

## Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, JANUARY 28, 1865.

### THOUGHTLESS SAMUEL.

It was early in the summer of last year that a group of boys went out to play ball in a field near their school-house. They were a merry set, as good, studious boys have a right to be when they are out of school, and they enjoyed their game right well. After a while they grew tired, and sought places of rest. Some sat on the fence, others chose rocks for seats; but SAMUEL KNOTT, a lad of twelve, and a noble little fellow too, feeling very weary, lay down upon a grassy knoll.

Samuel was warm and the grass was damp. What then? Nothing that was apparent that day, except that when Samuel got up he felt a slight stiffness in one of his hips. This was "nothing," he thought. Indeed, the stiffness soon passed off, and Samuel joined the next game of ball in rare spirits. The poor boy little thought that Death, lurking beneath that grassy knoll, had shot a fatal arrow into his body. Yet it was even so.

Two days after Sunday came, and Samuel went to Sunday-school and church in the morning. But in the afternoon he said, "I am not well. I have pain in my hip." The Death angel's arrow was beginning to trouble him.

The next week Samuel's hip grew worse. His pain was very severe. The doctor said he had *sciatica*, which meant that a nerve in the hip, called the *sciatic nerve*, was diseased. Through fourteen days his agony was very great, and then this noble boy died whispering,

"God bless my father! God bless my mother!"

What killed Samuel? "*Sciatica*," you reply. True; but what gave him that disease? "*Sitting on the damp grass*," you answer. Yes, that was it. Samuel had often been told by his mother, as you have by yours, that "it is dangerous to sit on the damp grass." He did not think of that when, in his weariness, he threw himself on that grassy knoll. If he had he would have chosen a safer place of rest, for he was a good, obedient boy. But he did not think, and so, for want of thought, he died.

Do many children die for want of thought? I think so. Some have worn thin shoes on bare ground in damp or cold weather. The Death angel, who always lurks under such ground, shot an arrow tipped with fever through their thin shoes, which set fire to their blood, and they died of consumption or fever. Others run from a warm room into the cold air out of doors without hat, cloak, or shawl. The Death angel shot them with a fiery arrow and they died. Others, for fashion sake, walked out in early spring or late in autumn with summer clothing, and the Death angel captured them in his arms and threw them into the grave very swiftly. Others—but I have said enough, I think, about the dead to make my reader say:

"I see. Boys and girls who wish to be men and women must learn to think about their health. They must be careful. I know I'm careless, and often get terrible colds because I don't think. I'll do better. I won't stand or lie down on damp ground again. I won't go to the door without my hat and cloak when Nellie and Jack go home in the evening. I won't get my feet wet by wading in the brook any more. Yes, I'll be careful. I don't want to die for want of thought."

Bravo! If my fact has led you, my child, to this wise resolve it must be good seed and your heart must be good soil. I'm glad I told you. Maybe I have saved you from dying before your proper time.

### FATHER'S COME!

Yes, father's come! After long absence father's come at last. O hour of joy and gladness! How long it seems since he went away. How lonely it has been in the old home since he left. How anxious we have all felt. How fearful lest in the day of terrible battle a deadly ball should deprive him of limb or life. How we have trembled when his letters have been delayed lest his silence was caused by his having been borne to the silent land. How often

ma has cried over his letters. But now father's come! father's come! Huzza! huzza!

Such are the words those children would speak if they could make you hear. Their brave father has been to the war a long and weary time. He had written that he was coming home, and they were all ready for him, and were going to meet him at the station. But he has arrived earlier than he expected, and just as the children are thinking of getting ready to go with their mother down to the depot, Maggie looks through the half open door and seeing him coming up the walk, exclaims:

"Father's come!"

Ah, how they all rush to meet him. How fondly they kiss the heroic man. They laugh, they cry, they jump round, they climb upon his knees, they are half mad with joy. Presently they run round to the neighbors, shouting, "Father's come! father's come!"



Among my readers there are many whose fathers are away from home. Some are in the army or navy; some are gone to other lands; some are digging in the far-off mines for gold. But let them be where they may, they are all eagerly expected home again. When they come they will expect to find home a happier place than ever. Will your father find his home happier, my child? He will if he finds you a better child than he left you. If you have conquered your faults and, by the grace of God, become a truthful, noble, generous, industrious, obedient, pious child, he will find his home happier than ever before. How is it? When you shall cry, Father's come! will he find you more worthy of his love than when he went away? I hope you will take care that he does.

