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## Electric Scotland's Weekly Newsletter for June 12th, 2015

To see what we've added to the Electric Scotland site view our What's New page at:

<http://www.electricscotland.com/whatsnew.htm>

To see what we've added to the Electric Canadian site view our What's New page at:

<http://www.electriccanadian.com/whatsnew.htm>

For the latest news from Scotland see our ScotNews feed at:

<http://www.electricscotland.com/>

### Electric Scotland News

I thought it would be interesting to profile the column by Kenneth Roy of the Scottish Review from his June edition at <http://www.scottishreview.net/>

Andrew Marr correctly points out that the pollsters didn't get it all wrong. They picked up the Scottish story. 'Then again', he adds in the New Statesman, 'anybody who stepped off the train at Edinburgh Waverley and bought a latte would have picked it up'. That is the wonderful thing about our commentariat – they no longer need to read the runes; they can smell it in the coffee beans. A Scottish revolution, Mr Marr calls it.

I try to avoid Waverley; it is hard to think of a more tiresome railway station. But I'm not sure about the nature of this latte-inspired revolution on platform 9. At the risk of committing one of the ultimate heresies, I'm not even sure there was a revolution.

The BBC has been unable to find anyone in the streets who voted other than SNP. Yet the small print – which few of the anoraks seem inclined to study – inconveniently fails to support the popular narrative. The SNP did brilliantly to poll 1.4 million and gain all but three of the seats. It was an extraordinary achievement. But it was also something of a fluke.

We have been here once before in modern times: in 1955, when the electorate was somewhat smaller, the Tories polled 1.3 million. Their share was very marginally higher than the SNP's last month. To borrow from R D Kernohan, there was a Tory up every close in Glasgow. But in 1955, 50.1% of the poll translated into only 36 seats out of 71, whereas the almost identical percentage 60 years later, when there was a nationalist up every close, translated into 56 seats out of 59. In that contrast lies the nature of the fluke.

Labour's 707,000 votes (24%), just under half the SNP's tally, was worth one seat: a ludicrous outcome. The system is crackpot, but Labour is in no position to bleat about it, for the party had hugely benefited from the injustice of first past the post in most post-war elections until now. But the arithmetic was particularly bizarre this time and has rather skewed the post-election talk.

Though it goes against the grain of orthodox thinking, it is too early to write off Labour as a spent force in Scotland. It was an almost inconceivably awful performance, but a party polling almost a quarter of the vote cannot logically be pronounced extinct. When the SNP won 11 seats in the second of the 1974 elections, a result universally hailed as a triumph, it was achieved on a share of the vote (30%) not spectacularly higher than Labour's in 2015.

If you must have a pendulum, you should expect the damned thing to swing. Within 20 years of the Tory victory in Scotland in 1955, the Conservatives' share of the vote had declined from 50% to 25%; it now stands at 15%. By 1997, the nationalist share had collapsed from 30% to 15%; it now stands at 50%. Who said the Scots were politically stable? As I observed here last month, they are capable of alarming bouts of evangelistic fervour – about politics as well as religion and football.

Labour, then, could go on sinking, but the volatile nature of our electoral behaviour suggests that this is far from inevitable. The SNP's future is equally difficult to predict. The recent impetus could fade, particularly if the English decide to stick with Europe and the Scots are landed with a higher tax regime – or simply because people become bored by all political parties after a while and long for change.

Just as the death of Scottish Labour cannot absolutely be taken for granted, so there is a second illusion which needs to be challenged: the idea that Scotland is one of the most politically engaged nations on the planet. The turnout of 71%, though five percentage points higher than it was south of the border, was nothing special; of the 12 general elections since 1970, it was the third lowest. The highest was February 1974, when 79% of the Scottish electorate voted in the 'Who governs Britain?' election. But even this was no great shakes compared with the voting record of our Scandinavian neighbours: Denmark, where turnout has been consistently in the mid to high eighties since 1945, and Sweden where 86% turned out for the 2014 election. The Norwegians' record is less impressive, but 78% in 2013 has been exceeded in Scotland only once in the last half-century.

