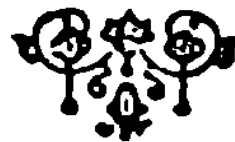


# POOR YEDDIE;

OR,

“If ye but kenn’d how I love Him.”

A NARRATIVE.



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# POOR YEDDIE ;

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“ IF YE BUT KENN’D HOW I LOVE HIM.”

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THERE lived in the Highlands of Scotland a poor idiot, who passed his time in wandering from house to house in the parish in which he resided. He was silent and peaceable, and won the pity of all kind hearts. He had little power to converse with his fellow-men, but seemed often in loving communion with Him, who, while He is the high and holy One, condescends to men of low estate. Yeddie, as he was called, was in the habit of whispering and muttering to

himself as he trudged along the highway, or performed the simple tasks which any neighbour felt at liberty to demand of him. The boys, while they were never cruel to him, often got a little fun out of his odd ways. He believed every word they said to him ; and because he had been teased about riding to kirk, he refused all the kind offers of farmers and cotters, and replied always in the same words : “ Na, na, I’ll aye gang on my ain feet up to the courts o’ the Lord’s house, and be talking to Himsel’ as I gang.”

Once, when a merry boy heard him pleading earnestly with some unseen one, he asked, “ What ghost or goblin are you begging favours of now, Yeddie ? ” “ Neither the one nor

the tither, laddie," he replied; "I was just having a few words wi' Him that neither yoursel' nor I can see, and yet wi' Him that sees the baith o' us!" and so the poor fellow was often speaking to Jesus in his humble way, while the careless wise ones would laughingly say, "He is talking to himself."

One day, Yeddie presented himself in his coarse frock and hob-nailed shoes before the minister, and making a bow in a quaint way, said, "Please minister, let poor Yeddie eat supper on the coming day wi' the Lord Jesus." The good man was making preparation for the communion of the Lord's supper, which was taken quarterly only, in that thinly-settled region, when several congregations met to-

gether ; so that the concourse of people made it necessary to hold the services in the open air, and he appeared too busy to be disturbed by the simple youth, and so strove to put him off as gently as possible ; but Yeddie pleaded, “ Oh, minister, *if ye but kenn’d how I love Him*, ye wud let me go where He’s to sit at table ! ” This so touched his heart that permission was given for Yeddie to take his seat with the rest. And although he had to trudge many miles over hill and moor, he was on the spot long before those who lived near, or those who had good horses to bring them from a distance.

As the service proceeded, tears flowed freely from the eyes of the poor “ idiot,” and at the name of Jesus he

would shake his head mournfully and whisper, "But I dinna see Him, I dinna see Him." At length, however, he was seen to raise his head, and wiping away the traces of his tears, and looking in the minister's face, he nodded and smiled. Then he covered his face with his hands and buried it between his knees, and remained in that posture till the parting blessing was given, and the people began to scatter. He then rose, and with a face lighted with joy, but marked with solemnity, bent his steps homeward.

One and another from his own parish spoke to him, but he made no reply, until pressed by some of the boys. Then he said, "Ah, lads, dinna bid Yeddie speak to-day! He's seen

the face o' the Lord Jesus among His ain ones. He got a smile fro' His eye, and a word fro' His tongue ; and he's afear'd to speak lest he lose memory o't ; for it's a bad memory he has at the best. Ah ! lads, lads, I ha' seen Him this day that I never seed before. I ha' seen wi' these dull eyes *yon lovely Man*. Dinna ye speak, but just leave poor Yeddie to His company."

The boys looked on in wonder, and one whispered to another, " Sure he's na longer daft ! The senses ha' come into his head, and he looks and speaks like a wise one."

When Yeddie reached the poor cot he called " home," he dared not speak to the " granny " who sheltered him, lest he might, as he said, " lose the

bonny face.” He left his “porritch and treacle” untasted and untouched; and after smiling on, and patting the faded cheek of the old woman, to show her that he was not out of humour, he climbed the ladder to the poor loft where his pallet of straw was, to get another look “fro’ yon lovely Man.” And his voice was heard below, in low tones: “Aye, Lord, it’s just puir me that has been sae long seeking Ye; and now we’ll bide togither, and never part more! Oh aye! but this is a bonny loft, all goold and precious stones. The hall o’ the castle is a puir place to my loft this bonny night!” And then his voice grew softer and softer, till it died away.

