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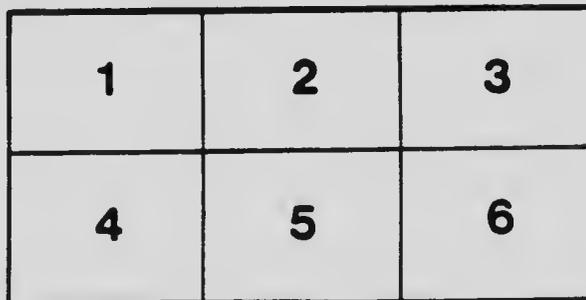
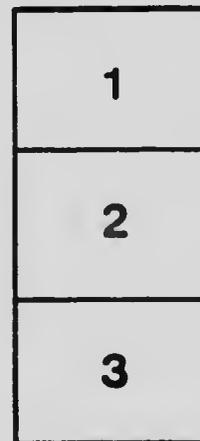
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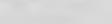
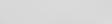
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THE O'ERTURN O'
BOTANY BAY



E.J. STOBO

.14

83



THE O'ERTURN O' BOTANY BAY

OR

DIPPER FOLK IDYLLS

BY

ALETHEIA



PHILADELPHIA

American Baptist Publication Society

140 Chestnut Street

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INTRODUCTION

THIS story is strictly founded upon fact, and is dedicated to all loyal-hearted, God-fearing young people, who have even the faintest flicker of a desire to serve God and their generation.

Our aim is to show what may be accomplished, even by the most obscure and humble in our churches, once God the Holy Spirit is recognized and honored, and the Holy Scripture accepted as the only rule of faith and practice.

More might be done than has ever been attempted by the young people of our several congregations, if they could only be aroused to recognize the fact that they have been saved to serve, and that the Head of the body, of which they are members, "came not to be ministered unto but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many."

In our Christian democracy many of

the evils which afflict it might be prevented if our young people only had proper guidance at the outset and a fit employment of their youthful energy, fervor, and conscious fellowship with Jesus. As in the world so in the congregation,

Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

To master him three things are necessary, "Prayer to God, trust in God, and plenty of hard work."

Over a century ago the Kettering people were torn asunder by theological hair-splitting, and the leal heart of dear Andrew Fuller was all but broken and his ministry rendered all but fruitless, until they became interested in the salvation of the heathen world.

May our simple unadorned tale lead many of our Christian young people "to expect great things from God, and to attempt great things for God."

"The neck is bent by the sword, but the heart is bent by the heart." "Who loved me and gave himself for me." May

the love of Christ constrain us to service
and to sacrifice in loyalty to him who is
both Lord and Christ.

A———A.

JANUARY, 1900.



THE O'ERTURN O' BOTANY BAY

CHAPTER I

BOTANY BAY

Things had begun make themselves strong by ill.
Macbeth.

THE very mention of the place is suggestive and reminiscent of odd characters and hard experiences in that far-off land to which at one time so many culprits of all kinds were deported for their own and their country's good. The real Botany Bay was New South Wales, Australia, but our "Botany" was not so far away. It was the nick-name of a street in the north central district of Glasgow.

The street was shaped like an L, the short line running due West, and the long one due North. It was a long narrow street of old tenement houses. Many of them were tenements of one apartment,

others had two rooms or a room and a kitchen, or what the Scotch term a "but and a ben," to many a one the height of his ambition.

The flat above the street level was reached by an outside stone stairway with a wooden hand-rail, and on the stair-head or landing there was what is familiarly known as a jawbox, or receptacle for slops of all kinds, which found their way to the sewer through a "rone" or run. Here and there on the street level were small huckster places for the sale of bread, milk, vegetables, small-wares, fire-kindling, and coals. In Botany Bay such places were a necessity as the folk there lived from hand to mouth, and had neither the accommodation nor the means to buy things in quantity.

Why was it called "Botany Bay"? Because it was a noted locality into which poor people from all quarters had been crowded pell-mell through sheer force of circumstances. It was the last social ditch in their terrible life battle which they could occupy before dropping into the pauper's grave.

A number of them, it is quite true, had gotten there entirely through their own fault. Some were shiftless and thriftless, adrift all the time and moved up and down by the tide of outward circumstances. Its denizens were an interesting study. A large proportion of them were slaves, the willing slaves through inheritance or up-bringing, of what we might term an all-devouring, irresistible appetite for Scotch whisky.

Old Jean Boyd was wont to say: "It is the onlie bit kmmfort I hae in this worl'. A wee drap gude whisky. An auld creature like me huz at times need o' it. Ye ken, it saftens the host (cough), and helps me to breathe mair freely and naebody ever saw me the worse of it."

Whisky is the fell enemy of the Scot, high or low, who tampers with it as a beverage, or who gives to it any kind of a welcome as the friend of geniality and good company.

Many of the Botany Bay folk were well connected, but felt unequal to their life battle in a more respectable neighborhood, through inability to pay rent and

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taxes, and to dress in accordance with society's demands. They felt themselves shunted into a siding on life's great highway from the seen to the unseen. Others were so low down on the ladder of social struggle as to have lost long ago all hope as to getting up higher and were now satisfied to live and die in "Botany Bay."

The place had its name because all decent people had been led by common report to regard it as a locality crowded with hard cases, uncanmy persons, social dangers. But we are not aware that it was known to harbor any thieves or prostitutes. Its denizens, so far as known, had not sunk so low as that, though they might be next neighbors to it by poverty's hard pressure.

Strong drink and poverty, with all that it brings in its train of trials,—failure to pay rent and taxes, hostility to the collector, the bailiff, the constable, and the city missionary of a certain type,—made that street what it was, "Botany Bay."

It was in everybody's mouth that authority could not be enforced, debt could not be collected, nor could the gospel of

the grace of God be preached as in other parts of the city, without humiliating insults and bodily injuries. Whosoever entered there in the interests of either the law or the gospel had to be in possession of all his wits, and on the alert for the contents of the jawbox or something worse, which can only be hinted at, and for a hail-shower of broken delft, attended by the use of words unfit to be seen in print.

It was an acquired vocabulary, and somewhat extensive, and as brought into use gave the cold shivers to one unaccustomed to such profanity and filth ; and yet these people once spoke a pure language and were clean-hearted and God-fearing, in a manner. Evil communications had corrupted good manners, and now they were down in the pit of moral filth with the rest. When a man falls he falls low ; but when a woman falls she falls lower still in the scale of morals. It is her nature to do so.

Many of those poor people had had good chances in life in the way of education, religious training, and pure, health-

ful surroundings—the children of a Bible-loving and God-fearing parentage. They had received all and left their father's house, and now they were in that far country living and feeding with the moral swine-herd. To awaken reminiscences of former days was to soften the heart that had grown hard through moral delinquency, and cause the eyes to fill and the big salt tears to start and tumble over each other as they made their way in haste down their begrimed faces, and then the head would go down in shame and the heart sob out its grief, as we have often heard it :

“Oh, my God, huz it really come to this? Hae I really forgotten a'? Huz a' slipp'd awa' frae me, an I an ootcast, and mann I aye remain sae? I belang tae decent clean folk. I hae disgraced my faither's name, and sinn'd times oot o' number against my anld mither's prayers! I had a gude godly mither and a religions upbringing, and noo I am no worthy o' bein' seen in decent company, and my claes and my habits, which are the warst of it a', mann bury me alive where I

shou'd hae nae place ava. Oh, my God, I am no worthy o' your notice. I am noo clean past a' redemption, and tae press my claim upon thee for peety or for pawrdon would be to affront a holy and just God."

This was the sad wail of a man who still had marked traces of former respectability. He was a large man, well built, with a handsome face and a well-formed head. He was by occupation a grain shoveler at the harbor, but he had within a thousand yards of his home a relative who was a Doctor of Divinity and the pastor of a large congregation. His poor wife was a confirmed invalid, a woman of a beautiful spirit, and deeply interested in her husband's welfare. The neighbors said :

"She iz deein o' a waestin' (consumption). She iz as gude a woman as there iz in a' Botany, and she iz no lang fur this worl' and would like tae speak tae ye on speeritual things. She huz aye dune the best she co'd and has been a gude wife and mithier. He himsel' iz no sic a bad fallow, if he would onlie let the whis-

ky alane. Oh, dae see her, for she huz jist a wee while here and would like tae gang awa' tae meet her God."

In Botany Bay there were diamonds and pearls worth seeking amid all its moral rubbish and dirt.

Two young lads by a strange Providence became deeply interested in these folk. Their own hearts had been touched and softened by God the Holy Spirit through the word, and they had been led to make a complete surrender of themselves to Christ, but only after a long struggle to hold by the world and their own self-righteousness. Neither of them had been what might be called hard cases, yet it was a battle before they could lay down their weapons of rebellion to trust and serve Christ alone.

Both of them had had a careful religious education and training, but until a little before this time had had no experimental knowledge of spiritual religion. They used a form of prayer, had had a respect for religion, and knew the Bible well. Learned in the family and the school, much of it was known to them

by rote, and many of its beautiful passages were appreciated and quoted with delight. Yet they did not know Jesus as a personal friend and Saviour, Saviour of sinners and King of saints.

One of them stood in the same relation to the other that Andrew did to his own brother. He made his acquaintance at a religious meeting, and stuck to him like a brother until in the end he was brought to Jesus. For many years they were chums in every good work, and all through their college career.

The two lads often had long walks together, and in their course would open the heart to each other, and it was soon discovered that their thoughts and their plans were alike. Both desired to grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and to be *live*, useful men. When the Botany folk were brought to their notice they were at the time actively interested in Christian work, and were doing the best they knew how, in a quiet, unobserved way, to reach down to those who were still lower down in the social scale, and who through

force of circumstances more than their own neglect were out of the reach of the saving message.

On a Lord's Day afternoon, early in the summer of 1859, the two lads stood together in front of the church door looking toward Botany Bay. The police were making a raid that afternoon upon its denizens, and shortly four of them appeared carrying out a white-haired veteran of the cross, who had been badly hurt, was bleeding profusely, and seemed more dead than alive. The inquiry was:

"Who is it? What has happened? Has he been fighting? Is he one of the Botany folk?"

"No, he is the auld missionary and was holding a meeting when he was struck down by a broken bottle, and now he is being carried out more like a dying than a living man."

Then the passers-by said: "What a shame that such things should take place on a Sabbath Day and in a Christian land! The folk o'er there are worse than the African Hottentots,—the villains,—the police ought to show them no mercy."

It was indeed a sad sight, and revealed a distressing state of morals in Botany Bay; but it set the two lads thinking, and it was not in vain or for naught that the old missionary had been struck down at the post of duty. Yet this incident only tended to confirm the public in the opinion that the Botany folk were a wicked, good-for-nothing lot, and ought to be left to themselves to complete their own wreckage in that dirty hole of a place.

The ill usage of the old servant of God for a time put a stop to all missionary operations there, as such work demanded both courage and discretion, and to a large degree sanctified common sense. And gumption, or good sense, is not one of those things for which, as yet, our colleges have provided.

It turned out that the wounded missionary did not quite understand human nature. He began work at the wrong end, usurping a place far beyond him, making it his particular business, in the harshest of tones and with the most violent gestures, to pronounce a people's

doom instead of delivering the word of reconciliation, telling out the love and power of the Saviour. In all true, effective evangelism, the law's terrors have their place, but at that particular moment in Botany Bay they were out of place, and only evoked resentment and the shower of missiles that nearly ended his career as a street preacher.

Yet the poor man was doing the best he knew how, and deserved the utmost sympathy in his effort to lift his fellows to a higher moral plane in their life battle. Who knows but his very blunders made it easier for those who came after him, attempting the same work in a more lowly spirit, and by more natural methods. Is it not true? The most effective lessons in life are those we receive by strong contrasts. In aggressive Christian work, we are too apt to begin as "sons of thunder" to the belittlement of "the small, still voice," and the spirit of Him who breaks not the bruised reed and does not snuff out the smoking flax.

CHAPTER II

ON GLASGOW GREEN

Poor sons of toil ; oh, grudge them not the breeze
That plays with Sabbath flowers ; the clouds that
play
With Sabbath winds ; the hum of Sabbath bees ;
The Sabbath walk ; the skylark's Sabbath lay ;
The silent sunshine of the Sabbath day.

THE "Green" was the people's park and at that time was the only open space where Glasgow's overerowed population of struggling poor could meet and freely breathe untainted air. It is a park of about three hundred acres, and extends from Goal Square at foot of the "Saltmarket," on the west, to "Allenspen" near Rutherglen Bridge on the southeast ; on the north it is bounded by Greendyke Street, Monteith Row, Newhall Terrace, and Greenside Street, and on the south by the River Clyde, then a comparatively pure stream.

This extensive common was laid out

in beautiful, well-made walks, and in many parts was well wooded with elm and beech trees of great age, such as the Lover's Loan, the King's Park, and the river bank of the "Flesher's Hangh." Near the "roon" seat, there is a public gymnasium, well patronized. All over the Green, seats in abundance were provided for public use, and there were also spring wells, some of which were said to possess medicinal virtues, such as the "Eye Well." But the wells are gone, and the waters of Loch Katrine take their place, as the public health demanded it.

The Green was the young people's resort, where they could roll and tumble about at will and play games of all kinds free from police interference; rounders (baseball), cricket, football, etc. It was also the favorite resort of political agitators, social economists, open-air preachers, and the opponents of all religion. Sabbath afternoon and evening it was dotted with congregations of all kinds, and these served as a kind of safety valve to control and temper the destructive

forces of the all but maddened, toiling, struggling, starving thousands, and tens of thousands of that great city. Out in the fresh air they had elbow room, the right of public meeting to vent their grievances, propound their theories of redress, and proclaim a social and political millennium, and then they returned home in some measure unloaded of the sense of their terrible wrongs, to fall into line once more to go through the drudgery, the awful drudgery, of their humdrum daily life.

“In the days of childhood,” says Jack, “the Green was a delightful place to go to, specially the ‘Laigh Green’ with its abundance of gowans (daisies), dandelions, groundsel, and goldenrod. It was the bairns’ paradise, and yet in the gloaming it was their dread, because of its ‘Will o’ the wisp’ and the peat bog into which it was to lead them. On the river bank were numerous wells, and choice bathing spots, which in summer and fall, early and late, were crowded with bathers. It was a great health resort and prized by thousands of the

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laboring poor, for there they could not only air themselves and their grievances, but the women folk could bring with



them the week's wash, and there bleach and dry the clothes, and have a day's ontong as well as labor. The Green was and is still a great boon to the people."

All over the world to-day there are tens of thousands of Glasgow's children who can yet be moved to tears by the very mention of it, as it recalls the days of happy childhood in the Green, and on the banks of the bonny Clyde.

Jack Foster says he remembers many great meetings in the Green, but the greatest of all was the one addressed by Fergus O'Connor, which was held near Nelson's monument, and at which it is said there were at least one hundred thousand people. The whole city was "*en fête*." The different trades, and trades-unions were out in force with brass and fife bands, banners, and devices of all kinds. The police and military were on the alert to suppress riot.

At one of those great meetings of the unemployed, Chartists, a deputation was appointed to wait upon the authorities to demand work or bread; but when received they had what was termed scurvy treatment, and it was then decided that the time had come for quiet endurance to end, and for them to seek forcible redress. Everybody should now help him-

self to whatever he could get, as there was enough and to spare for all.

The granaries were full, so were the stores and the bakeries, and thousands were dropping into the ditch through sheer starvation, as there was no work, and bread was at famine prices. The outcome was the Glasgow riot, one of the saddest events in the history of Scotland's great commercial metropolis, and might be termed its darkest period. Martial law was proclaimed, and everywhere could be heard the tramp of armed men. Many valuable lives were sacrificed to obtain the amelioration of social conditions.

On the Lord's Day morn, from four to nine o'clock, the poorest of the poor were out by the thousands on the Green to get a breath of God's free fresh air and a drink of the best of water at Aaron's well. This early hour was their outing, the sunning and sunny time of their hard life, when they could breathe in another world, gain an inkling of its beauties, birds, trees, flowers, river, and dale, and in the distance "Cathkin's

bonny braes." The Green was an outlet from the hell of life into the blessed purity and liberty of nature. These poor people were nowhere in sight when decent church-going people were abroad. Before the city bells had commenced to toll for service in the different churches, like rats they had taken to their holes, and would not be seen again until the gloaming, when the darkness would put a new face on their seedy, worn-out, tattered wraps, and make recognition difficult.

Silas Stirling and Jack Foster had been reading much about the Fulton Street daily prayer meeting in New York City, and the great religious awakening which in answer to prayer was the outcome and of its blessings extending to the north of Ireland. Thousands were being brought to the foot of the cross, and God was using the most unlikely persons to effect his own purpose. The Holy Spirit used this knowledge to fire their young hearts to prayer and to special effort in Christian service.

They had an inkling of their own ig-

norance and weakness and shrank from filling a conspicuous place in the Master's vineyard. They would turn to the out-cast classes and seek them at such an hour of the day and in such places as would prevent their being brought into public notice. They would give what they had freely received to the thousands of friendless poor who were wandering, as sheep without a shepherd, telling them of a Saviour's love, confident that they would care for the message itself more than for its setting in fine words and beautiful imagery. They were willing to allow the Holy Ghost to use them, and believed that if they had anything to say words would be found to express it. But they would attempt nothing aside from Bible study and prayer, and they would give the heart the utmost freedom, assured that in the end honesty of purpose and warmth of affection would conquer the most hardened. They understood that the gospel was "the word of reconciliation," that the Son of God as the Son of Man "came not to condemn, but to save the world."

The two young friends now brought to our notice had, after much thought and earnest prayer, made a covenant to be loyal to Christ and each other in a gospel crusade of a modest character on Glasgow Green. Their hearts went out in compassion for its multitudes who on the early morning of the Lord's Day availed themselves of an outing in the "caller" (fresh) air.

It was indeed a modest venture, and a more daring one never entered their young heads, an early morning service at the "roon" seat, King's Park, on the high ground overlooking Flesher's Haugh, a noted corner.

Silas by mutual agreement was the leader of the psalmody, Jaek at the outset reader and preacher, and afterward it was taken in turn, so there was a division of labor. It was an effort which love prompted in behalf of an utterly neglected class, made out of sight of those who knew them and who would be likely to criticize it.

The audience from the very outset was made up of hundreds of poor creatures

hungering for a kindly word and a brotherly recognition, in their rags and want. Poor people, many of them had slept out all night in the open air; others had stolen out from their dark, close, fetid dens, to obtain a breath of God's good "caller" air, a blink of the sun, and to hear the wee birdies sing in the stillness of his holy Sabbath morn.

The sight of these early strollers was one never to be forgotten. It was a revelation of the privations that some have to suffer in life to the enrichment and comfort of others.

The message which the laddies carried to these waifs of society was, as Jack puts it, "The story o' a faither's love, and a Saviour's britherly sympathy and self-sacrifice upon Calvary's rude beam of torture, made red wi' his ain life's bluid, to atone for and to put awa' a' your sins, and to win you for God, and frae the evil to the gude. He is the freen o' every one o' you, loves you, and died on the cross for you all."

"It was always a talk, and never a sermon. Such a thing was out of our

thoughts, and the only argument used by us was that of experience, and in its use we had blind earnestness, believing in a living, loving, almighty Christ, as an abiding presence."

When they faced that crowd of hungry and poorly clad outcasts, it was with heart tenderness. They had something to say and it was said in the doric of the West of Scotland, and in a way that the dullest and most illiterate of that motley throng could understand. It was a bold venture, but they were oblivious of any risk. Their love to Jesus blinded them to all else but the salvation of that crowd of men and women so far away from God and right living. They did not cast their ill deeds in their teeth, but did all that could be done to lead them to see the love of God in a Saviour who *is* love itself.

If the weather was fine and the morning warm and genial, you might find at the "round seat" as many as from six hundred to one thousand persons, sometimes more, gathered to hear the laddies sing and tell the gospel message. They

had nothing to give away but love, and they had love in return, and many a "God bless you, laddies. You hae dime us gude, and it's real kind o' you to think o' us, and come tae help us at this early hour o' the day. God Almighty wull reward you, his ain bairns. It's like himsel tae dae this kin' o' wark and a' for naething." They said the very pleasure of doing it was more than money or money's worth, and the love and appreciation expressed in the faces of both old and young was reward enough for any self-denial on their part.

Go to the foreign field by all means ; its need is great and the laborers but few compared with its millions ; but first take a look at your doorstep. See that you are not stepping over some poor creature on the very brink of perdition, who might be saved by a sympathetic look and a word fitly spoken. Stoop down as Jesus did. "He humbled himself." Jack's grannie, speaking of the romance of missions, was wont to say : "Far-away birds hae bonny feathers." The man who has the pluck and the tact to do mission

work at home is the kind of man needed abroad.

The boy preachers were loved by these poor, neglected folk, because they brought themselves down to their level, using the language of every day and the simplest of illustrations to rivet the truths of the gospel upon the heart and the conscience. In the earnestness of speaking they were not afraid to violate rules of grammar and correct style.

Until the season was well advanced God continued to prosper the Green meetings; then provision had to be made for a service within doors. Jack obtained from his tutor the use of the borough school on the condition that he would heat it and keep it clean. It was agreed.

"It was no easy task," said Jack, "to tackle all this of a Lord's Day morning before breakfast. First kindle a fire, then sweep out and dust the large room, act as usher, and then step to the desk to lead the devotions and tell the gospel message. The house cleaning could not be done before, as the room was used on the Saturday evening for cheap con-

certs." They had to be care-taker and preacher by turns and were not ashamed of it. It was joyous service.

God gave them the people, the Holy Spirit did his own work in their hearts, and quite a number were brought into the kingdom. Some of those people came long distances to listen to the boy preachers.

The Lord's Day was a day of services: early morning meeting in the borough school; church prayer meeting at ten o'clock; church service at eleven and at two; school at five.

The Green meetings recall an extraordinary season of religious awakening and rich spiritual blessing. Hundreds were led to seek an interest in Christ, and the heroes of our story had no more useful days than those spent in the interests of the humble poor who frequented the Green.

CHAPTER III

JACK FOSTER'S DARK DAYS

Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn.

SOME of those poor folk said: "Jack Foster is nae enif, but a lad o' sense, and will yet be a useful man." This to him was more than any other person's approbation. He was himself a child of Providence and knew his Father's care, and could read these poor folk like a book, as he had had much of their own hard experience of life and its storm and stress. He had stood alone for years. God in Christ was the only near and good friend he had. No other young man of his acquaintance and at his time of life had a like experience. It had been painful, but it was priceless and of great service in a mission to help others.

He was the son of a non-commissioned officer in the Royal Scots, who died when

he was but in his third year. He had but a dim shadowy memory of his father. He remembered being set up on a high chair to be shorn of his golden ringlets, and his mother's tearful protest. Poor woman, she afterward had her own mother as well as her fatherless boy to support; but as long as grannie lived things prospered and home comforts were plentiful.

But grannie died, looking to Jesus. Then there came the potato failure and the relapsing fever; money grew scarce and work was difficult to obtain. Struggling folk could not pay their debts, neither could they purchase what was needful to keep them alive. "In the memory of living man," says Jack, "there never was such a time."

From 1846 to 1850 the times were really serious. General poverty, dull trade, high-priced food, fell disease, Corn Laws agitation, Chartist movement, radical politics, Repeal of the Union, revolutionary movements on the continent of Europe, and to crown all, the Smith O'Brien rebellion in Ireland. Some say

the Irish have been acting and talking rebellion ever since. As then so is it now, Home Rule simmered down is Rome rule, and the Roman hierarchy is responsible for much of the agitation and its attendant mischief.

Such at least was the opinion of Jean Doddridge, who was heard to say: "It's no a very Christlike bit o' business, but it is a way o' haudin' the people together, and of keeping them in the bosom o' the church. 'Tae alloo them to see the blessings that come to a Bible readin' nazhun, so as to hanker efter them, would be to lose them a' together. The priests are lang-headed chiefs, and believe in practical politics, and ordinar' Christian folk are nae match for them. When ye think ye hae them they are like the Ferishman's flea, ye put ye'r finger on it and it's no there."

If they are to be kept good Romanists it is quite evident they must be kept quite separate in education and customs, and also encouraged to hate the heretical Saxon, the old-time enemy of his collieness the pope. At the period now under

consideration, the pope was on short rations and was playing a mean, cowardly part. So thought Jean Doddridge, and not only did she think it but she said it.

