

rectly read and interpreted. And if the hypothesis of evolution shall ultimately be proved by scientific evidence, some of our most eminent Biblical scholars and interpreters of Scripture assure us that it will not necessarily conflict with the Bible. On the whole, therefore, we think it will be wise not to throw away our old Bible until "science" is sure of its foothold and has attained its majority, and demonstrated that Scripture, rightly interpreted, is irreconcilably in conflict with true science. We feel perfectly confident that

if we hold on to the Scriptures that long we shall hold on forever.

Answers to Queries Referred to Our Readers.

"A. K.," in October number, asks: What is the best undenominational work giving a collection of Scripture passages for use in visiting the sick and the afflicted? "J. H." answers: "I have a little work which I use, called 'The Visitor's Book of Texts,' by the Rev. A. A. Bonar; published by James Nisbet & Co., London."

GERMS OF ILLUSTRATION.

Good sir, reject it not, although it bring appearances of some fantastic thing at first unfolding.—GEORGE WITHEL.

Michael Angelo was once commanded, by Pietro de Medici, to mould a statue out of snow, and he obeyed the command.

It is a very observable but significant fact noticed by the authorities that in the "Iliad" of Homer, among all its *dramatis personae*, there is no villain. See "Ecce Homo," p. 252.

A little bird will sit and sing on a spray; the spray may be so small as to seem to be quite insufficient to support the bird, but still he sits and sings. *He has wings.* The storm comes, it beats against the spray and drives it every-whither-way, but the little bird still sits and sings. *He has wings.*

He would be considered a very foolish man who went into a store and spent his money for wrapping paper and string, such as merchants use freely to wrap up their goods; for if he would buy something of value and use, the merchant would throw the wrapping paper and string in, and say nothing about it.

The tuning of a piano is a very inharmonious and annoying process. Few do not wish to shut their ears or run away, but when it is accomplished, or nearly so, the tuner will now and then bring out not only harmonious chords, bits of choice tunes, but at last he may treat us to a grand symphony that causes us quickly to forget all that we have endured in the tuning.

A touch of nature. A little country boy was selling cherries on a railroad train. As he passed through the cars his attention was arrested by two prisoners handcuffed and under guard on their way to prison. His heart was touched; the great tears started in his eyes. They were strangers to him; he only knew that they were guilty and about to be locked up in jail; and in his sympathy, he as quick as thought put a handful of cherries in each of their laps and

passed on. In another moment he turned, emptied his whole basket on the seat between them, burst into a flood of tears, rushed out of the car and quickly disappeared.

The natives of South Africa have a very odd way to catch monkeys. They take a dried calabash or gourd, cut a little round hole in it, just large enough to admit the open paw or hand of the monkey; they then fill the calabash with rice and fasten it up in a tree. The monkey thrusts his open hand into the orifice, grasps a handful of rice, but is not able to get the *clenched* hand out. He doesn't incline to open the hand, lose the rice and get away. So he is caught.

"It will na' stand the book." Mr Peter Carter, of Robert Carter & Bros., publishers of New York, tells the following: Some years ago, in the days of "wild cat" currency, an old Scotch woman came into the store to buy a Scotch psalm book. In payment for the book she tendered a five-dollar bill. The old woman was doubtless very honest, and she thought her bill was *good*, but she knew it had been refused by several who had carefully examined it and compared it with a book, she knew not what, and so the moment I took up Thompson's Bank Note Reporter, and began to examine it, the old lady, throwing up her hands, burst out with the exclamation! "O Mr. Carter! Mr. Carter! it will na' stand the book! it will na' stand the book!"

A touching scene. Fourteen men stood in line, all that was left of a regiment after one of the severest battles in the late war. A woman, the late colonel's wife, approached them, having a flag clotted with human blood. She addressed them as follows: "Boys! I have come from a visit to the hospital, where many of your comrades lie dying; there I found this flag, saved by them from the hands of the enemy. I have

* This page is under the editorial charge of the editor of the Book Department.

* At the Department the bad is as respects