

are the umpires of society. It is they to whom all mooted points should be referred. To be a lady is more than to be a prince. A lady is always in her right inalienably worthy of respect. To a lady, prince or peasant, alike bow. Do not be restrained. Do not have impulses that need restraint. Do not wish to dance with Prince unsought or feel indifferently. Be sure you confer honor. Carry yourself so loftily that men will look up to you for reward, not at you in rebuke. The natural sentiment of man towards woman is reverence. He loses a large means of grace when he is obliged to account her a being to be trained in propriety. A man's ideal is not wounded when a woman fails in worldly wisdom; but if in grace, in tact, in sentiment, in delicacy, in kindness, she would be found wanting, he receives an inward hurt.

"SAY IT AGAIN."

A lady called upon a young man wasting away in consumption. The shadows of death were already darkening his face. He was not a Christian. Like a poor wanderer, he was about journeying into eternity with no House of Refuge for his soul.

The lady sat kindly down by his side and talked of heaven, the bright, beautiful home beyond. He felt that he was not fit for that home. Then she comforted him with the assurance that though our sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow.

"Say it again," he said. It was the cry of a soul in its fever-thirst that eagerly clutches at the cool and cold water offered him. The lady repeated Calvary's sweet, sweet invitation and assurance. That night, while the death shadow was creeping nearer and nearer, covering him at last, he repeatedly referred to the subject, saying, "The lady told me so," dying in peace and hope.

I have thought of these words, "Say it again!" They come to me and stay with me, echoing repeatedly in my ears as a ringing motto of duty, as a stirring battle-cry, with which God's hosts may fittingly go into the fight against sin.

"Say it again"—in the pulpit. It is an old truth with a constantly new power. No doctrine so wins men as that of Calvary. No Gospel so comforts and cheers as this Gospel of the Cross. It is the string of a harp that rests the weary with its gentle music, and yet a bugle, whose clear, ringing blast stirs the flagging columns again to battle. Let it come out clear, distinct, strong, this blessed truth that Jesus Christ died as the Saviour of sinners.

"Say it again"—in the Sunday school. There is nothing that comes so close to children's hearts as that crimson cross. "The man on the cross," as a little one said to me when looking at a picture of the crucifixion. How he wins the children. How their young hearts go out like tender vines feeling for the support of a trellis.

"Say it again"—in your work, on the street, in the shop, from house to house. Tell it to that man at the saloon door, trying to break his chains. Whisper it to the youth wavering before temptation, and stay him up with the cross behind his back. Let it fall on the despairing ears of the aged.

"Say it again"—in that room of sickness, by that bedside of death. "We have the blood of Christ," said the dying Schleiermacher, and into the gloom of eternity he went, as into a night radiant with stars. Said an estimable officer of the church during his last sickness: "My sufferings are now so great I can think of little else. I can only lie and trust. I have been a poor, sinful, unworthy servant of God, and have nothing to look to but the blood of Christ." A friend repeated these words, "His blood can wash us white as snow." He said: "Yes, if it were not for that what could I do now? 'Tis wonderful, wonderful grace that saves a sinner like me."

The salary of the Czar is \$17.40 per minute. It seems good pay, when one does not remember that his principal occupation is that of being shot at by some of his beloved subjects

MOTHER.

How little do we appreciate a mother's tenderness while living! How heedless we are of all her anxieties! But when she is dead and gone—when the cares and coldness of the world come withering to our hearts—when we experience how hard it is to find true sympathy, how few love us for ourselves, how few will befriend us in our misfortunes, then it is that we think of the mother that we have lost.

CHRISTIAN "GIVING UP."

It is a pitiful thing to see a young disciple going about and asking everybody how much he must "give up" in order to be a Christian. Unfortunately, many of those who take it upon themselves to instruct him, give him the same impression of Christian discipleship—that it consists chiefly in giving up things that one likes and finds pleasure in. But a man in solitary confinement might as well talk about what he must "give up" if he is pardoned out of prison, or a patient in consumption about what he must "give up" in order to get well. The prisoner must give up his fetters, and the invalid his pains and his weaknesses—these are the main things to be sacrificed. It is true that one has the living without work, and the other the privilege of lying in bed all day; these are privileges that must be relinquished no doubt. And so there are certain sacrifices to be made by him who enters upon Christian life, but they are "not worthy to be compared" with the liberty and dignity and joy into which the Christian life introduces us; and to put the emphasis upon this negative side of the Christian experience, as so many are inclined to do, is a great mistake.

