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Jeanie and Her Big Bible

(‘Friendly Greetings.’)

Jeanie was a little Scotch girl who lived far back during the days of the bloody persecutions under the reckless Charles II. It was a bitter time. Soldiers were marching all over the country, driving people from their homes, burning their houses, and putting many innocent persons to death.

Jeanie’s parents were pious people, and their turn came at last to be driven from their home.

One afternoon the cruel soldiers were seen advancing, and the poor folks had to

old church that could be used as a fort, and which they hoped to hold before their enemies came up. A stream lay in their way, however, and this they dared not cross by the bridge for fear of their pursuers. So they hastened to a place in the river where some stepping-stones had been laid down for the convenience of foot-passengers. It was dark when they reached the bank, and the water ran swiftly in its channel. But they did not hesitate. The father waded across, carrying the others, one by one, in his arms, until Jeanie was left alone.

Fearing solitude more than the dangers of the stream, the young girl followed her

as high as she could raise it. Her father met her before she gained the bank, and clasped both his treasures in his strong arms.

‘Father,’ said the brave little maid, ‘you told me to take care of the dear old Bible, and I have done so.’

Several pistol-shots were heard at that moment, and the sound of approaching horsemen. The fugitives found concealment in a cleft among the rocks, and fortunately were not discovered. After their pursuers had ridden away, they issued from their retreat, and soon after reached the church in safety.

Jeanie married in after years, and lived happily with her husband to a good old age. The great Bible became hers after her father’s death, and in it were recorded the names of her seven children. It is still in possession of her descendants, in a well-preserved condition.

Jeanie never forgot that night of peril when she carried the old Bible through the deep waters. When she was dying she dreamed of her girlish exploit, and cried out, ‘I’m in the deep river—in the deep river; but I will hold up the dear old Bible. There, father, take the Book.’ These words she ceased to breathe.



THE YOUNG GIRL FOLLOWED HER FATHER ON HIS LAST TRIP.

flee with what valuables they could carry. Jeanie was given the big family Bible for her load, and her father told her that she must be very careful with it, and not have it get hurt, nor lose it by the way, ‘For we could not live,’ said he, ‘without the good Book.’

She wrapped one of her clean gowns around the Book, and started with it in her hands, following her father and mother, each of whom carried a child. The fugitives directed their steps towards the next village, where there was a strong

father on his last trip, stepping carefully from stone to stone. But it was so dark now that she could scarcely see the way before her, and presently her foot slipped and she went splash into the water.

In her danger she did not forget, however, the treasure entrusted to her care. As her feet went down her arms went up, and her precious burden was held above her head. She struggled bravely against the current, and though the water came up to her waist, she managed to keep on toward the shore, holding the dear old Bible

The Last Donation at Oak Ridge.

(Hilda Richmond, in the ‘Standard.’)

‘Don’t go out in the storm to-night, father,’ coaxed Mrs. Sanford. ‘You know exactly what they will do at the meeting. John Ramer will suggest a donation to pay off the debt on the minister’s salary, and the rest will vote for it. They have done that ever since we came here, and always will, I guess.’

‘I know, mother, but I have always opposed them, and always will as long as I can get to the meetings. It’s a shame to the community that men who call themselves honest will pay church debts in stuff they can’t use at home.’

‘I suppose we are not to judge, but it is very hard on the minister and his family to have so much produce and so little money.’

‘Somehow the people have the idea that the Golden Rule is out of date, or else they think ministers can live on less than other folks.’

‘They don’t seem to think at all. If you refused to take the things to the parsonage maybe the men would be ashamed to take such poor things. They always appoint you to gather them up, and I wouldn’t do it this year.’

‘The minister always says if he must have a donation instead of his money, it is a comfort to have it all over in a few days. You know the year we tried having each one take his own it was spring before they all got in. Mr. Lennox was bothered every day or two with a load or basket of gifts, so I will save him that annoyance if I can’t stop the donations.’

‘That is true,’ assented his wife. ‘All that fall people drove up just before dinner, and of course Mrs. Lennox had to ask them to stay. The horse feed and extra