

## THE LOST DOLL

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY.

I ONCE had a sweet little doll, dears,  
The prettiest doll in the world,  
Her cheeks were so red and so white,  
dears,  
And her hair was so charmingly curled.

But I lost my poor little doll, dears,  
As I played on the heath, one day;  
And I cried for more than a week, dears.  
But I never could find where she lay.

I found my poor little doll, dears,  
As I played on the heath, one day;  
Folks say she is terribly changed, dears,  
For her paint is all washed away.

And her arm's trodden off by the cows,  
dears,  
And her hair's not the least bit curled;  
Yet, for old time's sake, she is still, dears,  
The prettiest doll in the world.

## OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

FOR YEAR POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, monthly	2 00
Guardian and Magazine together	3 50
Magazine, Guardian and onward together	4 00
The Wesleyan Herald, weekly	1 50
Sunday School Banner, monthly	0 60
Onward, 8 pp., 4c., weekly, under 5 copies	0 60
5 copies and over	0 50
Mission Hours, 4 pp., 4c., weekly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 24
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Harvest Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month	5 50
Quarterly Review, 2 pp., 4c., by the year 24 cents a dozen, \$2 per 100. Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen, per 100	0 50

Address WILLIAM BRIGGS,  
Methodist Book and Publishing House,  
25 to 33 Richmond St. West, and 30 to 36 Temperance St.,  
TORONTO.

C. W. COATES, S. F. HUERTS  
3 Henry Street, Montreal Que. Meth. Book Room,  
Halifax, N. S.

## HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, APRIL 21, 1894.

## PRAYER AND FORGIVENESS.

JESUS taught the people that whatever they desired very much, and asked for, believing that God would give it, they should have. They were not to ask for wrong or hurtful things; for God would not give them anything that was not right; just as your parents sometimes refuse to give you what you ask for, because it would do you harm; but what-  
ever was best for them to have he would give, if they came to him in a loving, trusting spirit, just as kind father gives his children what is good for them, because he loves them and wishes to make them happy.

Jesus also said that when they prayed, they must put away all unkind feelings toward others, and forgive everyone who had offended or injured them; for if they did not forgive, their heavenly Father would not forgive them when they asked him.

## GOING OUT WITH MOTHER

"WHY, Edie! all dressed and ready! Where are you going?" asked Marion, entering the almost empty room.

"I am going out with mother."  
"Are you? But why do you not go down-stairs, then; she is in the dining-room waiting?"

Edith looked up at her tall cousin with quiet rest in her eyes. "She told me to stand here till she called."

"Aren't you afraid you'll be forgotten?" she asked, slowly.

"Mother never forgets me."  
"Do you always do as she bids you?" asked Marion, pursuing her own thoughts.

"Yes——" considering; "yes, I do; it's what I try to do always."

"There is the carriage," said Marion, looking down on the street.

Still Edie did not move; but she listened intently.

"There's aunt getting into the carriage!" exclaimed her cousin in dismay.

Edith's little face flushed beneath her broad hat, but that was all.

Marion looked out on the street with a beating heart, and then back at the little, waiting girl. Would this little child trust on, in spite of all evidences to the contrary?

"She is driving away!" burst from Marion's lips almost involuntarily.

But Edie raised her head with sudden courage.

"She said she would not forget that I was waiting, and she will not. I can trust her." The flush died out of her face, and a quiet patience came back to it.

Marion sat down by her side, and took her little hand almost reverently. "Edie, dear, will you kiss me?" she asked.

The child stooped her head. "What makes you cry, Marion?" she said, wistfully.

"Because—oh, Edie! if I could only wait like you!"

"Don't you wait when your mother tells you?" she asked innocently.

"It is father this time," said Marion.

"Well, don't you?"

"Not always; but—but I will—"

"Edie! Edie!" called a ringing voice up the stairs. "I am ready now! Come, my child!"

"There!" said the little girl. And then, only waiting to give her cousin another kiss, she flew downstairs to her dear mother.

## A BETTER THOUGHT.

"KITTY, you're a bad girl!" Elsie said it to her little sister. Poor little Kitty put up a very sorry lip.

"Yes you are, Kitty. I let you take my doll and you've lost her best hat. You sha'n't take her any more. And I won't get you any apples."

Poor little Kitty went down the garden walk crying as if her heart would break. Elsie hunted for the lost hat, but could not find it.

"Yes, Kitty's a very naughty girl," she

said to herself. "She ought to be punished. I don't think I shall play with her all day."

But as she hunted about in the garden she could just hear Kitty's pitiful little sobs. She tried very hard to make herself think it was right that Kitty should cry. But Elsie was usually kind to her little sister, and found it hard to keep angry with her.

She ran to the apple tree and knocked down some apples. She went to the garden seat and called Kitty. The dear little thing came running to her, and climbed up beside her.

"You may take my doll, Kitty," she said, "she never tans, so it's no matter if her hat is lost. O Kitty, you hug me so tight you'll choke me."

They laughed together as they ate their apples.

## A NAUGHTY BOY.

CHARLIE was getting over the measles, and couldn't go out of the house. He was very tired of staying indoors, and his mother felt sorry for him, and read to him, bought him new toys and nice fruit and did everything she could to make the time less tedious.

But one day she was obliged to go out, and told Charlie that he must amuse himself with his playthings, and, if he was good, she would bring him a big present.

So Charlie played about the nursery for a while; but by-and-bye he got tired of staying there, and thought he would take his toys down to the parlour.

Now Charlie knew this was wrong, because there were pretty things about the room, which could easily be broken, and because his mother liked to keep the parlour in order for visitors. He didn't choose to think of this, however, but went in, carrying his toy animals, his picture books, and even his pet cat.

They had a great frolic, racing and chasing, he and Miss Puss; raising a fine dust, and scattering the crumbs all over the floor.

Presently he heard steps coming up the porch.

"Oh, if mother sees all this dirt, she won't give me my present!" And he ran for the broom to sweep it up.

But he did not know how to manage a broom, and presently the handle swung against a beautiful vase and knocked it over. Just as it fell to the floor, splintering into fragments, the door opened, and his mother appeared.

How do you suppose she felt when she saw her elegant vase dashed to pieces, and knew her boy had disobeyed her? And how do you think Charlie felt when he saw her sorrowful, displeased face?

Do you think he deserved a big present?

SOME days seem to come from nearer heaven than others, filled with a sweet influence, as if they had walked reverently through holy places before they came to us.