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'For a bit of Sunday reading commend me to the "Northern Messenger."—W. S. Jamieson, Dalton, Ont.

The Highland Farmer.

At the foot of the Pentland Hills, in the time of which I am writing, there would have been found an old farm house. It had belonged to the Murray family for more than a hundred years. The eldest son for several generations had occupied the house and farmed the land belonging to the estate. And none were more respected in the locality than the Murray's.

The homestead was of the plainest kind,

the last three years she had borne the cares and responsibilities of the farm, keeping everything in as perfect order as when her mother was living. Every Sunday father and daughter walked to the kirk together, and took the same path back by the northern side of the burn, which lengthened the home walk some fifteen minutes.

The last two Sundays they extended the walk farther than usual in order to pay a visit to the cottage of Sandy Cargill. Sandy

Sandy's two bairns were aged only two and five years, so that they were quite unable to take their father's place in the work of the farm. The accident to Sandy, therefore, laid upon Donald Murray himself duties that mostly fell to the lot of Sandy.

The sheep on the hills had to be looked after. And in the bright July days Marjory persuaded her father to promise that, whenever he went to see that all was well with them, she was to go with him.

Thus it came about that Donald and his daughter—Rover, the young collie, leaping and barking about them in unbounded delight—climbed the hills together.

To Marjory it was a glorious opportunity. For some years she had not seen so much of the wild beauties of her native hills as she now enjoyed with her father. It was like a summer holiday as they made their way from point to point, till, seated side by side upon some rocky height, the jagged hills and sloping pastures lay before and around them. A word to Rover was enough to send him to glen and scar to bring up the wandering flock.

Once it happened that Marjory found a copy of Sir Walter Scott's poems among the boulders where they were resting. Some tourist had brought it with him to read in the bracing air of the author's own country, and putting it aside had forgotten to take it away with him.

To read her father some of the marked lines from 'Marmion' and the 'Lady of the Lake' took only a few minutes.

Then, as the sun sank to rest behind the western heights of the familiar hills, flooding the heavens with a rich golden glow, the words of the great Hebrew poet came to Donald Murray's lips:

"The heavens declare the glory of God:
And the firmament sheweth His handiwork.
Day unto day uttereth speech,
And night unto night sheweth knowledge."

"Let the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart
Be acceptable in Thy sight,
O Lord, my strength, and my Redeemer."

When they reached the house again, what was their surprise to learn that Sandy had managed by the aid of his wife and a stout stick to walk as far as the farm. He had waited nearly an hour for his master's return, and had been gone only five minutes when Donald Murray and Marjory entered.

They, too, were disappointed at not witnessing Sandy's bold efforts at walking. At the end of six weeks from the time of the accident, Sandy put away his stick, and began to take up the work where he had left it on the day of his mishap.—'Friendly Greetings.'

The Value of Rebuffs.

It is painful to be knocked down, but it may be a great blessing. The brakeman, walking along in the dark on the top of his train of box-cars, may not like the warning slap in the face he receives from the cords arranged over the track for that purpose; but he knows he must either throw himself down or be swept to death in passing under



SHE READ TO HER FATHER SOME OF THE MARKED LINES.

built of rough stone, and roofed with thatch. Venerable trees shaded it in summer days and protected it in winter. 'A bonny burn whimples' over its pebbly bed, and made music for all who passed. It was a typical highland farm.

Donald Murray, the present occupier, was a widower, with an only daughter, Marjory. Donald was an elder in the Church, highly esteemed, a cordial supporter of the minister, the Rev. Hugh McNeil, and a strict observer of the Sabbath.

Marjory was devoted to her father, and for

had been laid by with a badly-sprained ankle for more than ten days. This mishap kept him confined to the cottage, and prevented his looking after the sheep away upon the hills.

Scarcely a day passed without some kind message, or some thoughtful gift finding its way from the farm to the cottage for the invalid's benefit. Unexpected visits were paid by Marjory herself, when Janet Cargill, in her brusque, busy way, kept Marjory well informed of the progress her 'guid man' was making.