

**More Like Jesus.**(By A. C. D., in the 'Child's Companion.')  


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When Jesus left His throne on high,  
 And came to live on earth, and die,  
 His words, His acts, His looks, we find  
 Always unselfish, always kind,—  
 Jesus, my Lord, oh! may I be  
 Each day, each moment, more like Thee.

Though He was often very sad,  
 He tried to make all others glad;  
 And went about from day to day,  
 Shedding bright sunshine on their way;  
 Jesus, my Lord, oh! may I be  
 Each day, each moment, more like Thee.

He never thought the way too long  
 To seek a lost sheep going wrong;  
 He listened to its faintest call,  
 Nor thought about Himself at all:  
 Jesus, my Lord, oh! may I be  
 Each day, each moment, more like Thee.

Where'er He was, by day, by night,  
 His Father's will was His delight;  
 And He with truth could ever say,  
 'I do what pleases Him alway.'  
 Jesus, my Lord, oh! may I be  
 Each day, each moment, more like Thee.

**The Best Kind of a Doll.**

'Oh, mamma,' said little Hetty,  
 'I wish I had a new doll.'

'I wish you had,' said mamma.

'Couldn't you buy me one?'

'I'm afraid not,' said mamma.  
 'I have no money to spare for dolls.'

Hetty knew that pretty well before,  
 so she was not much disappointed.

'Susie Dean has such a be-yewtiful doll, mamma. It is so big—'  
 Hetty held up her two little hands  
 to show how big it was. 'Did you  
 ever see such a big one?'

'Yes,' said mamma, 'I have seen  
 one so big.' She held her hands  
 farther apart than Hetty held hers.

'Dear me!' exclaimed Hetty.  
 'But Susie's doll can open and shut  
 its eyes.'

'So could this one,' said mamma.  
 'And did it have beautiful, soft,  
 curly hair? Susie's has.'

'Yes. It had beautiful hair, too.'

'And pretty red cheeks?'

'Yes.'

'Oh, my! Could it cry? Susie's  
 cries when you push on it.'

'Yes, it cried when you pushed  
 on it, and sometimes when you  
 didn't.'

'Susie's mamma told her there  
 are dolls that can walk, and some  
 that can creep. Just think of it,  
 mamma—a doll walking!'

'Oh, the doll I am telling you  
 about could walk and creep, too,'  
 said mamma.

'What a splendid, beautiful doll  
 it must have been!' cried Hetty.  
 'Ever so much nicer than Susie's,  
 I know.'

'Yes, indeed,' said mamma. 'Ever  
 so much nicer.'

'Oh! Hetty danced up and down.  
 'I wish you'd take me where I  
 could see such a doll.'

'I will,' said mamma. Look  
 here.'

She led her to the door of a room  
 and pointed to a cradle. Hetty's  
 little baby brother was in it, fast  
 asleep.

'Oh, did you mean that?' said  
 Hetty. 'Why, I meant a real doll.'

'I think he is as nice a doll as you  
 could have, my little one. Did you  
 ever see a doll with prettier curling  
 hair and red cheeks? And when  
 he opens his eyes you will see  
 sweeter ones than any other kind  
 of a doll could show. And he can  
 walk and creep and cry.'

'But if he was a real doll I could  
 do anything I liked with him. He  
 won't let me do as I please.'

'But if he was a real doll he  
 would never put his arms around  
 your neck, and say, 'I love 'ou,  
 sissy.'

Hetty stood and looked at the  
 bonny baby face. The blue eyes  
 opened and looked up at her. And  
 as the darling laughed, and held up  
 his dimpled arms, Hetty took him  
 up with a very loving hug, saying:

'Yes, I do think he is the nicest  
 doll in the world.'—S. S. Mes-  
 senger.

**'Stick' Dolls.**(By Bertha Locke, in the 'Youth's Companion.')  


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The Rogers children had come  
 into the country to spend the sum-  
 mer at grandma's. It rained the  
 first day, and the trunks had not  
 come. 'O dear!' said Jessie. 'What  
 shall we do?'

'If the trunks were only here, we  
 could play with our dolls,' replied  
 Ethel. Elsie stood disconsolately  
 looking out of the window, and  
 then said, 'Let's call grandma!  
 Perhaps she can think of some-  
 thing new for us to play.'

Grandma was always full of new  
 ideas, and as soon as she saw the  
 downcast looks, she said, 'Children,  
 how would you like to play "stick"  
 dolls?'

Being city children, and having

all sorts of 'store' dolls, 'stick' dolls  
 had never been heard of. 'O grand-  
 ma, let's play it!' they all said, for  
 they were eager to play something  
 new.

Grandma left the room, and soon  
 returned with her apron full of  
 twigs, leaves and cranberries.  
 'Now,' she said, 'we'll first select  
 a good-sized twig; that is for the  
 doll's body. Then we'll put a cran-  
 berry on for the head, and for the  
 dress we'll use a leaf, running the  
 twig through the centre. Now we  
 have a very good stick doll. The  
 next one we will dress up in a  
 shawl and bonnet, using a small  
 leaf for the bonnet and another  
 size for the shawl, pinning them on  
 with small twigs.'

In this way a number of dolls  
 were made, using the different  
 kinds and sizes of leaves. It was  
 fun for the children, and they soon  
 forgot the rain in the pleasure of  
 the game, and in fashioning new  
 dresses and bonnets.

The day passed all too quickly,  
 and when the weather was fine  
 they went down to the orchard—  
 just the place to play stick dolls.  
 The children filled the hollows of  
 the rock with moss and wild  
 flowers, and they made such nice  
 little houses for the dolls.

All that summer, and other sum-  
 mers, the children played stick  
 dolls. They learned to know the  
 different leaves and trees better,  
 perhaps, than in any other way.

**Thoughts of God.**(By Ann Taylor.)  


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God is in heaven. Can He hear  
 A little prayer like mine?  
 Yes, that He can; I need not fear  
 He'll listen unto mine.

God is in heaven. Can He see  
 When I am doing wrong?  
 Yes, that He can; He looks at me  
 All day and all night long.

God is in heaven. Would He know  
 If I should tell a lie?  
 Yes, though I said it very low,  
 He'd hear it in the sky.

God is in heaven. Does He care,  
 Or is He good to me?  
 Yes, all I have to eat or wear,  
 'Tis God that gives it me.

God is in Heaven. May I go  
 To thank Him for His care?  
 Not yet; but love Him here below,  
 And He will see it there.

God is in heaven. May I pray  
 To go there when I die?  
 Yes; love Him, seek Him, and one  
 day  
 He'll call me to the sky.