

PEACE ON EARTH

GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

# CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

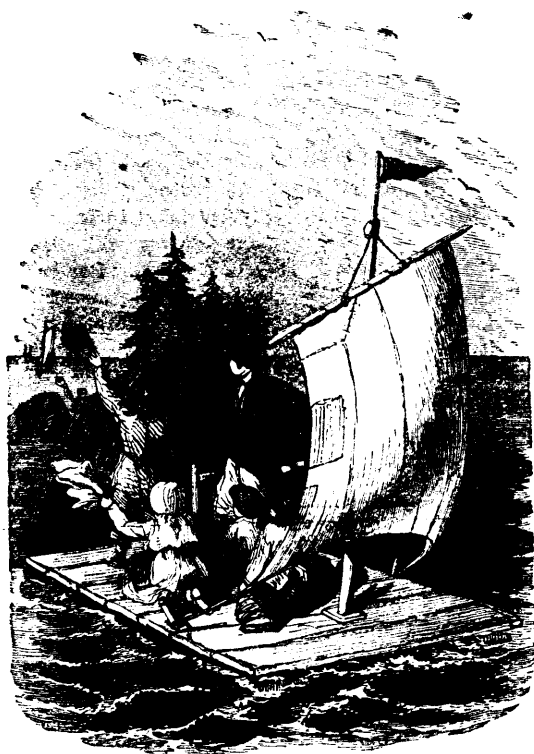
SUFFER · LITTLE

UNTIL · ME ·

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LOVE AND OBEDIENCE ON THE RAFT.

For the Sunday School Advocate.

## PLEASANT SAILING.

WHAT a happy party! Rather risky though, I should say, unless the children are uncommonly careful. It would, for example, be the easiest thing in the world for that miss who is waving the handkerchief to slide off the raft into the water. And that boy with the hat in his hand might readily tip head foremost and get well ducked if not drowned. I should not advise children to go far from shore or into deep water upon such a raft.

But the children in the picture are used to sea-life. They live on an island, and the big boy at the helm is as much at home on that raft as a farmer's boy is on a wagon. Moreover, I guess he will not sail very far, but only from one island to another, and so nothing bad is likely to happen.

I have no doubt those boys and girls have had permission given them to take that sail on the raft. *How do I know that?* Because they are so much at their ease and so thoroughly enjoy the occasion. If they were there by stealth they would be stiff, uncomfortable, and sad. No five children in America could be as happy as they are while doing wrong. No, no. Doing wrong always spoils play, always disturbs the peace

of children, always robs them of cheerfulness. Don't you know that to be so, Master Critical? And you, Miss Sharp, don't you understand how it is?

In the picture on the right of the page you may see the father of some of those children. He has been away to the mainland in his boat. Isn't she splendid? He would rather ride in his boat than in a carriage. He loves the sea. He loves boats, and ships, and everything that relates to them. But he loves his island home still better. His little girl loves him too. See her! She is on the pier waving her handkerchief to welcome him home. Love makes her and her father very happy, as, indeed, it does all parents and children who love each other. It was his love for his children that made him build that raft for them. I hope the reader loves his mother and father very fondly and that he is as fondly loved in return. I would rather live in a desert among elephants and lions than in a house from which sweet love had been driven.

Below is the raft again. How sad those boys look now! You would hardly think them the same boys you see in the other picture. They are meant for the same, however. But why are they so much troubled? What makes them wear such long, sober faces? I will tell you. They are disobedient now. They took the raft this time without permission. Worse, they took it against positive orders never to get upon it unless their big brother or father was with them. But to-day they thought it would be fine fun to go out by themselves. They pushed it from the shore, hoisted the sail, and for a while were as gay as two silly butterflies. But very soon they found the raft going far away from their island home. They could not steer it round. They could not pull down the sail. Then it seemed that they



FATHER'S WELCOME HOME.

fishing, and, as you see, sailed near the raft, and taking up the boys, towed it home. The little fellows were well frightened, and for many a day remembered that disobedience brings trouble and sorrow. If my readers allow the picture to teach

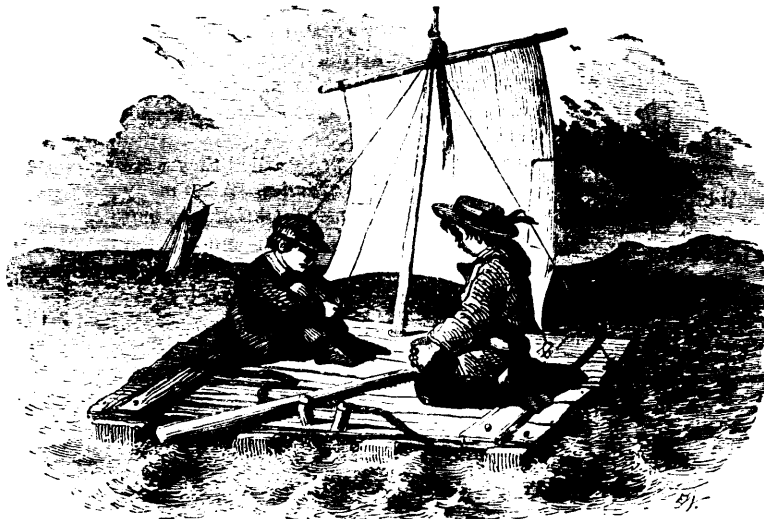
them the same lesson it will not have been printed in vain.

“Let not thine heart envy sinners; but be thou in the fear of the Lord all the day long.” U. U.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

## THE DISCOURAGED BOY.

FRANK STUART'S fault you all may think a very small one, but I assure you it stands very much in the way of his improvement; and I wish you, who are reading this little story at this very moment, to consider whether you have or not the same fault. You have heard the proverb, “There is a silver lining to every cloud,” but you would think in Frank's copy-book it must read, “There is a black lining to every sunbeam.” He is so easily discouraged, he is so ready to give up all his plans and his studies at every mole-hill of a difficulty, that his teacher scarcely knows what to do with him. It is a trial to be in the room with him when he is



DISOBEDIENCE ON THE RAFT.

were in a bad, a very bad scrape. They trembled, cried, and, I believe, the one on his knees tried to pray.

Luckily, their father and big brother were out