

## THE LIFE STORY OF DAVID LOGAN.

BY REV. ALEX. WALLACE, D. D.

It was on a Saturday afternoon, towards the end of November, 1875, that I hurried off to attend a funeral in a narrow, crooked, unwholesome street, that runs along the bottom of the Necropolis. The day was cold and cheerless with frequent showers of biting sleet, mingled at times with "hailstones" borne "wi' bitter skyte" on the icy east wind. Many workmen, decently attired in black, were gathered around a door near the centre of the street, at which a plain hearse was drawn up. The house of mourning was on the top flat of a gaunt looking building of three storeys, containing several families on each landing. As I entered the close leading to the smitten dwelling, the men who had gathered in little knots outside, prepared to follow, and as they streamed upstairs any stranger would have seen at once from the subdued and solemn looks of this funeral party that this was more than an ordinary occasion of sorrow in humble life. And so it was.

The two apartments in the house of death were soon closely packed. The whole group of mourners stood, for there was no sitting room. The widow, who showed remarkable composure in her sudden and sore bereavement, stood by my side, and never have I seen a more striking instance of the power of divine grace to sustain the soul in the deep waters of affliction. Amid profound silence I began the solemn service by repeating first of all appropriate passages of Scripture, on from the Book of Psalms to Revelation. "Sweet by-and by," a great favourite with the departed friend, was sung, the widow's clear and tremulous voice rising at intervals above all the rest. Prayer was offered, and seldom, if ever, have I felt more deeply impressed at any funeral service, for the

hushed stillness was such that the ticking of the clock could be heard, save only when now and again a fervent "amen" or a half-suppressed sob fell upon the ear. A brief sketch of the life of the departed was given amid the breathless attention of the whole group. Ere the coffin was removed, which was done with some difficulty from its unusual size, I glanced at the plate on the centre of it and read these few words, "*David Logan, aged forty-seven years.*" The service over, the company came out to the street and slowly followed the hearse on foot to the cemetery at Sighthill, where he was laid to rest. His comrades stood for a few moments with uncovered heads as the coffin was lowered into the bosom of mother-earth. The grave was filled in, and the mourners gradually dropped off in twos and threes and went back to the city. The gloaming of that November day fell on that grave they had just left to loneliness and night; but the light of hope remained, for he who was buried died in the hope of a glorious resurrection, although he was cut down in the prime of life without a moment's warning.

And who was David Logan, does any of my readers ask? He was a "brand plucked out of the fire;" the subject, I believe, of a marvellous saving change which took place shortly before his death, and on this account I have felt constrained to place on record a few particulars of his life, as an encouragement to some who may read this and as a grateful tribute of praise to the redeeming mercy of God. He was a tall, massive, powerful, broad-chested man, endowed with enormous physical strength, and when he walked the streets was head and shoulders above the average run of men.

For many sad and weary years he was a victim of strong drink, and when under its influence his strength and violence made him a terror to all, especial-