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Saved by a Dog.

How often do we hear of how truly a dog mourns the loss of a beloved master.

Here is a story which tells of a man who was riding through a wooded and mountainous country, in a snow-storm so blinding that he could scarcely follow the road.

Presently he met another traveller, who

rabies, the traveller dismounted and followed where it led the way back into the wood.

After a time, it stopped by the trunk of a fallen tree, where lay the remains of a smouldering fire and a workman's empty dinner-pail, and besides these a man exhausted and quite unconscious.

No one can describe the dog's delight as the traveller chafed his poor master's numbed

thou into the joy of thy Lord.—'Friendly Greetings.'

The Sermon That Wasn't Preached.

(S. R. Crockett, Author of 'The Stickit Minister,' in the 'Union Gospel News.')

It was Friday, and the minister of Arkland was writing his sermon. Things had not gone well in Arkland that week. The meeting of the church court charged with the temporalities had not passed off well on Tuesday.

One man especially had hurt the minister in a sensitive place. This was Peter McRoberts, the shoemaker. The minister had represented that a bath in a manse was not a luxury, but a necessity, when Peter McRoberts said that as for him he had never had sic a thing in his life, and that auld Maister Drouthy had dune without yin in the manse for thirty-three years to the satisfaction o' the parish.

Then there had been certain differences of opinion within the manse itself, and altogether the sermon had been begun with the intention of dressing down the offending parishioners. Nearly all sermons are personal to the preacher. They have been awakened within him by some circumstance which has come to his knowledge during the week. Preachers use this fact for good or evil, according to their kind.

A plain man was John Smith, of Arkland—as plain and hodden gray as his name. He had succeeded to the church with the largest majority that had been known in the presbytery, for in that neighborhood to have given a man a unanimous call would have been considered a disgrace and a reflection on the critical discrimination of the congregation. He had tried to do his duty without fear or favor, only asking that his hands should not be tied. He visited the sick with a plain, quiet helpfulness which brought sympathy with it as surely as the minister entered the house. His sermons were not brilliant, but they were staves and crutches to many.

Now as he sat at his manse window that bitter November morning, he watched the rain volleying on the round causeway stones and the wide spaces of the village street dimly white with the dancing spray. The minister felt grimly in unison with the elements as he sat framing his opening sentences. He had chosen his text from a wonderful chapter, 'Wisdom is justified of her children.' And in this wise he began to write:

'To be ignorant is to be dangerous. The ignorant man, though he be but one, can make of no account the wisdom of many men. After the wise of many generations have been striving to teach a people wisdom, a knave or a fool may come and cry aloud, "There is no god but ourselves, there is no law but our own desires, there is no hereafter but the grave which we share with our sister the worm and our brother the dead dog!" Yet so great is the folly of man that



THE TRAVELLER DISMOUNTED AND FOLLOWED.

warned him not to proceed unless he were armed with a revolver, for, he said: 'There is a mad dog on the road; it has been running round and round my horse, biting at its legs.'

But the first traveller was bound on an important errand; mad dog or no mad dog, he must continue his way.

By-and-by he came upon tracks in the snow where a dog had been running backwards and forwards, also another leading deep into the forest. Soon a dog came out of the wood, and greeted him with demonstrations of delight; but as soon as he had ridden past the track which led into the forest it whined and howled and snapped at the horse's legs.

Seeing that the dog was not suffering from

limbs, restored him to consciousness, and helped him on his way.

This dog ran the risk of being misunderstood. One traveller had thought it mad, and had not the second possessed more discernment, the dog might have paid for its strange conduct with its life. But in spite of misunderstanding, the faithful animal continued its efforts until it succeeded in bringing help to its beloved master.

Faithfulness in serving our heavenly Master is often similarly misunderstood. The consistent Christian is thought odd, and is called a fool or a fanatic. But it is only those who keep on in spite of opposition and ridicule who will at last hear the Master say: 'Well done, good and faithful servant: Enter