

the mysterious "Don Juan," which you mean to read when you are older, must ever remain a mystery to you. A lady must be "clear from dross," true gold, whose value no time or change can lessen. Do you think you can be all this, my fair young friend, when you lay aside that fascinating novel of Ouida's over whose pages you are poring so intently? A lady must be elegant and polished, accurate and delicate. There is no better family in the country than the A's; and the B's; C's, and the D's are fully their equals. Misses A, B, C, and D, of course consider themselves perfect ladies, but candidly can Miss A's loud laugh and voice and her constant use of slang be termed polished? Are the exaggeration of Fashion in Miss B's dress and her "dashing" manner elegant? Is Miss C accurate when she scatters her superlatives about so freely? Was Miss D delicate when she spoke so insultingly and unfeelingly to her servant, and refused to let her visit an ill parent because she must have her new dress finished in time for the ball?

The true lady would be as polite to her inferiors as to her equals. The servant who takes wages from her hand, the clerk who serves her behind the counter, the dressmaker whose weary labor furnishes the elegant dresses that so enhance her beauty, the very child that sweeps the crossings, and the beggar who solicits alms are her fellow-beings, and have feelings which the true lady never wounds, either intentionally or through neglect.

She is always thoughtful of others; observant of the peculiar likes and dislikes of her companions, that she may minister to the one and avoid the other. She is gentle in manner, attentive and obliging. She yields to others the first place, and gracefully takes of her own accord the second. She never shows temper in company; bears neglect as well as attention, with an unruffled brow, and shrinks from being made conspicuous in any way. She is polite to all who approach her, whether they be entertaining or the reverse. She always behaves, speaks, even looks with tact. She is differential to those older than herself, and kindly affable to those younger and less at their ease. She remembers always the Bible injunction, "Be ye courteous one to another."

With some gifted individuals the majority of these attributes of a true lady are natural. Happy indeed are they the born aristocrats of nature's own unrivaled stamp, and happy too are those with whom their lives are entwined; but even more lovely and interesting are they who have come forth conquerors in a hard fought field, and won for themselves, a glorious victory over that fiercest of enemies, self. To see a passionate, impulsive, selfish nature brought under a complete subjection to a strong sense of right and a powerful will, and made calm and gentle, does indeed prove more strongly than aught besides, that we are not, as the heathen Greeks boasted proudly, "akin to the gods," but as the Christian claims, with adoring awe, a part of the eternal God of gods himself.

Do you think I have wandered from my subject and soared to greater heights than the theme warrants? Do you say that the qualities which distinguish a lady from the rest of her sex belong to the surface, and do not reach the godlike part of her being? That outward polish has nothing to do with inward holiness? Perhaps, in a measure, you are right. The gates of heaven open as widely to admit the roughest fish-woman, who builds her faith upon the holy atonement of the cross, as they do to welcome in the most refined of her fellow-women. Yet do you not think the fish-woman will lose all her roughness in the better land? Will not all be gentle, courteous, and refined there? Was not Christ the model of a gentleman as well as of a man? Think of his conduct to Mary Magdalen and the afflicted woman who touched him in the throng; recall his courtesy to the Roman centurion; his tender pity for the trembling woman in whose behalf he made that noble speech, which lives as a keen rebuke to us all, "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone;" the polished courtliness of his reply concerning the tribute-money; and above all his wonderful forbearance and dignity in that dread hour when his enemies accused him before Pilate. Let us strive to be like him in this respect as well as in all the rest.

Always bear this truth in mind, if the fountain be pure and sweet, the streams which flow from it will be pure and sweet also. Cultivate an interest in all around you, rejoice in their

happiness and sympathize in their sorrows, seek for power to obey the command, "Love your neighbor as yourself," and rest assured your outward bearing will correspond to the feeling within, and you will be gentle, courteous, and unselfish—a true lady.

Wealth, station, intellect, high birth, and right principles are priceless treasures; I do not undervalue one of them, nor overvalue either; but you may possess all and still not be a lady. Strive to "see yourself as others see you," judge yourself as critically, as impartially, and, alas! as harshly as you do your neighbor, and answer to yourself truthfully, if, judged by the standard of refinement I have set up for your contemplation, you are a true lady. I do not mean a lady to your out-door acquaintances only, but a lady in your home-circle, to your inferiors, aye, even to your own maid. If you can reply in the affirmative, then that branch of your education is completed, and my advice, to you at least, is not needed. But if you find yourself far below this elevated standard, set about the work of refining yourself without delay, and never cease your efforts until the standard is reached. Trust me, your labor will bring its own reward, and very, very sweet that reward will be.

A DREAM OF A HAPPY HOME.

BY WILL. HARRY GANE.

I dream of a home where roses
Shall encircle the windows all;
Where the noise of the busy city
Shall never around me fall;
But where the earliest flowers
Peep up with the morning light,
And where the birds shall whisper,
As the day fades away into night.

I dream of a home with a loved one,
To meet me at night at the door,
And kiss the clouds from my forehead,
When the toils of the day are o'er.
To sing in the twilight hours,
Some song of the olden days,
To wake my soul to dreaming,
And tune my heart to praise.

I dream of a home with little ones,
To gather around my knee;
It seems like the whisper of angels,
Their childish voices to me.
To press their hands on my temples,
So wildly throbbing with pain;
Methinks it all would vanish away,
As the clouds do after the rain.

I dream of a home in heaven,
Where my dearest treasures are—
Whose gates of golden beauty
Shine through the mist like a star.
There I shall never be weary,
Nor my eyes ever grow dim;
No one to love like Jesus,
No one to worship like him.

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