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HE WOULD REVERENTLY RAISE HIS BONNET AND GIVE THANKS

The Scottish Shepherd.

Through the valleys, over the moorlands, in and out among the hills, went the faithful shepherd with his flock, ever leading them to green pastures, seeking out the wanderers, and tenderly caring for the weak and ailing, little heeding the bleak autumn winds that swept down upon him, so that they found him where duty called.

David Forbes was a good man, and so highly esteemed among his neighbors, that, though he was but a hired man, he was made an elder of the kirk, and held in great esteem. He had come of a good stock, too, which is thought much of among the Scottish peasantry; both his father and his grandfather had been highly esteemed for their goodness, and David would have thought he was doing dishonor to their memory if he had been guilty of any mean or unworthy conduct. Alone among the hills he would as reverently raise his hat and give thanks to God for his food, as he would when seated in the village among his friends.

David was a prime favorite among the boys of the village. Almost every Sunday evening, when there was no preaching, these lads would go up to David in the hills and listen to the stories he would tell of the old persecuting

times, when men and boys and tender women would venture among the hills, even in rough and stormy weather, to listen to some of the saintly men whom God had raised up in those days, and who dared not come into the towns to preach.

'Ah, boys!' he would say, 'there was a real hunger to hear the Word in those days, very different from these easy-going times. It was there, in that knoll,' he continued, pointing to a small hill, 'that Cameron preached with such power that men and women threw themselves on the ground and cried out for mercy. Indeed, it must have been grand to live in those days and stand among the saints and martyrs who were hazarding their lives for Christ's sake!'

On another occasion, pointing up to a peak among the hills, he said, 'It was on that mountain that a great gathering once took place to hear Peden the Prophet. There were lords and ladies gathered from the great houses, and men and women from the farms and cottages around. How the tidings were passed of his coming I can hardly tell; it was whispered, I suppose, from one to another, and people gathered from far and near.

'Eh, boys! he was a great man, was Peden. He seemed to know the will of God, and when he spoke it was wonderful to hear him. It

was as if God were near. But on this occasion the news somehow got to Claverhouse, and a party of dragoons were sent to take him and as many folks as they could.

'You know watchers were set all round, and Peden had no sooner begun his sermon than tidings came that their meeting was known and the hill surrounded. A great dismay fell upon all the people. They were trapped, and there was no getting away. Then Peden began to pray. They were in the hands of God. He could wrap them in his mantle, he could make darkness their tabernacle round about them. He prayed that God would hold them in the hollow of his hand.

'Now, boys,' continued David, 'hear what took place. While Peden was praying there gathered slowly round them a thick fog, and completely hid them. The soldiers came riding up, but they dare not venture among the hills. The folks round Peden could hear the clanking of their weapons as the soldiers passed near them, but they were quite hidden and were safe in the hands of God. And so God delivered his people; he ever keeps covenant and mercy. And thus the people were delivered.'

The boys would listen with intense interest to some of these stories. They knew them to be true. In many cases grandfathers and grandmothers had mingled with the throngs who gathered round the great preachers. Relatives had suffered in the old cause 'for Christ and covenant;' and as they listened they were fired with an enthusiasm for the old cause—they too would live worthily; and many a boy resolved to tread in the footsteps of their noble fathers.

'And remember, boys,' said David, as we were all coming down the hills together one Sunday night, 'it is well to be proud of the noble deeds our fathers did, and I'm always glad I came of a good stock myself; but the great thing for each of us is to be a servant of Jesus Christ. Each one must believe on Jesus Christ for himself, or there is no service to God—nay, there is no salvation. And I want to see you boys doing a great work for the Saviour, and therefore I want you saved. Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ.'—J. Scott James, in 'Friendly Greetings.'

An Accuser Silenced.

Two fellow travellers were seated together in a railway carriage engaged in earnest conversation. It was of a religious nature, and one of them, a sceptic, was evidently seeking to excuse his scepticism by expatiating on the various evils which afflict Christendom. He was detailing, with manifest pleasure, the hypocrisy and the craft and the covetousness and the divisions found in the professing Church, and then he pointed to some of the leaders as the most markedly corrupt of the whole.

In front of them sat a Christian who was compelled to hear all this. Had he felt the accusation to be false, he might have suffered them all, as a part of the hatred that the world bears toward Christ, and been truly happy in so suffering; but he knew them to be true—too true to be concealed from the most charitable mind, so all he could do was