The Deer INSTEAD OF *ME*



Looking back into the blackness of night, he hurried on, anxious to avoid becoming a prey to a pack of timber wolves . . .

by Bryon K Meyers

As a lad I used to like to sit and hear my grandpa Taylor tell of the different experiences he encountered in his early days. This is one of my favourites.

In the winter of 1895-96, Grandpa took a job as a mail carrier, delivering mail from Haileybury, a Hudson's Bay trading post on the west side of Lake Timiskiming, Ontario to Belle Marie on the east side of the lake. His haul was a 34 mile round trip and had to be made on snowshoes pulling the mail on a toboggan.

Often the mail arrived at Haileybury late in the afternoon causing Grandpa to make his trips during the cold winter nights. On one of these dark nights, while trudging across the lake, he heard the dreadful howl of a timber wolf pack. As the hungry pack drew closer he realized they were on his trail. Picking up speed, he looked back over his shoulder only to stare into the blackness of the foreboding night.

The wolves were closing in on him. Time was running out. Knowing that he could not keep ahead of them, he stopped and prepared to fight. Turning his toboggan on its side across the trail and loading the revolver that he always carried, he stood back a few feet hoping to shoot two or three as they were distracted by the toboggan and thus scare them off.

With a loaded gun and a pounding heart he waited for that horrifying moment when those wolves would come crashing over that toboggan. Moments passed, then minutes, and what seemed hours and still no wolves. Then in dumb amazement he heard the wolves, no longer behind him, but off in the distance to one side of the lake. With relief, he set his toboggan in order again and started off once more, wondering what had side-tracked the wolves.

He got the answer to his question some days later. Several men had followed his trail across the lake. From the tracks in the snow, they realized that the wolves had chased a deer from the bush. The deer followed my grandfather's trail for better footing and speed, but soon discovered it was trapped between him and the howling wolves. With no alternative, it had to go to one side, back into the deep snow, where it was soon overtaken by the pack.



As he recounted this incident, Grandpa often said, "The deer's bones were picked instead of mine," in other words,

"THE DEER DIED INSTEAD OF ME."

This true story reminds us of the Saviour, Who has died for sinners on the cross at Calvary.

He became our substitute taking the punishment for our sins. If you have never accepted Jesus Christ as your Saviour, your soul is in danger of spending a lost eternity in the lake of fire. However, you do not need to go to hell. God loves you and he wants you to be with Him in heaven for all eternity. **For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whoever believes in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.** John 3:16

Accept Jesus as your Saviour today and enjoy the truth of Romans 6:23.

FOR THE WAGES OF SIN IS DEATH;
BUT THE GIFT OF GOD IS
eternal life
THROUGH JESUS CHRIST OUR LORD.

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