

THE USE OF BABY.

"WHAT'S the use of baby, Nelly—
Five months old, and, oh, so small!
What's he come for? Do you want him?
Is he any use at all?"

"Do you think your little brother
Can be any good to us?
Crying, sleeping—sleeping, eating;
Are you glad to have him thus?"

"Yes, mamma, I think he's useful;
Soft and warm, like Janie's dove;
And though weak and brown and tiny,
He's a deal of use to love!"

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 15, 1888.

THE ONE-TALENT MAN.

He came slowly, he was in no hurry. He had had no chance—at least none to signify. Those others had been well treated in the start and had made money; of course they were eager to come and boast. But he?—well, he never had had much to brag of in this world and he supposed he never should. It was queer how some masters helped one servant and hindered another. If he had only had their chance, now!

Well what would he have done with their chance if he had it?

Precisely what he did with his own chance. He might have been flattered at first that so large a sum as ten talents had been entrusted to him, but after a few cautious ventures with it, he would have suspiciously remembered that his Lord was sometimes hard, and concluded that the best and safest way was to bury and keep it.

But how did these other men do? They went cheerfully about the duty of using their master's money so as to increase it. They knew that if they did their best he would not blame them for lack of success. They

put forth the talents he gave them and trusted that they would bring back more than their value, and what a reward they received!

Oh, boys and girls, the world is full of one-talent people! How ungracious they are! how suspicious! how self-centered! Honest! Oh, yes. They would not spend their Lord's money, but their very honesty comes from timidity. They would run a risk of discovery and punishment if they squandered their talent. (Read Matt. xxv. 14-30.)

FREDDY AND THE FLOWER.

A LITTLE boy named Freddy was very fond of flowers. He came in from the garden one morning before breakfast to show his mother a beautiful violet. It was the first that had come out that season.

"It is so beautiful, mother," said Freddy, "and smells so sweet, that I am going to put it in my button-hole, and carry it with me all day."

"I think you might do something better with it than that," said his mother.

This set Freddy to thinking while he was getting his breakfast. Pretty soon he guessed what his mother meant. So he looked up, and said, "Mother, did you mean that I should take the violet to little Nellie Reynolds?"

"I did, my son," she said.

As soon as breakfast was over Freddy ran down the lane to Mrs. Reynolds' cottage. She was a widow, and supported herself and her daughter by going out to do washing. This made it necessary for her often to be away from home all day. Nellie was a little girl about eleven years old. She had been a cripple since she was a baby. Her mother had taught her to read and knit, and as she had to be so much alone, her books and her knitting were a great comfort to her. Their cottage was very neat and clean, and their little garden before it was kept free from weeds.

Freddy opened the gate and walked through the garden. The path to the cottage door was white with cockle-shells, for it was near the sea-side.

Nellie was sitting at the window, longing to be out, when Freddy came in with his bright, rosy face, which to look upon was enough of itself to do one good.

"Good-morning, Nellie," said he. "See what I have brought you. This is the first violet that has bloomed in our garden this spring."

You should have seen Nellie's face, how it brightened up when she saw that beautiful flower, and thought of Freddy's kindness in bringing it to her.

"O thank you, thank you, Master Freddy," she cried. "I do love violets so much. Now I shall look at it and smell it and take it till mother comes home."

"Why, Nellie," asked little Freddy, in astonishment, "how can you talk to a flower?"

"O I can," said Nellie. "It will tell me how good God is to me to make me so happy, and when mother comes home she will be so glad to see it!"

"Well, good-bye, Nellie; I must go to my lessons now," said Freddy; and off he ran feeling very happy.

Now you see how truly that little flower was a missionary. And it did its work well. It made three people happy that day. Nellie was made happy by the sight of the flower, and the kindness which had brought it to her. Freddy was made happy by trying to do good; that always makes us happy. And Freddy's mother was made happy by seeing her dear boy trying to overcome his selfishness.

BE PLEASANT.

WHEN little ones worry,
Their parents feel sorry,
And all who are near them are sad;
But when they are good,
And smile, as they should,
Their friends are happy and glad.

How much better it is
To be cheerful and sing,
Than to have to be called
"A cross little thing!"

LOVE FOR THE BIBLE.

A LITTLE girl was one summer's day sitting at her mother's cottage door, reading her Bible. A gentleman who was taking a walk stopped at the cottage to ask for a drink of water. Her mother gave him a cup of milk, and, after he had rested himself awhile, he set out again on his walk. Seeing the child still at her book, he asked what it was. "It is the Bible," said she. "Oh, I suppose you are learning your text for school?" "Task, sir? No," replied she. "Then what are you reading your Bible for?" he asked. "Because I love it," said she. The gentleman went away; but the little child's words and her evident sincerity held of his mind. "That child," he thought, "certainly did love her Bible. I don't know how I can find out what there was in it to love. I borrowed a Bible that evening from the landlady and continued thenceforward to 'search the Scriptures,' and found in the Jesus Christ and 'eternal life.'"