

SUNBEAM

Vol. XXII.

TORONTO, MAY 4, 1901.

No. 9.

THE MISSIONARY DOLL.

BY HANNAH SHEPPARD.

Now, mamma, take me on your
lap, and hold me tight,
just so,
And I'll tell you all about it
—how I let my darling
go,
For I didn't know 'twas
naughty until you said
to-day
That I must not give my
playthings, without your
leave, away.

Oh, but it was so drefful hard
to let Angeline go!
For she is my oldest child,
and my dearest one, you
know.
"Why didn't I send Nellie,
or my new wax doll so
tall?"
Because I loved my precious
one the very best of all!

Don't you 'member all about
it—how papa said that
night,
That when we gave to Jesus
it must be our dearest
quite?
And I saw the mission boxes
being packed so full
downstairs,
For the little heathen chil-
dren who've not been
taught their prayers.

So I hugged and kissed my
Angeline—now, mamma,
don't you cry—
I'd have let you say good-bye
to her, but I knew you'd
ask me why;
And papa in his sermon said,
"Don't tell 'bout what
you do,
But help a little if you can,"
so I thought that meant
me too.



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And I hope that ragged, heathen girl 'way
out in Timbuctoo
Will love my sweetest Angeline, and treat
her well, don't you?
Though I'm afraid she'll be so lonely, just
at first, you see,
For she is not used to strangers, 'cause
she's always been with me.

Don't tell the boys: they'd tease
me 'bout my missionary child!
And I couldn't bear it very well if even
papa smiled—
For I tucked her softly in the box when
no one saw, you know,
Though it broke my heart in pieces to let
my darling go.

Yet in his sermon papa said, that very
Tuesday night,
That when we gave with all our hearts it
must be a hard fight,
But that Jesus knew about it all, and
would help us to be glad,
If we only gave, for love of him, the
dearest that we had.