

one. The police must be protected in the execution of their duty; and sometimes long terms of imprisonment are awarded to those who assault them. A short life certainly is that of the Sabbath breaker, but *not* a merry one. In his pursuit of pleasure, he has bitter pain, all his joys are like poison berries, bright to the eye and deadly to the taste. It is not only said in God's word, "the wicked shall not live out half their days," but in shortening them by their own follies and sins, they make the days of their life "few and evil."

Reader, God who gives you all your days, demands that one day, the Sabbath, should be kept holy. In so keeping it there is happiness both in the heart and in the home. Family joys, and quiet rest, and spiritual good, are all to be gained on a well-spent Sabbath day. Who would forfeit these for the noise, the work, the suffering, and the sin that come by Sabbath breaking? In this matter learn WISDOM, for "length of days is in her right hand, and in her left riches and honour," but "the companion of fools shall be destroyed."—*British Workman.*

The Fatal Flower.

TRAVELLERS who visit the Falls of Niagara, are directed to a spot on the margin of the precipice, over the boiling current below, where a gay young lady a few years since lost her life. She was delighted with the wonders of the unrivalled scene, and ambitious to pluck a flower from a cliff where no human hand had before ventured, as a memorial of the cataract, and her own daring. She leaned over the verge, and caught a glimpse of the surging waters far down the battlement of rocks, while fear for a moment darkened her excited mind. But there hung the lovely blossom upon which her heart was fixed; and she leaned, in a delirium of intense desire and anticipation, over the brink. Her arm was outstretched to grasp the beautiful form which charmed her fancy; the turf yielded to the pressure of her feet, and with a shriek she descended, like a falling star, to the rocky shore, and was borne away gasping in death.

How impressively does the tragical event illustrate the way in which a majority of impenitent sinners perish forever. It is not a deliberate purpose to neglect salvation; but in pursuit of imaginary good, fascinated with pleasing objects just in the future, they lightly, ambitiously, and insanely venture *too far*.

They sometimes fear the result of desired wealth or pleasure; they seem to hear the thunder of eternity's deep, and recoil a moment for the allurements of sin; but the solemn pause is brief, the onward step is taken, the fancied treasure is in the grasp, when a despairing cry comes up from Jordan's wave, and the soul sinks into the arms of the *second death*. Oh, every hour life's sands

are sliding from beneath incautious feet, and with sin's fatal flower in the *unconscious* hand, the trifler goes to his doom.

The requiem of each departure is an echo of the Saviour's question, "What shall a man give in *exchange* for his SOUL?"—*Ib.*

Bible Bones.

A SHREWD old working man once said; for a long period I puzzled myself about the difficulties of Scripture, until at last I came to the resolution that reading the Bible was like *eating fish*. When I find a difficulty I lay it aside and call it a *bone*. Why should I choke on the bone, when there is so much nutritious meat for me? Some day, perhaps, I may find that even the bone may afford me nourishment.

Would that there were less of *picking of bones*, and more of feasting on the substantial food with which infinite love has spread the spiritual board!—*Ib.*

The "Hub."

THE following, in homely words, presents a true and happy metaphor. A negro preacher while holding forth to the colored soldiers then stationed at Port Hudson, said:—*De whole ob God's relation to us am like de wheel. De Lord Jesus Christ am de hub, de Christians am de spokes, de tire am de grace ob God a binden em all together; and de nearer we get to de hub, de nearer we get to each oder.*"

Notes of the Month.

THE Rev. William Wilson has been sent out from Scotland to supply Campbelltown, and has reached Miramichi.

IN the last *Presbyterian* fault is found with the Preabytery of Montreal for receiving Mr. Paton as one of their number, and acknowledging him as minister of St. Andrew's Church, Montreal, upon a certificate of ordination from the Presbytery of Kinross, Scotland. The proceeding may have been informal, and the ignoring of the Canadian Church by a very small Scotch Presbytery, very few members of which either knew or cared about our Church in Canada; but the proceeding was concurred in from a feeling of respect for the venerable Dr. Mathieson, —a sentiment so worthy, and in these colonies so rare, that it would reconcile one to almost any informality. So long as the matter was confined to a Presbytery, the majority probably thought that no great evil could arise from it. Should such a case, however, appear in the supreme court of the Canadian Church, a regard for the future independence, respectability, and purity of the Church, would necessitate a decision upon its own merits.

A week of prayer, extending from Jan. 7th.