

## Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 24, 1864.

## WHISPERS FOR CHILDREN WHO LOVE DIRT.



NE morning, just after a heavy rain, I saw some boys wading through a puddle. They were well dressed little fellows with boots.

"Boys," said I, "you will spoil your boots, you will wet your feet, you will get cold."

They looked up, grinned at me with much good-nature, and then went on wading in the miry puddle.

I walked on, saying to myself, "Those boys are very thoughtless little fellows." These words had scarcely dropped from my tongue when I came near a bevy of little girls running up and across a mound

of wet sand. They, too, had nice clothes on. But the sides of their little shoes were filled with the dirty sand, their white socks were soiled, their pretty pantalettes were daubed with dirt spots, and they were in a fair way to make all their clothing unfit to be worn until it had passed through the wash-tub.

"Girls," said I, stopping near the mound, "shall I tell you a story?"

"A story?" said they. "O yes, sir, if you please. We like to hear stories."

"Very good," I rejoined, "come away from that dirty sand-heap."

The girls looked at each other with little blushes of shame on their cheeks, and stepping down to a spot of nice green grass, looked into my face with glances which seemed to say, "We are ready to hear your story, sir." Then I said:

"One day a little boy whose friends were very rich had received a great many presents. But instead of playing with them, he stood at the window pouting and pressing his cheek against the window-pane.

"What ails you, my son?" asked his mamma. "Do not your new playthings please you?"

"Yes, mamma, but—" replied the boy, cutting off his reply and blushing.

"But what, my son," inquired his mother.

"I want very much—something else," said the boy, evidently unwilling to express his wish.

"Tell me what it is, my son. I promise it to you," said the indulgent mother.

"O, mamma, but you would not, I am sure," rejoined the child.

"Is it money?"

"No; papa gave me money this morning—this morning—it is—"

"Come, speak out; you know I love you, and I should like to give you something you like. Tell me, my dear, what is it you want?"

"Mamma," said the boy, "I want to walk in that pretty mud which I see in the street! That would amuse me more than anything."

Here I paused, smiled, and saying "Good morning, children," walked away. I could see as I turned aside that the little girls were looking rather foolishly at each other's soiled feet, and when I looked back after a few moments I saw them busying themselves with their shoes and socks. I think my story hit them. They saw the folly of the silly little boy so clearly that it became a sort of mirror in which they also saw their own foolishness.

I wish this story would hit a full score or more of boys and girls belonging to our Advocate family who are so much in the habit of walking in mud-puddles and playing in the dirt that their good mothers find it impossible to keep them clean. Who can love a dirty boy? Who wants to pet a dirty girl? I don't like to see children so much afraid of dirt as to be unwilling to work in it when needful; but I do like to see them keep their hands, faces, and clothing as clean as possible. I know some pretty children whom I should like to kiss when I meet them, but—fugh! how can I kiss cheeks which are begrimed with dirt or smeared with molasses? I can't do it. I will keep my kisses for clean and neat children. For the dirty ones I print the following verses:

"A sweep may have a dirty face,  
And dirty hands and feet;  
His labors make them no disgrace,  
Unless when he has left the street  
He likes to keep them so,  
As if pure water were a foe.

"Yet only toils like his can find  
Excuse for such a skin!  
To cleanliness all should be inclined  
Who wish respect to win;  
For dirty folks, we cannot doubt,  
Are wrong within and wrong without."

## FOOLHARDINESS.

WHAT is that Indian about? He is doing what a truly brave man never does—a foolhardy act. Shall I explain his conduct?

Well, long ago, in the days when our forefathers had to carry their rifles into the fields lest they should be attacked by the Indians, a band of savages starting on a raid came to a fort, or blockhouse, in which only eight men were posted. Rushing upon the stockade or high fence which was around the fort, they were beaten off by its brave defenders with a loss of several lives. Then



falling back, they hid themselves in a field of rye and called on the defenders of the fort to surrender.

"Don't see anybody to surrender to," replied the commander.

Then, as shown in the picture, a foolhardy Indian leaped up from the rye as high as he could and cried:

"Here I be!"

You may be sure he did not do that rash act for nothing. In a moment eight bullets from as many rifles in the fort pierced his body. His rashness met with its reward, and his fellow-savages, discouraged by his death, slunk away through the rye.

The boy who skates over a dangerous spot, or swims far out from the shore, or climbs a dangerous steep, or does anything merely because he is put upon his mettle by some foolish fellow saying "You dare not do it," must be classed with the leaping Indian. Let every boy remember that while the highest courage will dare to do any duty, it dares to do nothing wrong. Stick a pin here, my children, all of you—Foolhardiness is not courage.

## EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"You look pale to-day, Mr. Editor," says the Corporal as he looks curiously into my eye.

Yes, my Corporal, I have been quite sick. Cholera, with severe cramps, has had possession of me and given me a good shaking. I have suffered much pain, but the good God who watches over us blessed the skill of my doctor and nurse, and I am once more well, only very weak. I suppose I shall not be strong again until the cool September days (this is written Aug. 9) come. But what have you to say to-day, Corporal?

"I want to tell you of a noble boy of whom I heard the

other day. Call him IRAM, if you please. He was challenged to fight by a playmate. The boys formed a ring, and all was ready for the battle.

"Now strike me if you dare!" said Ira, the boy who had given the challenge.

"Iram stood quietly looking at the other a few moments and then calmly replied, 'No, I have nothing to strike you for.'

"This soft answer turned away the anger of Ira and he said, 'Well, then, let us be good friends again, for I have nothing to strike you for either.'

"There!" adds the Corporal, rubbing his hands, "wasn't Iram a noble fellow?"

He was, my Corporal, a real manly boy. He was cool, master of himself, and would not quarrel without a reason.

"I guess there wouldn't be many quarrels among children if every child tried to find a reason for getting up a muss before he begun it," observes Mr. Forrester, taking an imaginary pinch of snuff. (The squire, let me say aside, never takes real snuff, nor tobacco in any other form either.)

You are right, squire. Quarrels begin with passion, not reason, and I hope each of my children will make this resolve: "I will never begin nor enter into a quarrel until I can clearly see a good reason for doing so."

"O wise editor!" says the Corporal, gently punching my ribs with his cane, "if your children all make that resolution there won't be a quarrel in your Advocate family these fifty years—but here is a letter with a photograph. It comes from —, and says that the boy it represents having gone from home to live with his uncle, went to bed one night without praying. The next morning he felt guilty for this neglect. That it might not occur again he got a board six inches wide and three feet long, and printing these words upon it, 'DON'T FORGET TO SAY YOUR PRAYERS,' placed it at the foot of his bed. The little fellow was nine years old. He is in heaven now. His face is a very pleasant one."

Quite a device that for a little boy! He don't need it now, I'm sure, for in heaven it would be difficult to forget Jesus. I hope my readers will have so much love for Jesus in their hearts that they will remember to say their prayers without the aid of this dear boy's device. Read on, Corporal!

"ALICE G., of —, writes:

"I expect you will be very much surprised to receive a letter from me, a little girl not of much account in this world, but who expects to be as a bright and shining angel in the beautiful world above. I certainly wouldn't have written to you, but I wanted very much to have a question answered that greatly puzzled me; and as I thought editors were very good men, and accustomed to all sorts of questions, and both able and willing to give correct answers, I thought I would apply to one of them. Last Sabbath evening, while conversing with a few friends, our attention was arrested by the sound of music. We stopped our conversation and listened attentively. But although the performance was good, it did not seem suited to the calm, sweet Sabbath evening. There were waltzes, polkas, and quicksteps, but no words of praise to Him who giveth all good things. After a while the music ceased, and I asked my friend if such music was not unsuitable for a Sabbath-day. She replied that the birds warbled the same sweet notes on the Sabbath or on a week-day, and therefore it certainly would be no more wrong for us to sing and play our usual pieces on that day than on any other. Now here was a poser. I had always considered it wicked to play such music on the Sabbath; but why more wicked than that of the little feathered songsters? All the difference that I see is that their Creator formed all the little birds and taught them their sweet notes that they might the better praise him, and therefore it could not be wicked for them to sing and praise him on the Sabbath. But the waltzes, and polkas, and all those forms of music were composed by worldly men, and made only to better display the skill of the player and the melody of sounds. They were not composed for the glory of God or for anything but the praise of men, and to enable silly people to whirl around and around like spinning-tops. Now, Mr. Editor, will you do me the favor of giving your opinion on the subject. Is it more wicked to play our usual waltzes and polkas on the Sabbath than for the little birds to trill their customary notes on the same holy day?"

Alice is right. Waltzes and polkas are not fit for Sabbath use. They are of the earth, earthy. Bird-songs are simple melodies taught by the Creator to the beautiful things of the air. There may be bird-songs in heaven, but surely there will be no waltz and polka music there. I guess the folk who played waltzes and polkas on Sunday do not pretend to love Jesus. If they do the sooner they drop the pretence the better. Does anybody think that Jesus would dwell with people who play such music on his holy day?