

Children's Department.

EIGHT O'CLOCK.

EIGHT times the clock has struck:
The stars peep out o'erhead;
Across the air there comes
A sound of marching tread;
In city, and village, and town,
The children are going to bed.

With footsteps swift or slow,
With faces grave or bright,
By twos and threes they go,
All robed in gowns of white;
And each, with a backward glance,
Calls cheerily out, "Good-night!"

Now darker grows the sky,
The stars their watches keep;
When next the clock shall strike
With hollow voice and deep,
In city, and village, and town,
The children all will be asleep.

GRANDMOTHER'S ADVICE.

GRANDMOTHER wants to give you one or two rules. One is—always look at the person you speak to. When you are spoken to, look straight at the person who speaks to you. Do not forget this. Another is—speak your words plainly. Do not mutter or mumble. If words are worth saying, they are worth pronouncing distinctly and clearly. A third is—do not say disagreeable things. If you have nothing pleasant to say, keep silent. A fourth is—and, oh children, remember it all your lives—think before you speak! Have you something to do that you find hard and prefer not to do? Then listen to a wise old grandmother. Do the hard thing first, and get over with it. If you have done wrong, go and confess it. If your lesson is tough, master it. If the garden is to be weeded, weed it first and play afterwards. Do the thing you don't like to do first, and then, with a clear conscience, try the rest.

DON'T CROSS A BRIDGE UNTIL YOU COME TO IT.

THERE were once a man and woman who planned to go and spend a day at a friend's house, which was some miles from their own. So one pleasant morning they started out to make the visit; but they had not gone far before the woman remembered a bridge they had to cross which was very old and was said not to be safe, and she immediately began to worry about it. "What shall we do about that bridge?" she said to her husband. "I shall never dare to go over it, and we can't get across the river in any other way." "Oh," said the man, "I forgot that bridge! It is a bad place: suppose it should break through and we should fall into the water and be drowned?" "Or even," said his wife, "suppose you should step on a rotten plank and break your leg, what would become of me and of the baby?" "I don't know," said the man, "what would become of any of us, for I couldn't work, and we should all starve to death." So they went on worrying and worrying, till they got to the bridge; when, lo and behold, they saw that since they had been there last a new bridge had been built; and they crossed over it in safety, and found that they might have saved themselves all their anxiety.

Now that is just what the proverb means; never waste your worrying on what you think may possibly be going to happen; don't think, "Oh, suppose it should rain to-morrow so that I can't go out?" or, "What should I do if I should have a headache on the day of the party?" Half the time the troubles we look for do not come; and it is never worth while to waste the hours in worry.

I DIDN'T THINK.

Why did you leave your books, my child,
All lying on the floor?
Why did you toss your apron down,
Why fail to close the door?

Why did you wake the little one
By noisy words and loud?
Why look so cross at Emily?
She thought you vain and proud.

"I didn't think." A poor excuse,
Yet heard from day to day.
"I'll try to think," you giddy child,
Would better be to say.

THE INDIAN HOME AT SAULT STE. MARIE.

My dear young friends, you will I know be glad to hear that under God's blessing, both our Indian Homes are now in a fairly prosperous state. The Shingwauk Home for boys, which was partly closed for a year, is now fully reopened, and we have fifty-two pupils and several others expected. Everything looks so nice and clean and tidy, and the building is so much larger than it used to be, so that we have now "hammock room" for seventy boys instead of fifty-six as formerly.

The Wawanosh Home, too, looks very nice; the girls are expected back the first week in August, and we shall have support I hope for about twenty-five pupils.

A kind Quaker lady in England has just given us one hundred pounds for the Wawanosh Home, which is a great help. And almost better than this, another lady, named Mrs. Halson, has undertaken to try and collect £100 a year in England for the support of the Wawanosh.

This is just what we wanted, and what we have been hoping and praying for. How we ought to thank God for this hearing and answering our prayers. Instead of being in debt, we have now about \$1,000 balance in hand, to the credit of our Homes.

Now, I know you do not wish to give up helping our work; and I will tell you what is now our greatest need.

We want to build a beautiful little chapel for the worship of Almighty God, close to the Shingwauk Home. The site is already chosen and approved by the Bishop, and the plan of the chapel has been marked out with a white wash brush on the ground.

On the day of the opening (July 8th) nearly every boy carried a stone and laid it on the line for the walls, while we sung a verse of "the Church's one Foundation"; these stones which the boys laid down, meant that for each stone so laid they would collect and pile a cord of stones. Was not this a nice way of making a beginning? By this plan all the stone for the building will, I think, be provided by the boys themselves without expense.

Now, I feel like David and Solomon, that I want to have a very beautiful little building for these Indian boys to worship God in, so that they learn due reverence for things which belong to our heavenly Father.

I propose that we spend \$2,000 upon our little chapel. We have \$440 so far, and we want \$1,560 more, and I will tell you how I propose to collect the money. I want

every cent that is given to be a free-will offering to God, and to be given on the principle of "not letting the left hand know what the right hand doeth." Is not this the right way to build a house for God? So there are to be no public sales or bazaars, and no names mentioned, only the initials of those who contribute to the work.

