

The one who had received two talents had gained two more. But the one who had received only one said that he knew his master was hard and unkind, and he was afraid, so he hid the talent in the ground, and now brought it back to him. This made the master very angry and he ordered him to be punished, but he rewarded the other two servants.

Who told this story, and what does it mean? Do people who have only one talent generally think that it is not worth while to try to use it for God?

BOYS IN CHURCH.

Boys, when you go to church take a seat with your parents and sisters. A back seat may be as comfortable as any, but whisperers, gigglers, light-headed girls and soft-brained boys always seek that quarter. Don't be afraid of the front seat. Besides, it is so much more homelike to see all the family seated together. Our religion is a family religion, and for all members of the family alike.

THE MOUSE'S BLANKET.

One day Willie's mamma missed a bank note which she was very certain she had put in a particular place. Thinking that Willie might have taken it for a plaything, not knowing its value, she asked him if he had seen it. But Willie knew nothing about it, neither did the nurse nor anybody in the house.

By and by papa came home. He pointed to a mouse-hole in the nursery floor, and said the mice must have stolen it! A carpenter came and took up the floor, and, sure enough, there was a nest of little mice all cuddled down on the bank note, which Mother Mouse had spread out as a lining for the nest. Other pieces of paper were found, all torn and nibbled, but this being nice and soft had been saved for a blanket by the wise old mother.

A TOWN WHERE DOLLS ARE MADE.

How many little girls, when they drag their precious dollies around by one arm, ever think of the many people it takes, and the time and material that are necessary to make one doll?

There is a town in France where all the men and women, and very many of the children, earn their living by making dolls. The bisque of which the heads are made is a species of clay composed of lime and earth. This is beaten and trampled and mixed, and then

steeped for several days. After that it is washed and strained again and again until it is as white as snow, and as thin as cream.

The next process is to pour this in to moulds; and if you have ever broken the head of a doll and taken the face in your hands entire, you will hold what the doll makers know as a mould, in shape though not in material. These moulds are of seventeen sizes. When the clay or bisque is dried in the mould it is next delivered to women, who insert eyes and put on ears; and after this is done, the faces, which are white, are baked in an oven, two thousand at a time, and sometimes more than that.

After cooling, the heads are polished with sandpaper, and then colored to resemble flesh. The eyelashes and eyes are painted, and then the heads are baked again. The wigs are then put on, and the doll's head is ready for the body (which is made of kid, muslin or papier-mache, and has employed another set of skilful workers in its manufacture), and then it is delivered to a dear, kindly little mother, who dresses and cares for it with infinite patience, and loves it almost as much as if it were a real live baby.

BESSIE'S CHEERFUL GIVING.

"Oh, what a beautiful morning!" said Bessie, as she pulled aside the little white curtains and looked out of her window. "Susie will be at the station to meet me, and we will have a lovely drive."

Bessie was going to spend two weeks with a friend of hers in the country. She had planned and planned just what she was going to do and what a fine time she was going to have.

She had planned to go last year, but Roy, her little brother, was taken sick, and mamma had to do the work, so she had to put it off.

But just as she was feeling so happy, she heard some one call her name. It was her father.

"Bessie dear, mamma is very sick, and I guess one little girl will have to play housekeeper and cook breakfast."

The bright smile was gone, and great, big tears were in Bessie's eyes. The father had been in a hurry and gone downstairs, so he did not see the change.

"Why should mother get sick to-day?" Everything is against my trip. Now I will have to stay home and cook and clean up after those mean boys, and—" But here Bessie stopped. Would it be hard to take care of mother? Mother never said it was hard to take care of Bessie when she was sick.

Then Bessie remembered what the League lesson had been, "God

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loveth a cheerful giver," and she remembered her kind superintendent's words, "We cannot all give money, but we can all give something—a cheerful smile, a cheerful word, a cheerful life."

Yes, Bessie would give up her trip, and give it up cheerfully. So she wiped her eyes, and, kneeling down beside her bed, asked Jesus to help her. And when, a few moments later, she entered the kitchen, she was all smiles. All the work seemed easy that morning to Bessie, and Roy and George were so kind and thoughtful!

"I am so sorry to have to disappoint my little girl," said her mother, as Bessie brought her some breakfast.

"Now, mother, don't you feel bad at all. I am going to keep house just as nice as you could, and there will be plenty of time next year to see Josie." Bessie brushed back her mother's hair, and kissed her fevered cheek.

After breakfast there was lots of work to do. But Bessie went singing along, and everything seemed to fly. The boys' rooms were not half as untidy as they usually were, Roy had picked up all the books and papers that he always left on the floor.

After her work was done, Bessie read to her mother till she fell asleep.

Bessie was very happy when night came, but she was still happier when papa said: "Bess, little woman, I don't know what we would have done without you to-day. Your being cheerful has helped me so much." And mamma said: "Bessie, dear, you have made my pain much easier to bear by your cheerful face and cheerful words." Then Bessie told her mother of her superintendent's words, and her resolution.

"How much better it was to be cheerful than to have gone about frowning and making myself and everybody else feel bad!" said Bessie that night, as she went to bed.

That night Bessie's Aunt Mary came, and two days later her mother was well enough to be up again.

Bessie felt very happy as her father handed her into the car, and said: "Now, be very careful—but I know you will. A little woman that can keep house like you, can take care of herself."

Josie was at the station to meet her. And oh, what a fine time they

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