

THE LIFE STORY OF DAVID LOGAN.

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(CONCLUDED.)

As yet I had no acquaintance with him whatever, neither had I heard of his case. His widow has since told me that he had often his hand upon his hat to leave the church, as he could not sit and hear himself singled out, as he said, for personal remark. He even threatened never to come back again, and on coming home would take off his shoes and fling them from him; but he was obliged to draw to them again, for he could not stay away. He felt that his own case was described, but the description only made him angry with himself and the preacher. The word was as a fire and a hammer to his heart. It was as a fire in his bones, but by-and-by he was led by the Spirit of God to see the remedy; to accept of Christ, to yield Him the loving trust of his heart. It was at this deeply interesting point in his experience that I got to know him. It was now impossible for him to stay away from the church, or from the services in the Tent or in the Drill Hall. What a blessing these revival meetings were to him! I made his acquaintance first at my weekly prayer-meeting, from which he was scarcely ever absent. It was quite a picture to see his broad, impressionable face as he sang with such heart the hymns that were his special favourites. We became fast friends at once. The strong man of violence now became as gentle, simple, and docile as a child. There were two apartments in his house, and he would spend whole nights singing hymns "but and ben." Many tears of penitence were shed, and many earnest cries for mercy went up to God in that room. He was brought

into the peace, the joy and the liberty of the gospel. That inward peace and joy beamed in his face, a sign to all I got to love him as a true friend. I was knit to him in heart when I saw such evidence of a blessed change. He and his wife occupied the front seat in the gallery, and it was to me and to others a great delight to see with what joy he sung. He stood by me at every open air meeting which I addressed on Sabbath evenings at the barracks, and the heartiness of his whole manner, his massive form, his commanding appearance made him the observed of all observers. At the October Communion he was admitted, along with many others, in the presence of the whole congregation, to the fellowship of the church. What a joyful day that was to my friend. The printed passage of scripture that I gave him on a card, containing the date of his admission, was, "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be. As I gave him the right hand of fellowship, and urged him, as a good soldier of the cross, to be "faithful unto death," the tears coursed down his face. Our eyes met, and his look of deep emotion I shall never forget. Three Sabbaths after this I preached from the words, "He shall enter into peace: they shall rest in their beds, each one walking in his uprightness (Isaiah lvii. 2)." This was the last sermon that David heard from my lips. At the close of the service he waited to bid me good-bye; but I was engaged with a meeting of session, and did not see him. Next day he had to leave for Dumfries, along with some other workmen, to put a glass roof on one of the railway sheds. On the 24th day of November, exactly one month from the date of his admission to the church, he fell from the roof, and was killed on the spot. It was a painful duty for me to break the sad news to his wife. When I entered her dwelling,