Your sincere friend,
EDWARD F. WILSON.

A CHILD'S DEFINITION OF FAITH.

THE other day a poor woman came into my shop to speak to me on matters concerning a daughter of hers, who is doomed to be a cripple for life. I found she was a sorrowful Christian; one of those who gave many a furtive glance at Goliath without seeing David close by—looking at her troubles always—not looking to the Lord at all. When I spoke of Jesus as the all-sufficient One she began to tell me of a little boy she had lost recently, and of what he delighted in speaking of. The love of God in Jesus was his theme. When life was drawing to a close he spoke of mercy and of grace; of faith in God as his only foundation for the hope of going, when he died, to be with Jesus who died for him. Being visited a day or two before he died by an unconverted relative of mature years, the relative asked him how he was. When he answered that he was very happy, though sick in body; that his faith had kept him so; his relative said:

"I can't make you out. How do you get the faith you speak about?"

"O," said Charley, "God gives it to me."

"Well," said his friend, "I don't understand! What is it like?"

"O," replied Charley, "it's just like this: s'pose you were up-stairs, and you made a hole in the ceiling and spoke to me through the hole, and told me up there was better than being down here, and that you had got some beautiful things up there for me, if I was to come. I should want to come, shouldn't I?"

"Well, yes; I think you would; but how would you know that I had the things I spoke of?" asked the interrogator.

"Well," replied the dying child, "I should be sure to know you were there when I heard you speak. That's what faith is: believing God's Word when he speaks, and what He says without seeing what He promises. And God makes a good many holes, and speaks to 'most everybody, only they don't pay attention; and if they do hear they want to see the things afore the time, and that ain't faith."

Thus did a child in years and grace silence, with words of faith, a gain-sayer, and so passed away. Reader, hast thou faith as this little child; faith to trust God for the fulfilment of His promise? "Have faith in God."

SOME POOR CHILDREN.

WE owe more to poor children than we think. Columbus was a poor boy, often needing more food than he could get. Luther sang ballads in the street to get the funds for an education. Franklin used to buy a roll for a penny and eat it alone. Lincoln and Garfield were poorly clothed, and worked very hard. Dr. Livingstone learned Latin from a book on his loom while at work. Emily C. Judson used to rise at two in the morning and do the washing for the family. Gambetta was poor and slept in an attic. Lucy Larcom was a factory girl. Dr. Holland was poor and a school teacher. Captain Eads was barefoot and penniless at nine years old. None of these people have been idle, or whiled away their time on street corners, or in games of cards or billiards. They were too busy.

GIVE UP.

"Oh, mamma," said sweet little Ruth, "you can't think how Ruth acts! She's the selfishest, troublest thing."

Mamma smiled. "Well," she said, "we can't help Ruth to be better."

"I wish you could," said Jessie.

"You say Ruth is selfish; thin dreadful that is!" said her mother. "Ruth's friends love her, and do things for her, and God loves her; she is very kind; yet she thinks of herself."

"Yes; and she cries and she sobs!" said Jessie, sadly.

"Poor child! can't we do any for her?" said her mother again.

"Tell me how," said Jessie, earnestly.

"Why not form a 'Give-up Society' and ask Ruth to join?" said her mother. "Each member might give every time she is cross, or her own way. You might take money to buy comforts for the and Ruth could be treasurer. It would give her something kind to do. She might begin to love others, when she loves them she will like to please them better than herself."

It is in small things that brot kindness and charity chiefly to Little attentions; trifling; but petual acts of self-denial; a m consultation of the wants, and w taste, and tempers, of others; a perceptible delicacy in avoiding will give pain;—these are the things that diffuse peace and wherever they are exercised, and outweigh a thousand acts of art civility.

PRODUCE MARKET.

TORONTO, July 19	
Wheat, Fall, bush.	1 14
Do. Spring	1 18
Barley	50
Oats	40
Peas	65
Rye	85
Flour, brl.	5 35
Beef, hind quarters	6 00
Do. fore quarters	4 50
Veal	7 00
Mutton	8 00
Hogs, 100 lb.	8 00
Beets, doz.	40
Onions, bushel	00
Cabbage, dozen	00
Carrots, doz.	30
Parsnips, bushel	00
Spinach, bushel	35
Turnips, bushel	00
Potatoes, bushel	30
Apples, barrel	2 00
Rhubarb, doz.	0 10
Lettuce, doz.	0 10
Green Peas, bag	0 90
Onions, doz.	0 10
Radishes, doz.	0 20
Asparagus, doz.	0 25
Chickens, pair	35
Fowls, pair	40
Ducks, brace	50
Geese	—
Turkeys	0 75
Butter, lb rolls	18
Do. dairy	14
Eggs, fresh	14
Wool, 1/2 lb	22
Hay, 1/2 ton	8 00
Straw, 1/2 ton	6 00

These answering an Advertisement center a favor upon the Advertiser Publisher by stating that they saw advertisement in the DOMINION CHURCHMAN.

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