"He hnz jst sneaked oot o' Rome in wiman's claes. He wou'dna meet like a man the faes o' priestly superstition and oppression and political misrule. It wuzna Protestants that scared him out o' his wits, but his ain bairns taught by the friars and the gude sisters. He hnz had to rin awa' frae the seat o' univarsal authority tae tak' shelter under the wing o' ain o' the Bourbons. And just think o' it, he *is* the man wha claims the power to turn the wafer into the body and blood, the soul and divinity o' our Lord Jesus Christ, and wha can bind and unloose the souls o' men in either world. He nicht hae turned a' his enemies into frogs tae feed the French, his ardent admirers and stam' byes in a' his extremities."

Jean Doddridge was a woman amongst many. She knew both the Bible and the newspaper. She kept informed and was regarded by her neighbors as an au-

thority, a woman of sense and virtue. To hear that woman talk, and pray too if need be—"She wnz as gude as ony minister," at least so thought her admirers. In the tenement where Jean lived she kept things lively.

In the early days of 1846 Jack Foster suffered his greatest loss; grannie died, and the loss was irreparable. She was a remarkable woman in her way, a mother in Israel, and more than his mother could be to Jack himself. He was her own bairn, the born picture of him with whom she, in the warmth of her young heart and with all its love, began life. She had taught him to read the New Testament before he had reached his fifth year, and often prayed with him alone in the back shop, commending him to the good and the holy unseen One. On their knees in front of a kitchen chair, and on the sanded floor, grannie and her bairn would pray together. She would place one of her hands upon the laddie's head, and would raise the other to the great Unseen Being, and with upturned face and heart, and voice lifted heavenward,

she would commend the wee fatherless boy to the only Father he now had, the heavenly One.

It was an awesome place to Jackie, yet it was good to be with grannie in the back-shop speaking to the miseen Good Man.

The battle of her old heart with God was about the laddie's future. She seemed to have some strange presentiment that his life-path would be intricate, rugged, and thorny, too much for mere flesh and blood to o'ermaster. Her prayer was that he might have no less companionship in life than that of the Lord Jesus himself, and with that he would have good company all his days, and in the world to come life everlasting.

She seemed to see in her wee boy latent powers of much evil or of great good, and the sight of life's possibilities would make the old saint tremble all over. Her perceptions were aided by the family physician's opinion, as he had the credit of being able to read hands. When Jackie was but a wee toddler he would go to visit the doctor, who would set

him up on the counter of his apothecary, and then tell him all about his head, and say a short prayer for the "wee mannie" who had not a father. Jackie never left Dr. Lander's without a bit of plaited rock candy, or a handful of rosebuds, which were the favorite sweetmeats then.

Grannie poured out her heart to God in strong desire for a blessing on the wee boy and his future when her old head was laid in the grave. When she so prayed for him, he felt a strange mysterious influence pervading the back-shop. There was One there to whom she could talk, whom she could see as she turned her face to the ceiling and poured out her heart before him. Jackie was made to feel that God was a real person who loved fatherless boys and took an interest in them, and would take care of him. Over-awed, chastened, spiritualized, he would rise from his knees to look about the room for God, but grannie herself was his dwelling-place. She "walked with God" all the day long.

Grannie Foster was a member in good standing of Doctor Symington's, or the

Cameronian Kirk, which was known to have in its communion many spiritual people well versed in the doctrinal, experimental, and the practical parts of the Christian faith. They were regarded as "a dooce, bein people."

Jack's mother was a woman of affairs, fighting a battle to which she was altogether unequal. She had a small store, was all day behind the counter, and when not there was busy preparing something for sale that would earn a penny to meet her obligations. It was a sore battle she had with the world to obtain means enough to live honestly, giving each his own, but she was not treated with like honesty. In the midst of this desperate struggle to provide for herself and her fatherless wee boy she had to lay down her poor, weary, worn-out body on a sick-bed, and died of a rapid decline. To her sick boy she had not a word to say at the last, but at the dead of the night she stole away to be with Jesus. On that wintry night, between night and morning, she lay beside her boy, stiff, cold, and silent in death.

The laddie was laid down with relapsing fever, then an epidemic. He already had had eleven relapses and was making a brave fight to live. It was near to Christmas. In that house of the dead the laddie was alone. He had no one now in the world but God himself, and he must just await God's time to see what he would do for him.

The neighbors, Protestant and Catholic, were kind to him in their own way and for Katie's sake, for to many of them she had been a friend in the dark hour of their extremity, and thereby had made herself poor. About the gray of the morning it got whispered around that the "factor" would sell all for rent and taxes, and that the sick boy would not get anything after the funeral expenses had been provided; and so they reasoned that it would be no sin if they fell to and helped themselves to anything for which they had a liking. It was all for Katie's sake.

She was buried beside her own mother in Bridgetown Kirk yard, because in the High Kirk yard where her father lay, the

authorities would allow no more burials to take place. The funeral took place on a raw December day. It was plain, but decent, and largely attended by the neighbors. The coffin, with a mort-cloth over it, was borne upon spokes, and decent men took these in turn. The relations were not there, as there was no one to inform them of what had taken place. The sick boy could not do it; besides, nearly all were afraid of the awful fever then raging in the district.

The wee boy by a tremendous effort of will power, rose from a fever bed to lay his mother's head in the cold clay; for it is a good Scottish custom that the nearest of kin should have the chief place at the grave in the lowering of the coffin.

It is said that as he stood at the head of the grave as chief mourner, he looked a fright, weak and staggering, poorly nourished through his long illness, a face perfectly bloodless and blue, and to crown all he was shabbily and thinly clad. In the filling in of the grave the bystanders would look at him with tear-filled eyes and could be heard saying:

"Katie's wee boy deserved better than this; God help the puir laddie, he has lost his a'!" It was a sad satisfaction to lay his mother beside grannie, never to be forgotten. On returning from the burying ground he sauntered along alone, with his head full of strange noises and his heart sad and sore. His situation was incomprehensible. He soon found himself at his own door, but it was his no longer. The place was empty and the door was locked. He sat down on the cold stone step of the store door, and in wrestling with the storm within his own bosom, he had to set his teeth to restrain his emotions. Poor laddie, well might grannie wrestle much with God in your behalf.

The house factor had been on the premises and everything had been removed. A broker had made a lump offer, which had been accepted, and the place had been given to the health officer for cleansing and disinfecting.

Our little hero was not so well off as the little fellow taken in to one of our charitable institutions, who while being

stripped of his rags, which were thrown in a heap in a corner to be burned, pleaded with them to give him back a bit of rag he had hid away in his bosom. It was a bit of his mother's gown, and was, said he: "The onlie bit thing I hae to remind me o' my mither." Jack had nothing left.

He sat on the doorstep, cold, stiff, and hungry, and tried to think out the strange situation in which he found himself that day in God's providence. What was he to do? Where would he go? Who would give him shelter and a bit of bread? He could not honor those who had robbed the dead and defrauded the orphan boy. Inwardly he kept saying:

"Nae grannie noo, mither and faether deid and nae onybody, but God himsel', tae take care o' me, clead me, and gie me an education. But grannie's God, tae whom she was aye speaking, will take care o' me and be the orphan's faether and freen."

He sat there in the gloaming of that dark, cold, damp December day; he could see nothing and did not desire to see or

to speak to any one, for his heart was full and like to burst. It looked to him as if there was no other world than that to which all his kin had gone, and he would go there too, be it God's will.

Hungry, cold, shivering, homeless, and fever-stricken, he would fain die too, and go to that "Happy land, far, far away," of which he had sung so often in the Sunday-school, and about which grannie had often read to him from John's Gospel and the Apocalypse. He has often said:

"It wuz the onlie time in a' my event-fu' life, and amid a' its hard experiences o' the world, that I had such a wish, and God wuz gude tae me in leaving it ungranted. If he had done that day as I desired him, I would hae nae story to tell o' the sad neglected families o' Botany Bay, and love's conquest, and the o'erturning o' the place."

Jackie was sheltered by one of his mother's friends, a companion of her girlhood, but only to be set adrift again, as he had brought fever into the family. He was now to have a new experience. An Irish Roman Catholic had humanity

enough to open his house to befriend the fever-stricken orphan boy. It was a Christian act, and it turned out to be a useful training for after life, as his benefactor made an earnest effort to make him a good Romanist.

From his ninth to his twentieth year, he had some strange experiences and hard, sore battles to fight to keep his head above water and himself alive, but the education and training which grannie gave him enabled him to fight his battle like a man. In the presence of evil and in the moment of greatest temptation, grannie, somehow, was always near-by. He could not do as others of his age did. He felt himself under a strange restraint. His life had a tinge of sadness, and no wonder. Many said in his hearing: "He is ow'er auld for his years, and ow'er gude tae live lang." To old people he felt strangely drawn and was wont to look before he leaped.

For good reasons we must now let the curtain fall, and hide from view ten years of the laddie's life. It would be too painful reading to most people.

CHAPTER IV

EARLY COMPANIONS

There is no merit in seeing the sunlight at noon-day. We cannot doubt the existence of light when it blazes in our eyes. And when the gloom and chill are about us, have faith to believe that there is just as much light in the universe as ever, and that God will bring us again into its cheer. If we have faith, we shall have hope when sorrow is in our hearts and tears are in our eyes.

He doeth all things well ;
We say it now with tears,
But we shall sing it with those we love
Through bright eternal years.

IN recounting Daddy Murtagh's humane attentions, it should be said that he did his very best to win Jack to the Roman Catholic faith by taking him to early mass, and by inducing him to go to catechism on Sunday afternoons. But the whole thing did not commend itself to Jack's reason, and the conduct of worshipers and pupils after services seemed a

strange outcome to all their prayers and persevering committal of the catechism. Their vespers contrasted strangely with the Protestant Sunday-school. Theirs were prayers and catechism, no Bible reading or explanation, no singing of Christian hymns to educate and cheer the heart and to foster the spirit of worship, only the rehearsal of a lot of foolish legends about the church's saints.

To maintain discipline there was no appeal to the heart and the conscience, but a couple of big, fat priests armed with horsewhips walked up and down the large hall. It seemed a strange way of making people religious! But it is their way, and in a manner it succeeds.

The laddie could not credit the legends; the demand on his credulity was too great. The history related to him, he could not see as consistent, as he had read the opposite and knew too much scripture by rote to take on trust what was advanced in their books. "Father Small" did his utmost to win him. He was always sweet and nice to the lad. He loaned him books to convince him that the

Church of Rome is the only church, but all to no purpose. In reading he was to use his own judgment in coming to a decision, but his chum, Dick Rodgers, dare not read any Protestant book, not even the Bible, to convince him of the opposite, only on pain of his losing his soul. A strange consistency!

All the prayers, the bobbing up and down in church and crossing of themselves, he could not reconcile with their conduct on retiring from church service. Their free use of the name of God and of Christ made him shiver, and their filthy conversation vexed his soul.

He had listened to Daddy Murtagh at his prayers, and his prayers were many and occupied time, for he was a member of the Holy Family and had the promise of an indulgence for so many prayers, and so he sought to buy up his opportunities. Jack had known him, while on his knees, to leave off praying to consign everybody in the room to the warmest place in the other world for disturbing him in his devotions, and when he had relieved his mind he would set out

again to complete the number of his prayers to secure the indulgence—the abbreviation of his suffering in purgatory. But his goings on made it purgatory to all in the house.



Jack was not proselytized, but made some proselytes. Grannie's teaching stood him well in the circumstances, for had he known less he might have been a poor deluded Romanist, instead of an intelligent Christian worker.

Jack had nice chums by the name of Rodgers, who were Roman Catholics and who much against their own inclination had to go to catechism and mix with a dirty, uncultured crowd from the Briggate and the Salt Market. It was arranged that he would go with them to their catechism, if they would go with him to Sunday-school. It was a bargain.

He made no attempt to argue with them, and was careful not to wound their

feelings, but just allowed the teaching by contrast to do its own work in them, and it did. They very soon saw the difference between Rome and the gospel, not only in the working of the school, but in the instruction given to the pupils in attendance.

Jamie, Dick, and Hughie broke with the Church of Rome, disgusted with her teachings and pagan practices and priestly tyranny, so also did three of Daddy Murtagh's children. The two daughters were baptized on a profession of their faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. The defection sorely distressed their poor father, and made him rave and swear and threaten all manner of things, present and to come.

Father Small and the Little Sisters of the Poor did all they could, by bribes of all kinds, to win them back to the bosom of the Church, but to no avail; the fetters were broken.

Daddy Murtagh never lost his interest in Jack Foster, but watched his after life with pride, and showed a most kindly spirit, even while he was actively engaged in Christian work.

In after years he changed very much for the better, was more Christian in spirit, and no doubt became a spiritual man, and though he died in the bosom of the Church, he died looking unto Jesus in simple trust.

He lived to see Jack a minister of the gospel, and he was a proud man, proud of the orphan boy he had sheltered, who had shared his table and picked up his trade by using his eyes.

This insight into Romanism Jack found to be of great use in his mission work. It was a valuable training, the testing of his principles, and his grounding in the gospel.

Silas Stirling at the outset was the better educated lad, inasmuch as he had his parents, a good home, and years of schooling in one of the best schools in the city. His father was what Glasgow folk would call "a small manufacturer," and besides, he was a deacon of the church and a disciple of the Haldanes, noted Baptists. Silas was the younger son of upright, godly parents.

Jack's ambition was to catch up to

him in education, and through the generous action of his employer he was able to attend evening classes. In other respects he was furnished for life's battle in a way that Silas never could be. Young as he was, he was intimate with a cold, hard world. He knew by bitter experience all its ins and outs, and there were but few of its many nooks unknown to him. He was the longer-headed of the two, and was generally regarded as "a modest, quiet, obliging lad." His employer's wife at least described him as such to the deacons, when they were examining into his character before his reception for baptism.

Silas was his exact opposite in temperament, a light-hearted, easy-going lad, full of song and frolic, and this may account for the two being chums and sticking to each other so long in Christian work and at college. No two young men could be more bound up in each other. They had each other's confidence, no secrets, and took no step without consultation.

The elder and better educated of the

two had a terrible struggle to keep his mind clean and to speak a pure language. In early boyhood he had formed the vile habit of profane swearing, a habit which is to-day too common, and to him it had become a second nature. The tendency to give way to it after his conversion was a sore trial, and often in tears he would say to his chum :

“Man Jack, my heart is sair. I hae catch'd mysel' twa or three times the day in the very act o' swearin', but the words didna get oot tae be heard. I jist in the nick o' time gripp'd them atween my teeth and held them there like a terrier wi' a rat. Dae ye think God wull haud me guilty o' takin' his name in vain? I didna mean it.”

Silas Stirling had that of which there is a lack to-day, “the fear of God and a sense of sin.” It was a struggle to deliver himself from the giant power of an evil habit, even after he had given himself up to Christ, but in the end grace triumphed and he glorified Jesus in the temple of his body.

It would take too much time to de-

scribe Jack's onward and upward struggle from his ninth to his twentieth year; suffice it to say that it was a tough, sore fight; but with God's aid he held his own against all odds, and as the years gathered he kept gaining ground and still saw something yet ahead in the way of self-improvement.

In a quiet corner of the workshop in spare moments he might be found glancing over the rudiments of Latin or Greek preparatory to a college course. In this laudable pursuit he had no encouragement from his shop-mates, but the opposite. Everything possible was done to hinder him, and to keep him like themselves. His ambition cost him much petty persecution, and nothing was left untried to make his life among them miserable, and also his employer an enemy. He was religious and they were not. He was a total abstainer, they were drinkers; and so they stood far apart.

Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where he goes;
Hinder me not, shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.

This was the hymn sung when Jack Foster was about to be "buried with Christ by baptism into death" by pastor John Welchman. It was sung by a large and deeply interested congregation, and gave the keynote to Jack's after life. It rang in his ears on the Green, it was in mind when he resolved in the name and power of Jesus to enter and take Botany Bay. It inspired him as he stood up on the outside stone stairway, which commanded that long, narrow, dirty street, known as Botany Bay, to tell its sadly neglected denizens that God's love was infinite and that grace abounded to the chief of sinners, that it was "a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

Jack had in a very large degree the soldier spirit, great will power, and a tender, sympathetic nature. He may have inherited it, as he belonged to a military family, and it was necessary for the work which God had allotted to him in life.

CHAPTER 11

III. INVASION OF BANY BAY

Saved by Jesus' blood,
Let us bow our knee to God;
At my round we blindly stray,
Moved with pity, let us pray,
For the souls who now are blind,
Soon the word of truth may find.

THE meetings on the Green, in the meantime, were a big success, and much talked about, to the great annoyance of the lads, as it was their desire not to be noticed until they gained in knowledge and experience, and gave evidence of fitness for public work. But it was in the very air about the Green meetings and the boy preachers.

One Sunday morning at the close of the service, they were met at the church door by the pastor, who said:

"Ah, ha, my young men, what is this I am hearing about you? I wish to have a few words with you."

Jack began to fear that he had heard some evil report which would be made the subject of inquiry by the deacons, as there was very strict discipline.

"I am told," said he, "that you have



set up as preachers, and are doing great things on the Green."

It was said in such a tone of voice as to leave

Jack massured as to whether the effort put forth on the Green met with his approval. The pastor at once noticed that the effect was other than he had intended, and so he said: "I am not going to scold you or find fault with you, but you might have taken counsel with me before setting out. I assure you I

have no desire to hinder you in doing good; but if you must preach, you need not go so far away as the Green to do it, you have only to cross over into Botany Bay. It is in our district, you know, and we as a people are responsible to God for the eternal salvation of those poor folk. Perhaps he means to use you, who knows? to lead them to the Saviour. Promise me now that you will make the effort and at once."

They had witnessed the old missionary carried out by four stalwart policemen, wounded and gory, his only offense zeal for God and the sinner's salvation. Jack was slow to own that he had ever preached on the Green or had even tried to do it. "We have hummed two or three hymns, engaged in prayer, read a bit of Scripture, and done a little talking about the Saviour as the sinner's friend, but it cannot be by any manner of means regarded as preaching."

Both promised that they would think over the minister's proposal, seek from God grace and guidance, and if it should prove to be his will they would invade

Botany Bay in the name of the Lord Jesus.

They did not relinquish the Green but added Botany Bay to the programme. Silas and Jack entered upon the campaign strongly moved by the sentiment of love for souls. The effort to be made had led them to serious thought and much prayer, as they felt how unequal they were to the work. It could not be done in their own strength, and it needed more than human wisdom. But having sought counsel of God they had committed themselves to it.

They consulted with the chief of police to know whether their venture met with his approval and would have his co-operation, if need be, in the event of trouble being made by the rowdy class.

Jack met him in his office at the "Central," laid the case before him, explained to him their plan of operations, assuring him that it would be a peaceable invasion, and that past mistakes would be avoided if at all possible. He approved of their plan of work and said that policemen would be told off for special service,

and be within an easy distance ready to respond to the first call; but they were never once required in all the campaign.

On Sunday during the interval of worship, from half past twelve to two o'clock, the boy preachers, armed with a bundle of gospel tracts, invaded Botany Bay, going from door to door, explaining to the people what they were disposed to do in the way of supplying them with a religious service and expressing a desire to know whether such a service would be acceptable to them on Sunday evening. The people were assured that the offer was prompted by love, and that the only aim was their good.

The ladies were kindly received and their treatment was beyond all expectation. The majority were in favor of the service as explained to them. Only two families objected; one was a Roman Catholic family, the other ran a shebeen and evaded the Sunday law. The head of the Roman Catholic family said:

"We are not oye your relaigion and do not need it. We have our own church,

which is the throe church and it's good enouf fur us at any time, any day, rain or shine. You need not give us your ould tracts full of devil's lies. You had better kape thim, for we would only tear thim or put thim in the fire, the only fit place for them."

After a little good-natured chaffing, the effort to be made was more fully explained, and then all opposition was withdrawn on the condition that the preaching was not to be opposite their doors; they were of the opinion that their feelings ought to be respected. But there was another family who volunteered the use of their stairway as a preaching stand, and this gave the speakers the control of the whole street.

The negotiations made a tremendous demand upon Jack's nervous system, as the real battle was more with himself than with the people, fitting himself into the situation as it opened up to him.

The preliminaries settled, it was time for the afternoon service and the administration of the Lord's Supper, a weekly observance at that time. They entered

the church with grateful and subdued hearts. A victory had been won in Botany Bay, and they felt themselves in a fit frame to sing as never before :

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him all creatures here below.

After Sunday-school—for both taught in the school—they retired into one of the vestries to entreat God by prayer to grant unto them the special guidance of the Holy Spirit that all might be done wisely and well and to his glory. Rising from their knees and perpetual to the moment, they were in Botany Bay at half past six.

The people were eagerly on the outlook, the outside stairways were jammed with hearers, every window was thrown open and black with heads, and the narrow roadway was filled up with an eager throng. There never had been such a day before in the history of the place. The service was opened with the singing of McCheyne's beautiful hymn :

I once was a stranger to grace and to God,
And knew not my danger and felt not my load.

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Though friends spoke in rapture of Christ on the
tree,
Jehovah 'Tsidkenn, 'twas nothing to me.

This hymn was so sung that the inhabitants could not know that it was not an original composition and their own heart's expression of love to Jesus. It was sung with deep feeling and hearty expression and captivated the crowd.

Jack read the fifteenth chapter of Luke's Gospel, giving a running comment, then there was prayer by Silas, giving the heart free rein to talk with God himself in behalf of the people of Botany Bay. It was an earnest, simple, direct, sensible prayer. The people so felt and seemed to be awed and subdued by it.

The opening exercises prepared the people for the rest, and their freedom in prayer enabled the young men to measure their own powers, gauging their liberty and tenderness of heart in address.

According to agreement Jack was to take the opening address. His talk was on the "lost sheep," the shepherd leaving

the bulk of his flock safe in the fold and setting out in search for the lost one.

He had seen shepherd life in the Western Highlands, and had witnessed the rescue of a poor lost sheep, sick and wounded and ready to die. Caught in the wool by a whin bush, it hung over the face of a cliff ready to drop into the abyss beneath. He graphically described the heart, the daring, and self-sacrifice of the earthly shepherd in the rescue of the lost sheep, and his joyful triumphant return after its recovery.

He then spoke of the loving Jesus, Son of God and Son of Man, the little child, the grown lad, inured to labor and privations, and leading a humble life, a man among men, the Son of God, the manly man, the all-sympathizing man, the self-sacrificing man, treading our life path in all its dark mazes, ever making the lowly poor his particular care, ministering as he went to suffering and need, enlightening its ignorance, easing its burdens, and then on the cross with all its ignominy and suffering, giving his life a ransom for many.

He showed how the Son of God as the Son of Man was searching after the lost sheep, and how the way of the cross was God's way of delivering them, as they hung over the cliff caught by some evil besetment, with the abyss beneath a torturing hell. He told them that they knew themselves what they were, away from God and rectitude and everything pure and holy. They knew that they were not what they once were, even within the reach of memory.

He reminded them of childhood's days, its innocence and purity, their early Christian education and training, the prayer they had been taught at their mother's knee, and mother's prayers and tears on their account. A mother was, perhaps, with Jesus in the better land, and a mother's interest might follow them still. They were besought in all tenderness to allow Jesus to save them while salvation was possible. It was earnest, passionate, loving, pleading, one heart giving out its love to many hearts in wonderful fullness. Strong men at once broke down and wept like bairns, and the women

folk sobbed right out and bewailed their sinful, lost condition. The place became a Bochim.

May we not think that God's angels looked down with holy interest on Botany Bay that night, and the Lord Jesus saw of the travail of his soul in those poor penitents? He was the uplifting of the place as he was uplifted in faith and love.

Silas followed Jack, emphasizing what had been said, opening to them the volume of his own experience, and drawing a picture of the "Prodigal's Return." With a hymn and a prayer the service closed. Suitable reading was distributed, inquirers beset them, Botany Bay was open to the gospel of the grace of God. It was a triumph of grace and a modern miracle!

The effort put forth in love by the boy preachers met with no remonstrances, neither were they hit by broken bottles. Love conquered, because the preachers themselves were love's conquest. God had honored them, and they wept for joy that Botany Bay had received the saving

message that day. It was far into the night before they could close their eyes in sleep.

The hand had been put to the plow; there must be no looking backward and no weak-kneed effort. The battle must be pushed to the gates, and now that the enemy had been attacked Jack would rather die than retreat. The situation demanded heroism of a high order.

There was to be regular service every Sunday evening, weather permitting. The pastor was delighted with the success achieved, and at the Wednesday evening prayer meeting made special mention of the evangelization of Botany Bay, and made request for special prayer for its success. Then prayer was offered as never before for "the puir folk ow'er in Botany Bay, that God would in love lead their hearts tae himsel." God had made their own hearts tender and big enough to hold the erring ones in affection.

