

ness in forcing their way through difficulties, and in making sure of a regular and full supply! Some think they have great faith, if they take God at His word at all, and trust, in any half-doubting way, to the help given in God's appointed means of grace. He who has a strong, true faith knows that the unseen God bestows in ways of His own choosing His manifold gifts of grace. He is sure of God's word, and He does not stop to question how God works. He knows that he needs all gifts of grace; so he never thinks of neglecting or only half-using any of all the means and helps appointed in God's wise love.

**Children's Department.**

*GOD SEES ME.*

God sees me every day,  
When I work and when I play,  
When I read and when I talk,  
When I run and when I walk,  
When I eat and when I drink,  
When I only sit and think,  
When I laugh and when I cry,  
God is ever watching nigh.

When I'm quiet, when I'm rude,  
When I'm naughty, when I'm good,  
When I'm happy, when I'm sad,  
When I'm sorry, when I'm glad,  
Which I pluck the scented rose,  
Which in the next garden grows,  
When I crush the tiny fly,  
God is watching from the sky.

When the sun gives heat and light,  
When the stars are twinkling bright,  
When the moon shines on my bed,  
God still watches o'er my head,  
Night or day, at church or fair,  
God is ever, ever near,  
Kindly guiding, lest I stray,  
Pointing to the happy way.

**A TRUE INCIDENT.**

On board the ill-fated steamer *Swan-haka* was one of the Fisk University singers. Before leaving the burning steamer and committing himself to the merciless waves, he carefully fastened upon himself and wife life-preservers. Some one cruelly dragged away that of the wife, leaving her without hope, except as she could cling to her husband. This she did, placing her hands firmly on his shoulders, and, resting there until her strength becoming exhausted, she said: "I can hold on no longer!" "Try a little longer," was the response of the wearied and agonized husband; "let us sing 'Rock of Ages.'" And as those sweet strains floated over those troubled waters, reaching the ears of the sinking and dying, little did they know, those sweet singers of Israel, whom they comforted. But lo! as they sang, one after another of those exhausted ones were seen raising their heads above the overwhelming waves, joining with a last effort in this sweet, dying, pleading prayer:

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee."

With the song seemed to come strength; another and yet another was encouraged to renew effort. Soon in the distance a boat was seen approaching! Singing still, they tried, and soon with superhuman strength laid hold of the life-boat, upon which they were borne in safety to land. This is no fiction; it was related by the singer himself, who said he believed Toplady's sweet 'Rock of Ages' saved many others besides himself and wife."

**HONEST WORK.**

WORK, work, my boy, be not afraid,  
Look labour boldly in the face,  
Take up the hammer or the spade,  
And blush not for your humble place.

There 's glory in the shuttle's song,  
There 's triumph in the anvil's stroke;  
There 's merit in the brave and strong  
Who dig the mine or fell the oak.

**MISS WALTON'S LENTEN STORY.**

"ONE Ash-Wednesday, many years ago," said Miss Walton, "a little English boy, whom we call Arthur, had been catechised in his class (as any of you might be) upon the duties of Lent. The clergyman had told them all that they should try and deny themselves. 'I do not tell you, little boys,' he said, 'to go without food, or even to take less than you require, but I do tell you not always to take what you like best, and so to deny yourselves. Or you can deny yourselves in your play, by either not playing so much, or by choosing to please your playfellows, in games you do not care about. And you may deny yourselves in talking, by staying alone when you would rather be with companions, and so being silent instead of talking. If you deny yourselves in any of these ways, because you wish to follow the example of your blessed Saviour, who fasted so long for your sakes, and if you deny yourselves in these things in order that you may more easily turn away from sinful pleasures when they tempt you, you will be making a good use of Lent, and be better fitted to follow the motions of the Holy Spirit.'"

"Little Arthur listened with great attention to all the clergyman said, and when the lesson was over, he could not put it out of his mind, but was trying to think what he could do to deny his flesh. He very often did not get enough to eat, even when he had finished all that was given to him; and when school was over, it was seldom he stayed to play much, for his mother had always something for him to do at home, either to hold the baby, or draw water; so that even in play he had not so many opportunities of denying himself as some boys have. All he could settle upon, then, was, that he would watch for opportunities; and he thought, perhaps, if he did what his mother required cheerfully, when he would rather be at play, it would be something like self-denial. 'Do you think he was wrong in his thought, Charley?' asked Miss Walton.

"Charley looked up into her face, and answered, with a meaning smile, 'No ma'am, I am sure he was not.' "It was not long," continued Miss Walton, "before Arthur found the opportunity he was on the watch for. As he went home from school that day, one of his neighbours called to him, as he went past the house, and asked him if he would go and get a little yeast for her. 'If mother can spare me,' he answered. 'Well,' said the woman, who well knew that Arthur was to be trusted, 'here's a penny for you and a mug; I only want a half-penny's worth, and you may keep the other for yourself.' Arthur tripped joyfully along, and on reaching home asked his mother's leave to go on the errand, and told her what the woman had said about the half-penny, finishing by saying, 'Will you have the half-penny, mother?'"

