

rosity, would have feared to recommend a weekly fast and offertory—good old Church customs which he both preached and practised, and by means of which we were enabled to raise in less than twenty weeks 450%.

These are telling facts, for the accuracy of which I can answer—facts more than sufficient to encourage us to use, not in name only but in reality, the Friday fast which our Church enjoins, to swell the alms which she invites us to offer on our Sunday festivals.

(To be continued.)

Children's Department.

A LITTLE GIRL'S FANCIES.

O little flowers, you love me so,
You could not do without me;
O little birds that come and go,
You sing sweet songs about me;
O little moss, observed by few,
That round the tree is creeping,
You like my head to rest on you
When I am idly sleeping.

O rushes by the river side,
You bow when I am near you;
O fish, you leap about with pride,
Because you think I hear you;
O river, you shine clear and bright,
To tempt me look in you;
O water-lilies pure and white,
You hope than I shall win you.

O pretty things, you love me so,
I see I must not leave you,
You'd find it very dull, I know—
I should not like to grieve you.
Don't wrinkle up, you silly moss;
My flowers you need not shiver;
My little buds don't look so cross;
Don't talk so loud, my river.

I'm telling you I will not go,
It's foolish to feel slighted;
It's rude to interrupt me so,
You ought to feel delighted.
Ah, now you're growing good, I see,
Though anger is beguiling—
The pretty blossoms nod at me;
I see a robin smiling.

And I will make a promise dears,
That will content you, may be;
I'll love you through the happy years
Till I'm a nice old lady!
True love, like yours and mine, they say
Can never think of ceasing,
But year by year, and day by day,
Keeps steadily increasing.

THE WAWANOSH HOME FOR INDIAN GIRLS.

DEAR CHILDREN.—You will hardly believe how much pleasure you are giving us by the attention you are paying to the two letters we have already inserted in the DOMINION CHURCHMAN about the new Home for Indian girls, which is to be built in the Diocese of Algoma, if you continue to take as much interest in it as you have begun to do. We are so glad to find the very young children thinking so kindly about the poor Indian girls, who want a home where they can learn to be good Christians, to love and honor their parents, and to be useful and good when they grow older and bigger. We are very much pleased also to find the children in the Sunday-schools sending us money to help to build this Wawanosh Home for the Indian girls. We thank you very sincerely for what you have done; and we hope to hear from you again, and from other children, who mean to send to us as soon as they can. We know that there are a great many others who have made up their minds to let us hear from them; only we hope they will do so as soon as possible, because the money is wanted very shortly. It also affords us a great deal of satisfaction that others

besides little children and Sunday scholars are taking such an interest in this very important institution as to supply us with some contributions for it; and we sincerely hope the number will rapidly increase.

Contributions to "Wawanosh Home," Tuesday May 8, 1877.

We are happy to publish the following interesting letter we have just received:

Bolton, May 7th, 1877.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Please find enclosed, and acknowledge in next issue of your valuable paper, \$10.00, collected in Bolton village, Ont., by five energetic, good, industrious little school girls, and forwarded by Mrs. Mondelet for the Wawanosh Home. Georgiana Bradley, \$2.50; Rebecca Curless, \$2.27; Annie Roberts, \$1.18; Martha Wilson, \$2.15; Hannah Switzer, 65c.; Friends \$1.25; Total \$10.00.

Many thanks are also due to the head teacher, Mr. Ward, for his kind co-operation in giving information and reading the letters to the school children on the subject of the Wawanosh Home, published in the DOMINION CHURCHMAN. Wishing the good clergyman all success in his noble undertaking. I am yours sincerely,

M. L. M.

Also St. Luke's Church S. School Ashburnham, \$1.00; Millie Mussen, Toronto, 25c.; Teddy Mussen, Toronto, 25c. Easter offering, St. John's S. School, Port Dalhousie, \$3.67. From a sincere friend, with the earnest prayer that God may bless the work, (South Mountain), \$4.00; Guy Thurlkell, Guelph, \$1.00. Receipts for the week, \$20.17. Total receipts, \$33.97. Contributions to the "Wawanosh Home" should be sent to the Editor DOMINION CHURCHMAN, Toronto.

THE TELL-TALE.

Annie had just been to a school exhibition. She had looked forward to it as a great treat for ever so long. But when the day came, she had to go alone, for mamma was sick.

When she came home she had a long story to tell. "Oh, it was splendid," she said—"just splendid. I wish I could see it all over again."

"But it was a pity you had such a poor seat, dear. I am sorry."

"Why, mother, what do you mean? Who said I didn't have a good seat?"

