

As we see the stars of the night fading away to give place to the glorious beams of the sun, we are reminded that when we love the Saviour more, and advance nearer towards our heavenly home, the stars of earthly pleasure and comfort will fade away before the brightness of Christ's glory. May this light us till we reach the very gate of heaven! then the Sun of Righteousness will beam on us for ever.

GROWING CHARACTER.

MANY people seem to forget that character grows: that it is not something to be put on ready-made, with womanhood or manhood; but, day by day, here a little and there a little, grows with the growth, and strengthens with the strength, until, good or bad, it becomes almost a coat of mail. Look at a man of business: prompt, reliable, and conscientious. When do you suppose he developed all these admirable qualities? When he was a boy. Let us see how a boy of ten years gets up in the morning and sets about his studies or play, and we will tell you just what kind of a man he will make. The boy that is late at breakfast, late at school, stands a poor chance of being a prompt man. The boy who neglects his duties, be they ever so small, and then excuses himself by saying, "I forgot! I didn't think!" will never be a reliable man. And the boy who finds pleasure in the sufferings of weaker things, will never be a noble, generous, kindly man—a gentleman.

BOUND TO PERFORM.

"They [Infants] promise them both [Repentance and Faith] by their Sureties; which promise when they come to age, themselves are bound to perform."—Church Catechism.

Who is "bound?" You are bound and I am bound. What are we "bound to perform?" Look at the question and answer near the end of the Church Catechism, and you will see. We are bound to have Repentance and Faith. But why are we thus bound? Because we were baptized.

Now this is a serious matter. If we are bound now, what did we get when we were bound first? Did we get anything? or was the bargain all on one side?

The answer comes at once, when we see Who "bound" us. It was God, and He cannot deceive. So we may be sure that He gave us at least as much as He took from us. If He took a promise, He surely gave a blessing. And if we all were "bound," then we all received the blessing, being "born of water and of the Spirit." There is no question about the doctrine of the Church of England; she says we are all "bound," and therefore she means here what she says elsewhere, in the Baptismal Service, that we are all blessed as infants in Holy Baptism.

True, we cannot do our part till we "come to age," but we know at what a very early age some children learn to love God. So now the great question is, Who came first in doing his part, God or man? Some children begin very early to do their part, and all might make a good beginning, if they learned how. Now tell me on whom does all good, and on whom does all this good depend—on God or man? You cannot say that man begins, and then stirs up God to do His part. Then say the other thing and declare boldly that "God is no respecter of persons," even of babies' persons; that in every baby baptized He begins a good work, and that He begins it at an age earlier than that at which any little child could begin it for himself, even at his Baptism.

ANGELIC HELP.

In all our ways! In this changing life we are led many ways; but in all these His angels which excel in strength, have charge to keep us. There is a way of temptation—there is a way of prosperity and adversity—there is a way of duty and toil—there is a way that winds along among the sorrowing billows of life's Babel—there is a way, also, oh! how checkered, that we know not—and there are a great many other ways which make up the Christian pilgrim's path, for God leads him about as he did Jacob of old, in a waste and howling wilderness; but in all these ways we are kept by His angels who have charge over us. But ah! there is one more way; the—at least it seems so at a distance—gloomiest of all. It is that which lies through the valley of the shadow of death. In this way, too, angels will attend us.

THE KEY OF KNOWLEDGE.

A boy who is willing to help himself may learn a great deal if he will only go the right way to work. The alphabet has been called "the key of knowledge," and by the use of this key the boy spoken of in the story opened a great many doors that less preserving lads know nothing about. It seems that one day the Duke of Argyll, walking in his garden, saw on the grass a Latin copy of a great mathematical work. Thinking it had been brought from his library, he gave orders to some one near to carry it into the house. "It belongs to me," said the gardener's son, stepping up. "Yours!" said the Duke, "do you understand geometry and Latin?" "I know a little of them," was the reply. And the Duke and the boy entered into conversation, and it was soon found that the gardener's son was making no pretence, but was really competent to answer very difficult questions in the science he had been studying. "But how came you to know so much?" questioned the Duke; and this brought from the lad the admission that he had really never been to school, but that one of the servants had taught him to read, and that he had since found out that with the aid of the twenty-six letters of the alphabet he could learn everything else he set his mind to. "After I learned to read," contended the boy, "masons came to work on your house. I watched them, and I noticed that the architect made use of a rule and compass, and made many calculations. I asked why this was done, and was told something of arithmetic. So I bought a book on arithmetic, and studied it through. Then I found there was another science called geometry, and I next studied that. Having got this length, I ascertained that there were some valuable works on geometry in Latin, so I bought a Latin dictionary, and with the aid of the dictionary I picked up my first knowledge of Latin; and in the same way I taught myself a little French." The boy was of course right in saying that but for the twenty-six letters of the alphabet he would have known nothing of the science he seemed so fond of. There was, however, something more than the alphabet, which it would not have been right for him to speak of, seeing that he would have been praising himself—and that was his pluck and perseverance. Without the exercise of these qualities the key of knowledge will be of very little service.

"GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD."

In a miserable cottage at the bottom of a hill two children hovered over a smouldering fire. A tempest raged without—a fearful tempest—against which man and beast were alike powerless.

A poor old miser, much poorer than these shivering children, though he had heaps of money at home, drew his ragged cloak about him as he crouched down at the threshold of the miserable door. He dared not enter for fear they would ask pay for shelter, and he could not move for the storm.

"I am hungry, Nettie."

"So am I; I've hunted for a potato paring, and can't find any."

"What an awful storm!"

"Yes, the old tree has blown down. I guess God took care that it didn't fall on the house. See, it would certainly have killed us."

"If He could do that, couldn't he send us bread?"

"I guess so; let's pray 'Our Father,' and when we come to that part, stop till we get some bread."

So they began, and the miser, crouching and shivering, listened. When they paused, expecting in their childish faith to see some miraculous manifestation, a human feeling stole into his heart: God sent some angel to soften it. He had bought a loaf at the village, thinking it would last him a great number of days, but the silence of the two little children spoke louder to him than the voice of many waters. He opened the door softly, threw in the loaf, and then listened to the wild, eager cry of delight that came from the half-famished little ones.

"It dropped right from heaven, didn't it?" questioned the younger.

"Yes; I mean to love God forever, for giving us bread because we asked Him."

"We'll ask Him every day, won't we? why I never thought God was so good, did you?"

"Yes, I always thought so, but I never quite knew it before."

"Let's ask Him to give father work to do all the time, so we need never be hungry again. He'll do it, I'm sure."

The storm passed—the miser went home. A little flower had sprung up in his heart; it was no longer barren.

In a few weeks he died, but not before he had given the cottage, which was his, to the poor labouring man.

And the little children ever after felt a sweet and solemn emotion when in their maternal devotions they came to those trustful words, "Give us this day our daily bread."

GOLDEN RULE.—The person who first sent these rules to be printed, says truly, that if any boy or girl thinks "it would be hard work to keep so many of them in mind all the time, just think what a happy place it would make of home, if you only could."

1. Shut every door after you, and without slamming it.
2. Never shout in the house.
3. Never call to persons up-stairs, or in the next room; if you want them, go to them.
4. Always be kind and polite to servants if you would have them the same to you.
5. When told to do, or not to do a thing, by either parents, never object, but go and do it cheerfully.
6. You may tell of your faults and misdoings, but not of those of your brothers or sisters.
7. Carefully clean your shoes before entering the house.
8. Be prompt at every meal hour, especially so in the morning, and thus cultivate the habit of early rising.
9. Never sit down at table, or in the parlour, with soiled hands or disheveled hair.
10. Never interrupt any conversation; but wait patiently your turn to speak.
11. Never reserve your good manners for company, but be equally polite at home and abroad.
12. Let your first, last, and best friend be your mother.

FORGIVENESS saves the expence of anger, the cost of hatred, the waste of spirits.

PRODUCE MARKET.

TORONTO, April 12, 1881.

	\$ c.	¢ c.
Wheat, Fall, bush.	1 07	to 1 10
Do. Spring	1 13	to 1 20
Barley	83	to 92
Oats	38	to 40
Peas	63	to 70
Rye	80	to 85
Flour, brl.	4 90	to 4 95
Beef, hind quarters	6 00	to 8 50
Do. fore quarters	5 00	to 6 50
Mutton	7 00	to 8 00
Hogs, per 100 lb.	7 75	to 8 00
Beets, bushel	50	to 55
Onions, bushel	1 20	to 1 50
Cabbage, dozen	60	to 1 00
Carrots, bushel	40	to 50
Parsnips, bushel	50	to 65
Turnips, bushel	30	to 40
Potatoes, bushel	40	to 45
Apples, barrel	1 00	to 1 50
Chickens, pair		
Fowls, pair	60	to 80
Ducks, brace	70	to 1 00
Geese	60	to 1 00
Turkeys	0 75	to 2 00
Butter, lb rolls	21	to 26
Do. dairy	17	to 20
Eggs, fresh	12	to 14
Wool, per lb	25	to 27
Hay, per ton	10 00	to 13 00
Straw, per ton	6 50	to 7 50

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