

for I aye look upon a thing o' this kind as mair or less o' a sacramental occasion."

The story of the man who put the sovereign in the plate at the church door by mistake has a different ending when repeated in the light of Mr. Rodger's treatment of a lad who once dropped his all into the plate in the shape of half-a-crown, instead of a penny. "Did I put that in the plate, Mr. Rodger?" asked the lad somewhat pale at the mistake he had made. "I think ye did," was the immediate answer. "And may I take it out again?" asked the boy. "I think ye may, if ye have made a mistake in putting it in," said the kind-hearted elder; "I mind the time weel eneuch when the puttin' o' a half-crown in the plate instead o' a penny would hae been a sair misfortune to me also, sae please yoursel', my man, this time; for I dinna think God 'ill be angry at either o' us for bein' honest wi' Him as weel as wi' oursel's."

Mr. James Smith was another o' the elders, whose personality was known to nearly every household in the town,—a man of pleasant mien and kindly spirit. For years he was the gas-collector, his residence being in William Street. A correspondent has given me the following as an illustration of the simplicity, if not the diffidence, of his ways: "I remember how one cold winter's evening many years ago, a handful of people had assembled in the Session-house to attend the prayer meeting. So cold was it, that the gas pipes had become