Granny sat over the smouldering

peat below, with her elbows on her knees, relating in loud whispers to a neighbour the stories of the boys who had preceded Yeddie from the service, and also his own strange words and appearance. "And beside all this," she said in a hoarse whisper, "he refused to taste his supper,—a thing he had never done before since the parish paid his keeping. More than that, he often ate his own supper, and mine too, and then cried for more ; such a fearfu' appetite he had ! But to-night, when he cam' in faint wi' the long road he had come, he cried, ' Na meat for me, granny ; I ha' had a feast I'll feel within me while I live ; I supped wi' the Lord Jesus, and noo I must e'en gang up the loft and sleep wi' Him.' "

“Noo, Molly,” replied granny’s guest; “doesna’ that remind ye o’ the words o’ our Lord Himsel’, when He tell’d them that bid Him eat, ‘I hae meat to eat that ye know not of?’ Who’ll dare to say that the blessed hand that fed the multitude when they were seated on the grass, has na’ this day been feeding the hungry soul o’ puir Yeddie as he sat at His table? Ah, Molly, we little know what humble work He will stoop to do for His ain puir ones who cry day and night unto Him! We canna tell noo but this daft laddie will be greater in the kingdom o’ heaven than the earl himsel’—puir body—that looks very little noo as if he’d be able to crowd in at the pearly gate!”

“And, oh, Janet, if ye could ha’

seen the face o' yon puir lad as he cam' into the cot ! It just shone like the light, and at first, even afore he spoke a word, I thocht he was carrying a candle in his hand ! I believe in my soul, good neebor, that Yeddie was in great company to-day, and that the same *shining* was on him as was on Moses and Elias when they talked wi' Jesus on the Mount. I e'en hoped he brocht the blessing home wi' him to bide on the widow that was too ould and feeble to walk to the table, but who has borne wi' him, and toiled patiently for him, because he was one o' the Lord's little and feeble ones."

"Oo, aye, doubtless he did bring hame the blessing, and that ye'll get the reward o' these many cups o' cold water ye've given him ; for what's

the few pence or shillings the parish grants ye, compared to the mother's care ye give him," said Janet.

"Aweel, aweel," replied granny; "if I get the reward, it'll not be because I wrought for *that*. I seem'd ne'er to ken, syne the day I took the daft and orphanted lad, that I was minding, and feeding, and clothing one o' 'these little ones,' and I ken it better to-night than ever. I ha' strange new feelings mysel', too, neebor, and I'm minded o' the hour when our blessed Master cam' and stood among His faithfu' ones, the door being shut, and said, 'Peace be unto you.' Surely this strange heavenly calm can no' be of earth; and who shall say that Himsel' is not here beside us twa, come to this puir

place more for the daft lad's sake than oor ain ? ”

And thus these lowly women talked of Him whom their souls loved, their hearts burning within them as they talked.

When the morrow's sun arose, “granny,” unwilling to disturb the weary Yeddie, left her poor pillow to perform his humble tasks. She brought peat from the stack, and water from the spring. She spread her humble table, and made her “porritch” ; and then, remembering that he went supperless to bed, she called him, from the foot of the ladder. There was no reply. She called, again and again, but there was no sound above, save the wind whistling through the openings of the thatch. She had

not ascended the ladder for years, but anxiety gave strength to her limbs, and she stood in the poor garret which had long sheltered the half-idiot boy. Before a rude stool, half-sitting, half-kneeling, with his head resting on his folded arms, she found Yeddie. She laid her hand upon his head, but instantly recoiled in terror ; the heavy iron crown had been lifted from his brow, while she was sleeping. Yeddie had caught a glimpse of Jesus, and could not live apart from Him. As he had supped, so he had slept,—with Jesus !

The funeral of the idiot boy was attended from far and wide. A solemnity rarely seen was noticed there, as if a great loss had fallen on the community, instead of the parish

having been relieved of a burden. Poor "granny" was not left alone in her cot ; for He who had so graciously revealed Himself to poor Yeddie, was with her, even to the end.—Heb. xiii. 5.

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