Courage to think is infinitely more rare than courage to att.

Many of the evile, of society, much of the vice and ctime which we deplore, come from the degrading nature of the amusements entered into. To inveigh against them avails little; but to substitute something better and to persuade men to choose it is a task worthy of all endeavor.

The Sweetmeat Delivery Company have placed upwards of six thousand:automatic ma. chines throughoutLondonforthe supplyof peany packets of candy. During the year the receipts amounted, in single pennies, to no less a sum than $\$ 341,375$; that is. to say, upwards of a million and a half of persous have thrown avjay a penny in the street; their aggregate contributions a mounting to one-fourth the income of the Church Missionary Society.

The Illustrated Church News says that in the many injunctions which the Archbishop of York has been giving his clergy, there is no mention of what the laity would very gladly welcome, viz., that they should pay attention to their reading-that is, the reading of the lessons and the prayers-which is in danger of becoming a lost art. Gcod reading has proved
a great attraction in its time. Mrs. Siddons told Rogers that a Rev. Mr. Este read the service so beautifully at Whitehall (where he vas reader) that she used to go there to listento his elocution. Mr. Gladstene took the trouble to follow Newman about that be might hear him read the lessous. The halfempty Bedford Chapel in London used to be full in the days when Bellew read the commandments. Good reading might be found as poverful to draw a congregation as good preaching.

```
Far from the heavenly port,
    On storm-tossed sea,
    Far fom the harbor calm,
        I look to Thee,
    And, through the starless night,
        There shineth guiding light,
        Enough for me
    Breasting, with failing strengu,
        Waves wildand fee,
    Struggling gainst find and tide,
        I call to Thee,
    And, in the waning night,
        Strength, cocrase, bope and might,
        Are given me.
When, with the morning clear,
        Caim comes at last,
Whien, in the hearecily purt,
        Lifes sanchor'stast,
'Then, in the perfect light,
        Illthack Thee for the aight
        Of trial passed.
```

On storm-tossed sea,
Far (fom the harbor calm,
Ilook to mee,
 Enough for me
Breasting, with failing strengulh, Waves wild and feec,
Struggling gainst rind and tide, Ifall to Thee,
And, in the waning night, Are given me.
When, with the morning clear, Caim comes at last,
Lit. hat hearcialy purt,
Then, in the perfect light, Of trial passed.


