

CHILDREN AND FORBID THEM NOT TO COME

PEACE ON EARTH

CANADA

SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

UNTIL WE

SUPPER LITTLE

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For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE BITTER AND THE SWEET.

BY FRANCIS FORRESTER, ESQ.

Poor little Effie is sick and needs medicine. She knows it is bitter, and therefore she shrinks from taking it. Ma, who knows what Effie needs, is coaxing her to drink it, promising her a sweet orange to take the taste out of her mouth. Read what mother says to Effie, as stated by a poet:

“Come, darling Effie,
Come, take the cup;
Effie must drink it all—
Drink it all up.

Darling, I know it is
Bitter and bad;
But 'twill make Effie dear
Rosy and glad.

Mother would take it all
For her wee elf—
But who would suffer then?
Effie herself.

If Effie drinks it,
Then, I can tell,
She will go out to play
Merry and well.

Drink, and then, darling,
You shall have this—
Sweet after bitter;
Now, first, a kiss.

Ah, darling Effie,
God also knows,
When cups of bitterness
His hand bestows,

How his poor children need
Urging to take
Merciful draughts of pain,
Mixed for their sake.

He, too, gives tenderly
Joy after pain,
Sweet after bitterness,
After loss, gain.

Effie takes the medicine. It only costs her a moment or two of unpleasant taste, and then she

enjoys her orange, and then—*gets well*. Wouldn't Effie be foolish to refuse the medicine?

Yes? Right, my son. Please apply the case to your own conduct. Perhaps your *lessons* are *your* bitter medicine. They are hard, you say. They make your head ache. You wish there were no lessons. Hush! You are like Effie shrinking from what is necessary to your happiness. You must study or be a dunce, perhaps a poor weak noodle, all the days of your life. Be a man. Take *your* medicine. The pleasure of mastering your difficulties will be *your* sweet orange.

Perhaps *your* bitter medicine, my dear child, is something else. It may be you have to work at some task you don't like; or you are poor and have to go to school less finely dressed than your school-mates; or you are religious and have to bear the mockings of wicked children. These things *are* bitter, but never mind. They are medicines. Drink them up. They will do you good, make you strong, fill you with gladness hereafter. Take your medicine. The bitter taste will not last long. The sweet will come after. God will take care of that. He always does.

Who among my readers will learn to take his bitter drinks? He that does will be happy and useful; when he who does *not* will be a poor, miserable good-for-nothing.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE PANTHER AND THE RABBIT.

BY UNA LOCKE.

God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.—COWPER.

On the highest point of the Berkshire hills there stood, seventy years ago, a small cabin made of un-hewn logs. Here lived a man and his wife, who, having but their sturdy arms and willing hearts with which to make themselves a place in life, had left the more advanced civilization and luxury of the valley, and had gone back into the wilderness, where there was land enough for whoever took the pains to mark out a homestead and lay claim to it by actual settlement, with only the nominal price to government of a dollar and a quarter an acre.

There were no newspapers or libraries to help beguile the loneliness; neither were there neighbors near enough to give a pleasant break to the monotony. They heard instead the howls and screams of wild beasts which infested the wilderness about.

The cabin had but one room; it had no floor excepting the earth; and the window was a square hole in the logs, which could only be closed by a board shutter. The furniture was meager and poor, yet there was something in the scanty room which made it a palace to the solitary woman, filling it with delightful thoughts and fancies. This was a rude cradle where a baby lay, blue-eyed and fair,