Despite all the stirring stuff about civic engagement, the under-rated Couldn't Give A Stuff Party continues to thrive. It was supported in May by 1.1 million Scottish electors, the ones so enthused about living in one of the most politically engaged nations on the planet that they failed to vote at all. Couldn't Give A Stuff does nothing and stands for nothing, yet this apathetic army has once again emerged as our second-largest electoral grouping.

Do the stats point to victory for the Yes side in a second referendum? It's possible but unlikely. If we assume that the SNP polled close to its maximum vote, it leaves an impressive 2.6 million still not fully subscribing to the desired object even after a campaign of unparalleled emotional intensity.

It's odd. I now operate on the working assumption that everyone I encounter casually, or see on the buses and trains, is a supporter of the SNP. That is a testament to the effectiveness of its ruthless social media machine. But the figures tell a more boring story. The anonymous Others – Mr Sillars's fearties – account for a stubborn two-thirds of the electorate.

No-one knows who these strange people are. They are rarely interviewed on the BBC. They are not hanging out at Waverley station, trembling on their lattes in anticipation of Andrew Marr's arrival. They fail to blog or tweet. They make no noise, no fuss, of any kind. They are pretty well invisible. It is possible that they order the groceries online and never leave the house, except occasionally to thwart the ultimate ambition of the ruling party.

A revolution? If Mr Marr says so, it must be true. But it may take more than a second referendum to convert or wear down 2.6 million people. We could be talking about a third or a fourth. It is, however, worth remembering that the vote of the opponents of independence is subject to constant revision, while the supporters of the project need to prevail only once. So I expect it to take – well, as long as it takes, really.

#### Indianapolis Scottish Highland Games and Festival

On Saturday, October 10, 2015, the Scottish Society of Indianapolis will present the Sixth Annual Indianapolis Scottish Highland Games and Festival. The inaugural Highland Games and Festival in 2010 was a great success and has grown quickly. We moved to a larger venue in 2012 and are looking forward to returning to German Park on the Indianapolis southside this year. We anticipate over 3,000 in attendance. The event will include highland athletics, live music from well-known bands, Celtic-themed merchandise, children's activities, re-enactors portraying the Scottish royal court, and more.

The Society sponsors the Scottish Foundation of Indianapolis, a 501(c)3 non-profit formed to support education in Scottish art, history, culture and genealogy, and organize the Indianapolis Scottish Highland Games and Festival. We ask you to consider a sponsorship and have included a brochure describing sponsorship opportunities. Your donation may be tax deductible. In return for your sponsorship, we have a variety of opportunities to recognize and promote your organization.

With your help, this year's festival will be a success for all who attend. Feel free to contact me with any additional questions. We appreciate your support of this exciting and educational family event.

Sincerely,

Carson C. Smith, FSA Scot  
Sponsorship Chairman  
317-319-3712 Cell  
[carson.c.smith@gmail.com](mailto:carson.c.smith@gmail.com)

#### Scots scientist behind HPV vaccine wins top award

Glasgow-born scientist Professor Ian Frazer has won a prestigious European award for the invention of a vaccine which has saved the lives of millions of women.

Hailed as one of the greatest medical breakthroughs this century, Professor Frazer and his late colleague Dr Jian Zhou developed the Gardasil human papillomavirus vaccine (HPV) against cervical cancer, which was administered for the first time in 2006.

Professor Frazer, who now lives in Australia, became interested in science at an early age, studying at Robert Gordon's College in Aberdeen before going on to Edinburgh University.

He has campaigned to ensure the vaccine is made available to women in developing countries and waived royalties on sales in 72 developing countries, where most deaths from cervical cancer occur due to lack of preventive diagnostics.

## Electric Canadian

Reminiscences of a Canadian Pioneer for the last Fifty Years  
Continuing to add more chapters to this book.

