

The Missionary's Stratagem.

A TRUE STORY.

Among the early settlers in a small town of the North-west was a Mr. Blaine, a stalwart pioneer, noted for his courage and physical prowess. He was also, through uneducated, intelligent, well-read, and famed for his love of, and ability in, debate. His sledge-hammer fist settled many a border-quarrel, while his patience under provocation, readiness at repartee, and rough, broad eloquence made him no unworthy opponent in an intellectual tournament. An avowed infidel, he boldly challenged the claims of Christianity, and was never better pleased than when he had put to confusion some combative but ill-equipped champion of the cross.

And her, father?" exclaimed the lad.

"Isn't that sufficient?" asked the father, triumphantly. "And my wife would testify to the same," he added. "Nevertheless," answered the missionary, "if the crowd will do me the favour to return into the hotel, I will convince them that this is not Mr. Blaine's beast, or surrender the animal to him until we have more light on the subject. "That's fair," responded several; let's hear what the pastor has to say." "Now, my friends," said the missionary, after his hearers were seated, "I would like Mr. Blaine to inform us how long he has owned the beast now in dispute." "I bought her seven years ago this Spring, my wife and boy will remember about it." "How long have you been married?" "Twenty-two years last January; but I don't see what that has to do with the case." "And what is the age of the lad you call your son?" "Just seventeen," emphatically. "Gentlemen," remarked the clergyman, "you have heard Mr. Blaine's affirmations. I hope you will give them due weight, and honestly try to arrive at the truth, and sincerely desire that he shall lose nothing properly belonging to him. But I shall submit evidence showing, first, that Mr. Blaine did not buy this horse; second, that this horse, now claimed by him, he has no ownership in; third, that his testimony and that of the witnesses he cites is unreliable, because he was never legally married, and therefore the lady he lives with is not his wife, and the young man he terms his son is not truly his child."

Quench not the Spirit.

Quench not the Spirit! You quench Him in many ways—you quench Him with your unbelted—your quench Him with the world—you quench Him with your folly—you quench Him with your lusts—you quench Him with your idle company. How awful! You quench your only light! You strive! You quench, and in doing so to make your destruction sure. For without it how can you find your way to heaven? Oh! beware of "doing despite to the Spirit of grace." Beware of dishonouring His testimony to the Saviour; beware of denying His love; beware of resisting His power! Quench not the Spirit! For if you quench Him, then what remains for you here but darkness; and what remains for you hereafter but the blackness of darkness forever?—The Christian Treasury.

Talking it Over.

"How I wish we had talked it over when we were sitting by the fire!" So said a mother to me as we stepped from the death-chamber of her only daughter. "But you have hope for Emma?" I said. "Oh, yes," she answered, "she was all goodness and gentleness, and very seriously inclined; but I wish we had talked it over." Thinking to comfort her stricken heart, I said, "I had a sweet little talk with her a few weeks since, as we came out from prayer-meeting. When I said 'I am very glad to see you here,' she replied, 'I love to come; and when I pointed to the precious ever-present, Friend and Saviour, she responded with a pressure of the hand and fast-flowing tears.'" "Yes," said the mother, "she did love to go, and wait many times when scarcely able." "Do you think she realized the approach of death?" I enquired. "I think she did not expect to live, and a little while before she died, she gave me such a look, as if she longed to tell me something. Oh, if we had only talked it over when we sat here sowing!" said the sorrowing mother, "but I shall soon be with her."

Boys Wanted.

Boys of spirit, boys of will, Boys of muscles, brain and power, Boys to cope with anything— These are wanted every hour Not the weak and whining drones, That sit at home and mope— Not to be washed of 'I can't,' But the bold one, 'I'll try.' Do whatever you have to do With a true and earnest zeal; Bend your sinews to the task— Put your shoulders to the wheel. Though your duty may be hard, Look not on it as an ill; If it be an honest task, Do it with an honest will. At the anvil or the farm, Wherever you may be— From your future efforts, boys, Comes a nation's destiny.

