

SCRAPS.

Malice drinketh up the greatest part of its own poison.

Temptations are a file which rubs off the rust of confidence.—*Fenelon.*

"Tell my boys to respect and obey the constitution and laws of their country."—*Last Words of Stephen A. Douglass.*

A crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal where there is no love.

Duty performed gives clearness and firmness to faith and faith thus strengthened through duty becomes the more assured and satisfying to the soul.—*Tryon Edwards.*

Some refrain from sin, because they have not the power to sin; some because they are afraid to sin; some because they love God and godliness.

At a hotel table at Chataqua Lake, it was recently observed that although the whole company were professed Christians, a Japanese was the only one who bowed his head reverently to ask silent grace.

An aged clergyman met a man who was disclaiming against foreign missions. "Why," asked the objector, "doesn't the church look after the heathen at home?" "We do," said the clergyman, quietly, as he gave the man a tract.

Are you in trouble? Do all your dearest plans seem to be ending in ruin to all your hopes? Who of us have not been there? Christ has been there to! Now is the time to look up and trust Him: who has said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." That light is brightest which breaks in on great darkness.

A handsome woman is a jewel a good woman is a treasure.

We once knew a man who wrote a book against Ritualism; he had while writing it a haystack and a pigstye within the precinct of his own churchyard; it did not occur to him to remove such monstrosities first; and it would seem this class of critics is not yet extinct. We believe, however, though they die hard, their days are numbered.—*Ex.*

The story of Byron staying at the house of the widow of the English consul, Theodore Macri, and immortalizing her eldest daughter's beauty in the lines beginning "Maid of Athens," is well-known and the sequel to it may prove of interest. It came to the knowledge of Gounod some years ago that a gray haired old lady, named Mrs Black, then living in a London suburb, was none other than Theresa Macri, the once beautiful "Maid of Athen." On hearing this the French composer at once placed Byron's poem on his desk, the result being the lovely melodious setting with which everyone is now more or less familiar.

Some of Dr. Spark's stories are not wholly complimentary to Yorkshiremen, and one is particularly sad as testifying to an ignorance which Dr. Hook, at all events, would have found most distressing. It is a *propos* of a double-bass player from Halifax: "He told me that when Handel's oratorio *Joshua* was first performed there, the people wondered and speculated at to who or what was 'Joshua;' but before the concert commenced, my friend appeared in the orchestra, carrying his huge catgut instrument, and all the people with one accord stood up and shouted out: "There he is! That's Joshua!"