We are now up to Chapter IX and in Chapter VIII we get a description of Toronto "Muddy Little York" in these far off days...

When we landed at York, it contained 8,500 inhabitants or thereabouts, being the same population nearly as Belleville, St. Catharines, and Brantford severally claimed in 1881. In addition to King street the principal thoroughfares were Lot, Hospital, and Newgate streets, now more euphoniously styled Queen, Richmond and Adelaide streets respectively; Church, George, Bay and York streets were almost without buildings; Yonge street ran north thirty-three miles to Lake Simcoe, and Dundas street extended westward a hundred miles to London. More or less isolated wooden stores there were on King and Yonge streets; taverns were pretty numerous; a wooden English church; Methodist, Presbyterian, and Roman Catholic churches of the like construction; a brick gaol and court-house of the ugliest architecture: scattered private houses, a wheat-field where now stands the Rossin House; beyond it a rough-cast Government House, brick Parliament Buildings uglier even than the gaol, and some government offices located in one-story brick buildings twenty-five feet square,--comprised the lions of the Toronto of that day. Of brick private buildings, only Moore's hotel at the corner of Market square; J. S. Baldwin's residence, now the Canada Company's office; James F. Smith's grocery (afterwards the Colonist office), on King street; Ridout's hardware store at the corner of King and Yonge streets, occur to my memory, but there may have been one or two others. So well did the town merit its muddy soubriquet, that in crossing Church street near St. James's Church, boots were drawn off the feet by the tough clay soil; and to reach our tavern on Market lane (now Colborne street), we had to hop from stone to stone placed loosely along the roadside. There was rude flagged pavement here and there, but not a solitary planked footpath throughout the town.

You can read this at <http://www.electriccanadian.com/pioneering/thompson/index.htm>

Truth and Reconciliation Commission

I felt I should do a profile page for this commission as it's clearly a landmark event in Canadian history so have now given an overview of their work and made available a couple of videos.

You can learn more about this at:

<http://www.electriccanadian.com/history/first/truth.htm>

Knights Templar of England and Wales

I got in a few newsletters from them which I added to our Knights Templar page at:

<http://www.electriccanadian.com/Religion/ktew/index.htm>

They've added me to their mailing list so hopefully I'll now get regular copies in which I'll add to this page.

Enigma Machine

We've continued to add more puzzles to this collection which have been created by Hugh Sutherland. We're currently working on solving puzzle 105 and you can work on this with our regulars at:

<http://www.electricscotland.org/showthread.php/4877-Enigma-Machine-105>

The whole collection can be found at: <http://www.electriccanadian.com/lifestyle/enigma>

Site Redesign

I decided to do a bit of a redesign of the site by removing the left border and reducing the width of the page so that the site can be better viewed on mobile devices.

## Electric Scotland

Transactions of the Institution of Engineers in Scotland

Found 4 volumes of these transactions so now making them available with volume 10 (which is the fourth and final volume I found) now up for you to read at <http://www.electricscotland.com/business/engineers.htm>

Songs by John Henderson  
Added five more songs from John...

Saturday Night  
Aches An' Peyns  
Trystin In Tullyglass Wi A Toorie Lass  
Good News  
Chit-Chat

Which I've added to the foot of his page at: <http://www.electricscotland.com/poetry/doggerels.htm>

Stories in the Scottish Dialect

This is a collection of stories we'll be adding over time from the pen of Alexander (Black) Harley. We've added a section for these at the foot of his page.

Added two more stories... "David And Goliath" and "Wee Teeny".

You can get to these at <http://www.electricscotland.com/poetry/harley.htm>

James Hutchison Stirling

Added this Philosopher to our Famous Scots section. Also added the first four sections of the book about him.

You can get to this at [http://www.electricscotland.com/history/men/stirling\\_james.htm](http://www.electricscotland.com/history/men/stirling_james.htm)

The Complete Sherlock Holmes

John Henderson found this pdf file of all his works and have added a link to it at the foot of the page at:  
<http://www.electricscotland.com/history/other/doyle.htm>

The York Building Company  
A Chapter in Scotch History.

