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The Wild Deer.

Did you ever see this beautiful animal, my child? When I was a boy in Ohio, I used often to find wild deer in my father's pasture with the oxen and horses, sometimes seeing twenty or thirty together. They were not afraid of a horse, and when riding I would bend forward upon the horse's neck so as not to be seen, and sometimes ride close up to them, with their lofty, branching horns, their long, slim ears, and their keen black eye always on the lookout for an enemy. When alarmed, they raise their heads and run with surprising swiftness, leaping high fences at a single bound without touching, as easy as you jump the rope.

The Indians used to live on their delicate meat, or venison, which you may have had on your father's table; and of their skins, which they knew how to tan

or dress, they made moccasins, as we do gloves and other articles of apparel.

The Bible speaks of the hart, and the hind or roe, or the male and female deer. "As the hart panteth for the water-brooks, so panteth my soul for thee, O God." "Swift as the roes on the mountains." "Deliver thyself as a roe from the hunter." The poet Cowper describes himself as wounded by sin, and his finding mercy in Christ, in the following beautiful lines:

"I was a stricken deer, that left the herd  
Long since. With many an arrow, deep  
My panting side was charged; when I with-  
To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.  
There was I found by One who had himself  
Been hurt by th' archers. In his side he bore,  
And in his hands and feet, the cruel scars.