

Take, for instance, the lesson for October 29th, Ps. 85. One might teach it by a simple story of a child who had been so naughty that her mother had to send her away from the others—up to her own room. When she was sorry, and ready to be good, mother let her come back, and oh, how glad she was! That is just like God's people who had disobeyed Him, so that He had to punish them by sending them away to a strange land. They did not like it. I think they cried as the little girl did. When they were sorry, God brought them back, and how glad they were! Do you know what they said? "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad."

If, instead of this, you prefer to use the Golden Text for the Thanksgiving season, make your lesson centre round v. 12,—“Yea the Lord shall give that which is good”, etc. Picture the fruit on the trees, the harvest in the fields, showing the children that it all comes from God, and let them sing this verse:

For nuts and rosy apples,  
For all things that we need,  
For father and for mother dear,  
We give Thee thanks indeed."

The children long ago did not know this verse, but they were just as glad and happy as you. Wouldn't you like to learn one of the verses they said? Golden Text.

It is well to have as much variety in teaching the Golden Text as possible. Sometimes it might be used as the starting point of the lesson. Then again it would come in as the climax, or sum of the teaching. Or it might be like a golden thread all through the lesson. But in whatever way it is taught, be sure that it is made plain to the minds of the children. They should not be required to memorize it till this is done.—Toronto

### Her Mission Offering

By Mary Isobel Houston

Two big tears rolled off the end of Nettie's freckled nose as she looked at her empty purse.

"I meant to have my off'ring all ready", she said, as she shook the purse again to make sure there was not a copper hidden in the lining. "Miss Ellis should have given us longer notice, so's we could be ready."

"Huh! you said that last time", said

Bobbie, jingling the thirty-seven cents that had gathered in his mite-box. "I don't b'lieve you care for the heathen one bit."

Nettie said no more, but she was thinking how much easier it was for Bobbie to earn mission money. She had not told Bobby that the last ten cents had gone to buy a slate for Jamie Harris when he broke his by falling almost at Nettie's feet. She had offered it to him before she thought, and could not ask it back again.

"I'll not go to the meeting at all", she said, as she walked down the street on an errand for mother. "Yes, I will, too. I'll promise to earn some more money right away and—" A sound from the doorway of the house she was passing made her look up to see Mrs. Smith and active little Baby Smith coming toward the gate.

"Going to the meeting, Nettie?" asked Mrs. Smith in a tired voice.

"Ye-es", said Nettie slowly. Then remembering that Mrs. Smith was the member of a Mission Circle that met that day, she asked politely, "You going too, Mrs. Smith?"

"No, dear", and Nettie was sure there was a tear not far away. "Baby's too cross. I'll just send my offering."

"Could I take it?" asked Nettie quickly. Then a better idea entering her curly head, "Could I mind Baby? I'll be ever so careful, and I know he'll stay with me."

Baby Smith did stay with Nettie all the long afternoon, and more than once the little girl wished that she had gone to Mission Band,—even without an offering,—rather than care for a cross baby. Even the sight of Mrs. Smith's happy face when she returned to find Baby asleep, or the bright quarter she slipped into Nettie's hand, did not help much.

"I'm sorry I had nothing to bring to the meeting", faltered Nettie, when she met Miss Ellis on her way home.

"We have counted your offering, dear", said Miss Ellis, who had heard the story. "You have given something better than money; you gave up the bright afternoon, and gave us Mrs. Smith, our most helpful member." And as Nettie slipped the shiny quarter into the old black purse she was happier than she had been for weeks.

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