

To Presbytery of Paris—Rev. J. Howie, Mr. W. Caven.

“ “ of London—Rev. G. Kennedy; Rev. J. Tait; Rev. Mr. Renwick, for three months; Rev. J. Robertson after three months, D. Duff, G. McLennan; W. Richardson and Rev W. Fayette, after three months; Mr. J. K. Hislop, after three months.

To Presbytery of Stratford—Rev. Mr. Renwick, after three months; Mr. J. K. Hislop, for three months.

To Presbytery of Huron—Rev. Mr. Hay, Mr. John Morrison.

“ “ Grey—Rev. J. Hume, W. J. Ferguson.

Some applications for aid from the Central Fund were disposed of, and a committee was appointed to receive and dispose of any others to be presented.

An application from Bruce Mines was referred to a small committee, with the view of their obtaining a minister or missionary to visit that region.

Children's Corner.

IN JESUS.

At a boys' prayer-meeting, which I conducted some time ago, I requested that all who felt that they were really happy should hold up their hands. One hand only was held up. The owner of that hand was a stout, strong lad, about seventeen, dressed in coarse clothes, and blackened from head to foot by the effects of his daily toil, like a chimney sweep; his appearance told rather of hard work and privation, than of happiness; yet when I made my request, without a moment's hesitation, and with a bright confident smile on his face, up went his hand.

“What makes you happy?” I said.

The answer was given in a deep, steady voice, expressive of a mind entirely and satisfactorily convinced of the truth of its conclusions—“CHRIST!”

This poor uneducated lad had discovered experimentally the solution of that important problem, which has puzzled so many wiser heads since the creation of the world, “Where is happiness to be found?” He had found it in the only place in the universe where it can be found—in “Christ!”

I have watched the lad closely, and believe his assertion to be true. He is happy, and it is his child-like faith in Christ that makes him so. He can say—

“Christ is my light, my life, my care,
My blessed hope, my heavenly prize;
Dearer than all possessions are,
Chief of ten thousand in my eyes.”

MORNING THOUGHTS FOR A LITTLE CHILD.

Night is over; light is streaming—
Through my window-pane 'tis come;
And the sun's bright rays are beaming
On my own dear happy home.
God has watched me through the night;
God it is who sends us light.
Night is over; some poor children
Have been homeless, sleepless, ill;
God has let me rest so sweetly
In my chamber, warm and still.
Lord, I thank thee for thy love;
Raise my morning thoughts above.
Night is over; Heavenly Father,
I would bend my knees and pray;
Help my weakness, guide me safely,
Watch and keep me all the day.
Take away my love of sin;
Let thy Spirit rule within.