The Danger of Wet Coal.

People who prefer stowing the winter's store of coal to lay the dust on putting it in their cellars, do not, we believe, generally know that they are laying up for themselves a store of sore throats and other evils consequent upon the practice. But so it is said to be. Even the fire-damp which escapes from coal mines arises from the slow decomposition of coal at temperature but little above that of the atmosphere, and under augmented pressure. By wetting a mass of freshly broken coal and putting it into a warm cellar, the mass is heated to such a degree that carburetted and sulphuretted hydrogen are given off for long periods of time, and pervade the whole house. The liability of wet coal to mischievous results under such circumstances may be appreciated from the circumstance that there are several instances on record of the combustion of wet coal when stowed into the bunkers or holds of vessels. And from this cause, doubtless.

Prof. Tyndal in a Nutshell.

Prof. Tyndal's laborious address to the British Association may be readily summed up by the simple restatement of a very old argument. An egg contains all the material necessary to form a chick. It holds also, for a time at least, the force requisite to construct the animal out of its component elements. The only thing needed is to set the formative process in action by the application of another form of force or motion called heat. But this last must be supplied from without. The sum of Prof. Tyndal's researches is precisely analogous. He finds in matter "the promise and potency of every form and quality of life," just as the naturalist and the organic chemist find the organic materials of a chick, and the promise and potency to form one, within the eggshell. But neither the philosopher nor the experimentalist can go one step beyond the facts. They are wholly unable to explain "the something from without, in whose absence neither an egg nor a world of life can be called into a palpable existence. This is the point at which philosophy again arrives—the old point at which it has been arriving by various paths ever since the first effort to penetrate an inscrutable mystery. The Egyptians symbolized the difficulty, and their inability to surmount it, by offering the mysterious egg reverently to their gods. They laid the unsolved problem of the finite at the feet of the Infinite. Prof. Tyndal and the British Association might learn wisdom, without dumbly imitating the ancient idolaters, and emulate their not ignoble submission.—London Globe.

The Press on the Beecher Case.

The Interior, of Chicago—Presbyterian—says:—"We did not share in the satisfaction with which so many of our contemporaries received Mr. Beecher's statement. We felt that his friends were altogether premature in their rejoicing over his vindication. Though ready to pause, before coming to a decision, we were far from thinking that he had successfully answered the charges, or that he had given a satisfactory explanation of his own letters. Mr. Beecher's conduct from the beginning, has hardly been compatible with his professions of innocence. A guilty man would, in all probability, endeavor to avoid investigation, particularly if he were strong in popular favor, and could appeal to his past life and public services. This Mr. Beecher has done. Most men would consider themselves highly favored if they could have the choice of the jury by which they were to be tried. In selecting his investigating committee, Mr. Beecher did what every criminal would do if he were allowed. It would be strange if Mr. Beecher's genius should prove unequal to the task of composing a readable and plausible answer to Mr. Tilton's charges, and it would reflect little credit upon the legal attainments of his counsel if they could not hit upon a theory which would seem at least to explain the facts, and without sullying the reputation of Mr. Beecher. Therefore, when we read the rhetorical defenses which Mr. Beecher made of himself, we were far from satisfied. There was too much evidence in it of the manufacturer on his part of abnormal subjective states, there was too absurd an attempt to explain the extreme language of penitence by saying that he had given imprudent advice. Mr. Tilton's second statement has since been published. It is the most important document which has yet appeared in connection with this unhappy matter. For exquisite care in the use of words; for judicial calmness in weighing evidence; for keen insight into the fallacies of his opponents; for masterly array of facts in support of his position; for relentless logic; for keen and polished sarcasm; for calm self-control under circumstances of unusual irritation; and above all, for affection he still has for the wife who has brought him ruin, Mr. Tilton is a marvel. His statement is a masterpiece, and Mr. Beecher is ruined."

THE Rev. Dr. John Cumming, the well-known preacher of London, has served thirty-two years as pastor in that city, and is pronounced still quite vigorous and eloquent.

Quarrelling Christians.

