

of the privileges of the Christian Church to which their character and Christian knowledge entitle them. I believe it is by acting on another system that so many of the missionary efforts that have been put forth upon the neglected portion of our city population hitherto, have turned out comparative failures. Finding that though they came to the missionary's meetings, nothing was done to elevate them to the standing of Church membership, few remained, and little or no progress was made. I can assure the Presbytery that the very prospect of having the Lord's Supper dispensed among them in the Wynds has filled the hearts of not a few in our little flock there with the liveliest gratitude and joy. Had the brethren been present last Sabbath evening in our large school-room in the Bridgegate, they would have needed no statement of mine to-day to satisfy them on this subject. After preaching to an audience of upwards of 200 of as attentive persons as I ever addressed, I expounded to them the nature and design of the Lord's Supper; I invited those who had given in their names as wishing to have that holy ordinance administered to them, to remain after the rest retired. Between 50 and 60 stayed behind accordingly, and, wearied though I am with three times preaching, I have seldom been more reluctant to conclude any service than I was to conclude my conversation with these people. A more interesting communicants' class few of my brethren have seen. Not a few of them were old men and women, whose heads were white with the snows of age,—persons who, in their young days had, perhaps, gone with the multitude to keep the holy day; but who for long years in poverty, and obscurity, and neglect, had become strangers to God's house and to all its precious privileges. It seemed to be to some of them like life from the dead, to think that ere they died they might again,—and I trust in faith,—commemorate the dying love of Christ. The answers of some of these aged men and women were touching from their simplicity. I am not, of course, prepared to say at this moment that all of those who came forward ought to be admitted to the ordinance,—but what the missionary tells me, and what I myself have seen and heard, gives me a confident assurance concerning very many of them,—that in the judgment of charity no man can forbid them to be received. Were it proper to go into the details of particu-

lar cases, I could mention many that would be found by the Presbytery full of interest, and full of encouragement to all who have such missionary work in hand. I will venture to notice only one. On a certain evening in the beginning of last July, I had gone down to preach in the open air in the play-ground of our Wynd school. As the people were assembling there was a poor half-clad young man came into the yard among the rest. There were many such in the crowd, and therefore his appearance attracted no notice. No one there knew any thing about him,—but his story was a very sad one. He was the son of respectable parents, who live in a distant part of the country. He had been employed in one of our police establishments, and had maintained a good character for steadiness and sobriety. In an evil hour some companions seduced him from his work into a public house. He became intoxicated: he was found in that state shortly after by one of his superiors, and, according to the strict and very proper rules of the establishment, was instantly dismissed. Failing to get employment elsewhere, and almost ashamed to seek it, because he could not do so without publishing his own disgrace, he was speedily reduced to the utmost straits. Having supported himself and procured a miserable lodging by selling, one after another, almost every piece of clothing he had, he had come at last to absolute want and starvation,—and on the Sabbath in question had been wandering all the day up and down the banks of the river with the purpose of casing himself into it, and so, as he hoped, to hinder his poor father and mother from ever knowing of his misconduct.—Having returned without executing this fearful purpose, but still cherishing it in his mind, as better to be done at night when the river side would be solitary, he was wandering down the Wynd at the time the open-air preaching was just about to begin. The text was the question of the Macedonian jailer—"What must I do to be saved?" The audience were told, for the encouragement of the chief of sinners among them,—that that question came from the lips of a man who had been on the point of taking away his own life—and that guilty and miserable as he was, he had, nevertheless, found salvation that very night for his soul, through Christ. God's hand was in the coincidence which brought the man I have been speaking of to hear