Read before the Institutes of Bankers and Chartered Accountants, Glasgow on 19th February 1883 by David Murray M.A., FSA Scot.  
and can be downloaded at:  
<http://www.electricscotland.com/business/york.pdf>

Lucy Bethia Colquhoun

A fascinating account of how 'the other half' lived in the 1800s in Scotland. We're adding a few chapters at a time with the first 3 now up for you to read.

I also found some interesting books mentioned in the first chapter and have also added links to them on the page. Essentially they are books she mentions she enjoyed and learned much from as a wee girl and at time of writing thought they were still good reading.

I found one book she mentioned "Ministering Children" and I thought I'd make Chapter 1 the story of the week as it does make you think and you can read it below.

As she was the Great Grand Daughter of Sir John Sinclair of Caithness I decided to add this to the foot of his page so you'll need to scroll half way down the page for this section at:  
[http://www.electricscotland.com/history/other/sinclair\\_john.htm](http://www.electricscotland.com/history/other/sinclair_john.htm)

I might add her father was the author of "The Moor and the Loch" which Queen Victoria and Prince Albert enjoyed reading so as we have that up on the site already have added a link to it from within the text.

Clan Henderson

Got in a copy of their Summer 2015 newsletter which you can read at:  
<http://www.electricscotland.com/familytree/newsletters/henderson/index.htm>

THE STORY

This is a 408 page book with 26 chapters and so here is the Preface to the book followed by Chapter 1...

Difficulty being sometimes felt in training children to the exercise of those kindly feelings which have the Poor for their object, it was thought that an illustrative tale might prove a help toward this important end. It must be allowed by all, that the present is a day of

increased exertion in behalf of those who are in need; but much care is necessary that the temporal aid extended may prove, not a moral injury, but a moral benefit, to both the receiver and the communicator of that aid. May it not be worthy of consideration, whether the most generally effective way to insure this moral benefit on both sides, would not be the early calling forth and training the sympathies of children by personal intercourse with want and sorrow, while as yet those sympathies flow spontaneously. Let the truth be borne in mind, that the influence of the giver far exceeds that of the gift on the receiver of it; and it must surely then be admitted, that in all aid rendered to others, the calling into exercise the best feelings of the heart, in both the giver and the receiver, is the most important object to be kept in view. To this end it is necessary that the talent of money be not suffered assume any undue supremacy in the service of nonviolence. Let children be trained, and taught, and led aright, and they will not be slow to learn that they possess a personal influence every where; that the first principles of Divine Truth acquired by them, are a means of communicating to others present comfort and eternal happiness; and that the heart of Love is the only spring that can effectually govern and direct the hand of Charity.

## Chapter 1

Oh! say not, dream not heavenly notes  
To childish ears are vain;  
That the young mind at random floats  
And can not catch the strain.  
Dim or unheard the words may fall,  
And yet the heaven-taught mind  
May learn the sacred air, and all  
The harmony unwind.”

And this is the confidence that we have in Him, that,  
If we ask any thing according to His will, He heareth us.” —1 John, v. 14.

THE chimes of the great church clock in a large old town were playing a quarter to nine, on a bright September morning, when a little school-girl, shutting her mother's door, came stepping down the long dark flight of stairs at the top of which she lived; she wore no shawl, or cloak, or bonnet; a frock of dark brown stuff, a little white linen apron tied round her waist, a white linen tippet, and a little fine linen cap with a single border crimped close round her face ; this was the little schoolgirl's dress. Her name was Ruth: and on her arm she had hung her green baize bag with her Bible and school-books.

“Good-by, mother,” she said: and shutting the door, stepped slowly down the dark stair-case, while her little white figure lighted up its gloom. When she reached the ground-floor of the house, she heard a low faint moan, as of some child in pain; she stopped a minute to listen, and heard it again. The door at the bottom of the stair-case stood a little way open, and Ruth had sometimes seen the widow woman and her child who had come to live in that room; and when she heard the moan again, she looked into the room, and there she saw the child in bed.