Some of the friends who had stood aside in unbelief and moral cowardice, afraid to accompany the young heralds

on their errand of mercy, now volunteered their assistance and began to pray for the success of the work and for Satan's overthrow in the district.

The evangelistic work on the following Sunday was like that of the preceding one. The service was just as appropriate and earnest, the crowd quite as great, the interest intensified, and the reception even more cordial. Some of the hardest cases, both men and women, appeared looking sober and rational, a very uncommon thing for them on a Sunday evening in Botany Bay.

CHAPTER VI

WAYS OF PREACHING

There is no true orator who is not a hero.

—Emerson.

JACK FOSTER had an ideal; he had received it as a seedling from his Cameronian grandmother and it had been fostered in his own mind by the biographies of Brainerd, Payson, Whitefield, Carey, Knibb, Williams, and others. He had an ideal! A fire at times burned in his bones as to missionary life. His spirit was too big for his weak body, and his weak body was a brake on the running gear of his unselfish life. On account of his prolonged sickness and hard usage in boyhood, he had not the physical strength he now seemed to possess, but he had great will power. He was of medium height, squarely built, unscular, broad-shouldered, with large head, gray eyes, and blonde complexion. In tempera-



ment, nervous, sympathetic, and impulsive. Some were not slow to say: "He is a born orator." In address he was simple, direct, and persuasive. His subject and audience to him were everything and Jack Foster nothing. Christ was all, and he must be heard. Had he lived in the days of St. Francis, that good man might have had a disciple. Unselfishness and gospel simplicity were the aim of his life, and he could see no other pathway open to usefulness, or to a happy, peaceful end.

He was blamed by some for preaching an impracticable gospel, simply because in opening the Scriptures he showed that the gospel is a life as well as a creed, and that the life is the product of one's trust, not only in the crucified Jesus, but also in the Jesus who rose from the dead, who lives and is possessed of all power in heaven and in earth, and who is ever present with his faithful ones—true to his own promise. He showed that eternal life is in him, and in us by our union with him by faith, and not in the sacraments. "I am crucified with Christ,

nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me, and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God who loved me and gave himself for me." "What! know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own? For ye are bought with a price; therefore glorify God in your body and in your spirit, which are God's." Jack's life song would be, "Christ is all." The doctrine was too strong for one so young.

Silas Stirling, some time after he had taken a college course and while a student in theology, was called upon to address a kitchen meeting of poor humble folk. When the service closed Mrs. MacWhirter, one of his aforetime admirers, stepped up to the front and thanked him for his fine, helpful discourse and ventured the remark:

"I liked you much better, Silas, before you got grammar and the use of big words. Surely you are going to be a professor, but you should have some pity upon poor folk who have got but little

education and who are out of the reach of high-flown English."

It is true he did not feel himself flattered by the observation that he was spoiled by his grammar, but it awakened in him the consciousness that he had made an advance, when it was noticeable to her. But Mrs. MacWhirter's observation was worth thinking out in more than one direction.

Culture and good style ought to be the aim of every student, but culture is not everything, as some would make us believe, for effective gospel preaching; but self-adaptation is also necessary. Men admire men but detest dandies and affectation.

It might not be very dignified to talk to a roomful of poor people as Jack Foster sometimes did, if judged by ordinary rules. He talked in the broad doric of his mother tongue deliberately, remembering that a kitchen meeting was not the class-room, and that his audience were not students, but a roomful of poor, illiterate people, hungering for spiritual food, the bread of heaven. When re-

bnked by a fellow-student for using the doric in addressing those poor people, his reply was :

“ In a situation like this a man must get down from his stilts and use the feet which nature has given him, and do it very humbly too. Where does dignity come in, in love’s earnest effort to compass the sinner’s salvation? The only begotten of the Father as the Son of man humbled himself and became obedient unto death. Where was the dignity? It was all ignominy and self-abasement. Let dignity perish in such circumstances as compassing the sinner’s salvation, and allow love and good sense to prevail. If it will soften a human heart and bring a poor lost sinner to the feet of Jesus, to get beneath his eye and catch his kindly look, and to hear him say as of yore, ‘Thy sins are forgiven thee’—use the doric, and let the emtches go to the wall. It is worth using when what is worth more than the world is at stake.” This was Jack’s opinion. He noted the difference between reading an essay to a roomful of students, and a

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company of poor old folk met together to listen to a gospel talk. He saw them to be as far apart as heaven and earth.

Jack had a theory of his own, well tested, as to open air preaching and how to manage it. It was simply this: "Open by singing a hymn of experience, a solo, and by degrees the people will gather around the singer. Then read one of the parables and give a running comment, and offer prayer; pray to God and not at the people, and do not talk to God as if he needed a lot of information about his own world, the ways of his providence, and the kind of people in the world. Let it be 'prayer and supplication with thanksgiving.' In addressing the people start on a low key, then gradually raise your pitch as you warm up and gain in grip of your subject, or as it gets a grip of you. To be in the grip of your subject is to be in grips with your audience; you hold it. If the voice at the outset is pitched too high it will break before the speaker is half through with his discourse, besides, the people will not be around him as interested

hearers, but will remain only at a distance as spectators. One's aim ought to be to get the people and to hold them until he has told his message and delivered himself from the blood of all. Manner and voice as well as subject have much to do with success in the open air."

A dog fight will speedily attract a crowd of men and boys, and hold them magnetized. A crowd draws a crowd. Curiosity moves the masses. The longer the fight lasts, the greater the number anxious to see it. Jack tells of a dog fight which drew a bigger crowd together in a shorter space of time than any preaching service could do:

"In a fashionable thoroughfare of the city, two dogs of different breeds met and eyed each other in a dignified and rather contemptuous manner, and then circled 'round and 'round each other, and sniffed and snarled, eying each other in the most ugly and threatening way, their eyes at times giving out sparks of anger. Then suddenly with a gurry-woww, they gat each other by the throat, and simply held on with a deathly grip. It

was an up and down tussle. First the one and then the other would be on top. It looked as if they would go on in this way until there was nothing left of them but their tails as mementos of the struggle for mastery. A dog fight is attractive to masculine human nature, and very soon gathers a crowd, and men take sides as to the winning one or the gamier one of the two.

“When the crowd was satisfied that the dogs had fought long enough, some of its illustrious members set about separating them, pulling them apart by the tails, taking first one and then the other, but the stronger the pull, the more vicious the brutes became, as it just made them gurry-worry, gurry-worry each other all the more. It was just frightful to see how the dogs did it. Other members of the crowd in their superior wisdom saw fit to attempt a separation of the dogs by kicking them about the head, but it did not work the way they expected. It only aggravated the situation, and they kept on gurry-worrying each other. It is the brute's nature, and

it may be there is a little of it in the human.

“It is a matter for thankfulness that folk are not all silly and stupid. Some have a grain of sense left them, and it helps to save the majority. In the very moment of the dogs’ extremity, and the crowd’s utter helplessness to put a stop to the fight, an old Hieland man, who had been a silent spectator, brawly and bravely elbowed his way through the crowd, saying, as he made his elbows do their best work :

“‘Hand oot the gait, hand oot the gait (keep out of the way), ye lot o’ gammrals (silly folk). Ye no understan’ pizness, or hoo tae manage tae togs.’

“There he stood inside the ring, near the dogs, and looked on the situation philosophically. Suddenly he thrust the finger and thumb of his right hand into his vest pocket, and brought out a tortoise-shell box, which he tapped on the lid and then opened with a look of satisfaction on his broad, bronzed face. Putting his finger and thumb into the open box he took out a pinch of ‘Taddy’s

snuff, and put one half in one nostril, and half in the other, and sniffed it up into the regions of his intellectuality. He was refreshed and felt in a mood now for business, and the crowd was all expectation. He then took out another pinch of 'Taddy's Genuine,' and held it for a moment between finger and thumb, and looked thoughtful, waiting his opportunity, and then aiming fair, he quietly and slyly slipped into the eye of the nigh dog one-half of the pinch, and the other half of it went into the eye of the off dog.

"Like a flash of lightning they got out of grips, with a blood-curdling unearthly yell, y-o-n-l, y-o-n-l, youl, and made off like sixty between the legs of the crowd of men and boys. It was just magnificent. Every one was like to leap out of his boots, and the crowd broke, every one taking to his heels in terror of being bitten by the maddened brutes, and so the crowd was dispersed more quickly than it gathered.

"The Hieland man lingered, smiled inwardly, wonderfully well pleased with

himself, and highly amused at the behaviour of the crowd.

“The Hieland man understood dog nature, and the effectiveness of Taddy's snuff to subdue brute pertinacity. He was a man o' sense. One has to know something of the human animal, and how to manage him if one would win him to a better life. Something more is needed than an intimacy with books and the dead languages.”

CHAPTER VII

A CAMPAIGN PLANNED

The only conclusive evidence of a man's sincerity, is that he gives himself for a principle. Words, money, all things else are comparatively easy to give away, but when a man makes a gift of his daily life and practice, it is plain that the truth, whatever it may be, has taken hold of him and has him in its possession.

—James Russell Lowell.

AS the gospel had now gained a footing in Botany Bay, the pastor, who was deeply interested in its success, counseled a series of special services and the throwing open of the church in connection with them. A nightly service in the Bay, to be followed by one in the church, was proposed. The people were to be invited at the close of the open-air service to attend the church service, just as they stood, unwashed, unkempt, and in dishabille, as it was a "workingman's" service.

In the Briggate the Rev. Dougald MacColl had just such a service and it was a success, and why not such a service for Botany Bay?

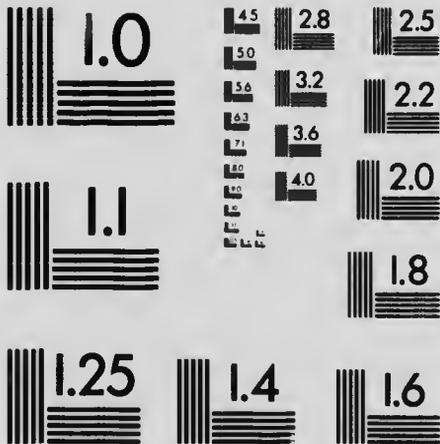
In moving upon Botany Bay for Christian conquest, there was now to be concerted action. The work had pressed itself upon a number of young hearts valiant for the Lord and enthusiastic in evangelization. The pastor was at the head of the movement. All these young people were either directly or indirectly the fruit of his own loving and faithful ministry of the word. He was one of those men who would never think of setting another to do that from which he shrank himself. His policy was not, "You go and do that," but, "Come and let us do it," and then lead in it.

He was abundant in labors, loved to preach the gospel in all its fullness, and was not afraid to preach it in the open air in public places. In fact it was on the Green in "auld Broad-brim's" pulpit, that Jack first made his acquaintance, and there had his heart softened by his presentment of the gospel.



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Pastor Welchman labored for and expected conversions, through the preaching of the word, and God gave him to see the fruit of his labors and permitted him to gather a large church of warm-hearted, active Christian workers. But to guide, control, and lead such a large number of young hearts intent on aggressive Christian work, was no easy matter. Christian democracy is a very fine thing, but it needs an autocrat at the head of it. On the whole his administration was wise, firm, and tender, and he endeared himself to all. Yet he had his difficulties and was seen to weep time and again over them. In the governing of others and in the building up of Christian character, every man loyal to Jesus has difficulties. The Master himself had his difficulties. Some of his immediate followers in the beginnings of the gospel showed themselves to be only men—narrow-minded, self-seeking, impulsive, vindictive, and at times, cowardly men. Grace in them, as in ourselves, had to do its work. It was a work of time, and the Spirit of God, through the teaching of

Jesus, made men of them like their Master.

In this little company enlisted for the Lord's service in Botany Bay there were some braw lads, spiritual fellows, well read in the Holy Scriptures, and men of prayer, expectant of great things from God and ready to attempt great things for him. The council of war called consisted of the pastor, the youngest deacon, Dick Mossman, Andy and Alec Manson, Eben MacLaren, Rob Boyd, Dave Lawson, Silas Stirling, and Jack Foster, and a number of godly young women, who were ready to assist in the singing, distribute tracts, or talk to the inquirers.

It was evident they expected to win in the Lord's battle, and that they never for a moment thought that the people over in Botany Bay were beyond the reach of the grace of God, or that it could do nothing for them. They knew its power and blessedness in their own lives, and believed with all their heart that what the gospel had done for them it could do for the worst as well as the best of men. In their fellow-believers they had

seen the powerful workings of divine grace and the reflected beauty of the Lord.

The following programme, after much prayer and a sober, earnest, candid canvass of the whole matter, was adopted: Silas Stirling and Jack Foster were to conduct the open air service in Botany Bay, and as many as possible were to go over to assist in the singing. At the close, the people were to be invited to go over to the service in the church, just as they were, half-clad and unwashed.

The pastor was to preside at all the services, but the conduct of the meeting was to be in the hands of the young men and entirely free from anything that would lend the suspicion of officialism or priestly control. The prayers were to be brief, direct, and scriptural, and the requests sincere and definite. The addresses were to be short, crisp, and evangelical. Nothing like a sermon was to be attempted. No one was to speak unless he had really something to say for which his heart and conscience would condemn him if he left it unsaid. Each address

was to be in favor of the gospel and a commendation of it to the people of Botany Bay as a something that had been tried and found to be all that was claimed for it by Christian men.

There was to be an inquirer's meeting at the close of each service, and all were to be encouraged to remain. As many as possible were to aid in it and all difficult cases were to be handed over to the pastor to be dealt with by him.

If the Lord gave them any of the people for Christ and the church, and they should desire to unite by a public profession of their trust in him, all were to be received who gave evidence that Christ had received them, and this independent of past history, present circumstances, or their surroundings. No one was to be discarded because of dress, condition of person or purse, or nature of employment.

It was argued, "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," and not saints, and to lift men morally and socially, and after he had lifted them it would be made manifest. They would rise in the social scale, appreciate cleanliness, be better

ciad, better fed, and have something to give for the maintenance of ordinances and the propagation of the gospel. If the Holy Ghost did his own work through the preaching of the word, in time it would show itself.

In the meantime all were to be patient, tender, and charitable, and to treat poor people as they themselves would like to be treated, and in this way they would aid God and the Holy Spirit to do his own work in the hearts of the Botany Bay people.

It was a blessed conference and the fruits of it abide unto this day. It was an honest attempt to get down to simplicity and gospel helpfulness, and to arrive at something better than the so-called institutional church. In the adoption of the programme there was remarkable agreement, and its adoption laid the foundation of that church's future as a spiritual power in the city.

"It does seem strange," remarked Jack after this meeting, "that there should be in the professedly Christian church, what one might term big, small men, whose

only mission is to block the way of a gospel of reconciliation, a common-sense gospel adapted to men of every condition of life, and of every clime ; men who will not fellowship the poor man or give him a lift out of the social pit-hole into which he has fallen ; small men, who forget their own humble life-beginnings in the battle for wealth and comforts and social status, and who now talk glibly of society's demands, and a gospel of culture and refinement ; men who would live off the poor by themselves, because their garments are not up to the knocker as to style or quality, and because the pennies do not jingle in their pockets. The talk of these empty-headed upstarts is enough to make a cuddy laugh and the ass, it is allowed, is a very sedate, discreet brute.

“The despised poor are often found to be brainy, big-hearted, sensible, God-rearing men, clean every whit. It is this cursed social ostracism and worldly feeling that makes organized religion only a semblance of, and not the gospel itself, crucifying Christ afresh and the

putting of him to an open shame. Purse pride is the most offensive of all pride. The Lord Jesus has no place for it in the heart and life of his followers. Their mission is to reconcile men to God. It is the church's mission to turn men from darkness unto light and from the power of Satan unto God."

Such also was the opinion of Deacon Manson, a man that no one dare oppose in his opinion, as he was mighty in the Scriptures, a man of prayer, a good man.

Deacon Manson was the father of a numerous and godly family. He was a shoemaker by trade and a native of Kilmours. He had great liberty in prayer, a fine grip of gospel truth, could state his opinion with weight, and was held in great respect. He was able to rule well his own house, and was one of the church's substantial pillars. He was poor, but manly and upright, spiritual and intelligent, and to him the promise was fulfilled, "Thy children shall all be taught of God."

His house in the Gorbals was open to the young men for prayer and Bible

study, and to seek fitness for Christian service, and to practise the deacon's ideas as the very marrow of the gospel. He was one of God's aristocracy, though living in a house of two rooms and a kitchen in an obscure street.

He had been elected to the deacon's office because of his intellectual, moral, and spiritual qualities, and was likely to purchase for himself a good degree. When a man is not strictly honest and benevolent in his dealings with others, he is apt to be what the Scotch call shaekally (a poor walker) as a Christian, afraid of the sound of his own voice, and ready to turn aside from his own shadow.

As a man fit for the deacon's office, Daddy Manson was Jack's ideal: "A saintly man who could visit the sick, sympathize with the afflicted, and minister to them spiritually. He had more of the useful and less of the ornamental than any other man I have ever met with in church life. He was a spiritual boon to the young, struggling congregation and a great source of strength and comfort to the pastor. He was not an

ill-looking man, medium height, well built, with a handsome open face, and a pleasant manner of address, a gaucy man (stately in appearance).



“ Mrs. Manson was a fit companion for one filling the deacon's office. She was a woman of fine bearing and sweet countenance, had a kind, motherly heart,

abounded in good deeds, and was a woman of few words. Two words from her on the subject of personal religion were worth a hundred from any other of the women folk of the congregation.

“Margery lived very near to God, loved the gospel, was Spirit filled, had a warm heart to all Christian people, and was queenly in her poverty. She was to all the young men who met at her house for prayer and Bible study a sympathetic mother, and was often consulted by them in practical matters to profit.”

Jack says: “The deacon took an interest in me from the beginning. He was interested in my history, dealt kindly with me as a lad bereft of all my kindred and out alone on life’s great sea. He won my respect and lived in my affections. He was a father in Israel, and when God took him to himself by a mysterious providence, every one felt he had lost a friend; and to the church the loss was irreparable. But to the young people Margery was more dear than ever. In her widowhood her influence did not wane, but grew more healthful and help-

ful. The young women as well as the young men profited by her saintly, useful life. Oh, that such lives could be multiplied in every center of population! It would be to the greater glory of God in the spread of the gospel. A selfish, extreme individualism to-day mars the beauty of the gospel and robs it of its power as the word of reconciliation."

CHAPTER VIII

A WONDERFUL EVENING

There shall be showers of blessings,
Precious reviving again.

AS the weeks passed the interest in the meetings did not wane, but it grew more manifest. The days were getting shorter and the evenings chilly, and an indoor service in Botany Bay was much to be desired. It was time for the proposed movement. At the close of the first week-night service Jack broached the propriety of an indoor service, and told his hearers how the main audience room of the church had been placed at their disposal, and that the service was for all of them just as they stood in their work clothes. There was no time for a clean-up, and in the circumstances no need of it, either. The sooner it began the earlier would they get home to their other duties. He said:

"Come away, just as you are. Follow me, and do not be a bit blate or bashful, for all the folk you will meet there are just working people like yourselves. Come over with me, every one of you, old and young and middle-aged. The service is for everybody and all are welcome." In response to this hearty invitation, there was quite a movement of the crowd of outdoor worshipers. The least expected were the very first to fall into line in that eventful march out of Botany Bay to enter a house of worship.

Heading them all was that wonderful woman, "Coal Jean," who lived in the first house on the right-hand side as you entered the Bay. She had a small shop or store, and sold milk, bread, and coals. As she led in the procession, her face and her hands were all begrimed with coal gnm, or dust, for she had to shovel and weigh out coal in small quantities to snit the purse of her customers. She was a woman of ordinary size, but musenlar, had a nice, pleasant face, a big heart, and an open hand. She wore a calico dress, a drugget apron, both the worse for wear,

and a white linen cap, or *mitch*, with fluted border, which, owing to her occupation, was not very clean. She was not tidy or the least churchlike, but it was a triumph of divine grace to get her to a place of worship in any condition.

"Jean" was fond of a dram; perhaps she thought she needed it to clean out her bronchial apparatus, for owing to the coal dust settling on her lungs, she was at times a little bit wheezy and short of breath. But in the use of whisky she sometimes went too far for her own good. She was a good-hearted, social creature, but a sore affliction to her own man, a mean creature, and now more so than ever, when she was likely to become religious.

"Jean" led the way, and the rest of the Botany folk followed her, and, after all, it was a queer crowd to take to a house of worship. She followed closely on Jack Foster. There was no turning back at the door, but in she marched at the head of an army and held on her way until she was well up the aisle, and then around she wheeled to look for her

following ; they were all there, and seemed to think if "Coal Jean" was welcome, all were welcome !

In that motley assembly there were some noted characters, a kind of aristocracy of oddities of the district. Among the women were "Pirn Nannie," "Specky Mause," "Wheezy Meg," the washer-woman, "Tousey Nell," "Muekee Kirs-ty," "Margery Gemmell," "Susie Dempster," "Big Mary," the twister, "Isobel," the tambourer, and the milk lass from the dairy across the road. Among the men there was "Tam MacOuat," "Brimstane Jamie," "Royal Charlie," "Sandy Bell," and "Hughie Dunlap," the tailor, and a host of other well-known of the Bay. It must be understood that the above were their nick-names, according to their occupation or natural characteristics—a custom peculiar to Scotch people of the humbler class.

Of course there were, as might have been expected, two or three uppish, fastidious, crotchety people who saw in this kind of thing the downfall of all decent, clean religion, and the breaking up of a re-

spectable, prosperous congregation. They were like the priest and the Levite, on the other side of the road, and thought the kirk was not for a lot of dirty paupers. It was a paying concern, and there was no business in bringing in a burdensome lot of poor, useless people.

They were stout contenders for a religion of culture and lofty, intelligent piety, and were also the warm friends of missions to the far-away heathen, yet stone-blind to the heathenism of Botany Bay, which was always well in sight and within touch.

It has been well remarked: "It is more possible to love and sympathize with our fellow-men than our capricious nature would have us believe. We are in the habit of drawing too many arbitrary lines of demarcation indicating the boundaries of our love to men. Some fall within, others as surely fall without these lines. This person does not come up to our standards socially, another does not share our individual beliefs, so we draw a line mentally, which leaves such outside the line of our love, and we tacitly relieve

ourselves of any obligation to them which love would impose. For any reason or for no reason, simply because 'we do not like them,' or from unspoken inward contempt and pride, we draw the zigzag isothermal line that slants people away from our sympathies and affections."

The Botany Bay effort was getting down to rock bottom, gospel simplicity and helpfulness. On this eventful occasion, minister and deacons graced the platform, also Adam the precentor, who had the singing well in hand, and there was "nane o' your wheezy, squeaky kist o' whistles to lead it." The minister had all the weightiness of bulk, a fine, kindly face, a big heart, and a silver tongue. But better than all, he had a good, broad grip of the gospel.

It was always a feast of fat things to listen to him. He was a Welshman and had been a missionary in Jamaica for some years, and so was not unacquainted with black faces or poorly clad folk. But the face or its conditions does not always indicate the man. We look at the outward, God at the inward, and he is the

keener sighted and never makes mistakes.

The pastor presided, but the management of the service was in the hands of the young people as before outlined. The prayers were brief, sensible, and earnest, so also were the addresses, and the singing was appropriate and hearty. There never was such a prayer meeting before in that part of the city in the history of religion. The workers were mixed up with the audience. No one was called upon by name to take part in the proceedings, all was left open, and there were no long pauses, or breaks, as all were ready to aid as opportunity offered. The hearts of all were running over with desire and expectancy of a large blessing in Jesus' name.

A short address was given, and then several prayers, offered in all parts of the audience room, five or six taking part in turn. God was wrestled with in behalf of Botany's people. He was reminded of his promises, and of what he had done for themselves for Jesus' sake: "We ourselves have been helpless, hapless, hopeless

sinner on the very pit-mouth of perdition, and about tae slip in and be lost forever. But thou hast been pleased to save us, and it was all of free, sovereign grace, and not for anything in us, or that we hae done. Oh, we ask thee in Jesus' name tae dae for the Botany folk what it has pleased thee tae dae for us, by the powerful working o' the Holy Ghost in their hearts and consciences. O Lord, dae it for Jesus' sake, or they will be forever lost. Lord, save them, save now, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

In the foregoing we gain but a faint idea of the prayers offered and the spirit of the meeting. Jack says: "There was adoration, confession of sin, thanks for all mercies, a pleading of the promises, and earnest intercession in behalf of the Botany folk who had braved all and come out to hear the gospel of the grace of God."