What do you like next to yourself? asks an exchange. A gauze under shirt from White's, 65 King Street, west. Every size in stock at White's, the shirt man.

Children's Department.

SELFISHNESS AND RUDENESS AT THE TABLE.

Among the small things which, if unchecked, would prove life-long annoyances, none are more conspicuous or more disagreeable than the rude, boorish habits so frequently developed in the conduct of children at the table. Here, as in all that is connected with the early training and education of children, parents should realize that they will be held accountable in a large measure if those committed to their care and guidance grow up with careless and reprehensible table manners.

If parents commence in season it is hard to teach any child old enough to be brought to the table (and that should be as soon as they can be taught to feed themselves, if only with a spoon, we think) to be quiet, and wait patiently till the older ones are served, instead of allowing the child to call for its portion the moment it is seated, and, if delayed, demand something vociferously, emphasizing the wishes with loud screams and violent blows on the table and dishes. If this mode of gaining its own way is attempted, and the parent removes the little tyrant from the table for a short season of private admonition, the discipline will be found efficacious, and will not require repeating often. Of course, this will interrupt for a few moments the pleasant harmony which should be the crowning pleasure of each meal, but it will not recur often, and is a small price to pay for the comfort and honor of having our children become well-

mannered, pleasant table companions. Neither would advocate bringing very young children to the table when one has company. That would not be courteous or respectful to guests. But when only the family are present we think the earlier children are taught to sit at the table with parents, brothers and sisters, and behave properly, the more surely will they secure good, refined table manners.

It is not difficult to teach a very young child to make its wants quietly known to the proper person and at the proper time. But what can be more uncomfortable and annoying than to sit at a table where the children, from the oldest to the youngest, are the dominant power, never waiting patiently for their turn to be helped, but calling loudly for whatever they desire; impatient if it is not brought to them on the instant? If attention is not given as soon as the words are out of his mouth, how unpleasant to see a child standing on the rounds of the chair, or reaching over other plates to himself to whatever he desires! Parents can, with very little trouble to themselves, save their guests from witnessing such rudeness if they begin when every habit is yet unformed.

As soon as a child can speak he can be taught to ask for what he needs in a gentle, respectful manner, when requiring service of the nurses, or the waiter, as well as of his parents and superiors. "Please push my chair up closer." "Please give me some water." "Please pass the bread." And when the request is complied with, accept it and say, "Thank you." What hardship is there in requiring this from children just beginning to talk as well as from older lads and lasses? It will require but a very few repetitions of the lesson for the youngest to understand that it is the only way by which their wishes will be complied with; and it is surprising to see how soon this mode of calling attention to their wants becomes as easy and natural as breathing. Parents are culpable who do not give their children the advantage of such instruction and enforce it until they have no idea of asking in any other way.

And yet how many give no heed to this duty. How many hear their young charges calling impatiently or arrogantly, "Give me the butter, Jane." "Pass the bread this way." "Can't you hear, Jane? I've told you two or three times to give me some water." Or some may soften their imperious demands a little by saying, "I'll take the bread, please;" or "reach me the salt, Jane, please;" but the "please" is too far off to be very pleasant. It seems an after-thought.

Whispering, loud talking, abrupt calls for any article on the table, beginning to eat calling to be helped the moment seated, before the oldest are served, is, in the highest degree, rude and vulgar, yet by far too common. Some natural feeling of restraint or diffidence may keep the young more quiet when at a friend's table, for part of the meal at least; but they can lay no claim to refinement or good manners if they use politeness only when among strangers—keep it laid away, like a new garment, to be put on occasionally, and to be thrown off as speedily as possible, because not being in habitual use it becomes irksome.

Many other habits creep in and find permanent lodgment if the parents are not watchful of their children's behavior at the table. Picking the teeth; handling the hair; carrying food to the mouth while leaning back in the chair; rocking, or tilting the chair back and forth while eating; filling the mouth too full; eating rapidly and with much noise from the mouth; sitting with elbows on the table—all these, and a multitude equally vulgar, can be met by a careful mother's vigilance before they have time to take deep root, but if neglected will stamp a child with coarseness and vulgarity, no matter how exalted the station he was born into.

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