

But Milly had a little playmate whose name was Bertie, and he liked the doves almost as well as Milly, and used to come to see them every day, and because he was kind and gentle always, Milly liked him very much.

But one day Bertie did not come, but instead he sent a sheet of paper, folded up in the shape of a boat, and when Milly looked closely she saw there were words written upon it; so she smoothed out the sheet of paper, and found printed upon it in large capitals—for Bertie had not yet learned to write—"COME AND SEE ME, I AM SICK."

"Poor Bertie!" said Milly, "I'll go and see him, and take Pearl with me." So Milly's mamma gave her a little basket, with some fruit in it, for Bertie; and then, just before she started, she went out to the barn, and said gently, "Pearl, Pearl, come here." There was a rustling of white wings, and then Pearl flew down and perched on Milly's shoulder. Then Milly took her in her arms and covered her over with her little white apron, and walked out of the gate toward Bertie's house, which was not very far distant.

Pearl kept perfectly quiet, for two reasons: because she felt quite safe with Milly, and because, if you hide their eyes, doves will keep quiet, and you can carry them so for a good while.

Bertie was sitting up in bed with his playthings around him when Milly came in. As soon as he saw Milly he smiled and clapped his hands; for he liked her dearly.

"Guess what I have brought you, Bertie?"

"O, cherries! I see their red cheeks in the basket."

"Yes; but what I mean is much better than cherries."

"Is it under your apron?"

"Yes."

Then Bertie guessed everything you could mention; but Milly shook her head, and then took off the apron, and there was Pearl looking at Bertie with all her might out of one of her bright yellow eyes.

"O, but she'll fly back again, Milly! Doves won't live by themselves, you see."

"I know it; but I have given Pearl to you because you are sick; and you are to keep her always. But, then, she must stay with my doves, for it would break her heart to be all alone; she is too fond of society for that."

So Bertie was very well contented; and when Milly was going home with Pearl under her apron, he kissed her, and said thoughtfully, "I like you, Milly, just as well as if you were a boy," which remark Bertie meant for very high praise indeed.

Soon Bertie was well again, and when his birthday came, he invited Milly and Julia to come and see him; but this time he did not send the invitation folded up in the shape of a boat, but on gilt-edged note-paper, for he was going to have a party, and have tea in the summer-house; and the children knew they would all have a pleasant time, for Bertie's mamma loved little children, and tried to make them happy.

"I am going to take Queen Rose with me," said Julia, "for she has not been to a party since she came from Paris." So she dressed her doll in her finest clothes, and then the two sisters set off together—Julia holding Queen Rose's parasol carefully above her face, so that "the sun might not injure her complexion," as she said.

"See, Milly," said Julia, "I am a great deal better off than you; for I can take Queen Rose about with me, and everybody will admire her; and you have to leave your doves at home."

"O, but they love me, and I love them; and so I can carry them about in my heart wherever I go."

It was only a child's saying, but it's true for all that; for anything we love truly we may take with us in our thoughts wherever we go; and it really belongs to us far more than gold, or diamonds, or

houses, or lands. So I think those people are richest who love the most. The Lord Jesus Christ thought so, as you will see if you will open your little Bible, and read the seventh chapter of St. Luke, beginning at the thirty-sixth verse.

So the children came to Bertie's house, and found other children there; and they played together in the beautiful garden, and were very happy.

Julia was not disappointed, for everybody admired Queen Rose. But, by and by, Julia was tired of carrying her doll, so she placed her upon one of the rustic seats that were in the garden, and began to play. Julia, in her haste, forgot to notice that she was leaving Queen Rose where the hot July sun would beat down upon her wax face of red and white, until she began to do what grown-up people sometimes threaten to do—"melt with the heat."

But little Julia, forgetting poor Queen Rose, played on with the others, until Bertie, taking Milly by the hand, said, "Come into the summer-house." So they all followed, and there was a feast spread for the children, with a birthday cake in the midst, frosted over, and set about with roses.

Presently Julia heard patter, patter, patter on the roof, and cried out, "Dear me, it rains! and Queen Rose will be all wet."

