

The Family.

THE TOYS.

My little son, who looked from thoughtful eyes, An' moved and spoke in quiet grown-up wise, Having my law the seventh time disobey'd, I struck him and dismissed...

THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.

HER Majesty the Queen has now entered upon the fiftieth year of her reign. A reign so long, so prosperous, so eventful, so remarkable alike for the political sagacity and domestic virtue of the Sovereign cannot but profoundly impress the imagination of all her subjects.

has been beyond all precedent personal in its character. Englishmen are loyal to the Crown in the abstract, but they have long learnt to love its present wearer for herself.

"GENTLEMAN DICK."

BY MRS. HUNT MOROAN.

It was a dark London afternoon, such an afternoon as can exist only in the great English metropolis. The heavy curls of black smoke wreathed in and out in serpent-like twinnings, and hovered over the city like withered garlands hanging over the coffin of the dead.

"Gentleman Dick! Gentleman Dick!" screamed the young lads; and many a stump of decayed cabbage and rotten potato was caught from the gutter and thrown at Dickie, as he walked nearly to the end of the alley and turned in at the open door of one of the houses.

"Come out and fight!" shouted Nabbing Jem, as the boy was called by his companions. But with a moment's thought the angry flush died out on Dickie's face, and he answered, gently, "I can't fight with you, Jem. My Bible teaches me to forgive you."

"Gentleman Dick, you are a gentleman; and I am your servant. You've saved my Polly's life, and you're not a coward; and I've washed my face afore I come up here to-night, 'cause I know as how you like to see things clean."

We learn that Miss Charlotte Montgomery, of Malpeque, sister of Miss Annie Montgomery, missionary to Persia, has also been appointed to a like position in that far away land by the American Missionary Board of Presbyterian Foreign Missions, New York.

GOOD MANNERS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

GOOD manners are not so easy to get, after all. Perhaps you never thought that manners were something to be got, but that they just came of themselves, or grew up inside of you, and somehow got outside, and that you need not show you had them unless you wore your best clothes and felt just like it.

Style is a secret, and I will tell you what makes it; for it may be something you want. It is first, being straight—whether you are tall or short, thin or fat. Round-shouldered boys and girls, even if handsome, are never stylish.

If you want to make other people and yourself happy, you must not be selfish; and you know what selfishness means when you are teasing some one. You must be really in earnest, and not be kind because it is fashionable, or because you can get your own way better.

Yet if you have simple, sincere purposes, you may not have good manners. Do you not often say of some boy—"Oh! he is good enough; but he is so awkward! He has not any manners?"

Very good boys and girls pick their teeth at table, eat fast and eat with their knife, slam doors, rush through a room, talk aloud, sit with their arms wide apart, swing their arms, shake their shoulders, bow as if they were as stiff as ramrods or as loosely jointed as a jumping jack.

So manners are something to be studied; but are not all to be of the same pattern, else they will be borrowed. Affected girls, and swaggering and "dude" boys, always borrow, and are always laughed at.—The Independent.

A HELPFUL WIFE.

A CALICO printer at Manchester was persuaded by his wife, on their wedding day, to allow her two pints of ale a day. He was a "moderate" drinker himself, but he rather winced at the bargain.

"Mary, we've had no holiday since we were wed; and only that I've not a penny in the world we'd take a jaunt down to the village to see the mother."

John still didn't understand her, till the faithful creature reached down an old stocking from under a loose brick up the chimney, and counted out her daily pint of ale in the shape of 365 threepences i. e., £4 11s. 3d., and put them into his hand, exclaiming:—"Thou shalt have thee holiday, John!"

ADVICE TO YOUNG MARRIED PEOPLE.

From Police Report in New York World.—"Only two weeks started and in a police court," said Justice Duffy at the Tombs yesterday.

"I took my wife for a sensible woman," said John Ducer, the husband, "but her head is filled with nonsense. Marriage for her means sitting dressed up in the parlour all day playing on the piano instead of a scrubbing on a washboard as she ought to be."

Justice Duffy gave them both some fatherly advice, and they left the court-room with the determination to start life anew.—N. Y. Christian Advocate.

HOW A LIFE WAS WRECKED.

A TRAGEDY, the details of which were so common place that they attracted little attention, was reported in the New York journals a few weeks ago.

Ida C—, the daughter of a workman in a large inland village of Pennsylvania, was a pretty girl of fifteen, when, a year ago, she "took a winter's course at a skating rink, and soon became the best skater and a belle among the idle boys and men who frequented the place."

"I shall provide you with other dresses than these," she said. "A pink satin ball dress, trimmed with roses, and a morning gown of pale blue and lace, you must have at once."

Here, perhaps, was the secret of all this ruin. If the girl had been brought up to share in the work of the household, to dress as befitted her father's earnings, to be happy and interested in her home, instead of parading the village streets, or lounging about the station to see the trains come in, or frequenting the rink until midnight, she would not have had to face the temptation, or would not have yielded to it.

There are tens of thousands of young girls in American country towns in the condition of Ida C—. The Companion would warn them earnestly that for a young girl to wear finery which her mother cannot afford to wear, to frequent places to which her mother cannot accompany her, and to idle away her days while her mother is at work, is not "genteel" on the part of a lady, but vulgar and ill bred.

It would warn her, too, that no girl obtains her living in a city without paying its full value in some kind of service. Rose coloured satins, flowers and lace were paid for by this poor Ida in the wages of sin and death.—Youth's Companion.

GIVE THE CHURCH MEMBERS A CHANCE.

REV. SAM JONES is lecturing on "How to be Saved." As near as we can get at it, his prescription is, "Get out of the Church." The church is bad, terribly bad. There's no doubt of it; it's in an awful state. It's a wonder that any Christian man belongs to it.

At Quincy, in the suburbs of Boston, a Presbyterian church was organized a year ago with Rev. D. B. McLeod as pastor. There is a present membership of 125; of these thirty-two recently united. A new edifice will shortly be erected. It will be a handsome frame building, with a seating for 420.

At a meeting of the congregation of the Calvin church, Pembroke, Rev. W. D. Ballantyne, B. A., pastor, in the chair, plans were discussed of paying off the debt of \$10,000 on the new building. It was finally decided that a committee be appointed to canvass the congregation and ascertain how much each person in it will undertake to give every year for a period of six years towards wiping out the debt, the contributors to give their notes for the amounts they feel able to contribute.