

her light 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 sometimes hear the thunder of eternity's deep, and recoil a moment from 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 come up, from Jordan's wave, and the soul sinks into the arms of the *second death*. O, every hour life's sands are sliding from beneath incautious feet, and with sin's fatal flower in the *unconscious* hand, the trifle goes to his doom.

The requiem of such a departure is an echo of the Saviour's question, "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"—*American Messenger*.

A REAL DIALOGUE.

The following dialogue took place between the writer and a lad of sixteen, on his way to church, Sept. 4, 1853. It was written down two hours after its occurrence:—

"You're late for school, are you not?"

"I don't go to Sunday school."

"Not go to Sunday school! why, you went last summer."

"Yes; but I think the teachers don't know anything that I don't know."

"Are you sure that you know as much as your teachers? You are much younger, and perhaps not aware

how much they do know. They may not have let you into all their knowledge."

"I'm pretty sure they couldn't teach me!"

"Perhaps, then, you had better turn teacher yourself. I should like to try you on two or three questions. Who was Abraham's wife?"

"Lot, I believe." He had evidently associated the word Lot with wife.

"Whose son was Isaac?"

"Abraham's."

"Had Abraham any other son?"

"I believe not."

"Who was Samuel?"

"I don't know. We don't have them questions in our Sunday school."

"Have you never heard of Samuel?"

"I believe he was a good boy."

In the course of the conversation he said that while he attended school he was always head scholar, and got all the prizes. We arrived at the church half an hour before the Sunday school was dismissed; but the accomplished youth remained outside, as there was nobody knowing enough to teach him within.—*S. S. Journal*.

NAMES OF THE MONTHS.

They are derived from certain objects of worship, as Sunday, from the sun; Monday, from the moon; Tuisco, the same with the Roman Mars, gave name to Tuesday; Wednesday, from Woden, their god of battle; Thursday, from Furanus, the same with the Danish Thor, the god of winds and weather; Friday from Friga, otherwise called Venus, who was sometimes worshipped as the goddess of peace and plenty; Saturn, from Seator, the god of freedom, or from the planet Saturn.

The Romans named nearly all the months from some of their divinities or emperors; namely, January, from Janus, who was represented with two faces, one