So she ran with all her might, but it was too late. When she came to the rustic seat where she had left her doll, Queen Rose was indeed in a doleful plight. The hot sun had melted her nose in the first place, and then the rain had washed away her pretty red cheeks, and drenched her fine attire.

Julia was loud in her lamentations. "O my beautiful Queen Rose is all spoiled! nobody will admire or look at her any more."

The rest tried to console her, but no one could do anything with her but Milly, into whose wise little head had darted a famous plan. Soothing Julia's hair, she said, "Don't cry, dear little sister! If you will be good and patient, I am very sure Queen Rose will come back to you as pretty as ever."

Then Milly brought the doll where Bertie's kind, good mamma was, and put her arms around the lady's neck, and whispered to her a long time; for Milly knew how good she was, and that she would do almost anything to please a little child.

Then Milly came back to Julia, and told her, "Queen Rose is coming back to you a week from today."

And Julia, who believed all that Milly told her, took her hand, and began to smile once more, though she couldn't tell how it was all going to happen.

Sure enough, a week from that day Queen Rose came back to her little mistress, almost as pretty as ever; for Bertie's mother, who understood all about such things, had painted her cheeks, and made her another nose of wax, and then Milly dressed her, and brought her to Julia, who said, "O, Queen Rose, I'll be careful never to leave you in the sun or rain again."

But Milly thought to herself, "My doves are the best; the sun cannot melt them, the rain cannot wet them. I can love them, and they can love me." Then the little girl went out to feed them, and they flew down to her, and brushed her with their shining wings, cooing softly, and nestling against her bosom. And loving so, and being loved, Milly's heart was overbrimming with a most sweet and gentle content. Then Milly's father, finding her thus, laid his hand upon her head, saying, "God bless thee, my little daughter!" and repeated very slowly those lovely verses that were made by a great poet:

He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man, and bird, and beast;
He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small;
For the great God, who loveth us,
He made, and loveth all."

"Will you try not only to pray 'well,' but to pray 'best,' dear little daughter?"

And Milly, looking up into her father's face with a bright, dear smile, answered, "I will try every day so long as I live to pray 'best.'"—*The Quiver.*



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

The Baptismal Covenant.

Dost thou renounce the devil and all his wicked works?
This world's vain pomp and glittering glory, too?
And covetous desire which in thy bosom lurks?
And fleshly lusts? Yes, renounce them all I do.

THE FAITH.

In God, the Father, I believe,
And in his own begotten Son,
Once slain, the guilty to relieve,
To save the world by sin undone.
I know he lives that I might live;
If I his best commands obey,
The Holy Ghost he'll freely give,
And bear my many sins away.
To me eternal life is given,
In Christ, who conquered death and hell;
And lo! he comes, the Judge from heaven,
To "raise me up" with him to dwell.

BEING BAPTIZED INTO THIS FAITH I VOW.

God's holy word I will obey,
And walk therein from day to day,
While life's brief journey passing o'er;
Christ helping me, I'll sin no more.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

Which are You Like?

YONDER is a lamb. It is meek, playful, harmless. It neither bites, kicks, nor scratches. It is its nature to be gentle and good.

YONDER is a cat. Touch him and he will scratch you. Try to play with him, and he will bite your hand. He is ugly and spiteful. It is his nature to be so.

Now you have your nature as well as the cat and the lamb. If you fight, brawl, scratch, and use angry words, your nature is selfish and wicked. If you are mild, gentle, and loving, your nature is good. How is it? Are you like the cat or the lamb?

If you are ugly and selfish like the cat, you can become good and gentle like the lamb. Jesus can change your selfish nature and make it loving and kind. Isn't that good tidings? If you think so, go to Jesus and ask him to make you loving and gentle as a lamb. Y. Z.

The Good Boy.

I AM a very little boy,
But love my parents well,
Far more than I love any toy,
And more than I can tell.

I'll try to be most kind to all,
And act a good boy's part;
For that I know will always call
Joy to my parents' heart.