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Milly's Doves.

THE way that Milly came to have the doves was this. She lived in the country, where there were pleasant trees, and lakes full of white water-lilies, and fields full of daisies. The place where Milly's father lived was nicer and pleasanter than I can take time to tell you; and it was called Rose Lawn, because, in the summer-time, the air was scented with the fragrance of red and white roses that bloomed everywhere.

Milly had one little sister younger than herself named Julia, called so after an aunt of the two little girls, who lived in the city, and who came to visit them every summer. This aunt always brought something pretty to Julia, as she was her namesake; but she very seldom thought of bringing anything to Milly, because, as she said, Milly was such a quiet little thing, always poked away in a corner, that she forgot about her, unless she was right under her eyes. But, some time or another, Milly should have something wonderfully nice.

But Milly thought to herself that "some time or another" was a long way off. Not that her Aunt Julia was an unkind person purposely, but that she always said and did what pleased her best, and people seldom took offense, simply, I suppose, because it wasn't worth while; for if they did, she laughed and said, "O that's my way, you see." I think "that's my way," however, is just the meanest excuse anybody can make for being unkind; and I suppose that all of us only do make it when we mean to be selfish and please our own dear selves.

This summer, when Aunt Julia opened her trunks, she took out a large box, and calling to Milly's little sister, said, "Come here, little blue-eyes!"

"Aunt Julia is calling you," said Milly to her little sister, "so take my hand, then we can run up stairs fast. I think she's got something beautiful for you this time."

"Maybe there's something for you too, Milly," said the little one.

But Milly shook her head; patient waiting had made her wise.

When Julia opened the long box in her aunt's lap, her eyes dilated very wide with surprise and delight, for it held a wax doll that had come from Paris. Her hair was curled, and she had wax hands and feet, and bright, black eyes that opened and shut. She had on a fine dress of silk and lace, and had six other dresses besides, and bonnets, and even a small parasol to keep her complexion from the sun when she went out to walk. Altogether, she was



such a very fine lady of a doll that little Julia was almost afraid to take her in her arms, for she had always been contented with "rag babies" until now.

"There, now!" said Aunt Julia, looking at Milly with a face of dismay, "I forgot to bring you anything. If you only wouldn't keep yourself poked away in a corner, child—. But, never mind; I'll remember the next time."

Milly was used to this, so, looking at Julia's doll, she said, "Isn't she a beauty! What are you going to call her?"

"I don't know. What would you call her, Milly?"

Milly drew a long breath, then said, "I should call her Queen Rose."

"Queen Rose, of Rose Lawn, eh?" said Aunt Julia. "I fancy you won't be in a corner all your lifetime, Milly, after all. But run along now. I'm going to unpack."

So the two children came to their mamma to show what Aunt Julia had brought her namesake.

"Mamma," said Milly, "Julia's doll is called Queen Rose, of Rose Lawn; and Aunt Julia says I won't be in a corner all my lifetime, because I

named her Queen Rose. Isn't she funny, mamma? I don't stay in a corner at all, only Aunt Julia thinks so."

"Never mind, dear; that's your aunt's way."

So the two children went away to play; but Milly ran back a minute to say, "Mamma, I'm to have something the next time."

Mamma laughed, then shook her head at Milly, for this was a little joke between them, for they knew that "next time" would be a long while on its journey.

But Milly's mamma saw in all this how that her little daughter was neither sinful nor envious, but was pleased that her little sister was remembered, though she was forgotten, and that no shade of ill-nature had disturbed the sweetness of the child's manner.

When Milly's father heard how bravely Milly had behaved, and how, in her unconscious child's fashion, she had shown herself contented with "such things" as she had, he made up his mind that his little daughter should have something that should be as dear to her as "Queen Rose, of Rose Lawn," was to her sister Julia.

So one afternoon he called to her from the garden, "Milly, little daughter, come here!"

Milly ran fast, as she always did when she heard her father's voice, and found him standing beside a long box, made with little wooden bars, and out of the box came a soft sound of cooing and rustling.

"O my!" said Milly, and peeping between the bars she counted one, two, three, four, five pretty doves.

"They are for you, my little daughter. Do you like them?"

"For me!" said Milly, and then because she was so happy—she could do nothing else—she climbed up into her father's arms and kissed him so lovingly that he declared she was a little dove herself, and that he would have to put her in the box with them.

Milly made up her mind that she would keep her doves in the barn, because then she could watch them better. So after shutting them up a few days until they became accustomed to their new home, she opened the barn door and let them fly in and out just as they pleased.

Milly named her doves, one after the other, as soon as she found what name would suit each one best; but the prettiest, because it was pure white, she called Pearl. I think you would all like to have had Pearl for a pet, she was so gentle and tame, and looked so cunning, feeding out of Milly's hand, with her little red feet clasping the rim of the saucer.

Julia, however, cared but little for the doves, which she said were pretty enough, "but not half as charming as her beautiful Queen Rose."