There was in the congregation a tinsmith, Andrew MacNair, who had recently returned from America full of the revival spirit, and well versed in American methods of work. There was also

a one-eyed old Englishman, a Methodist and an iron-puddler, who had come all the way from Dixon's furnaces to get religiously warmed up, as he said, for since his arrival north he had just been frozen spiritually. He had heard of the meetings and had to come to help, if need be.

These two were a host in themselves in the realm of the emotional.

The Scotch-Yankee tinner and the old English puddler could not and would not keep quiet. MacNair got out of his pew into the aisle and went backward and forward clapping his hands and offering short ejaculatory prayers, and old Silas Whitman helped him on with his warm, hearty responses and groans, and in a little while there was a roaring fire of religious excitement. In the opinion of some it was Pentecost over again, in that of others it was a crazy outbreak of religious feeling. Over the audience room one and another was entreating God for mercy. Hearts had softened, the flood-gates of the soul were open, and there was sore sobbing and confession of sin. The place was a Bochim.

Some were completely terrified out of their wits, and did not take time to open the pew doors to get out, but just leaped over into the aisle and out of the place, as if running a steeple chase.

Among those who ran out was Jamie Fleming, a poor useless body, a baker, given to drink, who more than once had had delirium tremens. He had been in attendance to gratify his poor old mother. He got out of the place like a streak of lightning, and as if all the powers of evil were in chase to get him.

Jack Foster said when spoken to: "I was not prepared for this, neither was my fellow-worker, but if it is the Lord's doing we are satisfied. Time will show whether it is of the Lord or of man."

The poor deacons did not do anything but sit and swing to and fro in their seats and wring their hands and weep like bairns. Old Daddy McOnat, a dairyman, a big, handsome man, who always wore a broad-brimmed hat, as it became him, sat there with a look of wonderment upon his face and the big salt tears making haste down his chnubby face.

The pastor was the happiest man of all. It was to him an old-time revival. He was in his element and had a busy time dealing with the convicted and anxious ones. The deacons were paralyzed and aghast at the answer to their own prayers, as the manner of it was unexpected. It did not come in a soberly discreet way. They had been praying for Holy Ghost power, and that God by his Spirit through the word would do his own work in the hearts of the Botany folk, but he was not doing it their way, and they could not believe their eyes, now that the people had wakened up to see their need of the Saviour and to seek salvation on God's terms alone.

It was not discreet, there was no decorum, a sad lack of reverence and deep solemnity. They had not been brought up that way, and therefore it could not be right. As if sinners, gross sinners, suddenly and deeply alarmed about their present and eternal interests could be discreet, decorous, and solemnized! The reply was: "When a house takes fire, and is burning itself down, and valuable prop-

erty and precious life are at stake, where does discretion, decorum, and deep solemnity come in? Why, it is the spirit o' humanity and gude sense that comes in, and every ain does what his better judgment prompts him to do, and he does it wi' a' his might and right heartily too. It is: 'Kum awa', freens, and lend us a hand tae help these puir buddies tae save their bits o' things!'"

These poor people had all of a sudden found themselves in a house of prayer, and saw themselves to be guilty, lost, and undone sinners, on the very brink of ruin, and were they to be discreet, and to hide their feelings, and go softly and quietly about seeking salvation?

Several had stood up of their own accord to make request for the prayers of God's people, and among the most anxious was "Coal Jean."

Her face was a picture. Her eyes were red with weeping, and her face had all the streaks of the zebra as the tears trickled down her coal-begrimed cheeks. But "Jean" was in earnest about her salvation and on her part it was real heart

work. Then came the after-meeting for inquirers, at which the Bible was freely used to aid them in seeking God's way of peace, pardon, and holiness.

Some heard more Scripture that evening than they had heard for many years, and this was true of those who had better opportunities than the Botany folk. That evening fourteen or more precious ones professed to yield themselves to Christ to be saved by him alone, and the meeting did not break up till midnight, as the people would not go home, so anxious were they to have the matter of their eternal salvation settled once for all. They would see Jesus as their own Saviour. Among those who came to a decision that night were several young men who became active Christians; two of them studied for the ministry and became successful pastors.

The special meetings lasted all through the fall, and far into the winter. Sixty at least made a profession of their faith in Christ by baptism; dozens of others who did not belong to the Bay did the same; and it proved to be a season of

refreshing from the presence of the Lord.

Those who had been made the subjects of grace through the word preached unto them, soon changed the character of Botany Bay. It was no longer Botany Bay, but Kirkwood Place, and the house factor was a prond man. Property rose in value, rent and taxes could be collected, and there was but little demand for police service. The sergear:t of police was wonderfully well pleased with the altered behavior of its people, as his men were relieved of a lot of unpleasant duty, especially on Saturday night and early Sunday. Botany Bay, in a word, was "turned upside down" and right side up, and it was to remain so, as we shall see later on.

It was a most signal triumph of divine grace, and a standing evidence that the gospel is still the power of God, and that the grace of God in the heart of any people is a great moral force, and can do more for society at large than the best-managed system of police. The shebeens shut down, for there was no use for them.

Things generally began to look better, and the homes, more comfortable, bore the look of tidiness and thrift. Woman's life was easier and brighter, and young life was more joyful.



CHAPTER IX

THE MISSION HOUSE

Grace ! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear ;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

THE spirit which led Philip Doddridge to compose those lines led the matrons Macmillan, Dempster, and Gemmill, to wait upon the house factor to see whether he would not grant them the use of an empty house in the Macmillan tenement, which for a time had stood tenantless.

They requested it rent free, for mission purposes, and assured him, "It will be the very making o' the place. See what the grace o' God has done for the place already. A house o' prayer in the district would be a beacon light in the darkness and danger o' the place, and a credit tae us a'." Mr. Kirkwood was a keen

business man and managed his affairs to the satisfaction of his numerous clients, and with business foresight, as well as Christian sympathy, he granted the free use of the tenantless house as a house of worship.

Once in possession, the women set themselves to clean up the place. They also provided lamps, benches, and, the strangest thing of all, an old pulpit, which was bought from a second-hand dealer. As described to us: "It was an auld barrel kine o' thing about four feet in diameter, and had a door by which the preacher entered and could snibb himself in, and live and move in a worl' o' his ain. It had been in its day a grand affair wi' its book-board covered wi' crimson velvet, and adorned wi' thick silk cord and tassels: and a lang heavy silk freenge. It had, of course, seen better days and had accommodated many great men." The women desired the place to look as much like a kirk as it could. It was all done without the knowledge of the two lads who had been made responsible for the mission, and it was a com-

plete surprise to them, and it was meant to be so.

"We were," says Jack, "ignorant o' their ongoings, until they waited on us wi' the request that we would take charge o' the mission and gie them a Sabbath afternoon and Thursday night service.

"Dumfounded does not by any manner o' means express the state o' mind awakened by such a request, and such a revelation. We had not the heart to refuse, though our labors then were more than enough for the strength and time we had at our disposal, as we were now seeking to improve our gifts, if we had any, by attending evening school. We went over at the request of the ladies to inspect the house and the furniture, and the whole was a credit to them, they were assured. 'But that pulpit,' said Silas. 'is more than enough to make one stand on his head wi' astonishment. Such an idea! a real pulpit, such a big bit o' furniture, in a room about eighteen feet square!' We did not like it, but there it was, an expression of the women's sense o' fitness, and of gratitude also.

"Others appreciated the mission pulpit and made use of it, but I could not do other than regard it as a thing altogether out of place and the height o' nonsense. It always made me feel as if I were at an immense distance from the poor buddies who sat in front of me, and could have been touched with my hand by reaching over the book-board. Still I refrained from giving offense, but when I warmed up and had a good grip of my subject, I just got out softly from the old thing, and stood between it and the old people, felt more at home, and had greater power."

It was deemed advisable to get as many as possible to share in the work of the mission, so as to give variety in the service, as well as to enlist fresh talent to forward Christ's cause. Such an arrangement would leave the young men free, as used of God, to take away the stones and break up the fallow ground yet to be cultivated.

Jack, owing to his occupation, had to be up out of bed at an early hour of the day, and was not released from severe

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labor until a somewhat late hour of the evening. The protracted meetings, coupled with his own severe labor during the day, began to tell much on his strength, and it soon became apparent to many that he was on the eve of breaking down.

The Scotch-Yankee tinner, the one-eyed English puddler, and two of the younger deacons, were enlisted for mission service and with the exception of old Elias Whitman, each of them agreed to give an address in turn; he consented only to take part in the devotional service. He was a power in prayer, language, and action. Jack said:

"I stuck to the old man like a brother; his nationality and Methodism did not bother me in the least. He had a warm, loving, Christian heart, and was deeply interested in all that ought to interest a Christian who saw the world's need of a living Christ. That was enough for me."

It was a very easy and pleasant task to address this audience, inasmuch as those who composed it were not over-critical, and were always appreciative of what the laddies said. Bad grammar,

mispronunciation, and mistakes in the quotations from Scripture, never bothered those poor bodies; to them it was all wonderful! What the Botany folk were after was the sense of Scripture, God's mind in doctrine, precept, and promise. They desired the sappy, luscious fruit of God's word, and not the dry, tasteless leaves, no matter how prettily they might be set out, or might look as to form and color. They desired the bones of a subject, the very marrow of the gospel, and they expected God, the Holy Spirit, to give them all this through his young servants and their elderly helpers. They had a spiritual hunger, and it is said, "a hungry man is not over-nice as to what is set before him, as long as it is clean and eatable. Hunger needs no condiment."

But between ourselves, it was sometimes a sore battle to keep one's face straight in meeting—especially when led by the Scotch-Yankee. When it had come to MacNair's turn, he read to them from the Acts of the Apostles about Paul's voyage through the Mediterranean Sea. It was a sea with treacherous tides

and full of rocks to him, poor man, but he did not know and could not see them. In naming the different places or points touched by the ship, it was simply terrific the way he pronounced them. Clanda was the Clyde, and other words in the same ratio of correctness, but he was oblivious to his mistakes, and sailed away, tacking here and there beautifully until he made harbor. He was far from being self-conscious or super-sensitive, and did not know when he was laughed at. He could not see it and therefore did not feel it. But MacNair in his own way was a fine character and a liberal giver to the Lord's cause. He walked all the way from Partick to aid in the mission.

In the course of the winter, of their own accord, the people got up a tea-meeting, or *soirée*, the term in more general use. It was by the mission folk for the mission folk; there was no admission fee. It was not a scheme to make money; of such a thing they never dreamed. They had no idea of meeting together to eat themselves rich or out of

debt or to meet a deficit. It was got up in the name of good-fellowship, and out of gratitude to their spiritual benefactors. They were after the intellectual and spiritual. The tea, pies, and cookies, were poor tasteless things put alongside of the feast of reason and flow of soul. Those who know Scotland and her church customs will readily acknowledge that the churches do not go into the cookie and tea-kettle business to pay the minister's back salary or to reduce a church debt. The people have too much good sense, as a rule, to be carried away by any such nonsense.

The report supplied us is as follows: "The tea meeting was a very homely affair; there were no set tables; the tea and catables were just handed round from seat to seat. The tea dishes were of all kinds and sizes, big and little, of different ages and complexions, and of many patterns. In some instances a small bowl was substituted for the ordinary sized teacup. It was a general mix-up of delft and china, and the spoons—we will not mention them, further than that they

were odd ones, very ancient and well worn. But poor biddies, in the goodness o' their hearts they had done their best, and had got out their good men to the feast. It was remarked that the gospel had put spirit and taste into the women folk. Their coiffure—I think that is what it is called; it is the way a woman has of doing up her head or head-gear to make herself look dazzling and attractive, captivating, to lead the gude-man to fall anew in love.

“Their manner of dressing was all that could be wished for in a people in their humble circumstances. Those who had not white linen mutches, or caps newly done up, had black lace ones, decked with ribbons, glass beads, and artificial flowers. They thought themselves nothing small. One could see it in the cast of the eye and the carrying of the head, and the peculiar expression of the face, when a woman is just real well pleased with herself. Such an evening in Botany was a foretaste of heaven and the death-knell to whisky and impurity.”

Every work of grace has its attendant

evils, and the work of grace in Botany Bay was no exception. Some of those whom the grace of God had lifted out of the pit-hole of sin got carried away, first with spiritual pride, and then with worldly vanity, and Botany Bay could not hold them. Jack said: "They are just like the wee laddie who stuck i' the lum (chimney); they are too big for their place." They must get out of it and into more respectable quarters, but the same size of house in a better neighborhood meant a bigger rent and more expensive plenishing and that again meant getting into debt, and it has been said, when debt gets in at the door, love generally gets out at the window.

There is nothing sinful in contracting debt, if one can see any reasonable prospect of meeting it when it is due, but to go into it hap-hazard, purchasing what one really does not actually need, and then to trust the Lord somehow to get you out of it, is the very height of presumption and greatly grieves the Holy Spirit of God. The head of a family we will not name, got so high-minded and so

full of earthly vanity, that when spoken to about her absence from public worship she made reply: "Though I am no wi' you bodily, I am wi' you in speerit," and the answer given her was: "Sister G——, it would be well for you tae bring your body wi' you, when you come again in the speerit; if you do that we shall be able to say that our sister, Mrs. G—— is out to-day and we are glad of it. Your brethren are not so far advanced in spirituality as to be able to discern such spirits, when they come to church service out of the body."

Mrs. G—— was hopelessly involved in debt, and that may have been the cause of her spiritual attendance upon the ordinances, as, when there in the body, she had to look her creditors in the face.

Those who give credit are often worse or more to blame than those who receive it. On the part of both there is blame. There is often a sad lack of gumption, or good sense. Men should not be so anxious to force their wares upon others. A man who sells on credit ought to look all around him and ahead of him as to his

customers, their present circumstances and general reputation. They do not do this, but force their wares upon unwilling buyers, and afterward boast of their large sales, rush of business, and prospective fortunes. But it is all a cruel delusion and a snare, and the occasion of mischief and misery in families.

Mrs. G—— was over head and ears in debt for dress, house plenishing, etc. She was one of those who were too big for Botany Bay, and she was now dunned to death by her creditors. She saw she had made a bad blunder in allowing herself to be carried away with the pride of life. She had ventured on unsafe ground and was now more than shoe deep in the mire, and only God himself could get her out by a sad and bitter experience.

The lady who had given her her fine dresses was a member of the same church, and this scandal was finally made a means of grace.

Deacon William B—— was an excellent man, intelligent, conscientious, spiritual, upright to a high degree, and ever anxious to conserve the church's good

name, and so he brought the case of Mrs. G—— before the deacons as one calling for attention.

The man from whom Mrs. G—— got her house plenishing had little practical piety, and was rather fond of a dram. When he called to collect the debt, it was always acknowledged, but no attempt was made to pay it. Mrs. G—— was busy reading the Bible, and when poor Mac—— would straighten himself up to address her in the most direct way possible, she was sure to have the first word, and to put a series of questions to him about the state of his soul and his manner of life. She could not pay him, but the Lord would reward him for what he had done. Mac—— could not stand it and so would flee the place without achieving anything. Later he had to speak out like a man, and told her straight: "The good Lord will not pay the deil's (devil's) debts." He lodged a complaint with the deacons. Church discipline is not a very pleasant thing, any more than a "black draught" (salts and senna), but in the body spiritual as

well as the body physical medicine at times is a necessity.

In the congregational system, discipline has to be managed with great wisdom, tenderness, and Christian firmness, for in the removal of the offending member, there is the risk of rending the body to pieces. The Apostle Paul saw this clearly, and therefore counseled: "If any man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore such a one in the spirit of meekness, considering thyself lest thou also be tempted. Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." It is passing strange that those who stand in slippery places themselves are always the most anxious to urge procedure, and to propose extreme steps. After a season of grave anxiety and much prayer, Mrs. G—— was excluded, but not to be treated as a heathen woman, or worthless person.

In time the Lord brought her back again to do her first works, but it was on a sick-bed and on the very verge of the grave.

The Lord Jesus looked upon Peter,

and yet Peter had emelly deserted him,
denying that he knew him with oathis
and with curses. He was very profane,
yet the Lord did not give him up;
"Jesus looked upon Peter."

CHAPTER X

THE "DISCIPLE CLASS"

Oh, that I could forever sit,
With Mary at the Saviour's feet ;
 Be this my happy choice ;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
 To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

W. G. G.

THE number of meetings, Sundays and week-day, soon proved too much for Jack Foster's strength. He caught a cold, had congestion of the lungs, it was said, and had a sore time of it, and whilst sick abed many of those poor people called to inquire for him, leaving with Grannie Rodger, oranges, apples, and grapes, and other nice things, as an expression of their interest and gratitude.

God was gracious ; his sickness was not a very prolonged one and so it did not make much of a break in the work, as new blood had been enlisted in the service.

Young men of a more liberal education were now doing their part to hold Botany Bay for Christ, and were intent on serving him in any capacity. Hopefully converted to God themselves they laid themselves on his altar for service, and were at work in the school as well as the Bay. The school had now grown so large as to demand the use of the main audience room and the two adjoining halls. The last Sunday of each month witnessed numerous baptisms on a profession of faith in Christ. All the sittings in church were rented, yet though pew rents prevailed, every one was ready to give up his sitting to a stranger. No stranger ever entered and left unnoticed or without a kind word having been spoken to him; kind inquiries were made as to their church connection and their state of spirituality, and an invitation was extended to come again and to come often.

Jack's sickness left him out of a situation, as the nature of his employment made it difficult to keep his place open; besides, his manner of life did not meet with the approbation of the foreman, who

was a careless man and given to worldly pleasure. He did all possible to turn the heart of Jack's employer against him, lest by his intelligence and probity Jack might supplant him.

It was a test of Jack's faith in God; out of a situation and with nothing laid up against a rainy day, except a Father's care. He could not remain idle, but did all the more to forward God's cause and God took care of him. He said, "I never had to boast of abundance of this world's good, yet I never had to complain of actual want, or had to beg or borrow. Help came when needed, and often from unexpected quarters, and from where I knew not, but God knew and to him I was grateful. My only indebtedness was to love, and I have always sought to live so.

"I read the New Testament, somehow, with eyes different from others. It was a matter-of-fact book to me. Salvation, in my way of looking at it, is spiritual life through turning to God in Christ, and what God by his Spirit through the word has inwrought in the man will ex-

press itself in a degree in the man's disposition, conduct, and endeavor. The man who is in Christ, or has Christ in him, is a new creation; old things have passed away, 'behold all things are become new.' The body, as well as the soul, is redeemed by the blood of Christ. The body is his as the Spirit's dwelling-place, and is to be reserved for his use in reconciling others to him.

"The grace of God is all-sufficient in our battle with self and in its conquest for Christ. The body, as the guest chamber of the Holy Ghost, is to be kept pure and sweet, and the appetites and the passions are not to master us, but we are to be by the grace of God their masters. One in some measure must have conquered himself before he can spiritually overcome others. A man may control appetite and be the slave of his passions, an unclean and an avaricious man. A man cannot be an out and out Christian who does not surrender his will, appetites, desires, and passions to Christ as Lord and Redeemer."

Jack's teaching was too advanced for

many of his elder, and also for some of his younger, brethren. They could not see things in his light, and he was credited with preaching an impracticable gospel and a gospel out of all reason; but he remained of the opinion that it was a gospel of common sense, and that the New Testament is a common-sense book. "The gospel of the grace of God," is a civilizing, enlightening, and saving power. The gospel of Jesus in its grand life-principles of love and self-sacrifice proclaims the highest idea and employs the only adequate motive for true culture. When the angels sang their glorias on the plain of Bethlehem, they sang the broadest, grandest benediction that ever blessed the world. They sang not that they might live in careless ease, receiving all and giving nothing, but that the spirit of Him whom they heralded might so rule in us as to quicken us to devotion and service, and thus hasten the "reign of peace on earth."

Jack Foster never could be an Antinomian. The practical working of the grace of God in Grannie Foster, as wit-

nessed by him, would forever prevent it, if nothing else did. He held that the whole New Testament was against such a selfish, unserviceable life, amid a world of helpless, suffering, dying men. "Know ye not that the kingdom of heaven is within you? The kingdom of heaven is righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost." His contention was that these and other passages sustained him in his position that the life of the believer in Christ Jesus is one of personal holiness, and that he seeks holiness, not that he may be saved, but because he has been saved by grace through faith.

One of the latest accessions to the diaconate about this time gave to him a very valuable book, Bellamy's "True Religion Delineated," which he afterward found to be most helpful to him in his teaching and preaching, and he has said more than once: "I would earnestly commend the book to every Christian as one of the best spiritual helps we have in the English language, aside from the New Testament itself."

Bellamy was a son-in-law of the great

Jonathan Edwards, a leader in the great evangelical movement in New England in the eighteenth century. Bellamy's book was written after the great religious awakening, to correct mistaken religious views held by many of the professed converts, and to encourage intelligent godly living.

The thought of having a "Disciple Class" was suggested by the reading of a little work prepared by the late Charles Stovel, pastor of the Baptist church, Commercial Road, London, entitled, "The Christian Disciple Class." It is an excellent treatise and gives in succinct form the theology and ethics of the New Testament, the relation of the saved sinner to God, the church, the family, society, and the world at large.

"The Christian Disciple Class" met on Sunday at mid-day in the house of John N——, the beadle. It numbered about twenty young men and women and was conducted in a quiet, most unostentatious manner, and its main object was the study of the Holy Scriptures as related to the personal and relative duties of the Chris-

tian life. The class in two seasons went over the whole ground indicated in Mr. Stovel's excellent compendium. The class had a glimpse of the being and character of God, the Trinity, the fall of man, the atonement, the work of the Holy Spirit, the nature of faith, the necessity of repentance, the nature and origin of the church, the obligatory nature of the ordinances of baptism and the Lord's Supper, the believer's relation to God in Christ, his relation to his own family, the relation of labor and capital, the relation of the Christian to society, to the civil government, and, in fact, to all that concerns a human life this side the grave.

The occasion of Jack's taking up the class was an unhappy feud and an unholy rupture between the young men of the Evangelistic Association and the pastor of the church. Some of its members had become "wise in their own conceits," and so they suggested a new *régime* in local evangelization. The pastor was to remain in the background while they advanced to the front. Thus sprang up

the "root of bitterness" that was to give trouble. It was proposed that the young men should preside at the meetings and the pastor remain in the vestry to deal with anxious inquirers. It was never thought for a moment to belittle his office or to usurp it, but only that absence would give greater freedom to those who took part in the service. The pastor's presence was supposed to put a damper upon the meeting.

That the proposal would give offense might easily have been seen, unless judiciously presented. Offense it did give, when the deputation unveiled their plan of work. It stirred the pastor's Welsh fire, and it blazed out upon the deputies, who did not return as Caleb did after spying out the land, but with downcast, sour countenances. In a word, they were in the dumps, and characteristically of the race they declared he might "noo hae the hale thing tae himself, as we are dune wi' it."

"It was a sorry bit of business," says Jack. "I tried hard to make peace, and called a meeting for Sabbath morning at

ten o'clock to bring about a reconciliation. We had much prayer and suitable Scripture reading, and then as leader of the meeting I led off, explaining the nature of the business we had to transact.

"I sought to show how and where our mistake had been made, and how a reconciliation might be effected, if we would set about it in the right spirit, as it was desirable that the good work should now go forward. We were the younger and less experienced, and ought to give way to the pastor and esteem him highly in love for his work's sake, even though it might be he had erred in his treatment of our deputies.

"In a quarrel there are generally two parties, and if we would settle it amicably we must give and take. If we could not get the first best, let us take the second in the interests of Christ's cause.

"The pastor was called in, and on behalf of the young men I made a statement explaining our past and present attitude to him, as one of esteem and love, and as one of readiness to co-operate with him in every good word and work.

I expressed regret at what had taken place and the desire that what had happened through an unhappy misunderstanding might be buried and forgotten and Christ glorified.

“The pastor to a number of us seemed to take things coolly, though in reality he did not; he only sought to improve the opportunity by giving a little wholesome advice, which only tended to aggravate the situation.

“When he retired there was a scene. I was charged with being in collusion with the pastor, and that it was all a put-up job between us. It was too evident that the breach had been widened. Satan had the inside track that morning. Like all others of the peacemaking kind, I came in for a tongue scorching from one of the would-be leaders who said to me in bloodenrdling tones: ‘I tell you, my young man, I would rather have put that right hand into the fire and held it there until it was burnt clean off, than have made the humbling confession you have just made. I am done with you. You are nothing but a poor lick-spittle of a fel-

low, and you would allow him to double you up and dight (wipe) the floor wi' ye. You are only a Jesuit in disguise, and folk will find you out yet!