“Are you ill?” asked Ruth.

“Yes,” said the child; “and my pain is so bad! and I have nobody to be with me.”

“Won't your mother come?” asked Ruth.

“No, mother's got a day's work; she won't be home all day; and my pain is so bad! I wish you would stay with me.” ‘

“I must go to school,” said Ruth, “but I will ask mother when I come home, to let me stay with you a little.”

“O do! and make haste, do make haste! I don't like to be left alone.”

Ruth went on her way to school. The sun was shining bright, and its warm rays beamed on her face, which was almost as white as the little crimped linen cap that pressed closely round it. Merry children, boys and girls, ran shouting and playing past her; but she walked slowly on her way to school, and went up the high steps, and in at the school door, as the great church clock was striking nine. A good mark was set down in the book against her name, and she went to her place on the form.

Lessons went on for an hour, and the great church clock struck ten. Lessons went on for another hour, and the great church clock struck eleven. Then a lady came into the school, and called the second class to come to her. The children gathered round her, and Ruth was one of them; they got their Bibles and stood before her, and little Ruth had the place that was always hers, close by that lady's side. Ruth did not answer so many questions as some of the other children; she never spoke unless she was asked, and then she answered so softly, that no one but the lady heard; but the lady always seemed to smile at Ruth when she did answer, as if she had answered right. When the great church clock struck twelve, the lady went away; and the children put up their books into their

bags, and went to their homes. Ruth could not stay with the sick child till she had asked her mother; but she thought she would just look in, and tell her she was come back. Ruth looked in, and the child was lying quite still in bed; she did not speak, so Ruth went up and stood beside her.

"Oh! I am so glad you are come!" said the poor child; "what a long time it was you kept at school! Oh! I want something so bad! I can't eat this bread mother left me, it's so hard, it hurts me when I try."

"I have not had any food to-day," said little Ruth.

"O dear," said the sick child, "how bad it is! what do you do when you have no food?"

"I tell Jesus," said little Ruth.

"Who do you tell?" asked the poor child.

"Jesus," said little Ruth.

"Who is Jesus?" asked the poor child.

"What! don't you know who Jesus is?" said little Ruth. I thought every body knew that except the poor heathen. He is our Saviour?"

"Does He give you some food?" asked the poor child.

"O yes, He often sends us some food when mother has nothing: but I must go to mother now, or she will scold."

"Do ask her to let you come and stay with me," said the poor child.

"Yes, I will," replied little Ruth; and she went up the high stair-case to her mother's room; she did not run with light quick steps, like children generally; but she went up slow and faint; for it was not one day alone, but many days, that little Ruth went to school without food. She had lost her own father: the father she now had was not her own father, and he thought only of himself and his own wicked pleasures, and left his wife and her children without food. But little Ruth had learned to pray; the lady who came to the school taught her from the Bible; and she had learned to know the love of God her Saviour; she loved and trusted Him, and, as she said in her own words, when they had no food "she told Jesus."

When Ruth went into her mother's room, she saw on the table a can of steaming soup. "O mother! is that for us?" she asked. "Yes, to be sure it is. Miss Wilson sent it in this minute." Miss Wilson was the lady who came to the school. Ruth had not told Miss Wilson about their having no food that day; so when she saw this can of hot soup she knew it was Jesus her Saviour who had put it into Miss Wilson's heart to send it to them. The poor babe was asleep on the bed; but Mary, Ruth's little sister, was standing at the table crying to be fed. Then the mother got a bason, and poured it full for Mary. There was meat, and rice, and potatoes in the nice hot soup; and poor little Mary left off crying directly she had her spoon and began to eat. Then the mother poured out a larger bason for Ruth, who stood quite patient by the table. Ruth waited a minute with her food before, her.

