Children's Bepartment.

DEATH OF A LITTLE CHILD.

TENDER Shepherd thou hast stilled Now thy little lamb's brief weeping Ah, how peaceful, pale, and mild In its narrow bed 't is sleeping! And no sigh of anguish sore Heaves that little bosom more.

In this world of care and pain, Lord, thou wouldst no longer leave it To the sunny heavenly plain

Thou dost now with joy receive it Clothed in robes of spotless white, Now it dwells with thee in light.

Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we Where it lives may soon be living, And the lovely pastures see

That its heavenly food are giving: Then the gain of death we prove, Though thou take what most we love.

THE STEPPING-STONES.

A LITTLE girl was sent on an errand one day to the neighbouring village. Her path lay through the beautiful fields. On her way she had to cross a wide but shallow stream. The bridge was a long way off, but there were firm, tried stepping-stones all the way over.

"Oh, I am alraid!" said the child to

a lady who was passing.

But you see the stones, my child they go all the way across.' "The water is so wide!" she said

tearfully, looking across the stream. WYes but it is very shallow. See how easily I can cross it." So, carefully picking her way, she went quite over and then returned.

Very timidly the little girl began to cross. "Just one step at a time is all you have to take," said her kind guide. So one step followed another—the first few were the hardest to take—and soon she was safe on the other shore,

smiling at her fears. "It is not so hard, after all," she said, looking back on the watery way. "Just

one step at a time brought us over."
"Remember this walk, dear, when you have other harder things to do. Go forward, and the way will look easier don't look at the waters before you, but at the stepping-stones Jesus places for your feet. The thing that we feared very often does not come upon us, or if it does, Jesus sends such comfort as we it does, Jesus sends such comfort as we have imagined. Here is a beautiful of the stairs and see your sends such comfort as we have imagined. Here is a beautiful of the stairs and see your sends such comfort as we have imagined. Here is a beautiful of the stairs and see your sends such comfort as we have imagined. Here is a beautiful of the stairs and see your sends such comfort as we have imagined. Here is a beautiful of the stairs and see your sends and see your sing from the top of the stairs. "What!" S. K. VV ATTEN & ORGAN BUILDERS.

CHURCH ORGAN BUILDERS.

CHURCH ORGAN BUILDERS.

Premises,—Cor. Wellesley and Ontario willing feet, you know, find it hard to never could have imagined. Here is a heavenly city. strong, firm stepping-stone that has often saved me from sinking: 'As thy days, so shall thy strength be.'"

There came many times in her after

life when Mary remembered that day's lesson, and it brought cheer and peace to her soul.

BOGUS CERTIFICATE.—It is no vile drugged stuff, pretending to be made of wonderful foreign roots, barks, &c., and puffed up by long bogus certificates of nishes its own certificates by its cures. We refer to Hop Bitters, the purest and best medicines.—Republican.

thing affects him pleasantly. It is in be guided; weak, that we may be suptries, and disobliging, and rude, and selthis way that we keep the channels of ported by Him; to divest ourselves of fish. She forgets that home is the first from our souls.

A TRUE STORY.

Two little girls, each with a sense of lonely sorrow in her heart, were trying to find amusement and consolation in fashioning various articles of doll's attire. One had been suddenly separated from her mother, and the other from a dear baby that she devotedly loved Good deeds are often prompted by suffering; and so, Mary and Margie, in the soberness of their grief, began to think that their handwork, unskilful as it was, might be used to help the Master's cause.

After weighing this and that a bright suggestion came: "A fair! a doll's fair! We'll have it on the lawn and the Sunday school children will come to buy. This object gave new zest to their work and steadiness to the patient fingers. They shaped and sewed till tiny hats and dresses, panties and petticoats, collars and ties, grew into attractive heaps around them. Sisters and cousins shared half-used toys and nurse Sarah supplied cake and icecream. Invitation cards were written, and the two busy chil dren made happy by working for Christ, drove around the scattered country parish to call the lambs of the flock to their impromptu feast. That afternoon, delighted crowds gathered about the miniature tables with all the eagerness of bargaining depicted on their faces. Hats for a penny, dolls for a nickle, and pincushions for a dime, found ready purchasers till the stock was exhausted, with the exception of a single toy which, being held at fitteen cents, was too expensive for any purse but "Auntie's "With pleasure," answered Martha. Auntie, like a good fairy, bought it and thus closed the fair. An hour or two of play and the guests departed leaving goblets of water on a small waiter, which five dollars and seventy-five cents in evidence that two faithful souls had improved an opportunity.

