

appears incredible, that they had the sun on their right hand; and by this means was the form of Africa first known."

This Necho was the king by whom King Josiah was defeated and slain at Carchemish, the same place where his own power was broken a few years later. The report of the Phœnician sailors, that the sun rose on their right hand, which made Herodotus doubt their story, is now known to be conclusive evidence of its veracity. Mr. Grote accepts the story, and so does Canon Rawlinson. These new discoveries seem to show that the great colonisers and traders of the ancient world did not content themselves with tarrying on the African coast only long enough to sow and reap corn to victual their boats for the remainder of their voyage, but that some of them came to dwell. Perhaps the contemporaries of King Josiah built the ruins which Englishmen are now finding.—*The Christian*.

THE MINISTER'S RESPONSIBILITY.

He is to guard the pulpit, and hence in a measure the language of his people, from coarseness and slang, on the one hand, and from puerility and affectation on the other.

Of slang it is needless to speak. To mention it is to condemn it. Affectation in the pulpit is not so uncommon as might be supposed. There was a time not many generations ago, when people liked to hear a man display his learning by the use of sentences that at least sounded learned. But the people to-day demand that a man shall not speak "in an unknown tongue." The singing is so often "in the unknown tongue" that they want to understand the sermon. There was a time when preachers were accustomed to interlard their sermons with Greek and Latin quotations and phrases. It is not a great while since the moderator of a Presbyterian General Assembly opened one of the sessions with a prayer beginning: "Oh Lord, thou *ne plus ultra* of all perfections and *sine qua non* of all moral energy." Such affectation would be considered intolerable to-day.—*Homiletic Review*.

EVOLUTION.

Rev. H. A. Stimpson, D.D., says: "Some years ago a prominent man of science, then residing in Brooklyn, long an attendant, and, if I mistake not, a member of the church of which Dr. Abbott is now pastor, read a paper on evolution before a ministerial association. Silence followed, one and another declining to speak.

At last a prominent minister, very earnest and successful in winning souls, was urgently called upon to reply. He arose and said he would like answers from the essayist to three simple questions: 'According to his scheme of the universe, was there any place for the incarnation, as a Divine life coming into earthly life from without? Was there any place for the new birth as a supernatural change? Was there any place for the doctrine of the Holy Ghost?' He sat down. The essayist arose and said: 'Such questions show the folly of a scientific man attempting to discuss truth before ministers.' That was all, and the meeting broke up. I may be exposing myself to a like rebuke, but I beg to remark that these questions will continue to be put in the face of 'unity' and 'dualism' and 'evolution' alike, and I have a strong conviction that our Congregational churches will decline to accept any scheme of philosophy or of faith which proposes to answer them in the fashion above described."—*Homiletic Review*.

FAITH AND WORKS.

When Hudson Taylor first went out to China it was in a sailing-vessel. Very close to the shores of a cannibal island the ship was becalmed, and it was slowly drifting shoreward, unable to tack about, and the savages were eagerly anticipating a feast. The captain came to Mr. Taylor and besought him to pray for the help of God. "I will," said Taylor, "provided you set your sails to catch the breeze." The captain declined to make himself a laughing stock by unfurling sails in a dead calm. Taylor said, "I will not undertake to pray for the vessel unless you will prepare the sails," and it was done. While engaged in prayer there was a knock at the door of his stateroom. "Who is there?" The captain voice responded, "Are you still praying for wind?" "Yes." "Well," said the captain, "you'd better stop praying, for we have now more wind than we can well manage." And, sure enough, when but a hundred yards from shore a strong wind had struck the sails and changed the course of the boat, so that the cannibals were cheated of their human prey.

A YOUNG man entered the bar-room of a village tavern and called for a drink.

"No," said the landlord; "you have had the delirium tremens once, and I can't sell you any more."

He stepped aside to make room for a couple of young men who had just entered, and the landlord waited on them very politely. The other had stood by sient and sullen, and when they had