"From that day forward we could not walk together; he was my sworn enemy. Such separation in Christian work was an iron in my soul, as I was not prepared for such stubborn, sour pride. I found it hard to reconcile with the teachings of our dear Lord. The situation nearly broke my heart.

"It has been said, 'The practical value of our opinions depends largely upon the estimate we place upon them. One man keeps his opinions with his pocket change, and they are continually changing; another treasures every opinion he forms as the express image of his character, and elings to them as he elings to his character. People who feel that their opinions are hardly worth holding, rarely find occasion to use them, while those who think that all men are born with the right to an opinion about everything have so many as to form an effectual barrier to their own intellectual progress. Per-

haps the surest way to a just estimate of the value of one's opinion is to begin with a very modest figure, and add to it as time shall show its qualities. Opinions are like horses in the fact that only experience can reveal their real worth. Until we are sure of them we should hold them with both eyes open.'

"I related the trouble through which I was passing to a venerable brother, and how sore I felt at heart. 'Jack,' said he, 'it is a part of your education, and just as needful as any you may receive at college. It is needful that you get a knowledge of men just as much as to get an acquaintance with books, and even the book itself. It is needful that we be taught that the whole work of grace is not done the moment a poor sinner turns to God through faith in his Son. It is true he is justified and forgiven through Christ's infinite merit, and is in a sense sanctified through faith in him. He has the Holy Spirit as the seal of and witness to his faith in Christ. He has him right in the temple of his body and by the divine energy within him he

is to work out his own deliverance from the power of evil habits and passions and from association with vile persons. He is to grow in the grace and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. "All we with open face beholding as in a mirror the glory of the Lord are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." "There is first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear." The Christian life is no "hop, step, and jump" into complete holiness and good sense. It is a growth, and the plant which the Lord has set out in his garden needs a lot of attention, frequent earth-stirring in the way of trials, afflictions, and sorrows, and it may be, to be well watered with strong crying and tears, as well as warmed and coaxed into life by close communion with God himself through faith in Christ.

"Now look you here; it must be understood that all who are saved by grace through faith are saved to serve. Salvation by grace does not make us masters, but bond-slaves. *We* do not run the business, but the Spirit of God in us

does it, and we have to take our place, and keep on serving God with reverence and godly fear. What God in great mercy has given us we are to hand on to the next man who has a like necessity.

“And further, my young friend, let me say to you, —and bear it continually in mind,—the local church is not a kind of social club, or mutual admiration society, whose members meet regularly to sit down together in loving converse, just like lovers, to coo and coo and coo like turtle doves. That kind of thing might be very pleasing to many, and a thing to be desired, but I assure you that there is neither time nor room for such gaffaw of silly nonsense. If man’s condition in the other world as a sinner saved by grace, is holy service, as the book teaches, it does not hide from us the truth that he is to serve him in the temple of his body here. The redeemed man has a ministry of reconciliation to fulfill and he serves best who suffers most for his Redeemer and Lord. The man saved by grace through faith is one of God’s great army, love-enlisted to put down all kinds of

rebellion in himself as well as in others. Every man is a kingdom in himself, and if he can rule himself well, he is in a fair way to govern others.

““The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but spiritual, and mighty through God,” “For as many as are led by the Spirit of God are the Sons of God.” But we cannot at a single glance see all these things. ‘The operations of grace endure through life.’”

Jack would and could sit with delight at the feet of any old servant of Jesus, even at the feet of “auld Elias Whitman, the one-eyed Methodist,” who though poorly educated was rich in faith toward God. It is said that, “He who makes two blades of grass to grow where there was only one before, is a public benefactor; how much more is he who gives momentum to a movement which will train men and women and fit them to go out and live and work for God, and the good of their fellows.”

There was now in the church a nucleus of earnest, devoted, and intelligent young people known as “The Christian Disci-

ple Class," and the time of their testing was at hand.

Christ's instructions touching offenses had been neglected by those who ought to have known better, and in the most serious way the church's visible existence was threatened. But it would not be judicious to raise the curtain too high; suffice it to say, the spirit of partyism began to manifest itself in the church, revealing how far men might get away from the spirit of the Master, and be narrow, jealous, and vindictive.

The root of the whole trouble was the pastor's resignation. Those who were least friendly and helpful before it had taken effect, were now his most attached friends and anxious to retain his services.

The action or attitude of the senior deacon on some trifling family matter was regarded as the occasion of the pastor's resignation, and the disaffected ones placed the burden of the sin of separation on the senior deacon. He was in the opinion of many about the only bit of sound timber in the entire rib-work of the ecclesiastical bark.

For a series of years he had been the pastor's most trusted friend, a liberal supporter, and a capable adviser. Of course he was not absolutely free from fault, yet he was more than an ordinary Christian and filled the office of a deacon well.

The separation of pastor and people had been effected. The pastor had accepted of another charge, had made his arrangements to move, and then resigned, a public farewell had been given and a presentation made, and the thing could not be undone.

The minister-deacon difference was dragged into the church meeting on the pastor's retirement, and the dissatisfied ones demanded the expulsion of the senior deacon before calling another pastor. Minister and deacon had never met to settle their difference, no third party had come in between them to arbitrate and settle the quarrel, if any, but the thing was thrown into the church-meeting at a time when there was no one able enough to steer the ship.

Several meetings were held to bring about the deacon's expulsion and the

proceedings continued to an untimely hour of the night. When sensible people were tired out and had retired, the minority took a snap vote and expelled the deacon from office.

They had the reins of government for a time, until means were taken to reverse the vote and re-instate the deacon. On his re-instatement by more than a two-thirds majority, the minority retired, the distracted body had peace, and spiritual prosperity returned. If pastor and deacon had been men enough to meet to settle their differences as Christ instructed them, or if, having failed, they had settled it by arbitration, it would have prevented many unseemly scenes and an unholy strife. It is a great pity that where no Christian principle is at stake, any pastor should allow himself to be made the occasion of a division.

The majority of our church quarrels are occasioned by the neglect of Christ's own explicit law touching offenses, as laid down in Matthew eighteenth, and also in the fifth chapter.

Jack Foster and the young people in-

structed by him stuck to the church. If there was a wrong, and if it must be righted, it must first be proved, and then righted in Christ's own way. The deacon must be re-instated, dealt with scripturally, and if found at fault and recalcitrant, disciplined. There Jack stood until fully two-thirds of the people stood by him; and it was the moral salvation of the cause.

While the agitation lasted, it was the "Christian Disciple Class" on a big scale, with a sprinkling of unruly members. It was a painful, yet healthful experience.

"One of the needs of the average man is an adequate idea of moral power. Few people stop long enough in the hurry of life to consider the fundamental truths of their relation to God and to their fellow-man. Many are surprised when they are told that man is a moral being in a moral universe. They are further surprised to learn that it is impossible to conceive of moral government without the grant of rewards and the inflicting of penalties. Obligation, duty, or whatever

you call it, is a constant factor. Life is a probation. The greater one's consciousness of this fact, the larger is the possibility of one's living a right life."

Jack became a student at the University and Divinity Hall and could not give the class the attention it merited, and so in the third year of his college course he had to close his connection with it. The members of the class gave him as a parting gift three very useful books, Thomson's "Land and the Book," Fleming's "Mannual of Moral Philosophy" and his "Mannual of Philosophical Terms," and no better or more timely gift could have been made him.

The following inscription is found in each of the three volumes given to him by the class :

CHRISTIAN DISCIPLE CLASS.

Presented to Mr. Jack Foster as a small token of the class' gratitude for the tuition received, and for the earnest labors put forth for their advancement morally and spiritually, and as an Ebenezer of the many happy seasons spent by them as Bible students.

150 THE O'ERTURN O' BOTANY BAY

Praying that his own soul may be ever kept burning with love to the Saviour, and that his labors may be ever blessed to the winning of souls to Christ, and God in all glorified.

MAY 15, 1863.

CHAPTER XI

JACK AT THE UNIVERSITY

So study evermore is overshoot :
While it doth study to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it should ;
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'Tis won, as towns with fire ; so won, so lost.

—*Love's Labor's Lost.*

THE university buildings were very ancient, and went back to the times of "Zachary Boyd," and the Middle Ages. The style was gothic and the walls free-stone, and many of the windows and doorways had curious stone carvings. There were four Courts, first the Divinity, second the Arts, the third, Law and Medicine, and the fourth the Hunterian Museum, and beyond all the college green, or park, which covered many acres.

In the fall of 1860 there were about two thousand students in attendance on classes, and the "humanity," the most largely attended of all. On the north

side of the university squares, farther up High Street, there was a kind of private street where the professors resided, and it was the custom after paying a guinea for matriculation, to repair to the house of the professor whose classes one would enter, pay the class fee, and receive the class ticket for the session. The matriculation ticket entitled the student to the use of the library and the privilege of visiting the museum a certain number of times during the session.

In Jack Foster's time the professors were: Latin, William Ramsay and his nephew George; in Greek, Lushington, brother-in-law of the poet Tennyson; logic and rhetoric, Robert Buchanan, the grand old man; moral philosophy, Dr. James Fleming; mathematics, Blackwood; natural philosophy, William Thomson, now knighted and made a lord; English literature, Prof. Nichol.

The students represented every religious denomination in the country, and as there was no religious test, all stood on an equal footing in the arts classes. Of course the students connected with the

Established Church had special privileges in the hall of Divinity. It was a general denominational mix-up, and beneficial to the young men themselves, and an education in itself, giving mental breadth and a cosmopolitan feeling.

The students were not only divided in religious thought and life but in political thought also. There were Tories, and Whigs, and Radicals. These ranged themselves into their respective camps, had their cancesses, platform meetings, and electoral organizations. In election times the Tories wore a blue cap, and the Liberals and Radicals a red one, and all of the parties had their stump orators.

The writer remembers a student, afterward one of Canada's distinguished educators, a leading mind, not only in church controversy but also in the discussion of our political affairs, taking part in a college political struggle. He stood on the ancient stone stairway of Principal Barclay's residence addressing a crowd of blue-caps with a very small mixture of red ones. Being a genuine blue-nose, he gave a regular Tupperian speech. The

reds were armed with pea-shooters, which they used in the most effective way, and the embryo principal did his best to shield his face and parry the peas, and at the same time deliver his speech. Many men from the maritime provinces attended the university at that time.

The election of a lord rector was an event, and an occasion of great excitement, developing a lot of latent oratorical power and cruel mischief, and generally leaving in its train torn garments, broken heads and black eyes, and things generally in a very dilapidated condition. It is said that men are sadly divided in their religious opinions and show much narrowness and bigotry, but what about politics? It would seem as though the devil himself were the master of the situation, and common decency and good sense nowhere; but it is the practical politician who has the most to say against an earnest, simple piety and Christian individuality.

While this political panjandrum sat itself hurled defiance at professors, the press, newspaper editors, and everybody else

it took their time. These students they believed it was a social privilege at some time to annoy and worry everybody in general and some people in particular of the opposite shade of politics. Without cause or reason and out of a bad reason, they would yell and howl, smash windows, and tear down signs, and turn over a policeman.

Some time they miscalculated both their strength and seamity, and a valiant contingent got seized and marched off to the lock-up, to appear before the bailie next morning, at an hour when they ought to have been at lectures, to have one of the ordinary course, and a strict examination fee to pay before liberty could be regained.

Such students returned to their classes much subdued in spirit, somewhat enlightened as to student license, and considerably impoverished in purse. The latter meant to many of them short rations the remainder of the sessions, as but few of them could afford to contribute to the maintenance of an efficient police system.

When the police succeeded in making such a haul, the student mind was rudely despoiled of the old superstition that the civil authorities had no jurisdiction within the college walls.

The installation of Lord Palmerston as rector of the university was quite an event; the reds, or Liberals and Radicals, had carried the election by a big majority, and there was great rejoicing on that account. Lord Palmerston had come from London to give the electoral address, and as the hall of the university was too small to hold the audience, it was arranged that it should be given in St. John's Parish Church, and the magistrates, the parish ministers, the faculty, the students, present and past, be formed into line of procession and proceed by way of High Street, Gallowgate, and MacFarlane Street to the church, the former scene of the ministry of the great Doctor Chalmers. The present Duke of Argyle, as one of the alumni, took his place among the youngsters and for the time being was young again, and did his best to work up enthusiasm for "Old Pam."

The old gentleman was safe-guarded by the halbert bearers, the magistrates, the parish ministers, and the faculty, etc. He was robed in his rectorial gown, an old black rag handed down from the "Middle Ages," which looked as if at any moment it might, through extreme age and frailty, fall to pieces. In the open air, and also in the church edifice, the old gown was a great annoyance to him, as it was a noticeable misfit. He delivered a sensible, helpful, and eloquent address.

It was a gay time and a training for the after-life political warfare. It had not much other value, as the whole work of a lord rector was to give the inaugural address. Of course if legislation were required and the lord rector should be a member of the government, he could materially aid the university.

Rectorial elections were managed after the old Roman style, and the electoral lists were made up according to nations.

Of that crowd of hard-headed, brave-hearted, ambitious young men, only a very few went up for final examination, and the M. A. degree. Some who did go

up and passed with honors went no further, as their finances stood in the way and shut them out from the possession of the coveted parchment. The great majority of the students were the sons of poor, struggling, but respectable and God-fearing people. During the curriculum they had a hand-to-hand fight with grim poverty and all the discomforts incidental to it in the life of a great city. It is true there were bursaries or scholarships, but the competitors must bear a privileged name, or come from a certain district, and belong to a particular denomination of Christians. The bursaries were not open to all comers who had character and showed an aptitude for study.

The order of things in the colleges of the New World is in advance of that in the Old, and the youth of that country have very much for which they should feel thankful. Higher education is within the reach of the poorest, and the humblest and most obscure may aspire to a university training and easily reach it.

In some instances the theological course was concurrent with the arts course, but

the two together is too stiff an arrangement and one not to be desired. It would be better to take more time and do more thinking and less cram. The system of cram is a curse, and the "pony" a vile delusion and a snare, the wrecker of good minds and all manly principle. Better fight it out from ditch to ditch, and die bravely in the last trench, than be wholly dependent on a "pony" to ride to academic honors.

Our hero had to drop his mission work, as in his case the two courses concurrent was unavoidable; but things have since changed and a young man now has a chance to do honest, thoughtful, helpful study in all departments of a college course. Jack's five sessions at the university and the theological hall were pleasant and profitable, and are remembered with grateful appreciation, though they were exceedingly trying to him on account of inadequate preparation.

For eight long years he had an uphill battle to fight, and during all those years he had to deny himself in many ways and of many things, that he might reach

the end of his course. Physically he had not a large fund to draw upon, and financially he had a smaller one.

In the commercial world he had surrendered a fine position with good prospects, for the sake of a college education and a missionary life in India. But he had his Father's care. He was provided with a tutorship to two boys attending the grammar school, who were sons of a former employer. God's children also were good to him, and by them the rough places of life were made smoother.

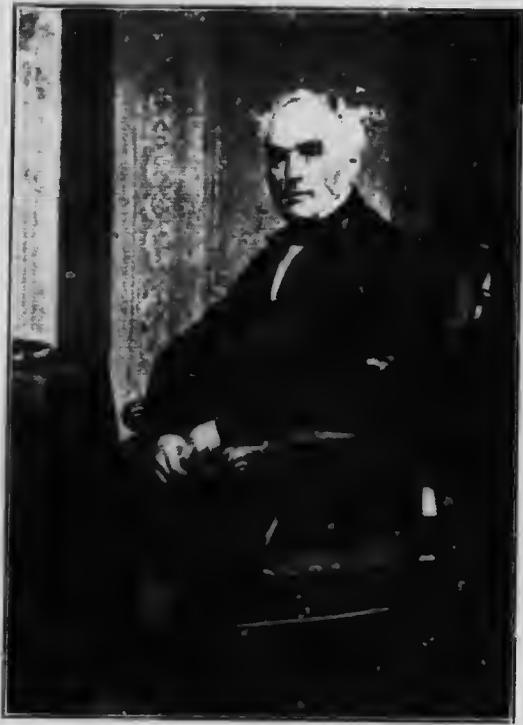
He did not always find it an easy task to stand alongside of students who in early life had been more favored, and keep pace with them in the class-work. It sometimes meant to him whole nights without closing an eye in sleep, and an appearance in the lecture hall without having changed his garments. It meant the burning of the midnight oil, which is literally the burning up of the man himself. Sleep, honest, sound, good sleep, is the best preparation for effective study, and also for thoughtful, vigorous pulpit address. He has said :

"I have lived long enough to discover it, and I am sorry I did not discover it sooner, and greatly regret that our college professors fail so often to warn young men against burning the candle at both ends, by unreasonable and unseasonable habits of study." But as Grammie Foster said: "Bought wit is the best wit of all."

Latin was no favorite of Jack's, but he had a passion for Greek and Hebrew, logic, rhetoric, English literature and moral philosophy. Though not a genius, he had pluck, and was a plodder. He would do or die. He had no time for aught else than the thing in hand. He believed that as in business so in the matter of education, "honesty is the best policy," and he never has seen cause to change his opinions. His life motto has been, "Fear God and do the right," with "All things come to those who wait."

Hebrew was taught by the principal, who was one of the grandest of men, a princely man, a man of God in truth, a manly man, and the student's friend. He hated all shamming, shams, and meanness, and his denunciations of wrong

and wrong-doing were scathing and merciless. He was a great admirer of Doctor Andrew Fuller, primed with his theology, and at the time was regarded as



standing midway between the contending parties in the denomination, the high and dry Calvinist and the semi-Pelagian Arminian. By the opposing parties he was often misunderstood and misrepresented, and so were the students who

sympathized with him in his doctrinal views.

Some entered school with their opinions fixed, prepared to spend their last breath for their cherished theological ideas. The principal never sought to thrust his views upon the students. He laid down principles, he sustained them by scriptural arguments, and allowed the students to draw their own conclusions. All that he required of a young man was the evidence that he was understood and that he had profited by his instructions. In systematic theology all he demanded was a decent, honest attempt to reproduce in essay form the substance of each of his lectures. Once a week these were read before the class and criticized. The student had to give the principal's views and not his own, and the failure to do this often led to ludicrous and painful scenes, and even to a desertion of the school.

The "sons of the heather," men from the Highlands and Islands, would advance their extreme Calvinism, and it might be, unwittingly attack both the lecturer and

those students who had endeavored to give a fair synopsis of the lecture. The training, as far as it went, was thorough and helpful, the only fault was that too little time was given to do any profitable thinking. It was all drive, "Go on, go on!"

In sermonizing the good doctor favored most the expository style, and earnestly urged its adoption as the only one that would hold a congregation and build up a strong church.

In all expository attempts he demanded sense and not nonsense: mere verbiage or silly spiritualizing did not meet with his approval, and he was death on adjectives. He ever demanded facts and principles and clearness of statement. Many of the young men most popular with the congregations were the least successful in the class-room. He would say to such students when called upon by him to read, "Give us the bones of the subject and leave the stuffing until you are called upon to preach to a congregation."

On such occasions the essayist had to

go to the extreme end of a large hall and read to the professor and the class at the other end. The reader had to imagine himself before a congregation whose attention he must secure. Pains were taken to instruct him that in addressing an audience he must begin in such a tone or pitch of voice as to reach the most remote hearer. The voice must be leveled at his head and the eye fixed upon him. In speaking, the throat must be spared, and the teeth and the lips brought into play if there was to be distinct enunciation and an avoidance of ministerial sore throat. Gesture must be natural, and but little of it. The student was given to understand that if he made suitable preparation for the pulpit he would have something to say and the language wherewith to clothe or express it, and the naturalness of his style of address would constitute its acceptability and power.

Jack Foster frequently had the honor of preaching for the venerable doctor; so often did he preach that he was regarded by some as his *protégé*. In after years a

deacon said of him in introducing him to a large audience on an anniversary occasion, "Friens, this bird is oot o' a gude nest." A compliment to the principal.

CHAPTER XII

BINNIE AND UNION COURTS

Not being tutored to suffering I learn to pity
those in affliction.

-Virgil

Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes
And pause awhile from learning to be wise.

-Samuel Johnson.

MANY of the students in attendance at the university with the gospel ministry in view had to work their way through the slums of the city. They had on hand the university curriculum and the care of a large parish at the same time. The mission work provided the finances to carry them through college. It also brought out what was in them of manhood and brotherhood and furnished a practical Christian education. It was a severe spiritual test, but could be passed if one had love to Jesus and to sinners.

Jack was now a student at the univer-

sity and also in attendance at the Divinity Hall connected with his denomination, and during vacation time he did city mission work in a much worse locality than that of Botany Bay.

The invasion of Botany Bay and the enlisting of its men and women in favor of the gospel was mere "bairns' play" to the invasion of Binnie and Union Courts. Binnie Court was in itself a whole town.

The respectable, the riff-raff, the vicious, and the vagabond classes all had their representatives in the tenements of Binnie Court. It was a quadrangle, and consisted of front, mid, and two back and two side tenements. The right hand side tenement was the most populous, as it housed at least forty families. To attack such a crowd one needed special grace, courage, and tact, and a freedom from over-fastidiousness as to what he might hear, witness, and even smell every day. Jaek has said: "Time and again my heart has thumped against my ribs as if to break out of prison, and my blood has run cold as I have stood before



a door knocking for admittance and waiting a response. I did not know what the open door might reveal, or how to receive the revelation of human degradation and misery other than in the spirit of compassion. In that court there were places of vice, shebeens, and thieves' dens. It was a work of time to place them, and then to enter them in apparent ignorance of their character with a view to spiritually aid their inmates. The inmates never deceived me nor made any attempt to do so; they had never to be charged with their sin, but were always first to acknowledge it and to express their surprise at being sought out as worthy of Christian notice. Among a people so huddled together it was refreshing to meet with a respectable, God-fearing family, who were housed there through force of circumstances, and, it might be, in the providence of God to serve as beacon lights amid the surrounding darkness and danger."

Jack was introduced to the Binnie Court folk by Mr. Morrison Smith, a good Christian and an experienced mis-

sionary, a brother of the author of "The Pearl o' Days." It was a day to be remembered.

"We were visiting in the side tenement or the worst part of the court, and had climbed up to the fifth flat, meaning to begin work there, and then to work our way down, thereby giving the tenants notice of our presence among them. In the dim light of the long lobby we groped our way, drew up at a door, and knocked for admittance. It was, as we afterward learned, the home of Dugald Gunn, a Skye Highlander and a Roman Catholic. Mrs. Gunn answered the door, and Mr. Smith said to her :

"My good woman, I have come to introduce to you my young friend, who is to labor from this time on as missionary in the district, and we would like to have a bit talk with you on the subject of religion if you have no particular objections."

"Mrs. Gunn flared up all of a sudden, and poor Smith found out that here was no ordinary gun, but a veritable blunderbuss. 'I doo not want ony o' your re-

relajshon, and dimma need tae hae your relajshon, and none o' you are tae tarken my tor or tae pother me wi' your relajshon. We hae oor ain relajshon. Your relajshon be o' the 'Teevil himsel' and so it is.'

"'Please, my good woman, what is your relajshon?'

"Her response was, 'The very 'Teevil himsel' is in you; gang awa' frae t'is tor a' mine, and dimma pollute tae place wi' your heretical presence.'

"Smith fired up at this, and said: 'My woman, if the 'Teevil be in me there be seeven teevids in you,' mawares that he was mimicking her.

"Just at this moment Dugald, who was sitting by the fire smoking, jumped up from his seat with a yell, picked up an axe, made for the door, and rushed at Smith. Dugald was raging mad and foaming at the mouth and had murder in his eye. It was really bloodenrdling to see that infuriated Hieland man after poor Smith with an axe, and Smith going down the long stone stairways, three steps at a time. When he was at the court level his wheezing could be heard

away up in the fourth story, as he was much afflicted with asthma. The exertion to keep a good way ahead of the Gunn and out of the way of the axe, and the excitement, almost cured him of his distressing complaint. He was, at any rate, a different man when I rejoined him in Argyle Street.

“Up in the fourth story I had to hold my ground and stand to my guns like a man. I was not mixed up in the quarrel, and made up my mind to brave it out. Dugald was now one of my charge in Binnie Court and I would have to meet him often. He returned from his unsuccessful chase, demanding of me, ‘Wha’ pe you? and what dae you doo? and what wae doo you stand at my tor?’ I said: ‘Mr. Gunn, I am a brother man, and have come to make a friendly call and to ascertain who lives here, and also their religious profession, and with no desire to interfere with your religion, or to rob you of it, but if possible to assist you to get a little more.’

“‘Umph, tat indeed pe your errand tae my tor?’

"'Yes, sir,' was my reply.