"Oh, I heard about it. A great many who were there knew it."

"Mother, I can't understand you. I never spoke to a single person from the time I went in, till I came out—not one. To be sure, I didn't have a good seat at all, but I never said so. I got along the best way I could, and managed to see it all. Who could have told you such a thing?"

"Uncle George was in just now, and he told me how sorry he was about it; but he couldn't get at you. And when I asked him how he knew, he said, 'Any one could read it in her face; she had on her sour pucker!'"

HOW TO BE USEFUL.

I will tell you how a little child can be useful.
He can pick up a pin from the floor.
He can play with his little sister.
He can tell mamma when the baby cries.
He can reach the stool that she may put her foot on it.

He can hold the cotton when she winds it.
He can teach a little child his letters.
And he can make his mother happy by being a good boy.

THE STRONGEST LOVE.

A little girl between six and seven years of age, when on her death-bed, seeing her eldest sister with a Bible in her hand, requested her to read respecting Christ's blessing little children. The passage having been read, and the book closed, the child said, "How kind! I shall soon go to Jesus; He will soon take me up in His arms, bless me too; no disciple shall keep me away." Her sister kissed her and said, "Do you love me?"

"Yes my dear," she replied; "but do not be angry, I love Jesus better."

"GOD SENT YOU."

(FOR VERY LITTLE ONES.)

Kitty went to spend the day with Mrs. Carson. Mrs. Carson had no little girl, and she loved Kitty dearly. The sun shone when she went. At noon clouds rose in the sky, and in the afternoon it rained.

"You can stay all night, Kitty," said Mrs. Carson; "your mother will not expect you to come in this rain."

"Sleep away from my mamma!" thought Kitty; and it troubled her little heart. When Mrs. Carson left the room, Kitty looked out of the window. Rain, rain, rain. "I wish the clouds would stop till I get home," said Kitty; but the clouds did not mind her. The drops only fell faster. Tears filled the little child's eyes. "Papa," she said,—"papa won't you come and fetch Kitty home?" Her papa could not hear; he was away off.

Then Kitty thought of God. God could hear. God knows. And she prayed to God that, if he pleased, he would tell her mother to send for her. It was a great comfort to think of God. God sent the rain. He knew every drop. God made her, and took care of her, and saw where she then was. "If God thinks it best for me to stay here, away from mamma," thought she, "I can." But her little heart swelled at the thought, and tears filled her eyes. "I can, I can, if God sees best," and again she brushed away the tears.

While trying with all her might to feel content, who should come to the door but Bridget, with a great umbrella, to fetch her home! Kitty's eyes sparkled with delight.

"Your mamma sent me for you," said Bridget. "No, Bridget," said the little girl, with a sweet seriousness on her face; "it was God sent you."

"May be," said Bridget; "but it was your mamma that handed me the message."

CURED BY KINDNESS.

"You oughtn't to do so," shouted Willie, as the butcher dashed past in his wagon, giving the whip unmercifully to his poor half-starved horse. Another moment, and in turning the corner, the wagon was upset, and the horse broke into a run. He ran for a mile and more. The wagon was broken to pieces, and the man thrown out and badly bruised. Next day "the vicious beast" was offered for sale. Willie's father bought him for a low price for use on the farm. It was a foolish bargain, people said; for the horse was quite uncontrollable. Even his owner said he would bite, rear, kick, and run away. But Mr. Ely bought the horse to please Willie, whose tender little heart was full of pity for the poor animal. "We will be so kind to him that he won't want to be bad, papa." So they agreed to try Willie's plan.

Before long Mr. Ely and Willie began to drive the horse. People were surprised at the change in him. "He would go as slow as desired," said the gentleman who told the story; "stop instantly at 'whoa,' follow his master, come at his call, and rub his head on his shoulder. What had made the change? Not force! The poor horse had been beaten, kicked, and starved before, and grew more and more stubborn. Now he was well fed, well bedded, well watered; not over-driven or over-loaded; never whipped, kicked, or scolded. Kind words were given him, and now and then an apple or a piece of sugar. No gentler, safer, or more faithful horse went on the road."

Willie's plan had succeeded. The little fellow fairly lived with the horse, and the horse seemed to know he was his best friend. Ben was a favorite with all the family.

One night Mr. Ely was away from home. He had taken Ben early in the afternoon, but when bedtime came he had not returned. Thinking he would not be home that night, the family closed the house and retired.

About midnight Willie heard Ben's neigh. Jumping out of bed, he ran to the window, and there was Ben at the door without his father. In