

good children; do good, and the morning will yet dawn on our pathway. To the godly weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

Next morning John washed his feet very carefully, because he was determined that they should appear clean, even if he had nothing to cover them. He went to school before the time, and sat quietly in a corner by himself. When the time came to distribute the prizes, the chairman (now Sir James Kay Shuttleworth) requested him to come forward. He rose from his corner and went through the crowd as softly as a cat, and received his prize amid much clapping of hands and stamping of feet; but when he reached his corner again he sat down and wept as if his heart would break because he was so very poor and thought some of the other boys would on that account make sport of him. Despite his deep poverty, however, John did not forsake the Sunday-school. He gradually climbed up, step by step, from the A, B, C class to the superintendent's seat, and from thence again to the pulpit.—*Independent.*

Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, APRIL 9, 1864.

THE DASYURE.



Do you ever see a Dasyure? I guess not, for it is an animal found only in Australia. It is very much like a bear, so much so the people call it "The Bear-like Dasyure."

The Dasyure is a cross animal and cannot be tamed. A gentleman once trapped two of them and shut them up in a big tub or barrel. There they slept all day and quarreled all night.

A pretty way to live, was it not? But listen! My friend Q-in-the-corner writes me that I have a family of Dasyures among my readers. Can that be possible? I am afraid it is so, for he goes on to say, "At — I saw a family of boys and girls who appear to do little else than sleep all night and quarrel all day."

I'm sorry, very sorry indeed. The Dasyure can't help its quarrelsome habit; it is its nature to snarl, fight, and bite. But brothers and sisters were made to be gentle, loving, and kind. They need not be snarlers, biters, and fighters unless they choose. If they try hard and ask the grace of Jesus, they can be as loving and lovely as angels.

I want those boys and girls of the Dasyure family to discuss this question: "Jesus knows that we do little else than sleep all night and quarrel all day. What does he think of us? Will he let us live with him when we die?"

KEEPING THE GOLDEN RULE.

"PLEASE, sir, will you ring the door-bell for me?" said a short fat girl to a tall gentleman who was passing a house before which she stood vainly trying to reach the bell-handle. The tall gentleman was either too proud or too busy with his own thoughts to give much attention to Miss Annie's request. He merely glanced at her as he brushed past and said:

"Go away! I have nothing for you."

Poor Annie felt pained, for she was a nice little girl and did not like to be mistaken for a beggar. So she sighed, looked at the door in despair, and said half aloud:

"O dear! what shall I do?"

Just then a stout boy with a big basket filled with groceries came walking toward her. "I won't ask *him*," said Annie to herself. "I don't believe he would help me, and he might make fun of me."

But the boy stopped at the door-step and put down his basket. He had seen her trouble as he came up the street and had pitied her. His face was full of sunshine as he smiled on Annie and said:

"Can't you reach the bell? Let me ring it for you."

"O I shall be so glad," replied Annie. "I've been waiting here ever so long and I'm so tired."

The boy rang the bell, the door was opened, and Annie's trouble was ended.

Now the golden rule given by Jesus says, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so unto them." Did that proud gentleman keep this rule when he gave little Annie that rude answer?

You guess not, eh? You think if he had been in Annie's place and she in his he would have wanted her to ring the bell, eh? Very good.

But how about the boy? *He kept the golden rule, did he?* Right again. Once more, how is it with you, Nellie Scornful; do you keep the golden rule when you toss your head and laugh at poor Ellen Dull because she can't say her lesson? How with you, Ned Lazybones, when you sat toasting your toes before the stove last winter and left little Harry to do the chores alone? How with you all, my children? Do you all keep the golden rule of Jesus?



CHIT-CHAT CORNER.

COME, my children, draw up your chairs. Let us form a cosy circle, a magic ring, if you please, and have a little friendly talk. Minnie, I see your lips half parted, as if you wished to speak. What is it, my dear?

You want to know *why I love flowers*, hey? Well, I love them because they please my eye and charm my mind. A flower is a "thing of beauty," you know, my Minnie, and therefore a "joy forever."

Is that the only reason why I love them? No, my dear. I love them because they are my teachers.

Your teachers, Mr. Editor? How can that be? Well, flowers are God's gifts, you know. They lived in God's mind before they were made. Hence they say to me, God is beautiful.

God made the flowers to ornament the earth and make it a pleasant place to live in. It was very good in God to fill the earth with such pleasant things. Hence flowers say to me, God is good.

