

SLIPPERY PLACES.

A woman correspondent of the *Maine Farmer* writes:—"At the close of a bright cold afternoon I was going to my home from a neighboring friend's, and by the way was crossing the street when I saw a boy coming up on the other side slip into the snow. He was up in a half minute, and I saw he had no overcoat, no mittens, a cap without a visor, and tattered clothes; but I soon found he had a noble heart beating beneath his ragged jacket. On getting up he shook the snow from his little hands,, which were red with cold, curled them up under his arms and waited until I reached the other side, then said, 'Take care! It is slippery there!' The poor little boy was a young philanthropist without knowing it. I have often recalled the boys kindly caution. Let me tell you a few of the times when I think of it. When I see a young man whose expenses exceed his income I think, 'Take care! It is slippery there!' When I see one loitering around billiard saloons and gaming-rooms I think he is on a slippery place. When I meet one whose breath is tainted with strong drink I want to say to him, 'Take care! It is very slippery there!' When I see a school-girl who spends more time in the skating-rink than on her lessons I fear she is on slippery ground. When I see a sweet girl talking at the street corner, or flirting with an immoral man, whose breath is taint upon her purity, I wish I could engrave on her heart, 'Take care! It is very slippery there!'"

THE CHOPPED BIBLE.

A few years ago a Bible distributor, while passing through a village in Western Massachusetts, was told of a family in whose home there was not even the cheapest copy of the Scriptures; so intense was the hostility of the husband to Christianity. The distributor started at once to visit the family, and found the wife hanging out the week's washing. In the course of a pleasant conversation he offered her a neatly bound Bible. With a smile which said 'thank you' she held out her hand, but instantly withdrew it. She hesitated to accept the gift, knowing that her husband would be displeased if she took it. A few pleasant words followed, in which the man spoke of the need of the mind of divine direction, and of the divine adaptation of the Bible to that need, and the woman resolved to take the gift. Just then the husband came from behind the house with an axe

on his shoulder. Seeing the Bible in his wife's hand he looked threateningly at her, and then said to the distributor:

'What do you want, sir, of my wife?' The frank words of the Christian man, spoken in a manly way, so softened his irritation that he replied to him with civility; but stepping up to his wife he took the Bible from her hand, saying, 'We've always had every thing in common, and we'll have this too.' And placing the Bible on the chopping-block he chopped it in two parts with one blow of the axe. Giving one part to his wife and putting the other half in his pocket he walked away. Several days after this division of the Bible he was in the forest chopping wood. At noon he seated himself on a log and began to eat his dinner. The dismembered Bible suggested itself. He took it from his pocket and his eyes fell on the last page. He began reading and soon was deeply interested in the story of the Prodigal Son; but his part ended with the son's exclamation, 'I will arise and go to my father.'

At night he said to his wife with affected carelessness, 'Let me have your part of your Bible. I've been reading about a boy who ran away from home, and after having a hard time, decided to go back. There my part of the book ends, and I want to know if he got dack, and how the old man received him.' The wife's heart beat violently, but she mastered her joy, and quietly handed her husband her part without a word. He read the story through, and then re-read it. He read on far into the night; and not a word did he say to his wife. During the leisure moments of the next day his wife saw him reading the now joined parts, and at night he said abruptly—'Wife, I think this is the best book I ever read.' Day after day he read it. His wife noticed his few words, which indicated that he was becoming attached to it. One day he said—'Wife, I'm going to try and live by that book. I guess it's the best sort of a guide for a man.'

The late Rev. J. L. Murdock of Windsor organized a Presbyterian congregation at Annapolis in Sept. 1857. He dispensed the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper in that town for the first time. Sixteen sat down and partook of the emblems of the Saviours love, and on the 19th of Sept., 1858 a pastor was settled over the little flock, Rev. James A. Murray. Though weak and struggling the cause is still maintained under the pastorate of Rev. William Maxwell.