"'Well, pe it known tae you noo wha' leeves here in t'is hoose, and tat we doo not want your relajshon. Me and my wumman be weel satisfeed wi' oor ain relajshon, which be the thrie relajshon, and no tae relajshon o' an apostate payple.'

"I said to him, 'Now, Dugald, between ourselves here, is there any true religion in running after that decent old gentleman, armed with an axe, taking the name of God in vain, and uttering all kinds of profanities? Dugald, be honest with yourself; is that the spirit of the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ? Surely, that is not your religion. Dugald, are you a Christian?' His answer was, 'I pe a true Christyan, and a' my payple be true Christyans years and years pefore we hear o' your relajshon.' 'Well, Dugald, I am a Christian, and the Christ who must save you and me, if we are ever saved at all, has said to his followers everywhere, "Bless and curse not. Love your enemies." Now, Dugald, be honest with yourself, does that mean arm yourself

with an axe, a murderous hatchet, and run after that old gentleman, who only has your good at heart, to shed his blood? I leave it to your own good sense. Now be honest; did Jesus, the Saviour of sinners, mean you to do any such wicked thing?’

“‘No, no, no,’ said Dugald, ‘he pe no tat kine o’ person whatever. My pluid was up. ‘Ta auld man insulted my wooman, and tas a’ apoot it. It was wrong o’ me ta doo it, but it was na’ richt o’ him ta insult ma wooman in her ain hoose.’

“I talked him into a quiet mood, and the storm subsided, and we were ever after friends, and friendly. A tussle of this kind made me yearn for some quiet resting-place, and I found it in the home of a poor Irish widow, a Methodist, who lived in one of the attics of the front tenement. She was a North-of-Ireland woman; had two sons and a daughter; had been a widow some years, and supported herself by ‘cawing pims’ (winding yarns) off spools for the wappers. She was a good Christian woman, knew

her Bible well, and loved prayer and Christian fellowship. She was delighted to have me call, and to hear me read and explain the Scriptures and have prayer with her. It was an oasis in the desert.

“When badly troubled with the blues after visiting in the side tenement, I would quietly slip away to sit at the feet of the old widow, listening to her rehearsal of the Lord’s dealings with her. Her spirit of Christian hopefulness and valuable observations greatly cheered me, and after having prayer together I would set out to tame the ‘wild beasts’ in the side tenement. In all my contact with the dwellers in Binnie Court, I never was the subject of an unkind remark or act. My poor, feeble, imperfect efforts to aid them were appreciated, and the people made free to consult with me on many matters outside of my particular mission among them. In the other world I hope to meet with some of the Binnie Court folk to whom I ministered.”

Such was his ministerial apprenticeship, of priceless value, no doubt, in the battles to be fought in after life.



Christian work in those places demanded three things not too common: "Grace, grit, and gumption." In everyday English, gumption is common sense. Mr. Foster has said: "In my visitation I have often found myself inside of a dwelling where the one thing in urgency was a manly retreat, and to make it in such a way as to meet the same parties again, not as the conquered but as the victor. In my populous parish I had to be policeman, physician, nurse, preacher, teacher, and peacemaker.

"The questionable characters on sunning themselves on the main thoroughfare, or seeking to entrap their prey would, when they saw me in sight, betake themselves to their hidings. They could be heard saying in an undertone: 'Oh, that is the missionary, Mr. Foster; let us get out o' his gait, for any sake.' 'The wicked flee when no man pursueth: but the righteous are bold as a lion.'

"There were Sabbath and week-night services in Binnie Court. In the mid-tenement a room was obtained from a

decent woman, whose father was an elder of one of the churches. This room was generally well filled, with as many Roman Catholics as Protestants in attendance. Few of those who attended ever entered a place of worship, but all of them were ready to attend a religious service in a neighbor's house. In connection with the service in Watson's there was much blessing, and it was a real pleasure to minister to the people.

"Scenes were witnessed in my visitation that chilled me to the marrow and made me shudder, but I found it politic not to show it. Among such characters as I had to encounter day after day, I discovered the need of push, tact, and principle, if my labors were not to prove empty and barren."

The value of tact is apt to be overlooked in dealing with men individually or in the aggregate, and there is an inclination to trust zeal and readiness of speech to carry one through. But lacking tact the Christian worker will often find himself on a dangerous coast among the breakers, and he is likely to wreck

himself completely as to spiritual usefulness.

It has been well said : "Talent is something, but tact is everything; talent is serious, sober, grave, and respectable, but tact is all that and more too. It is not a seventh sense, but the life of all the five. It is an open eye, the quick ear, the judging taste, the keen smell, and the lively touch; it is the interpreter of riddles, the summonter of difficulties, the remover of all obstacles. It is useful in all places and at all times, for it shows a man his way into the world; it is useful in society, for it shows a man his way through the world. Talent is power, tact is skill; talent is weight, tact is momentum; talent knows what to do, tact knows how to do it; talent makes a man respectable, tact makes him respected; talent is wealth, tact is ready money."

CHAPTER XIII

ADVENTURES IN THE COURTS

Men of God have always, from time to time, walked among men, and made their commission felt in the heart and soul of the commonest hearer.

Emerson

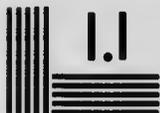
AMONG the experiences encountered in Binnie Court was the funeral of one Tam Waterson, which Mr. Foster describes as follows :

“Tam was a horseshoer by trade and the support of a decent, hard-working widowed mother. Two of his sisters were making a brave effort to support themselves, but all lived under the one roof. Widow Waterson had seen better days, and it could be seen in the woman herself and in her well-kept house, which was what ordinary folk would call ‘a bein hoose’ (a house with a look of general comfort). Tam was an expert tradesman ; knew the science of his business and was in demand. But one day in



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shoing a restive, ngly brnte of a Clydesdale, it kicked him unexpectedly in the pit of the stomach and he died in a little while. He scarcely regained consciousness.

“It was a sad and sore bereavement to that widowed mother, and completely broke her down. As she was in my district, I had to do all in my power to gnide and comfort her, directing her mind to the only One who could give sympathy, comfort, and support in the dark hour of earthly sorrow, and who has promised to do so.

“The funeral service was at the widow's house. It is not the Scottish custom to take the corpse to the church or to have a service at the grave. On the occasion named I read the eleventh chapter of John's Gospel, gave a brief address of such a character as I thought the eircumstances demanded, and sought to do the most possible for the living by laying before them the gracions, loving, and sympathetic side of Christ's character as brought out in the chapter, and then opening to them God's saving plan as

taught in the Scriptures, and urging them to settle the matter of their own relation to God while the heart was tender, the mind thoughtful, and the time opportune.

“I prayed for the widow, the sorrowing family, and the relatives and neighbors, and that God would make each one of them his own for both worlds, this and the next, filling them with heavenly comfort and peace. The service to me was trying in the extreme, but what came after was still more so.

“Oat-cake, cheese, short-bread, wine, biscuits, and whisky were brought out in accordance with country custom, but it was a new thing to me. A donee- (soft) spoken elder of the kirk came over to me where I stood and whispered in my ear in a winning way, ‘You will kindly gie thanks for the mercies.’ Here was a trial. I had been several years a rigid abstainer and a temperance worker, and I was called upon at a religious service to give thanks for whisky. What was I to do? Was I to refuse to pray or was I to sanction that which I had pledged

myself to discomtenance? Was I to acknowledge to the Almighty that whisky is one of his good creatnes? I made a compromise and prayed :

“ ‘O Lord, sanctify and bless this afflictive providence of thine to one and all, and if thou canst bless what we would now use to the refreshing and nourishing of our mortal bodies, be pleased to do it, as we ask all in the name of Jesus our Lord. Amen.’

“ Whisky was then offered to me and quietly refused ; then wine, and declined also. It proved to be the best temperance meeting I ever conducted. It was not what I said, but what I did not say that made my testimony effective that day.”

Another experience he recounts as follows :

“ In an adjoining tenement of the same court, on the ground floor, there was another poor widow who was not so comfortable. She also had a son and two daughters, but the son, a good tradesman, though alive might have been better dead for aught of help or comfort he was

to his mother at certain seasons. He was an expert tradesman when he was sober, but that was not often, or for very long at a time. He was a hard drinker and so was "Big Mary," one of his sisters. He was known as Big Jim, the snab (shoemaker). When he got on a spree he would sell his clothes, his seat, and kit of tools, and even go so far as to drag the bed from under his widowed mother and pawn it to get whisky. 'When sober,' she said, 'there could not be a better son than Jim Thomson.'

"He was a well-built, fine-looking man, and stood over six feet in his stockings, had a fair education, and was a great reader. He had read deistical books, and was a fatalist in his religious ideas. One day, at his mother's request, I made a visit just when he was sobering off and settling down to work. She thought and had prayed too that God would use me to aid her boy to a better life. I found him on his seat. He had been to the shop and had got out a job, and was busy lasting a pair of men's gaiters. As I entered the room, I said :

“I am glad to see you at work and yourself again, Jim. I am surprised that a man of your years, intelligence, and general good sense, and after all your reading, should give way to such a vile habit, bringing misery to yourself and your poor old mother and all concerned. Jim, like a man, give it up altogether; be a man and a Christian and a credit and a comfort to your widowed mother.’

“‘It’s a’ very weel,’ said he, ‘for you to talk; you were born gude, and hae never been a drinker, and you ken naething about the power the drinking habit has o’er a man. I tell you I canna gie it up altogether, and it’s useless for me to try. It’s constitutional wi’ me. God made me this way and has gi’en me a temperament that demands the drink. Had he meant me to be a sober man he would hae gi’en me a different organization, and I would hae been a sober man like yourself, and also a releegious man.’

“My reply was, ‘Jim, if your reasoning is to hold, how is it that you are sober and not drunk to-day? Is it not because you have got satiated and your

funds exhausted? Be honest now, did you ever make a decent, determined effort to give up the drink? Did you ever see the evil of the habit and how you are killing your poor mother and bringing down her gray hairs with sorrow to the grave? Did you ever humbly acknowledge your sin and your weakness to Almighty God, requesting him in his Son's name to pardon your sin and put away your guilt? Did you ever ask him to give you the will power to say no and hold to it in the hour of temptation?'

"He confessed that he had not. I counseled him not to saddle his sin on the Lord until he had in faith sought his aid and had been denied it. I read and prayed with him, but he remained a fatalist. He could do nothing, and it was no use trying. I desired to know if God would last the gaiters for him without the use of his own will, judgment, skill, good taste, and muscular power. In reply he said:

"'The cases are no parallel. I canna mak' mysel' different frae what God has made me.'

“ ‘Jim’ I inquired, ‘did you ever ask God in all earnestness to make you different? Did you ever really wish to be different?’ I left him with a sad heart, yet hoping for the best.”

Mrs. Delaney, an Irish Roman Catholic widow and her daughter lived in one of the houses on the ground floor of the mid-tenement. She was regarded as a bigoted Roman Catholic, and Mr. Foster was warned not to go near her; if he did it might lead to serious trouble. This information led him to hold back for a time, but his conscience was uneasy the while. There came a day when he was put on his metal. He says:

“ I was passing the door which stood a bit ajar on my way npstairs to the Watersons’. I could see the old lady busy at the wash-tub, and the daughter beside the window busy sewing, and both of them saw me. It seemed mean and cowardly to pass the door without at least saying ‘Good-morning, Mrs. Delaney.’ I made a halt, pushed the door open a little more, and said: ‘Good-morning, grannie; I see you are busy at the tub.’”

“‘Good-morning, sur; shure we ’ave to do it, for there would be no living fur the loikes of uz.’

“‘May I come in for a minnte or two to have a little talk with you and your daughter?’

“‘Shure, sur, you could do uz no good whatever by any of youre talk, as you and ourselves are not of the same re-laijon.’

“‘Grannie, let me ’mind you there is but one true religi_____ of the Lord Jesus Christ.’

“‘Shure you are right in that, sur.’

“‘Do you, grannie, believe in the Lord Jesus Christ as the only Saviour of sinners?’

“‘Bless your sowl, why should I not? Shure I would be a haythen if I did not belave on him. I have the fayth and I am a praying woman.’

“‘Well then, grannie, I believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and love him, and pray to him; might I not be allowed to enter and have a little talk with you about our blessed Lord and the love of God to us in him?’

“ ‘Fayth and if it be that you are going to talk about you may come in and welcome.’

“ I entered, seated myself by the door, bade them go on with their work and not to allow my presence to hinder them in their duties. I read to them the third chapter of John's Gospel and gave a simple running comment on what was read. I had some pleasant conversation on the plan of salvation, the loving almighty Saviour, the one mediator between God and man and the only Saviour of sinners. Both listened most respectfully. ‘And now, grannie, as we have got along so far nicely in our talk, would you have any objections to joining me in a word of prayer to the living, loving Jesu?’

“ ‘None in the world, snr.’

“ We knelt together on the sanded deal floor and talked to Jesns himself. I opened my heart to him in great tenderness, and prayed him to bless our converse, and that he would bless the widow and her orphan daughter, and that he would make them his own true followers in this life that it might be well with

them in the life to come. When we rose from our knees the old lady caught my hand in both of hers, saying :

“You ’ave done my poor old sowl good, this blessed marning. You ’ave, shure. The good God bless you fur a perfect gintlemaa, and the furst wan ’o your sort that ever came into my howse and behaved as you have done to-day. Now, mind you never pass my door without spaking to me, for a word will always be welcome. May the good God bless you ever wid his smile and howld you up in the path ove righteousness !”

“It was for me a victory; God be praised. Others had annoyed and insulted the old lady, worrying her about purgatory, confession, absolution, the Virgin Mary, and the saints, but had never addressed themselves to the citadel of the heart, and so had had the door closed against them. It is much better to talk on the things about which we are agreed; our differences will be reached soon enough, and if we have set out right we will then be the better able to deal with them. No doubt, as workers,

others had zeal and talent, but they were lacking in tact. I felt I had a right to praise God for enabling me to read to and talk with and pray for that very bigoted Roman Catholic woman.



"Sometimes I had to step in between fighting women. The fight generally began with the tongue, then it came to blows, screams, and a general uproar and cries of 'murder.' A fight by degraded women is a sad spectacle. To overmaster such demanded forethought, will power, and self-crucifixion. A strong hand and a loving heart could work wonders with the most degraded of them. On the most trying occasions I never uttered an unkind word; but the look of my eye was enough for the most violent and wicked of them. The cast of the eye would make them slink away out of sight. Many can resist the tongue who have to succumb to the eye. 'Jesus looked on Peter.'"

In going upstairs to the third flat one morning, Mr. Foster was met with

screams and shouts of, "Murder, amrd-
m-n-r-d-e-r!"

"When I reached the landing, I found a number of women in dishabille, and two of them engaged in a hand-to-hand encounter and fighting like men. The short-gown sleeves were rolled up, the hair drawn back and drawn up into a tight coil as a precautionary measure. They were in grips and pummeling each other in a most fearful fashion. One of them had a badly swollen face and a black eye; the other was bleeding profusely and was covered with bites and scratches, and had her short gown torn to tatters. One of them was a real virago, a ravening wild beast. I walked up to them coolly as if nothing unusual was going on, and quietly whispered into the ear of the wild woman:

"Mrs. D——, I am surprised to see a woman like you engaged in a scrap of this kind. I always thought you a woman of sense, and that you had enough self-respect to keep you from engaging in such a degrading performance. Now, please, give over for your own sake and for the

peace and good name of the neighborhood.'

"They relaxed at once their grip of each other, and each made for her own door, weeping the while, and each blaming the other as the occasion of the quarrel and the disgraceful scene. It was about some trivial thing. I followed them up, going first into the house of the one and then into that of the other, and got to understand the quarrel; gave each suitable advice and had prayer with both. Outwardly I was calm and collected, but inwardly I was very different. It was a tremendous strain on my nervous system, and an incident not soon to be forgotten."

Mr. Foster says: "Among such a crowd I had to be both physician and nurse, and attend both scarletina and smallpox. In treating such my favorite remedies were tincture of aconite and buttermilk. A few drops of the tincture allayed the fever, and then a sponge-down with buttermilk cooled the skin and refreshed the patient. In smallpox, when the pustules were well formed, the buttermilk removed the temptation to

scratch. The eruption ran together and the milk and it formed a sheathing over the new skin, and then the whole came away at once, and so pock-pitting was prevented. I had no letters patent for this treatment of smallpox, but dozens of medical men have tried it and found it work like a charm.

“I had no thought of supplanting the regular physician, but many of those poor folk were not in the circumstances to call in medical aid, as payment in advance was generally demanded. It was a real pleasure to me to be able to relieve human suffering and to speak a word of spiritual comfort.

“Some of my fellow-believers scolded and upbraided me for tempting Providence by going into such low places, but I remembered the pit out of which the Lord had digged me. These poor folk were human, among those for whom Christ died, and to whom the message of salvation was sent.”

Mr. Foster says that he never was ambitious to be the pastor of a leading city church: “I loved to labor among the

lowly poor and the outcast classes. I could see with my own eyes in them the operation of the grace of God in the self-elevation of its subjects. The discovery is not so easily made in wealthy society people, who are ever demanding a religion of culture and a scientific gospel in keeping with the age, and who in uniting with a church bargain for the ball-room, enchre parties, and theatricals.

The city pastor in some quarters has a hard row to hoe, and is much to be pitied and prayed for. The slums in comparison is paradise itself, salary or no salary."



CHAPTER XIV

ODD CHARACTERS

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful, is man.

—*Young.*

IN the spring of 1865 John Foster completed his theological curriculum. The two vacations preceding it he had spent in charge of small churches at summer resorts on the Clyde and the Forth, and in both instances was the choice of the people themselves; his services as student pastor were blessed to many, and he had much kindness shown to him by the people, many of whom he found to be the excellent of the earth.

On both coasts he met grand types of Christian character, men and women who for a lifetime had been in the stress of the storm of opposition and ridicule for principle's sake, and served as beacon lights.

Odd characters are met with every-

where, but some neighborhoods are more largely stocked with them than



others, men and women whose mental gear is a little out of order, and who have failed to grip the very first principles of the gospel of Christ. Mr. Foster

tells about a "Jamie Souter, a good-hearted, well-meaning young shoemaker, but not blessed with too much energy or ambition, and a wee bit destitute of 'gumption.'" He was regarded as one of the very good by a number of ladies of uncertain age, all of them interested in Jamie as a "dear, good man." He had been missed from the services a whole day and Mr. Foster was concerned about him, as he had been most regular in his attendance.

"After the evening service," says Mr. Foster, "I was on my way to visit a sick person when I met Jamie Souter out for a stroll. I said to him, 'James, we missed you at the services all day and felt somewhat concerned about you. Were you sick that you could not be with us?'"

"'I was weel enouf,' said he, giving the peenliar drawl and burr of the district. 'I was i' the very act o' getting ready to gang oot to worship, and jist putting on my shirt collar when the button cam' aff, and that spyll'd me for the day, and I gie'd up the thoecht o' going oot altogether.'"

“‘But, James, if you had been very anxious to go to church you surely could have sewn on a button, or for that part of it, made use of a pin.’ But said he in reply :

“‘It would never dae, ye ken, to sew on buttons on God’s ain day ; that kind o’ thing is for ither days o’ the week and no for the Sabbath day.’

“‘Here was a man who could neglect the house of prayer and the Lord’s Supper for a strict observance of the Sabbath, straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel.’”

As to oddities and oddness, Jamie Souter was no exception in that locality : “‘There was a Mary Sangster, who was a wee bit crazed on the Second Advent, and badly mixed in her ideas. At times she gave evidence that all was not right in her intellect.’”

At a very early hour one morning she came to Mr. Foster’s boarding-house door, singing in tones much more loud than music . . .

“‘Awake, awake, the Lord has come,
And now he has appeared.’”

He says: "I got up, partially dressed, raised the window sash, put out my head, and said in an injured tone: 'Mary, what is the meaning of all this noise at such an early hour?'

"Her reply was: 'Dear Mr. Foster, the Lord Jesus has suddenly come to his temple; are you no gled o' it? He is noo in Jerusalem, and we are a' gann to meet him, and you ken, as I like you, I hae come to get you to gang wi' me tae the beautifu' ceety.'

"Here was I in an awkward fix. It required great tact to get out of it without wounding her, and get the poor demented creature home to her bed. I inquired: 'Mary, do you know the road to Jerusalem? I am not quite sure that I know it. Have you any idea of the distance, the different countries to be passed through before getting there, and the number of languages spoken by the different nations, and the time it would take to make the journey a-foot, as we are both poor and would have to foot it and beg our way?'

"She innocently replied: 'I himma

studied it up, but the Lord would provide and we could speir the gait (inquire the way), and if we hadna the language we could mak' signs, ony way.'

"I then said: 'Look here, Mary, before we set out on that journey, and such a long one, we had better make some suitable preparation. The Lord Jesus would not thank either of us if we were to meet him in Jerusalem, the golden, if we bungled this bit of business. He expects all of his followers to show some common sense in their life arrangements. If the Lord Jesus was at Ayton, or even in Edinburgh, or Glasgow, we might set out from where we are and just as we are, and the journey might be made in safety and with some degree of comfort too; but to set out for Jerusalem at this early hour, and half-blind with sleep, unrefreshed and hungry, and no preparation whatever made, is not just the thing for good Christian folk to attempt. The Lord does not expect us to abuse the body, but to use it to his glory and to further his cause in the world. Mary, you had better go home and rest a wee

bit, and we will talk over matters a little later on and make proper arrangements.'

"Mary was satisfied and quietly went home to her bed. She was satisfied to remain in Fishertown, to have Jesus dwell in her heart by faith, and her body be the temple of the Holy Ghost. She gave up the thought of a material Jerusalem of great splendor and the re-establishment of Judaism. 'Words fitly spoken are like apples of gold in pictures of silver.'"

At one time there was a terrific storm off the rock-bound coast of Berwick, and the large herring fleet found a shelter in the harbor and offing, and the half-deals' men had come ashore for enjoyment, which means, they drank and quarreled and made the air hideous with their shouts and profanities. The uproar in the village was unusual and there was a cry of murder, murder, m-n-r-d-e-r! Women were running to the beach shrieking. Mr. Foster was in his study preparing for the Thursday evening service when he heard the uproar and the distressing cries of the fisherwomen. He jumped

up, put on his hat, and rapidly made for the beach. On his way he inquired of one and another the nature of the trouble, and the answer given him was:

"It's brntal wark they are daeing at the beach. They are jist killin' ither. Fine wark, indeed, for a lot o' Christians. They are mair like Sooth Sea savages than ceevileezed folk. But nane o' oor men are in it; jist a lot 'o low Ferish and Hielan half-deals men, who, when fin' o' yule, canna agree but must jist fecht."

It was the herring fishing season, and a large fleet of decked vessels was engaged in its prosecution. The crews represented several nationalities, and each carried six men, half-deal's men, or men not regularly engaged in the fishing business, but extra help ready to serve for a share of the catch during the season.

These men when ashore had imbibed too freely of "gude Scotch drink," and it had roused their passions to the highest pitch, and had put the "Ferish" and the "Hielan" men in fighting trim and oppo-

site camps. The battle was on. A ring had been formed, sides taken, and the men who were fighting had their seconds and a referee. When Mr. Foster arrived on the ground the men were in grips and doing their best to throw each other. The combatants were an Irishman and a Highland man. They were stripped, and were pummeling each other in a most brutal way. The men were bleeding freely, and their naked bodies showed plainly the damage that had been inflicted in the name of manly sport. How many rounds they fought we know not. The Highland man had the worst of it, was very excited and vicious, and about to use his teeth on his antagonist. Mr. Foster elbowed his way through the crowd and got inside of the ring and alongside of the naked warriors. He says:

“I took in the situation at once, and quietly stepped up to the Irishman and whispered into his ear: ‘My friend, I am surprised to find a sensible, good-looking fellow like you engaged in such unseemly, brutal work. It is not a bit

manly of you to fight in this way, and you do not know in what it may end. If you please, give it up like a good fellow; now, be a gentleman.'

"He took breath, looked me in the face, and inquired: 'Are you a clergyman?' I replied in the affirmative: 'Then for the sake of your reverence, and the thronble you 'ave put yourself to, I will quit and not strike another blow.'

"And neither did he. I led him away to his clothes, and when clothed took him away off the grounds, on the way giving him good advice.

"It took half a dozen men to hold back the Highland man, infuriated and foaming at the month, and ready to devour all and sundry. The liquor had dethroned reason and the animal was rampant. The Highland men were not pleased with me for spoiling the night, but I had done so by taking hold of the right man. The bringing of it to an end prevented the calling out of the military stationed at Greenlaw or Berwick.

