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King Robert's Debt.

(S. Johnson, in 'Friendly Greetings.')

'After my death, take my heart from my body, carry it to Jerusalem, and bury it in the Holy Sepulchre.'

So spake a dying man, well nigh six hundred years ago, in days when the truth of God had become much dimmed by the imaginations

of the dying request of his sovereign. The heart was embalmed, placed in a silver casket, and hung by a silver chain round the neck of the noble knight. But Sir James was killed near Gibraltar, upon his way to Jerusalem, whilst attempting to save the life of Sir William Clare, who was fighting the Moors, which was also reckoned a kind of crusade.

The casket containing King Robert's heart

a question that each may apply to Himself. What are we doing to discharge the debt to the Saviour that also lay upon the heart of King Robert the Bruce?

But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Dear Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

Why Didn't You Tell Me?

A little boy was born blind. When he grew up, his mother took him to an eminent specialist, who performed an operation. One day when the bandages were removed the boy could see. It was spring-time, and his mother took him outside, and as he looked at the beauty by which he was surrounded, he cried out, 'Oh mother! why didn't you tell me it was so beautiful?'

So it is with the person whose spiritual eyesight has been restored by the Spirit of God. We marvel that it is all so wonderful, and why we have never seen it before.

A Tramp's Conversion.

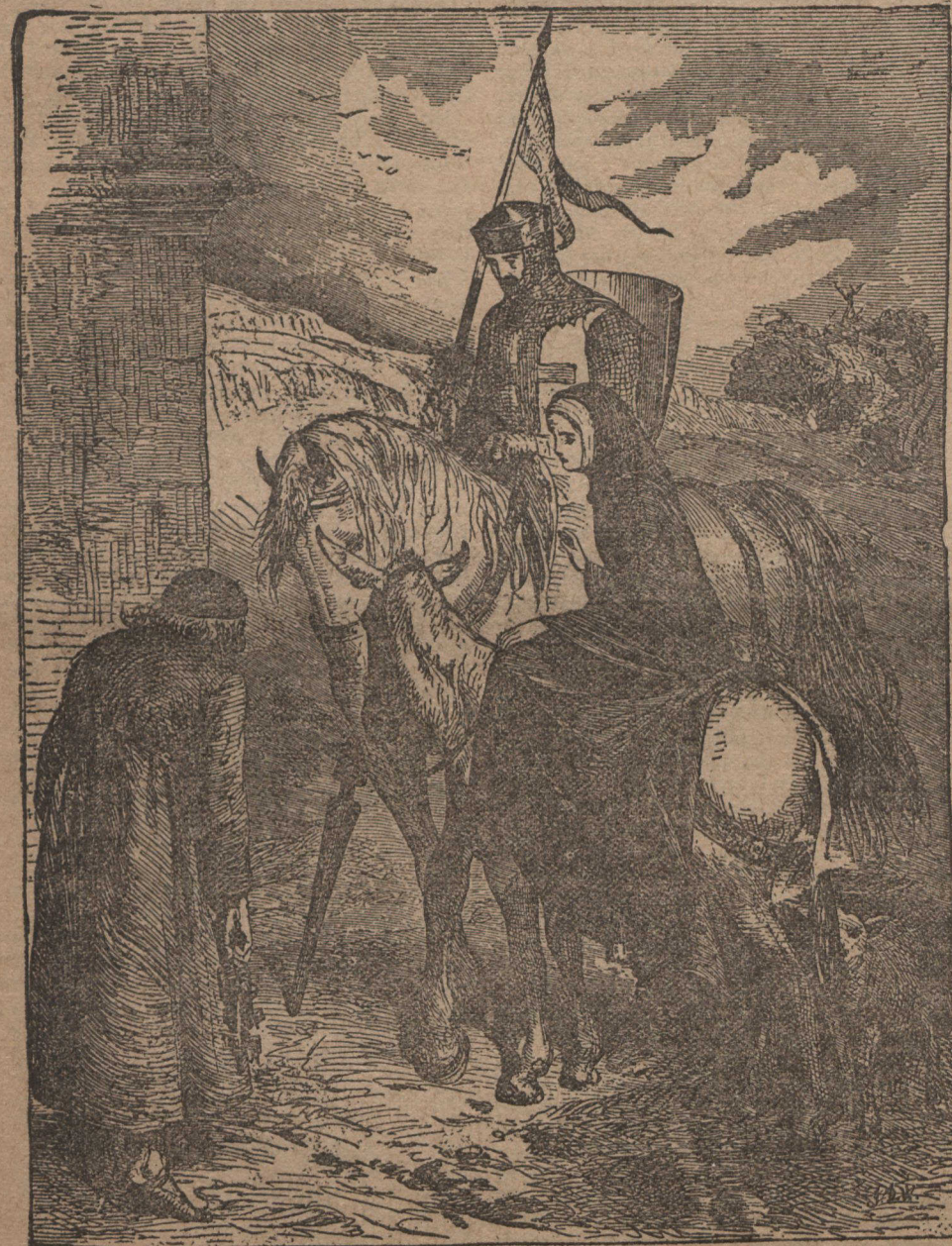
As a blind man sat by the roadside reading from his Braille Bible in a loud voice, a tramp leant against the fence and listened. He had not always been in the state he was in then, for drink and sin had brought him down. 'Come unto Me, all ye that are weary,' read out the blind man. 'Weary!' echoed the vagrant; 'that's me, I reckon.' 'And I will give you rest,' finished the reader. The man knew well whose words they were, for had not his good mother read them to him in the ago of happy days which had not foreshadowed these? He heard no more of the reading, for he was engrossed with thoughts of his mother's prayers and of the God whose laws he had broken. He shuffled along the street with downcast eyes, but a new hope and resolve stirred in his heart. He was weary of sin and a dissolute life. Was it too late to change it now? 'All that are weary.' That included him. Humbly and penitently he prayed to be forgiven, and to be helped to live a better life. It was hard at first; but, step by step, he persevered, and, with God's help, found work; and, forsaking drink and other sins, joined a little mission church, whose members stretched out helping hands to all in need.—'Christian Herald.'