"What are you waiting for now?" asked her mother; "I have nothing more for you."

"No mother; but that widow's child is laid in bed; she says her pain is so bad, and her mother's out working, and she wants me to sit with her."

"Poor thing!" said Ruth's mother; "well, take your dinner, and then you may go a little while if you like."

"She has no food, mother, but a hard bit of bread, and she says she can't eat it, because it hurts her."

"Oh! and so you want to be after giving her some of yours, do you? here, give me your bason then, and you take this jug." And Ruth's mother, pouring some more soup into the broken jug she had taken for herself, gave it to Ruth. "There, take care how you go, that you don't lose it now you have got it!" said the mother. And Ruth, holding the jug in both hands, went slowly and carefully down stairs. How happy was she now, in her hands she held the food she so much wanted; and the poor sick child, left all alone, was to share it with her and be happy also! As she got near the bottom of the stair-case she stepped quicker in her eager haste; then, pushing open the door, she went in saying, "See here, Miss Wilson sent us this beautiful soup, and mother's given me some for you!"

"O dear, how nice! how glad I am!" said the poor child.

"Have you got a bason?" asked Ruth.

"Yes, there's one in that closet, and a spoon too," said the child.

Ruth found a small yellow bason and a spoon: she broke up the child's dry bit of bread in the bason; poured some of the hot soup over it; folded her hands, and asked a blessing in the name of Jesus; and then the two children dined together. The warm nourishment brought the color to the white cheeks of little Ruth, and soothed the poor, faint, weary child. "How good you are to me!" she said to Ruth. "I feel better now; I think I shall go to sleep." Ruth put away the bason in the closet again; the sick child had closed her eyes, already almost slumbering; and the little ministering girl went back to her mother.

A day or two after, as Ruth came in from school, the sick child's mother was going out, and she stopped and said to Ruth, "My Lucy told me how good you were to her: the God above bless you for it! She is always calling out for you; I wish you would stay a bit with her when you can, just to pacify her."

Ruth's mother gave her leave to take the babe down and nurse it in the poor child's room where she still lay on her wretched bed, covered with a torn counterpane. Ruth walked up and down to quiet the babe and get it to sleep; she hushed and hushed it, but that would not do; so at last she began to sing one of her school hymns in a low voice,

"Jesus, refuge of my soul,  
Let me to Thy bosom fly."

The sick child listened; the low sweet singing soothed the infant to sleep, and the sick child into quiet feeling. "Is that Jesus you sing about, who you ask for food?" said the poor child.

"Yes," replied Ruth, "that's Jesus our Saviour! I can sing you something else about our Saviour, if you like."

"Yes, do," said the poor child. And Ruth sang—

"We read within the Holy Word  
Of how our Saviour died;  
And those great drops of blood,  
He shed at eventide."

Over and over again, while she rocked the sleeping baby, she sang the same soft words. When she stopped, the sick child said, "I can't read; I never went to school long enough to learn."

"What, can't you read the Bible?" said Ruth.

"No, I can't read anything; I don't know any thing about it."

"I can tell you all about it," said Ruth. "I know such a number of stories out of the Bible! Miss Wilson tells them to us, and sometimes we tell them to her. And I know a great many verses, and some chapters and Psalms."

"I like stories best," said the poor child.

"Well, then, I will tell you one. Let me see, which shall I tell you? Oh! I know, I will tell you about the little lamb! Once there was a good man, his name was David; he was not at all old, he was quite young; and he didn't live in a town like this, but he lived in beautiful green fields, and on great high hills, where the flowers grow, and the trees, and where the birds sing. He was quite young, but he loved God, and Jesus our Saviour. And he prayed to God. And when he saw the stars come out in the sky, he thought about Jesus our Saviour, who lives up above the stars in Heaven, and he wrote about Him in the Bible.. He lived alone on the great high hills; and God took care of him; and he had a great many sheep and lambs, and they all ate the grass and were so happy! and he took care of them all. But one day there came a great roaring lion; he came so quiet; he did not make any noise! and he took a little lamb in his great mouth and ran so fast away! but the little lamb cried out, and David heard the little lamb, and he ran so fast that the great lion could not get away! and he caught the great lion and killed him; and he took the little lamb in his arms, and carried it quite safe back to its mother. Is not that a pretty story? And I know what Miss Wilson tells us about it!"

