

**LIGHTS AND
SHADOWS AMONG
THE PSALMS**

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Lights and shadows among the Psalms by Alexander Ritchie Robson

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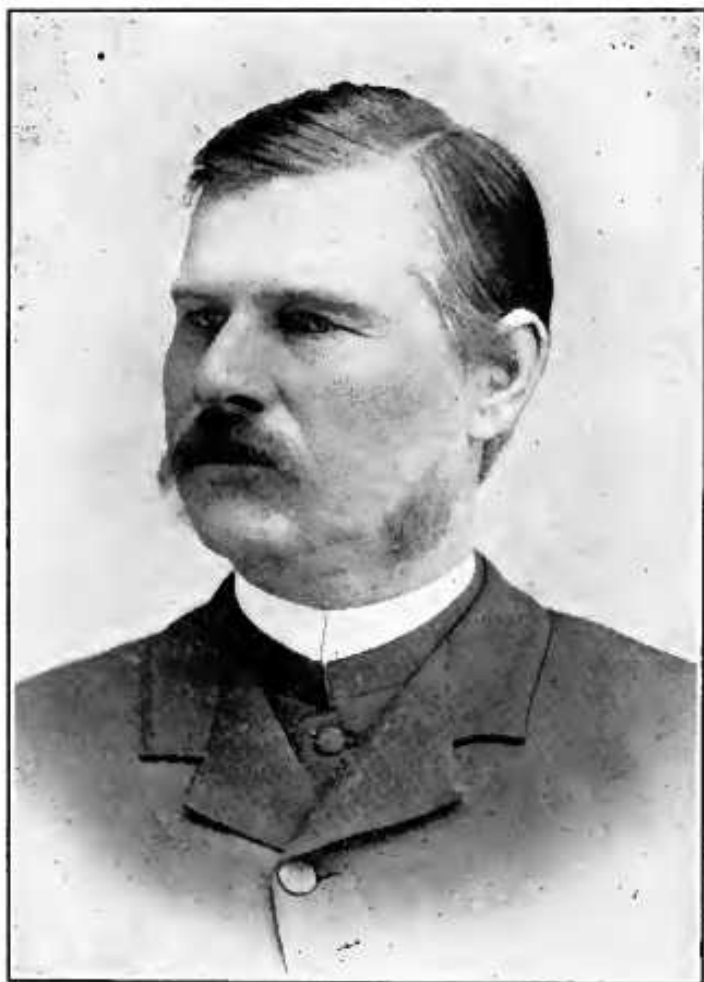
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ALEXANDER RITCHIE ROBSON

**LIGHTS AND
SHADOWS AMONG
THE PSALMS**



REV. ALEXANDER RITCHIE ROBSON

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS AMONG THE PSALMS

BY THE LATE
REV. ALEXANDER RITCHIE ROBSON
OF INDIAN HEAD, SASKATCHEWAN

WITH INTRODUCTION BY
REV. JOHN G. SHEARER, D. D.

SYDNEY, N. S.
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1921

INTRODUCTION

REV. JOHN G. SHEARER, B. A., D. D.

I first met Alexander Robson when he was a young man of mature years and judgment on the farm next that of my birthplace. I was but 15 years of age and had grown disgusted with school through the cruel tyranny of a teacher of ungoverned temper. Mr. Robson was a private student in Latin and Greek at the only High School that fine country district knew—the Manse of Chesterfield, Ontario, where lived Rev. Wm. Robertson, M. A., of brilliant mind, a great heart, an eminent scholar, an unselfish and devoted friend of every boy of promise in his congregation and in all the country-side. Two score men of influence at the bar, on the bench, in the pulpit, in medicine and surgery, or in higher education in Canada, graduated from that rural Manse-Academy. Alex. Robson was one of these. The writer was another. But the writer got his preliminary training and his first taste for learning in the neighbor farmhouse from Alex. Robson himself. He said he wanted to keep his Latin grammar and prose 'brushed up' by teaching a beginner. That was his way of covering up his unselfish interest in a none too promising country boy. From him I got my first taste for learning. I returned to school and am still an eager

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student and trying to practice that spirit of service in which I got my first lessons from the teaching and the life of Alex. Robson.

He subsequently went to college taking a special course and became an honored minister of the Presbyterian Church in Canada. He fell under the spell of that other great Robertson (Rev. James Robertson, D. D.) the great Superintendent of Missions for Western Canada, and was drafted for pioneer mission work in Saskatchewan then only beginning to be known for its fertile soil and its inimitable 'No. 1 Hard' wheat.

Mr. Robson served all his days in the region between Regina and the Manitoba boundary.

Those were days of genuine hardship. Not the automobile was his carriage. It was walking, the saddle, the buckboard and by and by the buggy. He did his full share of long driving through wind and snowdrift and biting blizzard to preach to little groups and to minister to dying souls, marry the young, baptize the children and dispense that other sacrament, The Lord's Supper. He was absolutely untiring in his zeal and laborious service.

Many a church he built, in not a few toiling with his own hands as well as inspiring his people to gifts and labor.

He founded, printed and edited a little family and religious semi-monthly paper 'The Prairie Witness' for years.

Mr. Robson was an interesting, capable and faithful preacher of the truth as he saw it. He had a combination of Irish quick-wittedness and droll Scottish humor which made alike his public utterances and his private conversation full of spice and inspiration.

His reading was extensive and varied. He was in consequence unusually well informed. He had a literary style all his own, clear, terse, epigramatic, effective, as any reader of 'LIGHTS AND SHADOWS' will recognize. He was a devout and constant student of the Bible. It was to him God's inspired Word. He was saturated with its wisdom and its words.

The Psalms were a favorite portion of the Scripture. He studied them not only historically but as an inspiration to his soul and a lamp to his feet illuminating all the experiences and solving the problems of daily life.

☞ We commend this book to the aged and the young, to the learned and unlearned, to the sinner and to the saint. It makes the Psalms live. There are no dull pages in it.

NOTES FROM DAVID'S HARP

PSALM I

THIS Psalm may be called the preface to the whole collection. The theme is Blessedness. It asks the question:—"How is man to be right and know it?"

Happiness comes from the fact of a right possession. Possess the right thing, and you have the right consciousness. That true possession is God Himself. Having Him as our portion we are blessed.

But the godly life, here in this world, is a refinery back to holiness. After taking his abode in the human heart, God must, according to His nature, make the dwelling-place like Himself; so, we need not be surprised if our consciousness fluctuates. The process of sanctification is one of house-cleaning after the demons of dirt and devilry have had their infernal occupation. To be sure, many of the old things are dear to us, and parting from them may be sorrowful enough. This plays havoc with our sense of well-being, yet our blessedness is rather advanced; because the sharp discipline makes the house more livable than before. We may not always feel right, but we are right. God is our portion and, working in us, fits up the temple after His own pattern.