

So soon as the meeting was over, a leading Negro took his seat at the table, with pen and ink, to put down what each came to give. Many came forward and gave, some more, some less. Amongst those that came was a rich old Negro, almost as rich as all the others put together, and threw down upon the table a small silver coin. Like dat back again, said the Negro that received the money, "dat not be according to de second." The rich old man accordingly took it up and hobbled back again to his seat in a great rage. One after another came forward and as almost all gave more than himself, he was fairly ashamed of himself, and again threw down a piece of money on the table, saying, "Dare take dat." It was a valuable piece of gold, but it was given so ill-temperedly, that the Negro answered again, "No, dat wont do yet. It may be according to de first and second resoulution, but it not according to de last;" and he was obliged to take up his coin again. Still angry at himself and all the rest, he sat a long time, till nearly all were gone, and then came up to the table, and with a smile on his face, and very willingly gave a large sum to the Treasurer. "Very well," said the Negro. "Dat will do. Dat according to all de resolutions."

THE MISSIONARY OF KILMANY.—HIS CONVERSION.

"It was in the spring of 1812, when the preacher's text was John iii. 16, 'God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' Two young men heard that sermon, the one the son of a farmer in the parish, the other the son of one of the villagers. They met as the congregation dispersed. 'Did you feel any thing particular in church to-day?' said Alexander Paterson to his acquaintance Robert Edie, as they found themselves alone upon the road. 'I never,' he continued, 'felt myself to be a lost sinner till to-day, when I was listening to that sermon.' 'It is very strange,' said his companion, 'it was just the same with me.' They were near a plantation, into which they wandered, as the conversation proceeded. Hidden at last from all human sight, it was proposed that they should join in prayer. Both dated their conversion from that day."

The preacher was Thomas Chalmers. The two converts were the first-fruits of his ministry. The humble ploughman who that day took his place at Christ's feet, was to be honoured to do a great work for his Lord. "From that moment," was the remark of Dr. Chalmers long afterwards, "it emphatically may be said of him, that he 'did what he could;' his labours have been more blessed than those of any man I know."

Alexander Paterson was born at Kilmany, Fifeshire 1790. His education was of the most limited kind, extending over one or two months during a few of the winters of his early childhood. As he grew up into boyhood, he was employed as a herd on the farm of Mr. Edie, the father of that Robert Edie who by and by was to become his bosom-friend. Naturally of a bland and kindly temperament, he occupied his leisure hours in the fields knitting stockings for his favourites in the village; and when the herding was over for the day, he might be seen in some neighbours garden, especially in the little plots of some aged females, digging, or raking, or planting, as earnestly as if he had been labouring for hire. The genial nature which thus early manifested itself, was to open to him in after years many a door to the hearts of the abandoned and the forlorn.

As he rose into manhood, Alexander took his place beside his father at the loom. There as in every work he undertook, he was *in earnest*. He excelled, we are informed all his fellows at weaving, both as to the amount and quality of his work. It is told of the great Foster—for he also was once at the loom—that he would often shut himself up in a neighbouring barn for a considerable time to read, and then come out and weave for two or three hours, "working," as an eye witness expressed it, "like a horse." Like Foster, the youthful weaver of Kilmany was often missing from his shuttle. On these occasions he was sure to be found in a neighbouring stackyard with his friend of the farm, reading out of a diary lines of poetry and striking sentences, which he had culled from the well-thumbed volumes which composed his humble library.

Foster abandoned the loom, because he felt "like a foreigner in the place;" God had other work for him, and he took him elsewhere. For Alexander Paterson, also, God had other work. And, leading him by a way which he knew not, he carried forward the workman to his appointed post.

The steps were painful to the flesh. The confinement at the loom had been gradually weakening his once robust frame. In the year 1811 he was seized with an illness which was pronounced to be incipient consumption.