

# CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

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## A LESSON FOR YOUR TEACHER.

I SAW a child some four years old  
 Along a meadow stray;  
 Alone she went—unchecked, untold—  
 Her home not far away.

She gazed around on earth and sky—  
 Now paused, and now proceeded;  
 Hill, valley, wood—she passed them by  
 Unmarked, perchance unheeded.

And now gay groups of roses bright  
 In circling thickets bound her;  
 Yet on she went with footsteps light,  
 Still gazing all around her.

And now she paused, and now she stooped,  
 And plucked a little flower—  
 A simple daisy 'twas, that drooped  
 Within a rosy bower.

The child did kiss the little gem,  
 And to her bosom pressed it;  
 And there she placed the fragile stem,  
 And with soft words caressed it.

I love to read a lesson true  
 From Nature's open book;  
 And oft I learn a lesson new  
 From childhood's careless look.

Children are simple, loving, true;  
 'Tis Heaven that made them so;  
 And would you teach them, be so too,  
 And stoop to what they know;

Begin with simple lessons—things  
 On which they love to look:  
 Flowers, pebbles, insects, birds on wings—  
 These are God's spelling-book.

And children know his A, B, C,  
 As bees where flowers are set;  
 Wouldst thou a skillful teacher be?  
 Learn, then, this alphabet.

From leaf to leaf, from page to page,  
 Guide thou thy pupil's look,  
 And when he says, with aspect sage,  
 "Who made this wondrous book?"

Point thou, with reverent gaze, to heaven,  
 And kneel in earnest prayer,  
 That lessons thou hast humbly given  
 May lead thy pupil there.

## EPITAPH ON AN INFANT.

THE cup of life just to her lips she press'd,  
 Found the taste bitter and declined the rest;  
 Then looking upward to the realms of day,  
 She gently sighed her little soul away.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

## SOLDIER JOE.

It was just at the close of a beautiful day in June when two little children, a boy and girl, came slowly down the hill toward a small brown cottage, nestled close under its side, almost hid from view. They were prating away earnestly as they walked, occasionally helping themselves to some of the tempting berries out of the basket which they carried between them.

"Only think, Allie," said Artie, "Joe is coming home to-morrow. Come, let us hurry. I want to hang up my flag this afternoon. Wont he hurrah though when he sees it!" and Artie's eyes fairly glistened with pleasure.

"Grandma so dad that she teeps tying all the while, an' when I see her she 'affs and says she's so dad to see her pitty boy," lisped sweet Allie.

"There is grandma by the door now. Come, let's run, Allie."

The sun was just setting behind the hill, painting the beautiful scenery with all the gorgeous tints of a setting sun as the children entered the door of the cottage.

"O mamma, we'se dot such lots of berries you tan mate fifty pies for Josie. Aint you dad?"

But mamma did not smile; she only caught little Allie up in her arms and burst into tears.

"What is the matter, mamma?" pleaded Artie.

"Come here, darling," said grandma; "there, sit right up in grandma's lap while I tell Artie—Josie will not be here to-morrow. Artie, Josie is dead!" and she rocked herself to and fro, sobbing as if her heart would break.

"I don't believe it!" said the impulsive Artie. "If a big rebel man shot Josie I'll shoot him. Who told you, grandma?"

Grandma pointed to the list of killed and wounded in the paper on the floor, and she read:

"Killed—Joseph Lee."

Then they seemed to understand, to know that they should never see Brother Joe again. No use to hang up the flag now, Artie. Joe will never greet it again. You will never hear his manly shout when he sees the stars and stripes waving over the little cottage. And the mother's heart is wrung with agony as she thinks that perhaps there was no friend near when her darling boy lay dying, no kind hand to soothe his pillow and wipe away the death-dew on his noble forehead, no anxious watcher to watch the last flickering breath and catch his last words to the loved ones, no one like a mother there, O no!

"But, mamma, Josie is with Dod now. Dod took care of Josie. Dod has dot Josie now," said little Allie, twining her soft arms around her mother's neck.

The mother only hugged Allie passionately to her heart as she thanked God for the little soothing angel he had given her, and she determined, with God's help, she would bear her trouble patiently. And they knelt down there in the twilight, that little