

ART OF READING.

Mr. Anthony Trollope delivered an address lately in London on the "Art of Reading," in which he earnestly recommended his hearers to acquire the art—a never-failing source of enjoyment, but only to be obtained by practice, and not when middle life had come on them. As to what they should read, we would say good books. Above all things, he would advise them not to deceive themselves in their choice. If they could make poetry a delight with them, it had a charm which could not be found in any other literature; but, if poetry were distasteful, there was a world of prose. They must read for amusement, but they need not on that account eschew acquiring information. Instructive books, indeed, were the books to get hold of. Magazine reading, unfortunately, left too little behind it; and, as to novels, they were, of course, novels, and novels, but he did not think that Scott, Thackeray, or Dickens, ever wrote anything impure.

FOR YOUNG LADIES.

Persons at your age, looking off upon life, are apt to think that if, by some stroke of what is called good luck, you could arrive in an elevated and affluent position, a little higher than in that which God has called you to live, you would be very completely happy. Infinite mistake? The palace floor of Ahasurus is red with the blood of Vashti's broken heart. There have been no more scalding tears wept than those which coursed the cheeks of Josephine.

Mere social position will never give happiness to women's soul. I have walked through the halls of those who despise the common people, I have sat at their banquets; I have had their friendship; yea, I have heard from their own lips the story of their disquietude; and I tell the young women

of this Church that they who build on mere social position their soul's immortal happiness, are building on the sand.

The poorest god that a woman every worships is her own face. The saddest sight in all the world is a woman who has built everything on good looks, when the charm begins to vanish.

Culture your heart and you culture your face. The brightest glory that ever beamed from a woman's face is the religion of Jesus Christ. In the last war two hundred wounded soldiers came to Philadelphia in one night, and came unhealed, and they had to extemporize a hospital for them, and the Christian women of my Church, and of other Churches, went out that night, to take care of the poor wounded fellows. That night I saw a Christian woman go through the wards of the hospital, her sleeves rolled up, ready for hard work, her hair dishevelled in the excitement of the hour. Her face was plain, very plain; but after the wounds were washed and the new bandages were put around the splintered limbs, and the exhausted boy fell off into his first pleasant sleep, she put her hand on his brow, and he started in his dream, and said, "O I thought an angel touched me!"

That woman is grandly dressed, and only she, who is wrapped in the robe of a Saviour's righteousness. The home may be very humble, the hat may be very plain, the frock may be very coarse; but the halo of heaven settles in the room where she wears it, and the faintest touch of the resurrection angel will change that garment into raiment exceeding white, so as no fuller on earth could whiten it.

A PLATE of apples was being passed to some children, when a little girl took a large red one. "How greedy you are, to take the biggest!" said a companion; "I meant to have had that myself."