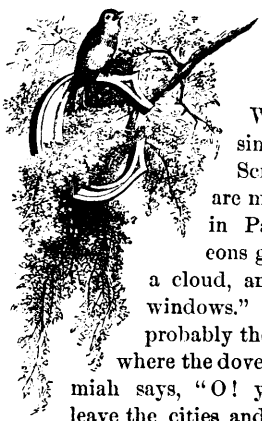


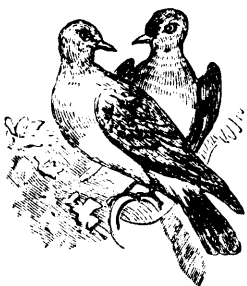
Prepared from "The Land and the Book."

Scripture Doves.



COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
With all thy quickening powers."

WE take the most of our similes of doves from Scripture language. There are many varieties of the dove in Palestine. The wild pigeons go in flocks; they "fly as a cloud, and as the doves to their windows." These "windows" were probably the holes in the lofty cliffs where the doves make their nests. Jeremiah says, "O! ye that dwell in Moab, leave the cities and dwell in the rock, and be like the dove that maketh her nest in the side of the hole's mouth." The turtle-doves make the olive groves their favorite resort. Their low, sad plaint may be heard there all day long at certain seasons, and in the solitary and shady valleys among the mountains. It is particularly noticeable among the vast orchards around Damascus, so subdued, so very sorrowful among the trees, where the air sighs softly, and little rills roll their melting murmurs down the flowery aisles. These birds can never be tamed. Confined in a cage they droop, and, like Cowper, sigh for



"A lodge in some vast wilderness,"

and no sooner are they set at liberty than they flee "as a bird to its mountain." "O that I had wings like a dove," says David, "then would I flee away and be at rest. Lo, then would I wander far off, and remain in the wilderness."

Again David speaks of a dove whose wings were covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold. This kind is now found at Damascus, and their feathers, all but the wings, are literally as yellow as gold. They are very small, and are kept in cages. Their note is so very sad as to be almost unendurable to a sensitive ear. They keep it up by night as well as by day. Nothing can exceed the plaintiveness of their midnight lamentation.

Solomon repeatedly mentions dove's eyes. "Thou hast dove's eyes within thy locks, which [the locks] are as a flock of goats." "His eyes are as the eyes of doves by the rivers of waters, washed with milk and fitly set." Doves delight in clear water brooks, and often bathe in them; and then their liquid, loving eyes, "fitly set" within a border of softest skyey blue, do look as though washed in transparent milk.

No other symbol, either in or out of the Bible, suggests so much precious instruction and spiritual comfort: pure and gentle, meek, loving, and faithful, it is the appropriate emblem of that Holy Spirit that descended from the opened heavens upon our blessed Lord at his baptism. O may that heavenly dove

"Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours."

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

Dew Drops.

BY MRS. ANNIE E. H. THOMSON.

Bright little dew-drops,
Whence did ye come?
Was not the blue heavens
Your beautiful home?
Then why did ye leave it,
And seek this dull sphere,
Where your brightness will vanish
Ere noonday is here?

Ah! you knew the sweet blossoms
Were drooping and sad,
And your bright presence only
Could make their hearts glad.
And the leaflets were thirsty,
And sighing for you,
Dear little dew-drops,
Clear, shining, and true.

And ye knew that each blade
Of the tender young grass
Was asking a drink
Of the clouds as they pass.
So ye left your blest home
In your beautiful blue,
For the warm love within you,
Ye bright drops of dew.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

Daisies.

"The daisy is a general favorite," said Lucy's grandpapa as they were taking their morning walk. Its name signifies the eye of the day. As soon as the ice and the snow are gone in the spring we see here and there one, and we love its cheerful presence. Do you remember its language, my child?"

"I remember," replied Lucy, "the motto that you said the queen of Navarre adopted with the daisy for her emblem, 'Not following earthly things,' but I cannot see why it should have such a meaning."



"Because its little eye looks up to the sun, and follows him through his daily journey. So the Christian should keep his eye upon God, his sun, the giver of his life, and light, and happiness."

"Well, grandpa, I have heard this tall white flower called a daisy too, but it is not a bit like the charming little daisy we have been talking about."

"No, my child, no one loves that. It is called the ox-eye daisy. Have you ever heard the allegory about the proud ox-eye?"

"No, grandpa, but please tell it to me. I love allegories."

"I have it in a book here. Let us sit down on this log while I read it to you."

"It is said that the ox-eye, hearing how much people loved the daisy, and that poets sung its praises, put on airs, and stretched up its head, saying, 'I am a daisy. I always knew that sensible people admired me in spite of the slurs of common folks. I shall stay out here among the weeds by the roadside no longer. I shall take up my abode in the meadow, and spread so many flowers on the side of this gentle slope that all the passers by shall stop to admire and wonder. I shall entirely eclipse my would-be genteel little cousins, who are continually stepping

in between me and my admirers, though they are not half so large nor so showy as I am."

"So the ox-eye reached out its roots, and scattered its seed, and crept in among the grass, until the whole hillside was covered with its starry blossoms. And people pointed it out to each other as they went along, and sometimes they stopped and looked, and the ox-eye said to itself, 'See how greatly they admire me!' But if it had listened it might have heard them say, 'See how that otherwise beautiful meadow is spoiled by that hateful weed!' And the poor farmer mowed, and grubbed, and plowed, but all in vain, for the perverse ox-eye said, 'What a foolish man! How little taste to treat so rudely a flower which everybody admires.' And so the pestiferous weed grew and flaunted in spite of all, and made itself universally detested."

"Now, grandpa, for the lesson it teaches," said Lucy.

"The folly of pride, my child," replied her grandpa impressively. "We sometimes see it when a little girl puts herself forward to be admired. If her mamma has company she devises some excuse for coming to tease her; but the company, instead of admiring her, generally say to themselves, 'What a troublesome child!' In Sunday-school it is her great desire to find some errand to take her out of her seat, and make a stir, so that others may look at her. She wants to get a drink, or a catechism, or a paper; or she will get up and sit down again, and adjust her skirts again and again. She cares not how much disturbance she makes, only so that others will look at her. But people when they look at such a child do not admire her. They generally say to themselves, 'How vain and disagreeable that child is! Wherever we look she puts herself in the way!'"

The remainder of the walk home was pursued in silence. Lucy was carefully searching her own heart to find if she were at all like the vain ox-eye.

TRUTHFULNESS is a corner-stone in character; and if it is not firmly laid in youth, there will ever after be a weak spot in the foundation.

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