This precious mite did not long lie idle waiting for its work. The dear pastor who, like his blessed Lord, daily went about doing good, had found a spot where there were many children and no Bible teaching. He embraced his opportunity. Using the offerings of the little ones to buy books, he established a Sunday school. How can we count the opportunities for good which may flow from such a centre? How may we measure the reward which (tod bestows on humble, earnest efforts?

and easier. When troubles come—as done that thou art a slave; for it is all tha tossing back her head. they are almost sure to do in this world most as well to be in subjection to ano-

Norhing so increases reverence for climb others as a great sorrow to one's self. try and find my specs? I am pretty It teaches one the depths of human nature. In happiness we are shallow and "No won didn't" oried Martha in the dining room." deem others so.

not wonder at the small success of their over like the north wind. efforts. Christ has no sympathy with

pretended miraculous cures, but a sim-ple, pure, effective medicine, made of well known valuable remedies, that fur-the way of so providing that our touch down stairs with a pout.

will be beneficent. It seems so natural for the child of Him: slaves to sin, that we may be liwe may glory in Him.

" MAMMA, YOU LOVE BABY BEST!"

"As we have therefore opportunity, let us do "Mamma, you love Baby best!"
good unto all men."- Gal. vi. 10. And two eyes of limpid gray Challenge mine with jealous quest-What shall I to my girlie say?

> My brown girl with nut brown curls A face as fresh as the dawn of daythesnut curls just touched with yellow Where the farthest tendrils stray.

Sweet round cheek the red rose shaming, Sweet mouth trembling in unrest, Soft brow taking on soft creases-"Mamma, you love Baby best!"

Nay, you are Mamma's Sweet Brown Birdie

While Baby is my Flower of Gold, And Brother my brave Lion Boy, With grand face cast in royal mould.

Mother's heart holds all three warmly, Three wee birdlings in one nest! Come nestle there, you jealous Brownie,

COMPANY MANNERS.

Mamma loves—you all three best!

" Will you please sit down and wait a few moments till mother comes?" said a little girl to two ladies who came to see her mother. " And will you give me a glass of water, Martha?" asked

"With pleasure," answered Martha. and she presently came back with two she passed to both ladies.

"Oh thank you," said the other lady, "you are very thoughtful."

"You are quite welcome," said Martha, very sweetly.

When Martha went out of the room one of the ladies said, "This little girl is one of the loveliest children I ever met. How sweet and obliging her man-

Let us go into the next room and see. Martha took the waiter back in the din-

ing room.
"Me drink! me drink!" cried little Bobby, catching hold of his sister's dress and screwing up his rosy lips. "Get out, Bob!" cried Martha; go to Bridget." "Don't speak so to your little brother," said Bridget. "It is none of CONQUER thyself. Till thou hast your business what I say," cried Mar-

> "Martha!" that is grandmother callwilling feet, you know, find it hard to

"Martha," said grandma, "will you "No, you didn't," cried Martha, in a deem others so.

Those who strive for uniformity, instead of union, among Christians, need stead of union, among Christians, need round the chamber, tumbling things

"No matter," said the dear old lady; them, nor ever prayed for their success. seeing she would have much to do to It is a duty to live and to make our put things to rights again, "no matter, lives touch upon as many points as pos Martha; they will come to hand," and

WHAT is more consistent with faith obliging manners? Why, those are than to acknowledge naked of all virtue, her company manners. She puts them that we may be clothed by God; empty on in the parlonr, and puts them off of all good, that we may be filled by when she leaves the parlour. She wears them before visitors, and hangs God to lift up his heart in the words "I berated by Him; blind, that we may be them up when they are gone. You see thank Thee, Father!" every time any enlightened by Him; lame, that we may she has no manners at home. She is prayer, as it were worn smooth, so all ground of glorying, that He alone place to be polite in—in the kitchen as that it is easy to roll the heavy burdens may be eminently glorious, and that well as in the parlour. There is no well as in the parlour. There is no spot in the house where good manners tone. Quality always guaranteed. can be dispensed with.

THE devil has a great many servants. and they are not only very busy, and desperately wicked," but "deceitful above all things." They are so deceitful that they often make children. and grown up people too, think they are their servants. And none of them are worse or more deceiving or do more harm than these four, whose names we

> THERE-IS-NO-DANGER. ONLY-THIS-ONCE. EVERYBODY-DOES-SO. BY-AND-BY.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, & DEATHS.

Not exceeding Four lines, Twenty-five Cents.

ROWE.—At his residence Mount Auburn, Cincinati, U. S., on the 22nd ultimo, Stanhope S. Rowe, aged 69 years.

TOMLINSON. - September 9th, at Beaminster, Dorset, England, Maria, relict of the late Rev. Lewis Tomlinson, Vicar of Melplash, aged 82.

PRODUCE MARKET.

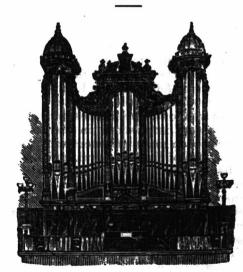
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