

LITTLE HANDS.

LITTLE hands can scatter seed,
 Tidings of a Saviour's grace;
 In the furrows, in the field
 God will grant it lodging-place.
 Little hands can till the plants—
 Plants of faith, and hope, and love;
 Saviour, make each plant to grow,
 Fair as in the fields above.

—Selected.

TINY AND HER DOLL.

TINY had two sisters older than herself, Florry and Lucy, and one younger, "Little Dot, the darling of the lot," a year-old pet who was spoiled by every one, and in return was a baby-tyrant in the house.

Florry and Lucy were good little girls, and though only aged respectively eight and ten years, were striving to become like mamma. Already they could help in many ways. Lucy, the eldest, was clever with her needle, and Florry could cut out such smart dolls' dresses, that between them they laid a little plan to dress a doll for Tiny; not one with lace and muslin tacked on to it, as most dolls are, but dressed like a real lady, with neat and well-made under-clothing, to be put off and on at the proper time. And perhaps you wouldn't think it, but the history of Tiny's doll is a most wonderful one, and the dressing of it, mamma said, was one of the best lessons her little girls ever got. It taught them self-denial, as you shall see; it taught them patience; it taught them to be neat and tidy with their own clothes, and to value all the buttons and hooks and strings which mamma had sewed on for them with so much care, and it taught them the sweetest lesson of all, that "it is better to give than to receive."

Never were little girls happier than they were when dressing Tiny's doll and watching her delight in it.

One sultry afternoon in August, Florry and Lucy were pulling and knocking with flushed faces and tingling fingers. That was the opening of the money-boxes, and perhaps there was a slight heartache in the tone in which Florry said, "Oh Lucy!" when she saw the pennies, and the silver money too, rolling out on the grass; but a soft voice within whispered, "Self-denial;" and the heartache passed away like a floating cloud. The two bounded off merrily down the lane, and on until they stopped at the great toy-shop at the corner of T—— Street. A pretty doll was procured, then some articles necessary for the doll's wardrobe, and the little girls were soon at home bending over their mamma's work-basket and over the drawer where dolls' patterns were always kept for the little girls' use; for mamma wished them to begin well, and to be neat and exact in everything.

It was all interest and excitement that first night, and Tiny danced round them in glee, but Florry and Lucy had to return to it—oh, so many times! and work patiently sometimes when their fingers ached and their eyes ached before all was done. Once, when she had been working a long time, Florry looked up and sighed heavily, but brave Lucy said:—

"Never mind, dear, we shall soon be done; see how lovely this dress is!"

And it was lovely, when, the following day, all was finished, and Miss Dolly's toilet was made with great care, not a showy flimsily dressed doll, oh! no, quite the reverse. You could examine it well. Such nice soft flannel, and snowy under-linen, a handsome velvet costume for walking, and a pretty lavender merino for a house dress. It was very lovely and very perfect indeed. So mamma thought as well as little Tiny, who could not express her delight.

Then came the Doll's tea-party. Tiny of course was to preside, and Miss Florry and