

stand what they mean to say, and his Holy Spirit is always willing and able to teach us how to pray. I told God that I had bought an ugly doll instead of a Bible, all because I was so silly as not to tell nurse about it; and that if I could do everything, like Him, I would turn the doll into a Bible at once. Then I asked Him to please to do it Himself, as I could not see what else was to be done, and it would be so nice to see the doll gone and a Bible in its place; and I promised not to mind saying that I was quite sure the Bible was for me. Then I got into bed and went to sleep.

Breakfast was scarcely over the next morning when I asked for my new doll. How I longed to see the drawer opened and a Bible found just in front of it. And yet I scarcely dared hope; it seemed so impossible, though I knew God could do everything. The drawer was soon opened, and to my sorrow, though scarcely to my surprise, the doll was brought out, with its cheeks as pink and its eyes as black as the day before. It looked uglier than ever; and though everybody praised it, I felt sure I never could love it.

With a heavy heart I went to lessons. Grown-up people do not know how hard it is to do lessons when one's thoughts will go after other things; but though hard, we must try to keep our hearts on the right things, and by degrees it will be easier, especially if we ask God to help us.

Lessons were over at last, and then my aunt called me into her own little room. "Have you been a good girl?" she asked me. I did not feel very good, for I had been much disappointed, and had scratched my new doll only the day before, and altogether felt very uncomfortable. It was a disagreeable question to be asked just then, for something seemed to depend on the answer, and I wondered what the true answer would be, and whether I could ever be really good. To get out of the difficulty, I said, "Shall I go and ask mother?" and ran off at once and asked the question. I soon returned with the answer,—

"Mother says I am a very good girl."

"That's right," said my aunt. "Now see what I have got you. You are getting a great girl, and come to prayers every day; so I want to give you a Bible of your own. Choose any of these you like."

She then showed me a large parcel of beautiful Bibles, some with purple, some with red, and some with black covers. What a happy child I was! I chose one with a black cover; for I knew nurse would not let me have it every day if it were too handsome.

I felt richer, and happier, and older as I went back to the nursery with the new book, and said, "Here it is."

"Here's what?" they asked.

"My new Bible," I answered joyfully.