### MY LETTER BUDGET.

"MANY very little ones see our paper, Mr. Editor," remarks the Esquire, "who cannot understand what you write for the larger ones. I have some very simple rhymes which I found in one of your exchange papers. I think they would please the little tots in your family who are just learning to read."

Read them my old friend. Mr. Forrester reads:

"Once there was a little kitty  
Whiter than snow;  
In a barn she used to frolic,  
Long time ago.

"In the barn a little mousie  
Run to and fro;  
For she heard the kitty coming,  
Long time ago.

"Two eyes had little kitty,  
Black as a sloe;  
And they spied the little mousie,  
Long time ago.

"Four paws had little kitty,  
Paws soft as dough;  
And they caught the little mousie,  
Long time ago.

"Nine teeth had little kitty,  
All in a row;  
And they bit the little mousie,  
Long time ago.

"When the teeth bit little mousie,  
Little mouse cried 'O!'  
But she got away from kitty,  
Long time ago."

Those rhymes are simple enough, Esquire, to please my four and five-year-old tots. For their sakes I will print them, with a request to all the big boys and girls who have small brothers and sisters that they will read them to their little folk just to give them a little harmless delight.

Now, Corporal, open your budget.

"Here are some questions for puzzle-solving boys and girls:

"1. Every child is the owner of a piece of property which the Scripture says is vile, which will one day be taken away, changed, and, after a time, restored to him. What is it?

"2. Every child owns a building which may become a temple for God to dwell in if the child so chooses. What is its name?

"3. Every child has something in his possession so valuable in the sight of God that he desires it to be offered as a sacrifice. What is it?

"To find the name of this wonderful piece of property put together the initials of the following words: 1. Of the name of something which once belonged to the patriarch Joseph, and which Moses carried with him out of Egypt. 2. Of two things between which a nation once halted. 3. Of a person to whom many nations once listened. 4. Of something that was, is not now, and never shall be again, but which is named by an apostle in his description of the Saviour's character.

"Here is a letter from a class of sharp little misses in —ville who call themselves 'Little Sunbeams.' They say:

"Being acquainted with you through the Advocate—prized by us very highly—we, as a class, wish to write you about ourselves and school. First, of our teacher, who we think is one of the best, and who has aided us very much in plans for gaining contributions for the missionary society organized in connection with our school nine months since. In that time we have raised twenty-six dollars, which was sufficient to make each of us a life member. Shall we tell you one of the plans by which we obtained this amount? It was the purchasing of a large number of photographs (among them many of Daniel Wise, do you know the gentleman?) at wholesale and selling them at retail at an advanced price. Thus we were able, by our own efforts in part, to send aid to less favored children. We have also been selling the steel engravings of other well known persons. If we try hard we can sell a great many. Some of our class earned ten shillings, some twelve shillings, and some earned two dollars last month. In all we raised six dollars and fifty-two cents, and the whole school twenty-two dollars and fifty-two cents. Can you not come and visit us and teach us to do still more? We have a very interesting Sabbath-school which is the largest in the city.

"Yours respectfully,

"Nellie, Clara, Hattie, Mary, Hattie, Isadore, and Libbie.

"P. S.—The amount raised by the 'Little Sunbeams' was increased last evening three dollars. It is now a little over thirty dollars in ten months."

Selling a poor editor for missionary money, hey? Fine business for little western ladies! I wonder what will be the next invention in this line? Well, I submit, since I have been sold for the benefit of a good cause. Still, if I ever visit —ville I will give Nellie, and Clara, and Hattie, and Mary, and Isadore, and Libbie a good fatherly "smack" for coining me into money, see if I don't.

"Here is a note from the Rev. Dr. C., of —. He says:

"I send you the photograph of Brother S. G. Wheatley, a most diligent laborer among our soldiers. He calls himself Corporal of the Try Company. He has formed a company at — Barracks, and seven hundred and thirty-seven names are found on his roll. He is sixty years of age, and thinks that he is young enough to be admitted to your great company, especially as he has tried so hard to increase your forces."

The Corporal shakes hands with the venerable boy whose phiz is so full of energy and good-nature. May heaven keep his heart as young as his locks are gray! Huzzah for Corporal Wheatley!