

of his passion and what is very remarkably in the midst of the Garden there is a small slip of ground, twelve yards long and one broad reputed the very path on which the traitor Judas walked up to Christ when he said 'Hail Master' and kissed him, which the Turks themselves have walled in as accounting the very ground accursed on which was acted such an infamous Tragedy.—*Well's Geography of the New Testament.*

The names and titles given to Jesus Christ in the scriptures, are 200, collected by the Rev. John Brown of Haddington

The above extracts have been forwarded for publication by Mr. Duncan MacBean, Elder, Back Meadows.

"There goes another saucer! What a careless child you are! It does seem to me you are determined to destroy all my table ware. Yesterday a plate, the other day a saucer, and now another: I had rather you wouldn't help me at all than make such work."

Martha (we called her Mattie) had a great ambition for a little girl seven years old, to wash dishes, and otherwise show her capacities for work. Sae was sensitive on that point, and yet accidents would happen. This time she had too much soap in the dishwater, and to her consternation the dish slipped from her weak hand. It went bounding from the pile of dishes it struck, to the edge of the table, and then to the floor in a loud crash.

It gave her a great shock, and she stood a moment with dish towel in hand looking blankly at it, when her mother's voice, pitched in a higher key than usual, aroused her. "Like beggits like," and one glance at her mother's face and the angry flash was reflected in Mattie's black eyes.

"I don't care. I am glad of it!" was Mattie's instant rejoinder.

"You bad child! What does possess you? What will become of you with such an awful temper?"

"I don't know, and I don't care!" and bursting into tears, Mattie rushed out of the kitchen door and threw herself on the ground and buried her face in the cool grass. "I wish I could die," she sobbed, "mamma says I've got such

an awful temper, and I can't help it, it will come. Oh dear, I wish I could die."

The angry words subsided to sobs, the sobs to moans, the moans to sighs, and then she fell into a fitful sleep.

The mother sought her child, and as she lifted her from the grass and heard her sighs, and saw her tear-stained cheeks, a voice said to her something like this: "Have you thought for a moment that you are responsible for all this? That you aroused that temper in her by the key of your voice, the frown of your brow, the look in your eyes? You knew she was doing her very best when she broke that dish. Suppose you had spoken differently, or not spoken at all till the jar on your nerves had passed away, and then you had looked into her work a little, and shown her how to avoid another accident. True, Mattie needs to understand how wrong such conduct is towards her mother; yes, she knows it already, while you have forgotten that you have no more right to indulge in temper than she.—*Northern Advocate.*

ST. PAULS, E. R.—At the annual meeting of St. Pauls congregation, held on the 28th April, among other important matters it was unanimously Resolved to grant their pastor the Rev. Wm. McMillan, five weeks' holidays during the current year. So far as has yet appeared, this congregation has the honor of setting an example worthy the imitation of all the congregations who have pastors and whose pastors have been "diligent in pastoral duties" during the past year. Pastors need relaxation whether they are allowed it or not; and those who are allowed weeks of relaxation and who cannot avail themselves of them, feel relieved and grateful to the congregations who considerately make it an item of their annual business to vote them a few weeks leave of absence, and in some cases, to supply them with the *wherewithal* to enable them to enjoy their holidays.