"No, my boy," she answered, "you may keep it yourself, and buy what you like, and go at once for Mrs. Ring, and then you 'll be back by the time dinner is ready."

"Arthur immediately set off, feeling quite rich, and wondering what he was to do with his half-penny. After he had procured the yeast, he came to a shop where there were some tops, and whistles, and various toys in the win-

dow, and next to this shop there were sweetmeats to be sold. He stood doubting which to go into; he knew he could get a whistle for a half-penny, if he could not get a top, or he might have some sweetmeats. Whilst he stood considering, the words of the clergyman came into his mind, and he thought, now I can deny myself; but then what can I do with the half-penny? Little Arthur was not long in deciding, for he was honest in his wish to use some abstinence. He left the shops, and running on, came to a flower-stall, where he thought he should find some violets. He was not mistaken, and after a little bargaining, got a bunch for a half-penny."

"What could he be going to do with them?" asked James.

"That 's not what puzzles me," said Alfred; "but why did he buy them instead of going and gathering them himself?"

"I can explain that," said Miss Walton. "He lived in London, where little boys cannot go and gather flowers whenever they like. Many poor children have never seen a flower, except it be in a shop, or carried about by people to sell."

"I should not like to live in London, then," said several of the boys.

"No, I don't think you would," replied Miss Walton, "country boys seldom like town; but now listen to the end of my story."

"When Arthur was possessed of his valuable little bunch, he ran joyfully on, and leaving the yeast with Mrs. Ring, turned down a narrow, dirty alley, and entered a very miserable-looking house. In one corner of the room was a bed, on which lay a pale, sickly little girl of about Arthur's own age. She smiled as Arthur entered, and, softly approaching her, he said, 'See, Emma dear, I have some violets for you,' and held the little bunch to the poor sick child.

"How very good—how very kind! Where did you get them?" she asked in a weak, gentle voice. 'They are so beautiful; thank you, Arthur, dear.'

"Arthur felt very happy to see the pleasure he had given to his sick friend, but he would not stay to be thanked.

"I am glad you like them, Emma, dear," he answered; "but I can't stay talking now, or I shan't get dinner finished in time for school. Good-by; and before she had time to reply, he was gone.

"This was not the only opportunity that Arthur found for denying himself during that Lent, because he continued to watch for chances; and trifling boys, as each thing was in itself, not one done in a right spirit would be rejected by God, for He turned not away from the poor widow's two mites, neither will He turn away from the services of a simple child.

"But what else did Arthur do?" asked several of the boys.

"I can't tell you more now," said Miss Walton, "I have told you enough to show you that you, as well as Arthur, if you try, can find out ways of denying yourselves, and bringing the flesh into subjection to the spirit during the season of Lent."

**LYING WITH THE FINGER.**

A little boy, for a trick, pointed with his finger to the wrong road, when a man asked him which way the doctor went. As a result the man missed the doctor; and his little boy died, because the doctor came too late to take a fish-bone from his throat. At the funeral the minister said "that the boy was killed by a lie which another boy told with his finger." I suppose that the boy did not know the mischief he did. Of course nobody thinks he meant to kill a little boy when he pointed the wrong way. He only wanted to have a little fun; but it was fun that cost somebody a great deal; and, if ever he heard the result of it, he must have felt guilty of doing a mean and wicked thing. We ought never to trifle with the truth.

**PRODUCE MARKET.**

TORONTO, March 22, 1881.

Wheat, Fall, bush.	1 06 to 1 10
Do. Spring	1 10 ... 1 18
Barley	83 ... 96
Oats	38 ... 40
Peas	64 ... 70
Rye	80 ... 85
Flour, brl.	4 70 ... 4 8a
Beef, hind quarters	6 00 ... 7 50
Do. fore quarters	5 00 ... 6 00
Mutton	6 00 ... 8 00
Hogs, 100 lb.	7 75 ... 8 00
Beets, bushel	50 ... 55
Onions, bushel	80 ... 1 00
Cabbage, dozen	60 ... 1 00
Carrots, bushel	40 ... 50
Parsnips, bushel	50 ... 65
Turnips, bushel	30 ... 40
Potatoes, bushel	50 ... 60
Apples, barrel	1 00 ... 1 50
Chickens, pair	...
Fowls, pair	60 ... 75
Ducks, brace	60 ... 80
Geese	60 ... 1 00
Turkeys	0 75 ... 2 00
Butter, lb rolls	20 ... 24
Do. dairy	17 ... 19
Eggs, fresh	16 ... 17
Wool, 1/2 lb	98 ... 99
Hav, 1/2 ton	12 00 ... 15 00
Straw, 1/2 ton	7 50 ... 9 00

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