"What does she tell you?" asked the poor child.

"She tells us, that it is just like Jesus our Saviour; when Satan the great roaring lion tries to take us away, if we pray to Jesus, Jesus won't let him have us; but Jesus will take us up safe in His arms, and carry us to Heaven when we die, and then we shall be so happy there!"

"Will he carry me?" asked the poor child.

“Yes, He will if you pray to Him,” said little Ruth.

“I don’t know how to pray,” the poor child replied.

“I will teach you my prayer,” said little Ruth.

“O God, my Heavenly Father, give me Thy Holy Spirit to teach me to know and love Thee. Wash me from all my sins in my Saviour’s precious blood. Keep me from all evil, and make me ready to live with Thee for ever in Heaven. For the sake of Jesus my Saviour. Amen.”

“That is one of my prayers, and I can teach it to you. I have taught it to our Mary, and she can’t read yet.”

The poor child tried to learn it, but she could not remember the words; still it seemed to soothe her, to hear Ruth repeating them; at last the poor child said, “Wash me from all my sins! What are sins?”

“That is when we do wrong,” said little Ruth; “we can’t go with our bad ways to Heaven, but Jesus can wash them all away in His blood.”

As little Ruth was coming home from school one of those bright September days, she saw a poor woman sitting on a door step with a basket full of small penny nosegays of autumn flowers. Ruth stood still before the basket to look and admire. She had never known what it was to hunt over the meadow banks in spring for violets and primroses, or gather the yellow daffodil and beautiful anemone from the woods, or the sweet and frail wild rose from its thorny stem in the hedge; she had sometimes plucked a daisy from the grass, but this was the only flower that Ruth had ever gathered. And now she stood to look upon the woman’s basket full of nosegays of garden flowers. While she stood looking, a mother and her little girl passed by.

“Oh! mamma,” said the little girl, “look at those flowers!”

“A penny a nosegay, ma’am; only a penny a nosegay!” said the poor woman, holding out some of her flowers.

“Do you wish for a nosegay, Jane?” asked the mother of her little girl. .

“Yes. if you please, mamma.”

Ruth thought how happy that little girl was to have a nosegay of her own! she watched her take it; and then the mother and her little girl went on, and Ruth went slowly the other way to her home. But as soon as the little girl had left the basket of flowers, she said, “Mamma, did you see that poor child who looked so at the flowers?” .

“Yes, Jane, do you think she wanted a nosegay?”

“O, mamma, will you buy her one?”

“I have not another penny with me, or I would.”

“Do you think she would like me to give her mine, then, mamma?”

“Yes, suppose you do; I dare say she very seldom has a flower.”

“Then I will; mamma, shall we go back?” The little girl looked back, and saw Ruth walking slowly away.

“O, mamma, she will be gone!”

The little girl did not like to leave her mother’s side, so they walked quickly, back together, till they overtook Ruth, and then the little girl gave her the flowers; the bright color came into the cheeks of little Ruth as she curtsied and took the flowers; and then she set off to run with them home; she could not run far, but she walked fast, and looked at them all the way she went. “Mamma, did you see how fast that little girl ran with her flowers?” asked Jane.

“I dare say she wanted to take them home,” said her mother.

And so that ministering child parted with her nosegay for the little girl, who had never gathered any flower but a daisy. Ruth soon reached home with her flowers; and first she went to the poor sick child, and she said, “See what beautiful flowers I have got! A lady bought them in the street, and her little girl gave them all to me! I will give you that beauty!” And Ruth pulled out the only rose from



the nosegay, and put it into the little thin hand of the dying child. "O how sweet it smells!" said the poor sick child; and she lay on her hard pillow and the rose in her hand, the only gift she had had to gladden her, except food, since she had lain ill in her bed.

