

got out of bed quietly, and knelt down to pray ; for little children can often tell God what they cannot tell anyone else. The good Jesus was once a child, and knows just how children feel, so they need never mind telling Him anything ; and if they do not pray quite right, He can understand 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 all 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. Then 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 thoughts 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 to ask 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 for 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 then ! I chose one with a black cover ; for though the others were prettier, I know 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.

"You got a Bible," said nurse, "you that can't find one place yet."

"I know some texts," I answered meekly.

"Yes, but you can't find them."

"Why don't you teach her, then?" wisely asked the nurse-girl.

So nurse taught me where to find "Suffer little children," and charged me never to forget the chapter and verse, even if I lived to grow up, and be as old as she.

My dolly did not look quite so ugly next time I saw her. We sometimes had a nice play together, until, about five years later, her head was one day cut off, that we might get some bran to stuff a pin-cushion for a missionary basket.

My Bible did not disappoint me. It was the best of my treasures, and from it I afterwards learned that God does not always answer our prayers quite in the way we expect, but that His ways are better than our ways, and His thoughts than our thoughts.

Dear children, always take your troubles to God, for He is the kindest and wisest Friend you can have : — H. S. in *The Christian*.