

any better ; but these words, "What shall I do to be saved?" were ever present to my mind. One summer morning I rose early, and went to Salisbury Crags. When musing on my state, and the question that was never out of my thoughts, it came into my mind that I should again attempt to pray. I knelt down beside a rock, and prayed to God to teach me what I should do to be saved. At that moment, God let me see that all I should do was *just to come to Jesus as I was*. I felt that if I waited till I was better I would never come at all. I felt that I had got the light I needed, and found the true answer to the great question, "What shall I do to be saved?" I began also to feel the value of prayer, of God's word, and of His ordinances. I went home quite happy, feeling that if death were to come, I should not be afraid to die. And from that hour the desire arose in my mind to devote myself to the work of telling others the way to be saved. I felt also that if a way were opened up for my being engaged in that work, I should be willing to go to any quarter of the world.'

HIS HEART TURNED TO SAILORS.—'As he mused upon the condition and claims of sailors, the thought at length struck him that they were at least as well entitled to the services of missionaries, as the neglected or destitute classes in towns. Full of this idea, he often devoted a holiday, or such spare time as he had at his command, to an excursion along the coast, either to the east or west of Leith. He visited all the fishing villages in the neighbourhood, entered freely into conversation with such fishermen and sailors as he met, and treasured up all the information he could get about a class of men in which he felt a deep and growing interest. Sometimes he spent the whole day in traversing the coast and making such inquiries, and would come home exhausted with fatigue, and want of food. As if it were becoming his meat and drink to be about his heavenly Father's business, he would forget the cravings of nature in the ardor of his work. On such occasions he was rather averse to telling where he had been, and whether he had got any food ; but for the most part, in reply to his mother's anxious questions, he quite unbosomed himself, and frankly related the adventures of the day.'

In this state of mind, and occupation of all his spare time, he was made ready to lay hold of an advertisement for a coast missionary, whose work was to lie chiefly among fishermen and sailors. He was the very man for the office, and accordingly in June 1850 he began his labors at Dunbar. We must refer to the interesting memoir itself for the success of his work—for his entrance into college, and preparation for the ministry—for his struggles to establish similar missions at Glasgow, and on the east coast of Scotland ; and must only indulge our readers with a taste of his engagements, when he had stirred up the christians on the west coast to furnish him with a yacht and two other good men, who landed to preach and distribute tracts and sell Bibles on many islands and points of the mainland :—

"MISSION YACHT, 'FRIEND OF THE ISLES,'

HARBOUR, PULTENEYTOWN, WICK, July 6, 1857.

My dear Madam,—We left Stornoway on the morning of Friday last, at five o'clock, and expected to reach Widewall Bay, South Ronaldshay, on Saturday. The wind was fair when we left Stornoway, but continued only so till we reached Cape Wrath. We were, therefore, kept beating all Friday night, Saturday, and Saturday night, between Cape Wrath and Dunnet Head. On Sabbath morning we tried to get into Widewall Bay ; but when we were just opposite its entrance, the strong tide of the Pentland Firth caught us, and in ten minutes we were swept as far as the Pentland Skerries. As it was Sabbath, and the wind was increasing considerably, I was unwilling to wait till the next tide, and also beat up to Widewall ; so we up helm, and made as fast as we could for this port. We cast anchor in this Bay when the bells were ringing for afternoon worship. We have had a good deal of rough weather and hard work since we left Portree, eight days ago. You may imagine my disappointment when obliged to run away from