

in America. So much the worse for Scotland; but perhaps if they had something to do, they would be stimulated into existence, or be invigorated where they do not exist. I can hardly conceive now how a congregation gets on without at least one prayer-meeting sustained in its midst. And perhaps the chief reproach that is brought against them—that of being dry and uninteresting—would vanish if those who attended had to do or give something.

Next year I hope that we shall send a larger contribution; and perhaps I shall hear of some congregations following our example. The amount that the Church of Scotland gives for Christ's sake among the heathen is still miserably small; and how any one can be uninterested or sceptical with reference to mission work in India, after reading the testimonies of Lord Laurence and others like him, is a great puzzle to me.

Believe me, &c.,

GEO. M. GRANT.

Sandy Scott's Sermon.

"Ye are the light o' the warl'." When Jesus spak' thae words He hau some thoosan's o' folk sittin' on the bonnie hill side afore Him, an' a' round aboot Him, but He didna mean, that they were a' the licht o' the warl', that ilk ane o' them was a cunnel gin' licht to his neebors. He spak' to His freens, His scholars, to sic men as Peter and his brither Andrew—to a' that sincerely thoct that Jesus was God's ain Son, wha had come frae beevin' to the yirth, and that liket Him, and were doin' what He bad' them. The men that write buicks an' lang screeds in the newspapers, that gie lekters to the young-lads at the college, an' the men that mak' the speeches in Parliament, whyles think they are the licht o' the warl', and gey bricht lights too; but I want ye to observe and mind that it was Christians—His ain freens an' followers, an' servants, that Jesus ca'd the licht o' the warl'; an' if ye're no Christians ye're no lights; it's for yersel's to fin' oot whether ye're Christians or no, an' in a matter o' sae muckle importance, common sense says the suner ye fin' that oot the better for yersel's.

To be a licht is just to hae knowledge, an' to gie that knowledge to ither folk—

to be a bonnie, white, clean, shinin', happy, intelligent creature. Ye aften speak yersel's aboot gettin' licht on a subject that was dark to ye afore, an' everybody kens what ye mean; everybody kens ye think ye're gettin' some information noo that ye hadna afore; ye whyles speak aboot dark doin's an' dark characters, an' everybody kens ye mean sinfu', indecent, wicked conduct—swearin', stealin', whoredom and sic like; like; ye whyles speak o' dark cluds comin' down on a man's hoose, and everybody kens ye mean that ye think that some great disaster is aboot to befa' him, like the rottin' o' his craps, the deevin' o' his sheep an' kye, the runnin' awa' to America o' somebody that was awin' him a big account; or the droonin' o' his son, or his wife's gae'n oot o' her mind; or his dochter gaein' wrang wi' some wild worthless rake. Noo I think ye shouldna hae ony d-d-fleckilty in kennin' what Jesus meant when He said to his frien's lang syne, an' what He says to his freens noo.—"Ye are the licht o' the warl'." I think He meant twa things; first, that they had licht; an' secondly, that they were gin' in licht. They were ance dark—just as dark as their neebors—just as ignorant, an' donnert, an' thoctless. Some o' them were kenn'd as the deil's bairns through a' the kintra side, for they were their father's very image. If they had a Bible in their hoose, they nicht just as weel hae wanted it, as far as makin' ony gude use o't was concerned, for it lay on the drawers'-heid frae ane week's end to anither, aften covered wi' dirt an' stour. Their tongues were as loose as they could be, for they swore like dragoons, and leed like a mill shilling; they daidded an' drank, an' got fou, an' made their wives and bairns miserable, an' didna care for the laws o' either God or man; they cheated, they stealt, they promised to marry, and then ruined and laucht at the simple lasses that believed them; they spent the Sabbath days in loungin' in their beds, standin' at the close-mouth wi' a pipe i' their cheek, sneakin' aboot the hedges girnin' rabbits, harrayn' nests, and stealin' neeps; or, in cauld days, beeken' their legs at the fire, readin' buicks it wud hae been gude for the warl' if they had ne'er been written—silly, filthy, profane ballads, stories without either pith or point, an'