

C-221-5-1

Northern Messenger

Wm Bronscombe & Co. 0203

VOLUME XL. No. 5

MONTREAL, FEBRUARY 3, 1905.

40 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid



Winter Dreams.

Deep lies the snow on wood and fields;
Gray stretches overhead the sky;
The streams, their lips of laughter sealed,
In silence wander slowly by.

Earth slumbers, and her dreams—who knows—
But they may sometimes be like ours?

Lyrics of Spring in Winter's prose
That sings of buds and leaves and flowers:

Dreams of that day when from the south
Comes April, as at first she came,
To hold the bare twig to her mouth
And blow it into fragrant flame.

—'The Atlantic.'

Blind David and His Bible.

In the early part of 1879, there came to me in Allahabad, a young Hindu, totally blind, seemingly about eighteen or nineteen years of age. His face was scarred with smallpox, which, when he was very young, had entirely deprived him of sight. He had no recollection of the light. He was needy and helpless; so after ministering to his wants, we preached to him Jesus. He said he had heard of him in his home in Rajputana, and was anxious to know more of him.

He eagerly received the Word and it was evident that the Light had begun to beam on his soul. In a few days he was converted, and his whole face shone with joy unspeakable. We baptized him on June 4th, 1879, and called him, by his own request David.

David became a communicant and rejoiced in the privilege. He had eager avidity for class and prayer meeting. 'We cannot but speak,' was the inspiration of his testimony. Not obtrusive but irrepressible,—he loved to speak of the goodness of his Lord. With bright and earnest face in joyful tones he would speak of the beauty of the King. Not one who heard him but was touched to the heart, and many wept with silent joy while the sightless saint 'told his experience.' It was easy to shout praise 'to the Lord!' after hearing him, and some-

how the meeting seemed to have gotten wings and soared nearer to the Throne.

'Brother Osborne, where's the meeting tonight?' He was told it was some distance, in the suburbs of the city. Of course he could not get there. But there he was, in advance of all the rest, running over with joy,—happy, expectant and hopeful.

'How did you get here, David?'

'Why, I walked it, of course,' with as merry a laugh as ever broke the sadness of this sorrowful world.

'Of course!' We marvel, but he simply confides in his Father and rejoices in his guidance. You call it instinct—intelligence; he has no such idea. I have seen him traversing plains, crossing ditches, moving across thoroughfares, avoiding trees and holes with remarkable precision, nor once encountering an accident. Sometimes standing still, doubtful of the nearness of a bank or boulder, he smites his side with a short stick, while he gravely listens for a sound his ear alone can catch. 'Oh!' his face brightens and off he goes with rapid strides, steering clear of bank and brake, stalking joyfully along as securely as on stone pavement.

David was an ardent lover of God's Word. He would come for his 'daily portion,' and sit with his face all aglow as the Father's mes-

sage was unfolded. When he paused at the core of a chapter, a voice would wistfully ask, 'Won't you read some more?' One day, after receiving his portion with more than usual delight, he lingered as though unwilling to depart.

'Brother Osborne—'

'Yes, Brother David.'

'Brother Osborne, I—I wish—I could—read!' was uttered in broken syllables with a wistful tenderness.

'Why, David, my dear brother, how can you read? You are blind, you know.'

'That's true,' he sadly replies, 'but I have heard that there are Scriptures for the blind with raised letters; haven't you?'

'Why, yes, I have heard of them, and seen them, but I haven't got them, and don't know where they are to be had.'

A moment's pause; then, as naturally and as joyfully as the birds sing:

'Won't you pray my Heavenly Father to send me these Scriptures?'

Perplexing—wasn't it? Why should this blind man prefer so strange a request? It was decidedly awkward. Small faith is usually speechless under these circumstances. But there are certain pious platitudes which come to one's help in such an emergency, and so I mumbled something about the necessity of 'submission to God's will,' 'pious contentment,' and