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The Man With Big Feet.

A TRUE STORY.

(Grace Pettman, of 'Grace Pettman' Stories, London, England.)

'The man with big feet!' Not the most elegant way for one man to describe another, certainly, yet it so happened that the words formed one link in a chain whereby two souls were won for God, and saved for all eternity. It happened in this wise: Addressing a little meeting of railway men in a survey town, one evening, I mentioned the little work just begun at my own home among the station-hands.

my memory. Returning home, the next time a parcel van passed me by, I took particular notice of the driver. The description tallied exactly! He was a tall, lean man, with happy-go-lucky, good-natured face. And one glance at the foot-board established his identity beyond a doubt! For some weeks I got no nearer than just knowing S—— by sight. Then one of the Christians who kept me posted with news of accident or illness, told me that he was ill.

Promptly I called to see him, and his wife invited me in. The man with big feet was a helpless prisoner on his bed—lurabago had attacked him in its severest

watched in breathless silence while I tried my fingers with a long-neglected art, something my mother had taught me when a tiny girl myself. Seizing the opportunity, I began to speak a few quiet, direct words to the sick man about his soul, and the little one's silence lasted until I had cut out a dozen roughly-made paper dolls, a crude chair or two and a paper table. The simple bits of cut out paper seemed a very wonder of wonders to little Trottie. The Lord used those paper dolls to give me what was wanted—a quiet quarter of an hour. She took them in a very silence of delight, and sat upon the floor playing—her excited chattering ceased.

Thank God for that quarter of an hour! Charles S—— had been laid aside long enough to think, and to both himself and his wife was granted a listening heart that afternoon. When I came away Mrs. S——'s eyes were brimming with tears, and I felt sure that God's own work had begun. I could safely leave the rest to him.

It was Sunday evening. To my astonishment I saw Charlie S—— and his wife come into the chapel where I was attending an evening service. A solemn power seemed to rest upon our minister that evening, as he reasoned with the great congregation of sin and righteousness and judgment to come. Some of us were startled—maybe disappointed, when he said at the close, 'I feel led to have no after meeting to-night. I want you workers to seek out some of the unsaved in this service, and walk home with them, for a quiet talk, and lead them to decision for Christ!'

Never before—or since—do I remember such a close to our service, but God had guided him distinctly that evening. In a moment it flashed into my heart as a command, 'Go home with S—— and his wife!'

I slipped out and waited for them on the porch, apparently casually strolling homewards beside the tall railway man and his wife and their two eldest boys. It was difficult to get personal talk there in the street, but I walked as far as their home, and then they asked me in.

I could see 'the man with big feet' was deeply concerned. His wife's conversion had brought matters to a crisis.

After long talk and pleading I opened my Bible at the Gospel chapter in Isaiah—the first time, but not the last, I had ever used that precious passage in dealing with an anxious soul. Pointing to the words, 'He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities,' I looked up, saying, 'S——, will you accept that as truth? Will you put your name in there?'

There was the very silence of eternity in that cottage kitchen. The wife stood anxiously waiting, the two boys their eyes full of solemn wonder fixed on the father, and maybe the unseen angels were watching breathlessly with us, to carry the tidings of that night's decision.

Suddenly there was a clatter. Charlie



'HIS PIPE WAS FLUNG OVER ONE HEDGE.'

No sooner was the meeting over than a bright-faced, burly fellow came forward.

'Do you know a man named Charlie S—— there?'

'No, I am only just beginning to know the men at all. What is he?'

'Parcels carman.'

'There are two or three carmen at one station. What is S—— like?'

'A tall, lean chap, with big feet.'

Promising to look for the man, I turned away to hide a smile. Seriously as the man had spoken, his words seemed irresistibly comical. Only a girl still, and just commencing a little service among working men, it seemed to me the queerest mode of identification. Among the hundred or more men at this particular station I knew as yet only the faces of a few, let alone noticing a man 'with big feet.'

Yet the very strangeness of it fixed it in

form. But any attempts at conversation were checked in unexpected fashion. Twice I called, and each time Mrs. S——'s little girl was in the room, the most unquenchable chatterbox I ever met. Her incessant prattle made heart-talk impossible. No amount of checking kept the excitable three-year-old quiet for more than a few seconds. The third time I called I was almost in despair. My visits seemed useless, as far as reaching the hearts of this man and woman was concerned.

Small Trottie must be dealt with at all costs, and I resolved to do it. A sudden idea struck me. After two or three more vain attempts to talk to the father, I then turned to the excitable child.

'Will you ask mother to give me a pair of scissors, and may I have that piece of paper?'

The ruse answered admirably. The child