

be dear at any price, for she could not make home happy. To her the realities of life, when they come, are irksome. She flies from her home and her children to every new sensation in the city. If her husband is weary after the day's business and will not go, she goes alone to the dance, and enjoys this tittle all through the night. Next day she is exhausted, irritable, and snappish, for she is suffering a recovery. In this state a person is very apt to run to the material stimulant for relief, and to like it; and so, lives and homes become dark indeed, which were begun under fair weather and favouring skies. When other and grosser forms of excitement are not to hand, the girl, whom I saw a few years before curled up, all day long, in a large, easy chair, devouring the contents of a yellow-back, now, as a wife and mother, yields to the old craving, still frequents the library beer barrel, and draws from it a deceitful kind of pleasure. Sunday is a high day for this; and, ere long, the Day of Rest is turned into a day of excitement both for body and mind. And so the flame of life, fed too strongly, burns fast away, nervous energy fails, and what might have been a sweet, and vigorous old age becomes nothing but the flickering of a rush-light which any puff of wind may blow out.

In this article I have specially addressed myself to girls, for to their sensitive, nervous organisation the evil effects of this kind of tipping are specially hurtful, just as tobacco-smoking is to young boys. These evil effects are not imaginary, for I have seen instances I had to lamentable consequences. Our medical men could give abundant evidence in this direction. Whenever I see a young boy with a pipe in his mouth, it would please me much to have it knocked out; so, if I see a young girl intent on reading a trashy novel, I would cheerfully snatch it from her and toss it on the back of the fire. I do not profess to be a total abstainer in the matter of novel-reading; indeed, within the last two years, I have read more novels than in the whole of my previous life, but I have done so because I have wished to be able to form my own opinion of them. For this reason I have read all sorts that came in my way, and have observed what style of novel is most favoured. I therefore write these lines as a caution to those concerned, and specially to the young, lest a habit should be formed which may mar the whole of an otherwise fair life. I like good stories, and would recommend Scott's, Thackeray's, Geo. Macdonald's, Edna Lyall's and a few others, to be used by the young for refreshment occasionally; but let them avoid all vicious, exaggerated, and

trashy novels as a poison, pleasant to the taste, but treacherously deadly in its effects. Far better for them to learn to love the employments and enjoyments of home than to seek pleasure in the depths of the literary beer barrel.—*F. J. in the Australian Presbyterian.*

WHAT THEY PRAYED FOR.

One Sunday afternoon we sat down at the Lord's table in a great city church. There were none present but the regular communicants, and yet the building was packed to the door. After a most delightful hour of meditation and holy intercourse with the Saviour, the pastor arose and addressed us after this manner: "David has exhorted us 'taste and see that the Lord is good.' We have to-day found Him precious unto our souls. Do we not long that our friends should also know this joy? Let us now have a season of silent prayer, and let each communicant think of one unconverted friend and make a special plea for his salvation. Is not the Master himself present with us to-day and O so ready to hear and bless us? And His question now to each communicant is 'What is thy petition?'"

Then the great congregation bowed and all was still, so still that each seemed to be alone. How interesting to have listened to some of those petitions! We knew intimately a number of the worshippers, and could almost guess for whom each would naturally pray.

Mr. A———must have pled for the son he dedicated to the ministry the morning he was born, who was now nearing the end of his college course, but still out of the fold of Christ, that he might yet decide for Jesus, and consecrate his high talents to the Lord's special service.

Miss B———surely prayed for her wordly, indifferent mother, who hardly ever came to church, and whose highest ambition was to be a leader in society.

Poor Mrs. C———without doubt remembered her drunken husband, who lost his place last week after being repeatedly warned that the next time he was found intoxicated he would be discharged.

Miss D———most certainly prayed for her young brother now away at school, and who is, according to private reports, associating with a wild set of students, and spending his evenings in all kinds of questionable amusements.

Young Charles E———of course sent up a petition for his father, who is at times so kind and generous at home, and yet so shockingly profane when things do not suit him at the place of business.