

**THE GRACK OF CHRIST.** I owe Christ ten thousand times more than I can pay : and all he requires of me is to accept a discharge, and settle my love upon him, not as any part of payment, but because he knows I cannot otherwise be happy.—*T. Adams.*

**MINISTERS.** Ministers are called angels. . What care angels for fine houses or great livings? They had rather be in the prison with Peter, than with Herod at the court. *Fenner.*

**HISTORICAL EVENTS.** All historical events have in some sort a limited career. Their consequences are prolonged to infinity ; they are connected with all the past and all the future, but at the same time they have a peculiar and restricted existence in which they arise, expand, and fill with their development a certain portion of space, then shrink and retire from the stage to give place to some new occurrence.—*Guizot.*

**A GOOD PREACHER.** A good preacher familiarly explains doctrines in order to promote the glory of Christ ; a bad preacher uses the utmost strength of his eloquence in order to promote his own fame ; the former renders plain discourse important by the weight of his thoughts ; the latter renders trifling matters prominent by the magniloquence of his words.—*Julian Ponerosus.*

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### OBITUARY.

It is with sincere regret that we record in our obituary of to-day, the untimely death of the Rev. James Paterson, Minister of New Broughton Church, Manchester, Jamaica,—the missionary of the United Associate Congregation of Broughton Place, in this city. On the morning of Monday 23d January, he, in company with his brother-in-law, the Rev. John Robson of Wellington Street Church, Glasgow, now in Jamaica for the recovery of his health, left home in a gig, to attend the meeting of the Missionary Presbytery at Mount Zion, St. James. On going down a descent, the horse became unmanageable. Mr. Paterson, who was driving, was thrown from his seat and lighted on his head. Mr. Robson was enabled to keep his seat ; and after having run at full speed for about half a mile further, the horse slackened its pace, and gave him an opportunity of dismounting. On returning to the spot he found Mr. Paterson lying senseless where he had fallen. He immediately opened a vein with his penknife, but life had fled. The body was conveyed to the house of a gentleman in the neighborhood, and on Tuesday was removed to the scene of his labours, and interred in the churchyard at New Broughton, amid the strongly expressed regrets of thousands of spectators. Mr. Slatya, of the London Missionary Society, delivered an address to as many of the crowd as the church could contain. Mr. Paterson's exertions for eight years have been unintermitting, and have been crowned with remarkable success. It is to be hoped some duly qualified kindred spirit will soon be found to enter into his labours, who has been so suddenly called to his reward,—*Witness.*