No man will properly develop as a Christian who lives in a state quarrel. In enmity against God, he is, of course, not a Christian at all, but recoiled to Him, he must remain a dwarf, unless he secures peace with those around him. Fighting the brethren, fighting angrily in behalf of reform, contending with bitter words and hard strife for even the best of doctrines, he will stunt the growth of a divine life within him. Even fighting against sin is not to be done in a quarrelsome way, but in a spirit of honoring God while abhorning the sin and pitying the sinner. We are to conduct a warfare, but our fight is to be a "good" one, which means that it is to be directed against wrong and in favour of right, but also that it is to be waged so that in the darkest day of defeat we may be able to say, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

The Soul's Daily Work.

Whatever he left undone, my soul, these things must be thy daily employment, and unless thou art in a bad state of spiritual health they will be so: To be much in prayer and meditation. Never miss reading some portion of God's pure Word. To ransack every corner of a "deceitful and desperately wicked heart." To keep a watch over every rising thought, as well as over every word and action. To be particularly on thy guard against any besetting sin. To bring the "solemn, solemn, solemn" hour of departure often before thine eyes. In whatever business thy hands are engaged that should be thy daily work, and that of every one, who would be found watching, and who has taken Christ as his Prophet, Priest, and King.—Sir Richard Hill.

Thy Kingdom Come.

Three words. Weighty, instructive, monitory words. Characteristic of the prayer, characteristic also of the Author. The first lifts the thoughts upwards. Reminds us of the presence, of the relationship, of the name. Corrects the selfishness which spoils and drags downward the prayer even of the regenerate. Bids us think of God, and lose ourselves in Him. The second reminds us of a great system, a magnificent organization, as of some vast Empire of lives and souls, of ages and universes, of eternities and infinities, high above us, deep beneath us, before us and behind us, in which we are nothing, yet which is everything to us, in which to have a place is glory, for which to be allowed to pray is the highest honor and the highest dignity of the creature. The third bids us exercise this honor, this dignity, at once. Here, as we kneel, as we utter the petition in church, or house, or chamber, we are doing an act which implies a Divine worship, we are putting the hand to a work which is all God's, we are claiming a franchise, and a citizenship, and a priesthood, not of earth, but of heaven.—Rev. C. J. Vaughan, D. D.

Greek Philology.

In former times, writers of Greek grammar contented themselves with exhibiting the principles of inflection and syntax, their object being to enable the student to enter upon the study of the language with as little delay as possible. But in this age of progress, when philology has been raised to the rank of an exact science, the grammarian must not confine himself to a mere exhibition of the phenomena of the language as it exists in the authors that have come down to us. He is expected to describe accurately the forms which ought to have been used before the Greek peninsula was inhabited by any human beings, he must descend upon the inherent qualities of fricatives, and consonants, as also upon the psychological tendencies of the paulo-past future; he must invent new names for old things, and give a satisfactory account of the Greek pronunciation which prevailed in the days of Phoroneus, Inachus, Sinis, Sciron, and Procrustes; otherwise he will not be considered as having duly executed his task. Further, he must embellish his pages with long notes and excursions about Sanskrit and Slavic affinities, and Lithuanian and Chinese analogies, not forgetting the curiously developed dialects of Caffaria, which are probably related to the language of the Cabiri. All which he can accomplish without even knowing the alphabets of those languages. The science of the nineteenth century has established the important truth that all races of men, ancient and modern, put their vocal organs in motion for the purpose of embodying in articulate sounds the operation of their minds; always excepting the Zyncephali and the Scapodes, who express their sentiments by barking and cackling, respectively. Grammar now has ceased to be a means—it is an end. The numerous references to numerous grammars in all our Greek text-books show that the language is to be studied not for its authors but for its roots, stems, affixes, prefixes, and numerals; and always with reference to Sanskrit, Welsh, and Lithuanian. Those who have a taste for Greek literature should use translation; for who would prefer walking to riding?—The Nation.

"Oh, good! there's Nell. Where'd you