"The fisherwomen said: 'Mr. Foster

did it gran'lie, and sae quietly tae. The minister's a regular brick; he kens hoo tae dae it.' I was not expected to do such things, but I could not refrain. Interfere I must, in the interests of the common good. I never laid myself out for it, but time and again I was in for it before I knew." Mr. Foster said of one of these times: "I was on my way home from a toilsome day's visitation, saw a crowd on the roadway and four constables handling a poor tipsy tradesman in a most brutal manner. They had thrown him down and were holding him down and beating him with their batons. Stewart was a well-to-do citizen, a master plumber, but in drink a terror to the whole neighborhood, and too much for the police. They were taking him to the lockup and he was resisting them with all his might, and they were bound they would beat him into subjection. I had to interfere; my better nature compelled me to do it. I could not stand by and see the poor tradesman abused, even though he was drunk. I requested the policemen to give Stewart to me, and I promised them

I would take him quietly to the lockup. They willingly handed him over to me. When I had him upon his feet, I said: 'Stewart, my good fellow, will you go quietly to the police station if I go with you? I will see that you get fair play and that justice is done you.' He at once said, 'I'll gang wi' you, sir, but not wi' them ——.' And so arm in arm we went down the street, the police following behind. It was better for all concerned that he went peaceably than that there should have been a scene, and the poor man get there battered, bruised, and bleeding.

"When Stewart sobered, he *sobered*. He found himself in a cell in the lockup; he had a racking headache and sore bones, and was covered with gore. 'Where am I, and hoo did I get here?' 'You have been resisting the constables, and thrashing them too, and to save you from unhappy consequences the young minister o' the Dipper folk had to step in and tak' you tae the lockup.' It was enough; his better judgment did the rest. 'I could hae thrashed the four

policemen and tied them up in a knot, and dighted (wiped) the street wi' them, the cowards; but there is nae getting o'er my being taken tae the lockup by the minister. My certie, we maun hae look'd gran as we gae'd doon the street, me rearing fu', and the minister sae quiet and kind.'"

It was a unique temperance sermon, the minister's taking of red-headed Stewart, the plumber, to the lockup.

CHAPTER XV

LOOKING TOWARD INDIA

Far, far away, in heathen darkness dwelling
Millions of souls forever may be lost ;
Who, who will go, salvation's story telling,
Looking to Jesus, heeding not the cost ?

AFTER his graduation Mr. Foster was making special preparation for the foreign field, and expected to sail some time in the autumn for India. He was busy with certain medical studies, with a view to being helpful to suffering humanity, if needful. In the meantime he was ready to do at home what was expected of him when among a pagan people.

Burke has said : "It is by sympathy that we enter into the concerns of others, that we are moved, and are never suffered to be indifferent spectators of almost anything man can do or suffer. For sympathy may be considered as a kind of substitution by which we are put

in the place of another man, and affected in many respects as he is affected."

Mr. Foster found that his daily effort in behalf of the ill-guided and suffering poor made a tremendous demand upon his sympathetic nature, and that a day's "shunning," as it is called, was more taxing and exhansting than preaching to a great congregation. Some one must do it, if we would get down to rock-bottom gospel principles. The Son of God became the Son of Man. He humbled himself in the body of our flesh, stooping down to our low level to live our life, and in the end bore the ignominy and the suffering of the cross for the joy set before him, our redemption.

Our fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains,
And still remembers in the skies,
His tears and agonies and cries.

While waiting the decision of the committee of the Foreign Missionary Society, Mr. John Foster served as a supply in many of the towns of his native land, and generally with acceptance.

Several prominent brethren sought to dissuade him from going to India, setting before him the claims of the home land on a man of his nature. He was looking forward to his acceptance for foreign service. A missionary life was the passion of his soul.

He had read of Carey, Marshman, and Ward, Williams, Knibb, Burchell, W. C. Burns, Baker, Moffett, and Livingstone. He had witnessed J. G. Paton's ordination to go to the South Sea Islands, and he had been a city missionary like himself, in connection with Dr. Symington's congregation. He has lived to prove that the qualities needful to success were possessed by him.

"When July at last arrived," says Mr. Foster, "I was invited to meet the committee in London, and have it settled as to my going to India. I set out on the evening of the twenty-fourth, arrived in London next morning, and appeared before the committee. I set out, placing my whole case in God's hands, prepared either for the best or the worst, and it was well that I could do so. The com-

mittee is representative of all parts of the United Kingdom, and it was then in possession of my whole history, and had certificates as to the state of my health, my standing at college, at the theological hall, my relation to my own pastor, and my interest in Christian work generally.

“I had a kindly introduction to the brethren, and they seemed to take a special interest in their young brother from north of the Tweed. I was questioned on the matter of personal piety and the enjoyment I had in religion, my views of Bible truth and church polity, my proposed plan of work as a missionary and my reasons for preferring the foreign to the home field. I answered to the best of my ability, and my answers seemed to meet with approval. A doughty knight was in the chair, but business soon called him away, and the chair was taken by Dr. Dowson, of Bradford. He put a few questions to me, the leading one of which was :

“My young brother, suppose God in his providence shut up your way, owing

to the state of our finances, would you or could you labor as contentedly at home as on the foreign field?'

"My reply was: 'It would be a sore disappointment not to be able to go to India, having had it before my mind so many years, and having made special arrangements for it. Yet God's will in the matter is everything, mine nothing. Whether at home or abroad, the Master and the work are the same. God's will is my choice.'

"The chairman said: 'That is the right way to look at it, my brother, it's sensible.'

"Another young man and myself were accepted for the foreign field. It was not fully communicated to us until next morning, when we appeared at the Mission House. It was then explained that we had been accepted as fit and proper persons to go to India; but the committee, owing to lack of funds, could not send us, and did not know when it would be possible to do so. I received the news with a feeling of sadness. I was disappointed. My companion was distracted,

wept, and made some extraordinary statements, which I laid to his natural temperament and his lack of knowledge of the world. We were opposites. He was imaginative and demonstrative; I was reserved and matter-of-fact, but did not feel less keenly. If God had seen fit we might have made a good working team in the foreign field.

“I was to have gone out with Brethren Robinson and Evans on their return, and was likely to be stationed at Dacca, on the Brahmapootra River, in Bengal. I was deemed a fit man for the place. I was urged by the elder secretary not to return at once to Glasgow, but to remain in London, for the time being, to get acquainted with the brethren and the churches, but as a disappointed man, and Scotchman-like, my reply was :

“‘Sir, I did not come to London to go sight-seeing, or as bent on pleasure. My only errand was to meet the committee, and that has been accomplished. If there is no money to send me to India there is no money to keep me in London. I leave for home to-morrow.’

"I do not try to justify myself; perhaps if again placed in the same circumstances I would not do it, but the die had been cast. My attitude gave offense to the senior secretary, a bluff, good-hearted Yorkshire man. He had seen I was disappointed, and had desired to let me down easily, and also to break the force of the agitation likely to spring up in Scotland over my failure to go to India as expected by the Scottish churches.

"While in London I made up my mind to see as much as possible of the worst as well as the best side of its life. I took in as many of the sights usually seen by visitors as could be seen in the time I had at my disposal. I did not desire to study architecture or to fortify my knowledge of history. I desired to study human nature, and to compare the slums of London with those of my native city. Poor human nature was the same. In the poorer districts London's sanitary arrangements were more favorable to health. The use of liquor by all classes in London was more general than in my native city. In Scotland the use of liquor

is more of a social custom, and the use of the bottle is regarded as a pledge of friendship, while in England the use of liquor is regarded as a necessary of life, and the prerequisite to a good day's work. In London, in proportion to the population, there is a greater number of degraded women than in Glasgow, though the latter's type is coarser and more repelling. The public houses or shops were crowded with them.

"I noticed that beer could be bought in the open street just as freely as milk in Scotland. Men in smock-frocks carried it about in large cans hanging from a yoke on their shoulders. As they went through the streets they shouted, 'Beer, b-e-e-r, b-e-e-r!' and the mechanics and laborers hearing the peculiar call, would leave their job to get their penn'orth of beer and then return to their job.

"From the golden ball, on the top of the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral I got a fine view of the great city. I heard a choral service in the cathedral, and inspected its monuments. On Thursday I went to Newington Tabernacle to hear

Spurgeon at home, and found him the same at home as abroad, the prince of preachers, and London's greatest preacher. He had blood earnestness. He did not preach to entertain men, but to save men. He spoke as a man with a message and a message worth receiving. He told it in a way that could be credited and easily understood. He spoke with unction and power.

"In childhood's days I had read a good deal about historic London, and it was now found serviceable in going through London without a guide or friend.

"Before I left I had the honor of dining at the 'Freemason's Tavern,' a noted place. The knighted chairman gave the dinner to the committee on his being elected as member for Bristol in the House of Commons. Outside of the missionary committee there were but three others present, a respected brother from Canada representing the Grand Ligne Mission, the other missionary-elect and myself. The Grand Ligne agent, to economize, had come over on a sailing vessel, and was most anxious to obtain a

hearing, but there was no room for him, and he was promised so many guineas if he would refrain from making a speech. Like myself he had had a disappointment, and felt it.

"I was closely watched by the secretary, and he was not slow to notice that I did not share in the festivities, refusing wine as it was passed along by the gentlemanly waiters. He was afraid lest I should carry away the idea that the dinner was at the expense of the society. So at the close of the dinner he was careful and painstaking to inform me that it was provided by the doughty knight, member-elect for the city of Bristol, and chairman of the missionary society. I did not need the information, and had no thoughts of turning the dinner episode to the disadvantage of foreign missions, but I had my own thoughts of its cost and its utility, and more especially at a time when the services of acceptable men could not be utilized for lack of funds. I did some mental arithmetic. But it is one way of the knight honoring the committee and the commit-

tee honoring the member-elect for Bristol. It was my misfortune to be Scotch, and a believer in the eternal fitness of things.

"The secretary said to me, 'Now, do not return to Scotland with a poor opinion of us, and do not write home as yet anything about yourself. I wish to see you and to have a chat with you.' He dissuaded me from writing; next morning I met him at his office, gave him my modest bill of expenses, received payment, also a letter explaining to my Scottish friends how the case stood, my acceptance by the committee and the discouraging state of the funds.

"I left by train that evening from Euston Square Station, it being the nearest to my boarding-house, a place noted for respectability, comfort, and moderate charges, and was soon on my way to the

Land of brown heath and shaggy woods,
Land of the mountains and the floods.

"I was in the city of my birth next morning. Home again within a week, and as a man who had just woken out of a dream."

CHAPTER XVI

FOREIGN MISSIONS OR HOME?

Jesus, Master, whom I serve,
Though so feebly as I so ill,
Strengthen hand and heart and nerve
All thy bidding to fulfill ;
Open thou mine eyes to see
All the work thou hast for me.

Jesus, Master, wilt thou use
One who owes thee more than all ?
As thou wilt, I would not choose,
Only let me hear thy call ;
Jesus, let me always be
In thy service glad and free.

WHEN John Foster returned to his native city after his brief sojourn in London, and it became known, as it soon did, that the missionary society was unable to send him, it was the opinion of many that it was the will of God that he should remain in his native land.

“If God meant him to go he would have provided the means to go.” “Why

should he not settle down contentedly at home and do the same kind of work that he proposes to do abroad? We have lots of room in the home land for just such work, and in some respects just as great need, and Mr. Foster is the man to do it."

The good doctor, head of the theological school, said: "Why, there is Wabster-ton, an important manufacturing town, a little way west of the city, where we have no denominational representation, and at present there is an opening there for evangelistic effort. Why not go there, do the work of an evangelist, and in time organize a church? If you go there, Mr. Foster, we will co-operate with you, and do our utmost to provide a fair and reasonable support."

Eminent and respected brethren in the ministry also urged that this step might be taken. Mr. Foster craved time to think it out and to lay it before God in prayer. After much thought and prayer for counsel he decided to go to Wabster-ton. "I had," he says, "never been there, did not know any one in the place,

but learned that there were some friendly spirits, and went out in faith not knowing whither I went.

“Not going to India was a big disappointment to many of my friends and well-wishers, who had watched my career with interest, and had set their hearts on my going to the foreign field as likely to link the Scottish churches more closely with the missionary society. The churches in the west would have had one of their own men in India.

“One good brother, now in North British America and noted for his great preaching ability and originality, meeting me on the public thoroughfare one day on his way to business, said: ‘And so, after all, Mr. Foster, you are not going to India. It is really too bad, and I am very sorry for you. Man, I would rather sell my shirt than see you stuck for the lack of the means to go.’ I had known this good brother, and his father also, from earliest childhood, as earnest, good men, men of God, able and faithful ministers of Jesus Christ. The father was a noted open-air preacher on the

Green, where he made use of a portable pulpit. He was senior pastor of the 'People's Church,' a big, handsome man, large head, fine countenance, and had a generous heart. He always wore a broad-brimmed silk hat, and the boys named him, 'auld Broad-brim, the preaeher.'"

Early in the autumn of 1865 Mr. Foster began his mission work in Wabster-ton. He rented a room in the Corn Exchange, issued posters announcing a gospel service, and at once commenced house-to-house work among the poor and non-church-going classes. A congregation soon gathered, conversions took place, so also baptisms. A church was organized and Mr. Foster was pastor-elect. Everything augured success.

This was the aspect of things when he was notified that the committee of the missionary society, at the autumnal meetings of the union at Bradford, had decided to sustain him financially from that date forward, and that he was to take some extra medical classes at the university, with a view to going to Dacca, in India, the following autumn. He had

not, up to this date, touched a penny of the society's money further than his traveling expenses to and from London, yet he was treated as one of the society's agents.

He says: "I had formed new connections and the secretary knew it. He was aware that a congregation had been gathered, a church organized, and that I was the pastor-elect, and that friends had pledged my support in Wabster-ton. The new field was not of my seeking, and the financial support was given because the friends believed that I was called of God to the work in Wabster-ton.

"Here was a complication. I craved time to work my way honorably out of the Wabster-ton arrangement, afraid lest a sudden rupture of relations would damage the infant cause now so full of promise. I still had a strong desire to go to India; my heart's promptings went that way. The secretary would have me make an absolute surrender to authority. I could not and would not obey and wrong my conscience, as I believed I would do,

if I at that juncture deserted the struggling little company in Wabsterton, whom I had been instrumental in bringing together. I deemed that it would be most unfair to them, and also to the brethren who had bound themselves to support me as a missionary pastor. There matters stood. He would not budge a jot, but sought to mix up another matter in the controversy which I was prepared to leave to the good sense of the committee.

"I could not be bribed or coaxed to do violence to my conscience. Perhaps it was then as now. It was said, 'Pastor Foster has too much conscience.' I could not at any rate give up my missionary work in my new field until God showed me a way out, neither could I give up my determination to go to India."

There was a somewhat extended and heated correspondence between the secretary and Mr. Foster, and also much denominational discussion in the "Freeman" and the magazines with reference to the committee's attitude and the secretary's action, and the unwisdom of

seeking to run the missionary affairs on commercial lines. At the union meetings in Bradford the entire policy of the society was discussed, and a new *régime* inaugurated; prosperity ever since has attended its operations. The funds have at least trebled, the missionary staff has been largely increased, the work has been done as never before, and God has provided the means to do it.

“The present secretary was then an assistant in the office. I had his full sympathy as to my missionary ideas. He has since proved himself the man for the place, a man of large ideas and full of the missionary spirit, and, not least, a man of good sense.”

During the new *régime* the mission in India has been enlarged, China has been re-entered, the Congo has been taken up, missions in Europe to Roman Catholics have been established, and the work pushed as never before. The missionary literature has been improved and is more abundant, and the individual churches are more deeply interested in missions.

It may be that more was accomplished

through Mr. Foster's remaining at home than would have been if he had quietly submitted to the course proposed and gone abroad. God, at any rate, has honored anew the much-honored missionary society in a marvelous way during the last thirty-five years.

Mr. Foster says: "Friends were divided as to the wisdom of my decision. Some never got reconciled to it, as they saw in it the forfeiture of a great future as a man of energy and resources, but the die was cast, and Wabsterton was to be the scene of my labors. Since the stress of that mental storm and heart agony I have often been tempted to believe, 'I have surely made a mistake.'"

CHAPTER XVII

SOME REMARKABLE CONVERSIONS

In what way or by what manner of working God changes a soul from evil to good, how he impregnates the barren rock—the priceless gems and gold—is to the human mind an impenetrable mystery, in all cases alike.

—*Coleridge.*

JOHAN FOSTER was persistent in effort, sympathetic and tender, and won the hearts of many for God. He gathered around him large numbers of people, whole families were converted, and many of them made a profession of their faith by baptism.

Mr. Foster was in the habit of holding what were termed kitchen or cottage meetings wherever encouragement was offered to do so. He was requested on one occasion to hold a service in the house of a James Nelson, favorably disposed to the gospel. He lived some miles from town in a coal-mining dis-

trict. Previous to the hour of service it was usual for Mr. Foster to visit the neighboring families to tell them of the



place and hour of service, and to extend a cordial invitation to attend, if possible.

Among those visited was Widow Denny, a woman somewhat advanced in years, a lithe, energetic, dark-visaged little

woman, who was regarded as "a trig person and gude housewife."

"She responded to my knock," says Mr. Foster, "and appeared holding the door a wee bit ajar. I said to her, 'Mrs. Denny, I have called in a friendly way to notify you of a service this afternoon at three o'clock in the adjoining house, that of Mr. Nelson, and would be pleased to have your presence, if at all convenient.'

"'If it be a fair question, wha' are you?'

"'I am a minister of the gospel, and I have been invited to hold a service in the house of Mr. Nelson.'

"'Weel, weel,' said she, 'I'll gang tae nae Dippers' meeting; not a fut will I put i' the place. I am an Original Seceder (secession church), and my mither afore me, and I am no o' the kine tae join the Dippers. Ye can gang your way and hand your meeting at Nelson's, but I'll no be there at ony rate. I'll no be oot at your service.'

"'But, Mrs. Denny,' said I, 'we do not ask you to unite with the Dippers; it is to attend a gospel service. Dipping is

not the all-important matter. The all-important matter is to turn to God, to be made a new creature in Christ Jesus. But, Mrs. Denny, you should not "craw sae crouse"; it is your kind which makes the best Dippers, as you call them. You are a woman with a mind of your own. You have an opinion and hold by it, and if the Holy Spirit through the word showed you that the Dipper folk are right, and you wrong, you certainly would be a Dipper.'

"Na, na, my man, you'll never get me nder the water, even should I leeve tae be as auld as Methuselah, and I reckon he lived tae be a gude age, at least the book says so.'

"Mrs. Denny, I trust no harm is done. I thought it was courteous to extend to you an invitation as a near neighbor. Good-afternoon.' When the fire had burnt itself out Mrs. Denny was at the meeting and an appreciative listener."

God was pleased to use the ministry of Mr. Foster in leading Mrs. Stalker and her daughter Lizzie to a saving trust in Christ. Before they made an unreserved

surrender of themselves to him, they both had a deep sense of sin, and a dark, unhappy season. Mr. Foster had been preaching upon the nature and necessity of repentance, and the spirit of God used the sermon to their awakening and conversion. Their decision to be Christians divided the family. The husband and father was bitterly opposed to salvation by free grace alone. In his opinion such religion was a mockery, a delusion, and a snare of the devil.

"Nae mortal man," said he, "can tell this side o' the day o' judgment, whether his sins are a' forgiven, or his iniquity covered, or that he is in possession o' eternal life. I'll hae nane o' it. It is simply blasphemy, presumption and unblushing blasphemy, and dnoz naething but mak' hypocrites o' the warst kine."

Mother and daughter prayed earnestly for his conversion, and so also did the pastor. They had agreed in Jesus' name to request of God this favor.

James was a man well up in years, a carpet-weaver by trade, but in his younger years a baker. In everything but spirit-

nal religion he proved himself a man. He had sense, was moral, and had a clean record. God heard prayer in his behalf.

"I wuz led," said he, "tae see mysel' a lost an' undone sinner jist on the very brink o' perdition, and I wuz in sair distress nicht and day. In the factory I would sit, and as I threw the shuttle and worked the treadles I jist groaned wi' inward pain. The e'e won't fill wi' tears, and the tears rin doon my face, and fa' on the web, and I had a stuffy, choking sensation in my throat. And lest I should be noticed by my shopmates I would get off my loom seat and go under the web, as if to examine something in connection with the loom. I didna like tae be chaffed about my weakness or tae be rin upon about my religion. I wuz a' bnt beside mysel', and for a wee while I wuzna jist richt; my sins drove me to despair."

"On a Tuesday evening, just after tea," says Mr. Foster, "I was sitting in my study, when James, his wife, and daughter, were shown in. He had the look of a man in deep trouble, and had

been brought to me that I might aid him. He said :

“Mr. Foster, I wuz in a state o’ distraction, and without saying a word tae ain o’ the family, I slipped awa’ frae them and went doon by the water’s side. I wuz sae dark in my mind and unhappy that I saw naething for it but tae put an end tae my life. I wuz jist i’ the act o’ lonpin’ intae the river when I wuz gripped by my wife and Lizzie, and held as in a vice, and I heard the gude wife sabbing and saying : “Oh, Jeemes Stalker, dinna dae sic a thing as dee by your hamm,” and they took me and led me awa’ frae the place, and here I am craving your advice. They can noo tell you their side of the story, syne you got mine.”

He afterward said : “Mr. Foster didna upbraid me wi’ my rash folly ; he kent the nature o’ my disease, and talked tae me about Jesus, the sinner’s friend and Saviour. He told me o’ the love and power o’ Jesus, and frae the Scripturmes showed me God’s way o’ peace, pardon, and holiness, and then we kneeled doon together, and he prayed earnestly tae

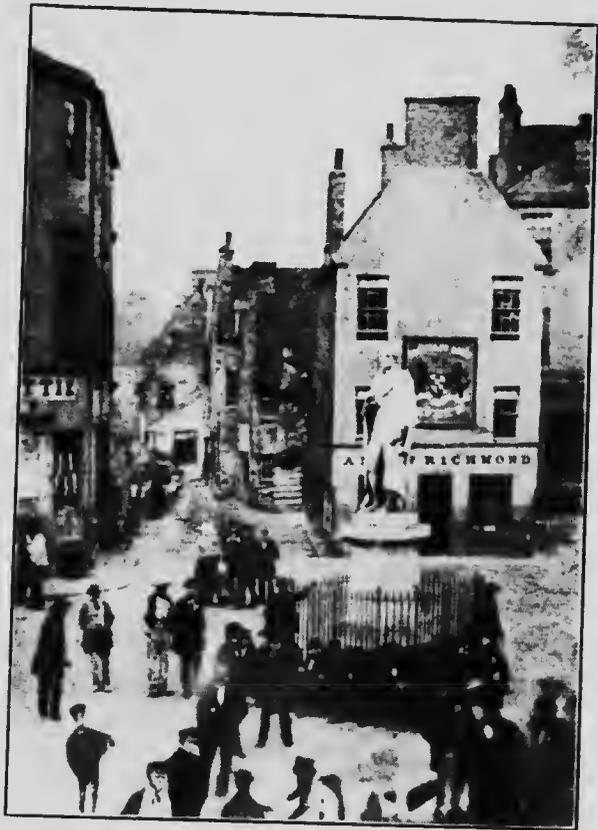
God for me that I might be savingly enlightened, and made a new man in Christ. The prayer of my wife and Lizzie was jist sabs and tears. Naething would satisfy Mr. Foster but I must pray in my ain behalf to God himsel', and jist tell him what I thoct o' mysel', and what I desired him tae dae for me in Jesus' name. Man, I had a battle, but it was short and deceesive. I jist prayed: 'O Lord God, you hae been gude tae me, and I am here and no in hell, where I deserve tae be. I nicht hae been there ere noo, and by my ain act, but I am in the land o' the living. Noo, Lord, you ken a' about me, a puir, stippit auld sinner. I canna dae onything tae save mysel'; thy grace must dae it a'. And, O Lord, I am willing that it should dae it. I throw mysel' on Christ and his feenished wark, noo and forever. O Lord, save James Stalker, in Jesus' name, and glorify thyself. Amen.' I rose frae my knees; my steeked e'en were opened; my mind wnz peacefu', and my heart gled and cheerfu'. I was satisfeed to be saved on God's own terms

and in God's ain way, and tae be amang God's professing people. I am a miracle o' grace."

There was great joy that night in the home of James Stalker, and before retiring for the night he did what he never had before, he asked for the Bible, read a bit of Scripture, and then requested all to kneel with him in prayer. James Stalker and several others were received into the church by a profession of faith by baptism. He lived a life that adorned his profession, and when it came to the time when he had to say good-bye to all earth, and all that is earthly, he quietly closed his eyes in death, sweetly resting in Jesus by simple faith.