Then the flowers are very delicate and tender things, easily broken and killed. Yet they live and gather beautiful forms and rich colors from the earth and air, because God watches over them. Hence, the flowers say to me, God careth for us; can't you trust him to take care of you?

Flowers grow. I put a tiny seed in the ground. In a short time it puts out a little radicle, or rootlet, finer than a hair, under the earth. A little later it sends up a fine green shoot, or stem. Next come the seed-leaves, then the leaf buds, after them the leaves, the flowers, and finally the seeds. Hence the flowers say to me, You must grow good as we grow beautiful. Goodness in us is the same as beauty in a flower. So when I walk among flowers I hear them saying with their thousands of soft sweet voices, "Grow beautiful! grow beautiful!"

They teach me many other lessons which I have not space to name now. Are you satisfied, Minnie?

You think you *will grow lots of flowers this year*, do you? Very good. I recommend you all to do that, and don't forget to give your mother a bouquet from your garden-spot every day. Who speaks next?

Q-in-the-corner, eh? What say you, Mr. Q? You have found a puzzle in my Concordance, hey? Well, read it, O thou quizzing Q.

Find (1.) A man whose name signified "magician," and who was a sorcerer. (2.) A town the name of which signified "to be very hot." It was once visited by a celebrated preacher. (3.) A man whose name signified "dust," and in whose field a patriarch was buried. (4.) A city, the name of which signified "barks or yelps." (5.) An altar, the name of which signified "withers." (6.) An archer, whose name signified "grub." He was a son of Issachar. (7.) A river having a name which means "strength." (8.) The wife of a prince whose name signified "pit."

The initials of these names will give you the name of a man highly prized in the primitive Church as the first person who received the truth in the place of his residence.

Here is the answer to the puzzle in my last number:

In my father's house are many mansions. John xiv, 2.

Among my many young correspondents is JOSIE, who writes:

"MR. CORPORAL,—I wish to become a member of your Try Company. Will you have me? Now, while you are inspecting me—seeing whether I have any mental or physical disabilities—I want to tell you a little about our Sunday-school. We live so far in 'the bush' that several times we have been on the eve of leaving for fear we might be murdered in our sleep by the Indians. One year ago last May we numbered about twenty scholars, and our school was just nothing; but that summer God sent us a good superintendent. O he is splendid! He loves us all, and there is not a little pate in all the town he will not pat; and the school went up, up, until we numbered over one hundred scholars last May! Don't you think that is doing pretty well in a year 'in the bush'? We have a good minister this year too, who we know will help us along. He has made us one speech already, and we like him very much. Last August death took one of our scholars, dear little Willie, the only one we have lost. He was the youngest one in our school. After he died his mother gave all the money he had saved to our superintendent to send away to buy tracts, because he always thought so much about the poor people who do not love Jesus.

"Josie writes a good letter and is admitted to my company. She has a good spirit, and, like a wise child, looks on the bright side of things. That's right. Everything has a bright side, and happy are they who find it out and dwell near it."

Amen, my corporal! The bright side of life is its best side. The path of *right doing* runs directly along it. Read on, corporal!

"LOUISA E. E., of —, says:

"Now, Mr. Editor, I think we are all trying to be good and do good. We have organized our school into a missionary society. I am one of the collectors. I collected three dollars. Several others collected as much. We collected in all \$28 56. We feel encouraged in our good work. We intend to continue. I am nearly twelve years old. I have a little cousin who goes to Sunday-school with me. We wish to join your Try Company. Will you please admit us? Now, Mr. Editor, will you please for the money inclosed send each of us one of your pictures? I have been anxious for a long time to know how our wise editor looks."

The photos were sent. If I were rich enough I would send one to each of my half million readers—but that would cost me over \$50,000, which is vastly more than I ever expect to be worth—but why don't my readers send me their pictures? I should really like a picture-gallery of my Try Company.

"It would be a handsome looking gallery," says the corporal with a mischievous wink of his right eye; but he adds, "Here is a line from SALLIE D. G. saying:

"We have a pleasant Sabbath-school, and many of our scholars have recently sought and found the Saviour and joined the Church.

"That's what I call good news," observes the corporal. I add my amen, with the wish that all my readers may follow the example of those children who have chosen to walk in wisdom's ways. Why should they not? What excuse can a Canada child make for not loving the Saviour? Has he not filled our beautiful land with Bibles and churches? Has he not given you his Holy Spirit? Ho! ye children who live on the shores of the glorious St. Lawrence, on the banks of our beautiful lakes, and upon our fertile plains, come to Jesus! Come to Jesus and be saved!