"Jesus, our Saviour, made the flowers!" said Ruth. "Miss Wilson says it was Jesus made every flower to grow out of the earth."

"How kind He must be!" said the dying child.

Then Ruth took the rest of her flowers up to her mother, and they were put in water to live many days.

Ruth used to go in often to see the poor sick child, and tell her stories from the Bible, and sing her hymns when she had the baby with her. But one cold November day, when she came into the house from school, the poor child's mother came crying from her room, and said to her, "O! I am so glad you are come! I thought I must have come after you; my poor child's dying, and she keeps asking for you." Ruth went in and stood by the bed, and the dying child said, "Hear Ruth, I am quite happy. I love you very much; and I want you to sing that about 'Those great drops of blood Jesus shed at even-tide.'" Ruth sang it as well as she could, but she was ready to cry.

"I want you to sing it over and over, as you do to the babe," said the dying child.

Ruth sang it two or three times, and then she stopped; the poor child had shut her eyes, and seemed asleep, but she soon opened them again, and said, "O do sing about 'Jesus let me to Thy bosom fly'" and while Ruth sang, and the mother stood weeping by, the little child fell asleep, and died. Ruth cried for her little friend, and missed her very much. But now the child's poor mother said she wanted Ruth to comfort her up, as she had done her poor child; and she begged Ruth to read to her, and tell her those beautiful stories, for she could not read herself. And so Ruth became the poor widow's little comforter.

When we see a child dressed neat and warm in her school dress, we often think she is well taken care of; but it is not always so; and sometimes the little school girl or boy is much more hungry and faint, than the child who begs his food in the streets. We cannot tell how it really is with poor children, or poor men and women, unless we visit them in their homes. Miss Wilson had often been to see little Ruth, so she knew all her sorrows, and she comforted and often fed the little girl, and loved her very much. But there was another child who went to the same school, and wore the same neat dress, and stood in the same class as Ruth, but she had no comforter; her name was Patience. She lived like Ruth, in one room, up a dark staircase; but she had no mother, like Ruth; her mother died when she was an infant; and poor Patience had never had any one to love or comfort her. Her father was a bad and cruel man; Patience had been taken care of by an elder sister, but her sister was gone quite away from her home, and she lived alone with her father. She came to school every day, but she generally came late; she had learned to read there, but she hardly ever knew her lessons; and she never answered when asked the reason. She was very small, and very thin; and the lady who came to the school never saw her laugh, or smile, or cry; she always looked upon the ground, her lips were pressed together, and she seldom answered when spoken to. Miss Wilson, the lady at the school, thought she did not care about any thing; she had never been to see her in her home, she thought it was no use to go and see a child who seemed not to care for any thing; so she did not know the sorrows of the little girl, and therefore she did not try to comfort her: nothing seemed to amuse or interest her, she looked with the same dull eyes on all.

Poor Patience had no comforter, no blessed ministering child had been yet to her. One day as Patience was walking to school, a little companion came and walked by her side—a rosy-faced child, eating bread and butter, finishing her breakfast on the way to school. Poor Patience had had no food that morning, she would have been so thankful for part of the child's bread and butter; but she did not ask for any, and when they reached the school, the child threw all she had left of it to a fat black goat who lived at a stable close by. The black goat tossed his head, and eat it up. Then poor Patience said, "O Nancy, how glad I should be of the food you waste!" and she stood watching the black goat eating up the bread and butter. But Nancy was not like little Ruth, she was not a ministering child, and she ran up the steps into the school, and thought no more of her bread and butter, and her little hungry school-fellow.

I provided a link to download this book at the foot of the page at:

[http://www.electricscotland.com/history/other/sinclair\\_john.htm](http://www.electricscotland.com/history/other/sinclair_john.htm)

And that's it for this week and hope you all enjoy your weekend.

Alastair