

Having attended to several other items of routine business, the Presbytery adjourned, to meet in the same place on the evening of Monday the 22nd June, at 6½ o'clock.

ALEX. FALCONER, *Pby. Clerk*,

Fireside Reading.

Different Kinds of Givers.

A little boy, who had plenty of cents, dropped one into the missionary box, laughing as he did so. He had no thought in his heart about Jesus, the heathen, or the missionary. His was a *tin* penny. It was as light as a scrap of tin.

Another boy put a penny in, and as he did so, looked round with a self-applauding gaze, as if he had done some great thing. His was a *brass* penny. It was not a gift of a "lowly heart," but of a proud spirit.

A third boy gave a penny, saying to himself, "I suppose I must, because all others do." This was an *iron* penny. It was the gift of a cold hard heart.

As a fourth boy dropped his penny in the box he shed a tear, and his heart said, "Poor heathens! I'm sorry they are so poor, so ignorant, and so miserable." That was a *silver* penny. It was the gift of a heart full of piety.

But there was one scholar who gave his cent with a throbbing heart, saying to himself, "For thy sake, O loving Jesus, I gave this penny, hoping that the poor heathen whom Thou lovest will believe in Thee, and become Thy disciples." That was a *golden* penny, because it was the gift of love.

How many of our readers give golden pennies?—*Spirit of Missions*.

"I Preached to Myself"

The church of an eminent Presbyterian minister was, a few years ago, in a very cold state. He tried various methods to kindle new life in it. He determined to go to his own soul. He afterwards said: "I sat down and prepared, with much prayer, an earnest sermon to myself: I preached it to myself in the pulpit. I was astonished to see how the people listened to it, and the effect that it had upon them." Theological learning, forcible reasoning, luminous expositions of scripture, apt illustrations, fervid oratory, the claims of the suffering and the benighted, all have their place in the pulpit; but more powerful than all these are the pleas drawn from the personal experiences of a soul that has pressed its way within the veil, dwelt "in the secret places of the Most High," and abode "under the shadow of the Almighty"—if indeed that can be called "a shadow" which

is only the dimming of the glory above the mercy seat by the wings of the merciful cherubim, lest that glory may consume us. Such a soul comes forth qualified to cry; "Then will I teach transgressors thy ways, and sinners shall be converted unto thee."

How a Man can Dare to Die.

Raughy was a chief who had long heard the truth, and valued the instructions of his teachers, but he had said little about his own personal experience. Mr. Williams called on him one day, and found him ill. On asking him how he felt in the prospect of death, we may imagine the missionary's joy as the old man slowly said, "My belief is in the great God, and in Jesus Christ. I pray. I ask God to give me His Holy Spirit in my heart to sit and dwell there. I ask Christ to wash this bad heart, to take away this native heart, and give me a new one."

A few days later, with a look of joy he said, "I shall soon be dead. My heart is very full of light."

"What makes you so?"

"Because I believe in Jesus Christ."

"Have you no fear of death?"

"Not in the least. I shall go and sit above with Jesus Christ."

Surrounded by many who opposed the truth, he professed his faith in Christ crucified, and died testifying his power to save.

Staying from Church to Read.

Some stay away from church to read. They say they can find better religious thinking and teaching in their books than in any of the pulpits near them. Suppose they can. Do they get the better teaching? Are they really at home for purposes of religious culture? Are they actually growing better, more godly, by this reading which keeps them from church? Let them be honest with themselves, and see if this is not a flimsy excuse for spending their Sundays, not in mere religious reading, but over all sorts of books. Even if they give their Sundays up wholly to religious reading, they have greatly mistaken the aim of public Sabbath services, if they think it can be thus met at home.

God expressly commands us to "reverence his sanctuary," to "lift up our hands in his sanctuary," and promises to come unto us and bless us there. We should go to church to worship; to worship publicly and unitedly, as well as to receive instruction from the preacher. Would an Israelite have been held blameless who never went to the temple worship, because he had a roll of the law at home? But the church service is, in a sense, our temple-worship. No other appliance of religious culture can take its place. Abolish all church services, and