Fading and Unfading Crowns.

Isa. xxviii, 1-7; I. Cor. ix., 24-27; I. Pet. v., 4.
(F. B. M., in the 'Christian.')

There were hard drinkers in the northern kingdoms of the twelve tribes. Upon these drunkards, soaked and stunned with wine, Isaiah fastens his woe. The sunny sky, the balmy air, the flowers on which they have stretched themselves at the head of their fat valleys, bespeak a land of perpetual summer. In their false security the drunkards weave for themselves crowns of pride, and gratify their passion for drink to the point of surfeit. Then God's swift storm drives up the valley. A dense mist of rain and hail—the rain and hail of judgment, destroying flowers and wreaths, and the bodies of the self-indulgent drinkers.

The Prophet, in this striking imagery, en-



of men. During the darkness of the Middle Ages, to go on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, or to attempt a crusade in that direction, to champion the cause of the oppressed, was considered a deed most pleasing to God.

This dying man was none other than King Robert Bruce of Scotland, who had long desired to go to the Holy Land, but, so far, the affairs of his country had prevented it. Now he realised that his stormy life was drawing to a close, and that he would never set forth for the earthly Jerusalem.

'But,' said he, 'it's a debt to my Saviour. Fail not to carry my heart to the Holy Sepulchre after my death.'

The friend to whom this charge was given, Sir James Douglas, did his best to carry out

was brought back to Scotland, and was buried in the beautiful Abbey at Melrose, although King Robert's body is resting at Dumfermline, the Westminster of Scotland.

In these days we know that the Saviour, Who gave Himself for us, does not desire that for love of Him we should fight our way to Jerusalem below. We have clearer light, and for this we praise God. But our debt is the greater on account of this clearer light. And is it not best discharged, first of all, by accepting the eternal life, in all its fulness, which is offered as a precious fruit of His blood shedding? Is not this debt most fully acknowledged by deeds of love to all for whom He died?

'How much owest thou unto my Lord?' is