the old and feeble, and sometimes fall helpless in the fire and are burned to death."

BUILDING A TEMPLE.

North of Peking, in China, there is a celebrated pagoda and temple visited by a great number of worshippers. And how was that fine structure built? There were no great gifts for it. No emperor or rich man poured out of his treasures, but every worshipper coming to the place was asked to bring a single brick. There was hardly any one so poor that he could not bring as much as a brick, and in time the pile grew and it became a great mass of material sufficient to build this spacious temple. Every one brought something, and their gifts together made a great monument. We can all do something to send the Gospel to others.