On the Lord's Day afternoon, Pastor Foster was wont to conduct an open-air service at the Town Cross, taking his stand at the foot of a statue erected in honor of a poor boy who afterward became Lord Mayor of London. Around this statue Mr. Foster gathered a goodly company of hearers. On one occasion he had in the crowd a Dick W——, a bright, active, intelligent Roman Catho-

lie. He heard the gospel, the Holy Spirit dealt with him, and what he heard was unto salvation. Mr. Foster at the



time knew nothing of it. One Sunday morning he noticed a stranger who showed more than usual interest in the service. His face was radiant, and he seemed pleased and happy. It was then

the custom to have the Lord's Supper at the close of the service, and the stranger remained and took his place among the communicants. Mr. Foster felt constrained to go and speak to him. He inquired his name, his address, and his church connection. In reply he said:

"My name is Richard W——. I live at the Townhead. I was an Irish Roman Catholic, but I am a Roman Catholic no longer. I have heard you preach at the Town Cross several times, and I have been reading the Bible, and, bless God, I have seen myself to be a great sinner and Christ to be a great Saviour, and as you have taught me, I have placed my whole heart's trust in him as my Saviour. My sins are pardoned through his blood. I am washed in the blood of the Lamb. I am a new man, and I thought I would show it and that I am a Protestant by sitting down at the Lord's table. I am done with Rome and willing to be saved in the Bible way."

He was requested to remain at the close of the service for conversation and prayer, and to have all explained to him from

the Holy Scriptures as to how he should profess his faith in Christ. He remained, and it was shown that God demanded repentance and faith, that both were professed by baptism as taught in Romans 6 : 4 : "Therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death : that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life." He was willing to put on Christ thus publicly by baptism.

He was examined by the deacons afterward, accepted for membership, and publicly baptized. His conversion and prospective baptism got noised abroad among his Roman Catholic relatives and friends. His poor old mother was almost distracted and dead with grief, and said : "I would rather have laid him in his grave than have him turn his back upon his church." His wife Margery was to him vinegar and gall, his brother and brother-in-law tormented his life, and Father McDade excommunicated him with, "bell, book, and candle." Poor Richard needed courage in that terrible hour.

On the evening of his baptism the Crown Inn Hall was crowded to the doors and seats were at premium. Roman Catholics were present in large numbers, and had possession of the audience room at an early hour. It was evident there was to be concerted action to prevent Richard's baptism. The pastor took in the situation at a glance, and to be forewarned is to be forearmed, so before giving out the first hymn he said in a quiet, good-natured way :

“ Beloved, it is quite evident that this is a mixed company ; we are not all of one mind as to Christian doctrine, or as to church order, but yet we all profess to be Christians. I would impress upon you all that this is a house of prayer, and that we have in entering this place met in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ to worship God with reverence and godly fear, or in holiness. To you who are strangers to us, our manner of so doing may not accord with your ideas, tastes, and up-bringing, but we, if mistaken, are at any rate sincere, and up to the measure of our light would honor and

serve God. We are most anxious to be right in this matter, and to do what is right, and if we are astray in faith or practice, we are, I trust, open to conviction and ready to follow Christ and the Scriptures.

“Remember, we are men like yourselves, and would have our feelings respected by you. Behave here as you would have us behave if we turned a little while to your place of worship. We regard baptism upon a profession of faith as the highest act of Christian homage that man can render to the Lord Jesus Christ. I know you will act the part of gentlemen and observe the ‘Golden Rule.’ We shall now proceed with the service.”

There was on the part of the pastor an absolute self-abandonment to Almighty God, that he might be permitted to go through the service of the hour. He was prepared for the worst that man could do, but he had faith in God. This self-abandon gave him the victory, for throughout the service there was respect, reverence, and undivided attention.

The sermon was scriptural and searching, on, "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation."

At the close Richard, with several others, were baptized into the likeness of our Lord's death. Roman Catholics all over the room could be heard saying: "It is a solemn and beautiful service, and Dick looked angelic as he went down into the water, and if he is all that the preacher said a man ought to be, Dick, the turn-coat, cannot be a worse man. Father McDade may thunder away and blow out the candle as much as he pleases; Dick, all the same, is a regular brick." A brief prayer meeting was held after the baptism to commend the newly baptized ones to God and to the Word of his grace. The service was a tender and joyous one. The tenderness was special in view of the trials to befall Richard W—— as a convert from Romanism to Christ. He was specially remembered in the prayers. The pastor, at the close, said to Richard, "You are not thinking of going home alone to-night? I shall

see you home. I have a presentiment that all is not just right."

"Oh, I am not a bit afraid of them. No one will harm me. I have not wronged any."

Mr. Foster persisted in offering him his company, and so Richard was escorted to his home by the pastor. Richard had to meet his wife, a powerfully built woman, a most bigoted Roman Catholic, and a woman with a tongue. On the way up the narrow street leading to the Townhead, the pastor noticed two men skulking away and sheltering in an in-shot or recess. He instinctively stepped in front of Richard, and up to the two half-hidden men, who turned out to be Richard's brother and brother-in-law. The latter was armed with a gun.

"With a heart beating wildly," says Mr. Foster, "yet in a cheery, good-natured tone, I said, 'Good evening, boys,' and inquired, 'Why are you in hiding, and armed with a gun on the Lord's Day?' 'We are waiting for Dick, the turn-coat, and we mayne to shoot him, shure, for giving up his relayjon.'

“‘Oh,’ said I, ‘is that it? He has not given up his religion, if he ever had any. He has now got a little more, which may add greatly to the value of what he had. Now, boys, why should you do such a very wicked thing as shoot your own brother? He has done you no wrong and loves you more than ever, and is likely to seek only your good. Do you really believe it would be a Christian act to shoot him? He is your own brother. Do you believe our Lord and Saviour taught men to act as you now propose to do?’

“To this Richard’s brother replied: ‘But, your riverence, he is a pervert. He is not fit to live; he has denied the faith and left the thre church and disgraced all of us, and made our own salvation a very difficult matter now. Father McDade towld us the marning of his excommunication, that if we ever met him in the roadway we were to take the other side of it; that we were not to look at him, but turn the head the other way. We were not to be on spaking terms wid him whatever. If he took sick, as he shurely would, we were not to visit him

or befriend him in any way. If in need we were not to aid him, but allow him to starve and die like a dog, as he surely would, abandoned of God and his holy church.'

“‘Now, boys, look here,’ said I, ‘we must get to understand each other. If you are really going to shoot Richard for obeying the voice of an enlightened conscience and what he believes to be the teachings of the Holy Scriptures, you will first have to shoot me, as living, I shall have to witness against you both, and my testimony will bring you to the gibbet. The murder of your brother Richard will do more to injure Holy Mother Church than aid her. Boys, if you dare, shoot me. You will have to do it to destroy the evidence of your guilt. You are, as it is, open to legal proceedings for carrying arms illegally, and also for conspiracy to murder. Richard and myself are witnesses. You are in a bad fix, boys, by this night’s doings, and it may send you across the seas. You know your own conscience is against you and in favor of Richard. For your own sake

and his go home peaceably and live to be friends.'

"'Shure, your riverence, Father Me-Dade towld us he was bought wid Protestant money, and that he had sowld himself to the devil to work the ruin of the Holy Roman Catholic Apostolic Church, and if that is so, he is not fit to live.'

"I replied: 'If Richard has wronged God and his church, God will deal with him in his own time and way. It is not yours to nsurp the place of God Almighty to exeunte vengeance. If you mean to fight at all let it be to fight the battle of truth, and do so in the spirit of the great Teacher, Jesus, chastened by much prayer.'"

He talked them out of their wicked design of shooting Richard. Thoroughly cowed, the charges were withdrawn from the gun, and both went away home like men who had awakened out of a dream. From that day they ceased to molest Richard. He proved himself an earnest, devoted, growing Christian, filling a useful place in the Sunday-school and also in

the prayer meetings. God gave him his family for Christ, for from his conversion he sought to bring them up in the nurture of the Lord. When his relatives saw his better life, they became reconciled to him and freely acknowledged that the gospel had made him a better man.

Mr. Foster said afterward: "I shall never forget that awful night in that narrow, dark, quiet street, with the two brothers bent upon the murder of Richard W——. How I went home nervously exhausted, not to sleep, but to toss in bed, giving glory to God for his merciful intervention. I was ready at the moment to die, if need be, in the interests of soul-liberty and freedom of worship."

'Tis not for man to trifle. Life is brief
 And sin is here.
 An age is but the falling of a leaf—
 A dropping tear.
 We have no time to sport away the hours ;
 All must be earnest in a world like ours.

In Wabsterton, as in Botany Bay and

SOME REMARKABLE CONVERSIONS 249

Binnie and Union Courts, there were many striking conversions and a useful work done.



CHAPTER XVIII

SETTLING AT WABSTERTON

Awful heaven !

Great Ruler of the various hearts of men ;
Since thou hast raised me to conduct thy church
Without the base cabal too often practised,
Beyond my wish, my thought, give me the lights,
The virtues, which that sacred trust requires :
A loving, loved, unterrifying power,
Such as becomes a father ; humble wisdom :
Plain, primitive sincerity ; kind zeal
For truth and virtue, rather than opinions ;
And, above all, the charitable soul
Of healing peace and Christian moderation.

ON the eighteenth of January, 1866,
an ordaining council met in the
Crown Inn Hall to consider the advis-
ability of setting apart Mr. John Foster
to the work of the gospel ministry, and
to the pastorate of the Wabsterton
Chureh. The council was a very rep-
resentative one, consisting of pastors,
deacons, and others. It was not the
usual course, but was followed at the re-

quest of the pastor-elect. The principal of the theological school was chosen moderator, and conducted the business with dignity and ability. Mr. Foster read a statement giving an account of his conversion, his personal history as a Christian, his views of Christian doctrine and church order, and his motive for being set apart to the work of the ministry and the pastorate of the church. Several questions were put to the candidate and satisfactorily answered. When the examination was completed, the church was asked to state whether they would sustain the call extended to the pastorate. Two of the deacons answered in the affirmative for the church, and John Foster was set apart to the pastorate by prayer and the laying on of hands.

The Lord's Supper was then observed by the church, council, and visiting brethren, and it proved a hallowed and refreshing season.

Later on in the evening there was a tea-meeting, or what is termed a *soirée*. After the refreshments came the addresses to pastor and people, delivered

by able men. Then followed a statement of denominational principles, that the newly recognized body might stand squarely with the public, and so in the name of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, the church in Wabsterton was launched as a missionary organization in a needy district. Since then it has weathered many a storm and its light still shines.

Wedded life is founded on esteem,
Which the fair merits of the mind engage ;
For those are charms that never can decay ;
But time, that gives new whiteness to the swan,
Improves their lustre.

John Foster for seven long years was engaged to Miss Elizabeth Stuart, a tall, slender, good-looking brunette, and, like himself, an orphan. She had a good head, big heart, clever hands, much good sense, and was a person of thrift. She was also a student, and grew with his growth in all that interested him. They had been members of the same congregation, converted under the same ministry, and received into the same church by baptism.



They never had a quarrel in all the seven years, and their love-making was attended with very little of the romantic nonsense that is generally credited to true love, which is supposed never to run smooth. They had "taken to" each other, they scarcely knew how, and had been ever true. They agreed to be yoke-fellows for life and in Christian service. It was to them no light affair but a most serious decision and demanded much self-denial. John Foster desired a wife and not a lady, and he got her and was thankful.

Scotchmen, as a rule, are not very demonstrative in their love affairs. Their words are few and well chosen, but their actions voice the language of the soul. The Scot is to a degree matter-of-fact, yet he loves none the less. The outer is a stern reserve, the inner a warm, generous heart.

John Foster was married to Elizabeth Stuart in the church edifice on the twenty-fifth of January, 1866, at half-past four. It had been their house of worship for years, also the scene of Pas-

tor Foster's labors as a youth in the Sunday-school, the prayer-meeting, and in behalf of the Botany Bay folk.

There was a large assembly of old friends and well-wishers. It was a gala day in Botany Bay in honor of their old friend, tried and true. A number of his fellow-students and their lady friends were present, as also the pastor, deacons and their wives, and a few relatives. His theological tutor, his pastor, and an old brother minister took part in the ceremony, and the latter gave away the bride. It passed off to the satisfaction of all.

The bride and bridesmaids were appropriately attired in white, without any attempt at display, and it was remarked by those who ought to know, that "Lizzie Stuart never looked better," and, no doubt, the groom was of the same opinion. She was modestly and tastefully dressed, as became a Christian woman who was about to become a missionary pastor's wife. It would be rash on our part to go into the matter more fully as to the costumes of the ladies, though that to most is of interest.

After the ceremony, the kissing of the bride, and the usual attendant good wishes, the wedding party adjourned to the church hall, where a sumptuous repast was to be served. The party was a large one, and the hall was profusely and tastefully decorated with evergreens and mottoes for the occasion. The south end of the hall had a motto which attracted special attention, not only because of its artistic value, but because of its sentiment expressed in broad Scotch:

"May the moose n'er rin thro' your meal-pock wi' a tear in its e'e."

Mr. Foster says, "That prayer has been abundantly answered." That unique decoration has been preserved and may be of use to a younger generation.

The repast was all that could be desired, and the addresses became the place and the occasion, as did the many prayers offered for the young folks' future. The gifts were numerous, valuable, and appropriate, and with them they had love and good wishes. The whole of the proceedings were such as to be deemed "the right way to begin life."

When Mr. and Mrs. Foster left for Wabsterton that evening, there were showers of rice, old shoes, and good wishes. The company was left to their own enjoyment, and the newly married traveled by rail to their new home in a missionary field among the lowly poor. On their arrival they were met at the station by the deacons, one of whom had been at the marriage ceremony. In behalf of the ladies of the congregation, the pastor and his wife were presented with a marble timepiece, with a suitable inscription.

Pastor Foster remained in Wabsterton fully seven years, during which time his labors were attended with signal spiritual blessing and many conversions. A church edifice was erected suited to the needs of the district, and consisting of main audience room, lecture hall, and vestries with all modern improvements. The style is Gothic, the masonry broken rubble freestone, with dressed facings, dressed rubble front, and three-quarter pitch roof. The building stands in its own grounds with a house for the caretaker.

The cost was largely provided for by friends of the pastor, and by one friend in particular, who ever proved a friend indeed.

John Foster, as known to us, is by no means a faultless character. Made out



of the same lump as others, he had the weaknesses common to all. He was impulsive, nervous, sympathetic, sensitive to a high degree. No trimmer, he had convictions and the courage of them, and where principle was involved, he would rather break than bend, holding that principle is dearer than life itself.

Persons of the opposite temperament, and with a different training in life, have had difficulty in placing him, and have been tempted to regard him as intractable. Once understood by his friends, they knew where to find him in all weathers.

He has had serious sickness, and at times has been brought very low, yet never laid wholly aside from labor in the gospel. A seasonable rest might have saved him much suffering, but the demands of a family lashed him to the ship's steering gear in the stress of the storm of his life voyage, and forbade him relaxation in calmer waters.

Lizzie Stuart has been to him all that she promised, and more. A good wife, the best of mothers, a wise counselor, and a woman of astonishing thrift and management, and indomitable pluck.

In Wabsterton there were born to them two sons and two daughters, and since that two daughters and one son, seven in all. All of them were led to the Saviour in childhood, and were baptized by their father on a profession of their faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. It is said

that they are "braw bairns, brainy and brave," capable of making their way in the world and of living to some purpose.

On a very limited income this large family was reared and received an education and training fitting them for usefulness in the world. John Foster's wealth was Hebrew wealth. He never accumulated money, yet he kept free from debt, and his only indebtedness is to love.

His wife has always had the heavy end of the load, the common lot of the minister's wife, if she is worthy of the name of wife. All the income the Lord through his people gave John Foster he placed in his wife's hands, believing that she would use it to better advantage than he possibly could do, and he never had reason to regret his action.

In the Christian congregation, or parish, if the minister's wife is the mother of a family, she deserves more love and sympathy than she generally receives. Thoughtless, heartless persons too often expect her to work miracles in the way of outward appearances, and in leading

off in church work, forgetting that the minister's wife is the wife of a man who is public property and subject to every one's call, and that the children are largely the mother's care.

The conduct of the minister's family, their every-day presentment in public, has its moral effect, and a godly family is an effective background to a pastor's preaching of the gospel; it is the making of the picture in its every detail.

The pastor with a family is more of an all-round man, in and out of the pulpit, than the childless pastor. His views of the world are larger and his sympathies are broader, and he fits more easily into his place. But somehow in our modern church life this is not generally accepted, and the minister unencumbered is the man in demand, greatly to the weakening of the church's power.

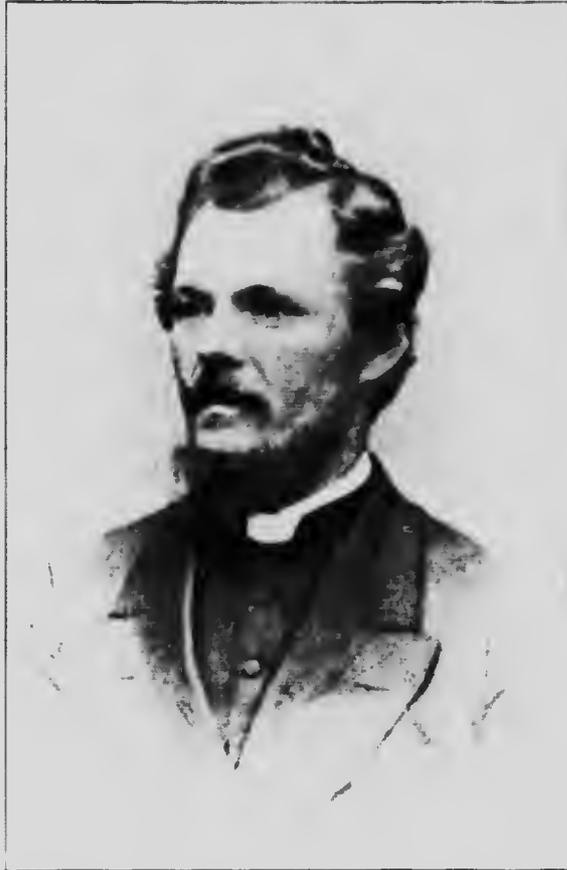
May a better day dawn for the broad-minded and the stalwart, bringing a welcome to the man with a family, because the children are the very sunshine and life of the congregation. "Home is the place where a man's heart dwells."

We have told our story, a series of
"Dipper folk idyls," not to exalt unduly



John Foster, but that God may be glorified by setting forth the use he was pleased to make of him in publishing the name, the love, and the power of

Jesus to save sinners. Sometime, later on, it may fall to an abler pen than ours



to relate the remainder of the career of John Foster.

The road our hero had to travel was like most uphill ones, intricate, rough, and

difficult. We have seen him sit on the cold stone doorstep of the locked dwelling, on the evening of his mother's funeral, homeless, hungry, cold, and sad at heart, muttering to himself as he shivered in the cold damp of the evening: "Nae grannie noo, and mither and faither deid! Nae onybody, but God himself taе look efter me, and gie me a shelter and freens. Grannie's God will tak' care o' Katie's bairn. He will answer grannie's prayer for her wee boy, and soon tak' him taе that 'Happy land, far, far away.'"

We have endeavored with the materials at hand to give glimpses of the orphan lad in his life struggle to serve God and his generation, that others who are now on the lowest rung of the ladder may be encouraged to work their way upward, and that Jesus may have the greater glory.

Now, dear readers, as you look upon the world's spiritual need, its masses of poor, naked, miserable, and wretched creatures, see Jesus in each one of them, and may you hear him saying: "Inas-

much as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me." May we indeed love, trust, and obey the Christ who tended and defended John Foster, minister of the gospel.

He that has nature in him must be grateful ;
'Tis the Creator's primary great law,
That links the chain of beings to each other,
Joining the greater to the lesser nature,
Tying the weak and strong, the poor and powerful,
Subduing men to brutes, and even brutes to men.

W. L. G.

THE END



GLOSSARY

[In the Scottish language the letter A has four different sounds: 1. A, as in all, wall. 2. A, short as in lak', mak', tak'. 3. A, open as in Dad, daddie. 4. A, slender or close, as in lane, alane, mane. A is frequently used instead of O, as in aue, lane, stane, lang, sang, stau.]

A', all.
 Ait, often.
 Ain, own.
 Alane, alone.
 Ane, one.
 Atween, between.
 Auld, old.
 Ava', at all.
 Awa', away.
 Aye, always.

Blin', blind.
 Bluid, blood.
 Bonny, pretty.
 Braes, short hills.
 Braw, handsome.
 Brawly, handsomely.
 Brimstane, sulphur.
 Brither, brother.
 Bask, to dress.
 But, the outer room.

Bain, a child.
 Bawbee, half penny.
 Bein, comfortable.
 Ben, the inner room,
 a bit and ben, two
 rooms. See Bit.
 Bin, been.
 Blac, blue.
 Blate, [ashful], not for-
 ward.

Ca', call, to summon, to
 make a call.
 Callan, boy, youth.
 Caller, fresh, pure.
 Cair', came.
 Canny, cautious.
 Caw, to wind yarn, to
 drive a house.
 Ceevchizol, civilized.
 Certie, truth.

- Claes, clothes.
 Clead, clothie.
 Cuddie, an ass, a donkey.
 Cuif, silly fellow.

 Dae, do.
 Dawdle, to tittle.
 Deave, to deafen.
 Dee, die.
 Deil, devil.
 Dicht, to wipe.
 Dinna, do not.
 Doo, to do.
 Doo', a dove.
 Doon, down.
 Douce, quiet and sensible.
 Dour, stubborn.
 Dram, a glass of liquor.
 Dug, dog.
 Durst'na, durst not.

 E'e, eye.
 E'en, eyes.
 E'en, evening.
 Eerish, Irish.
 Efter, after.
 Faes, f es.
 Fangle, notion, gewgaw.
 Faund, found.
 Fawr, far.
 Fecht, fight.
 Fin', find.
 Freen, friend.

 Freenge, fringe.
 Gae, go.
 Gaffaw, a loud laugh.
 Gait, way.
 Gane, gone.
 Gang, go.
 Gancey, stately in appearance.
 Gaunnals, silly folk.
 Gann, going.
 Gloaming, dusk.
 Gude, or guid, good.
 Gye, very, as gye gude, very good.

 Hae, have.
 Hae, here.
 Hale, whole, healthy.
 Hap, a covering, garment.
 Haud, haudin, hold, holding.
 Hech, oh.
 Hinsme, hind, behind.
 Himma, have not.
 Hisna, has not.
 Hough, haugh, low.
 Huz, has.

 I', in, of.

 Jalouse, to guess.
 Jaw-box, a sink.
 Jean, Jane or Janet
 Jeemes, James.

Jigement, judgment	O', of.
Jink, to dodge.	Och, oh.
Jist, just.	Oulie, only
Ken, know.	On-gams, on gongs.
Kim, relative.	Oot, out.
Kine, cattle, sort.	Ow'er, o'er, over.
Kist, chest, box.	Pech, to breathe with difficulty.
Lagh, low.	Pit, pit.
Leal, good.	Preen, pm.
Leeve, to leave.	Puir, poor.
Leevin', living.	Rin, run.
Loup, leap.	Sab, sob.
Love, love.	Saften, soften.
Man, more.	Shoon, shoes.
Maist, most.	Saib, bolt, fasten.
Mak', make.	Spen, inquire.
Mann, must.	Spylled, spoiled.
Micht, might.	Stacher, to stagger.
Mickle or muckle, big, large.	Stan', to stand.
Mither, mother.	Steck, to close.
Moose, mouse.	Stippit, stupid.
Mutch, a lady's cap.	Stom, dust.
Nae, na, no.	Syne, past time, since
Nachody, nobody.	Tae, toe, or, to.
Nain, none.	Tak', take.
Nane, none.	Tam, taken.
Neuk, corner.	Tat, that.
Noo, now.	Teevil, devil.
Nock, knock.	Toon, town.
Nock, clock or time piece.	Tor, door.
	Twa, two.

Wachle, waddle, walk like a duck.	Wi', with.
Waestin', consumption.	Wimmen, woman.
Warst, worst.	Worl', world.
Warstle, wrestle.	Wull, will.
Wast, west.	Vane, one.
Waur, worst.	Ye, you.
Wean, child.	Yon', yonder.
Wee, little, small.	Yon', you know what.

