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Fatima—The Moorish Maiden

'I must speak to the foreign woman, quick. In the name of the prophet, bring her to me.'

The English missionary's wife came out from the hospital ward, and found in the waiting-room a Moorish woman, enveloped in folds of white garments, the veil being a fine gauze of silk and wool, deftly fitting the top of the head like a fez, and drawn across the mouth and nose.

'My little daughter is dying; come and make her well.'

The missionary's heart was touched. She thought of these words spoken to her Master, and his response to them. 'Can you not bring her here?' she asked.

'Ah, no! She would die in the sun. Come. I have no money, but you shall have my jewels; only be quick.'

'I cannot promise to cure her,' said the

story house, built of white-washed tappia, and entered a square, unclean court, crossing over to a still more unclean room, where the sick child lay.

Poor little Fatima! She was in a raging fever, wildly delirious, with parched lips and fetid breath.

'What have you done for her?'

'The medicine-man gave me drugs, but they did no good; so he bored a hole in her left foot to let the fever out.'

The missionary groaned as she looked at the poor little brown foot, swollen and inflamed. 'Was that all?'

'No; when the fever would not go out at the hole he had made, he said I must scare it away; so last night when she was asleep he made me run up to her, shouting, "Fatima, there is a snake in your bed!" She jumped out on the floor to run away, but fell against the door and broke her arm.'

The Dents In Bertie's Cot.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

What was the matter with Bertie H—? His mother wondered; his father wondered. The usually bright face was clouded over. The young fellow went about with a troubled look—had done so for many months. Ah! God the Holy Ghost was dealing with his heart in a wonderful way. He was suffering from a conviction of sin. Would that our hospitals were full of such patients!

For many years his invalid mother had prayed for him, and the answer was coming. One night at supper, when the plate, scarcely tasted, had been pushed away, she could bear it no longer, but quietly asked, 'Is anything the matter with my boy?' and then again 'Is it about your soul, Bertie?' 'Yes, mother, I have been sore troubled for many months and cannot get peace.'

How lovingly she took him to the throne of grace, and pleaded with God to lead him from conviction to conversion.

Not long after that he set out for his usual Sunday afternoon Bible-class, which he had attended regularly for a long time, little thinking what a memorable Sunday afternoon it was to be to him; for it was there he passed from death unto life. He stepped from uncertainty into assurance—out of self into Christ. He went home a rejoicing child of God.

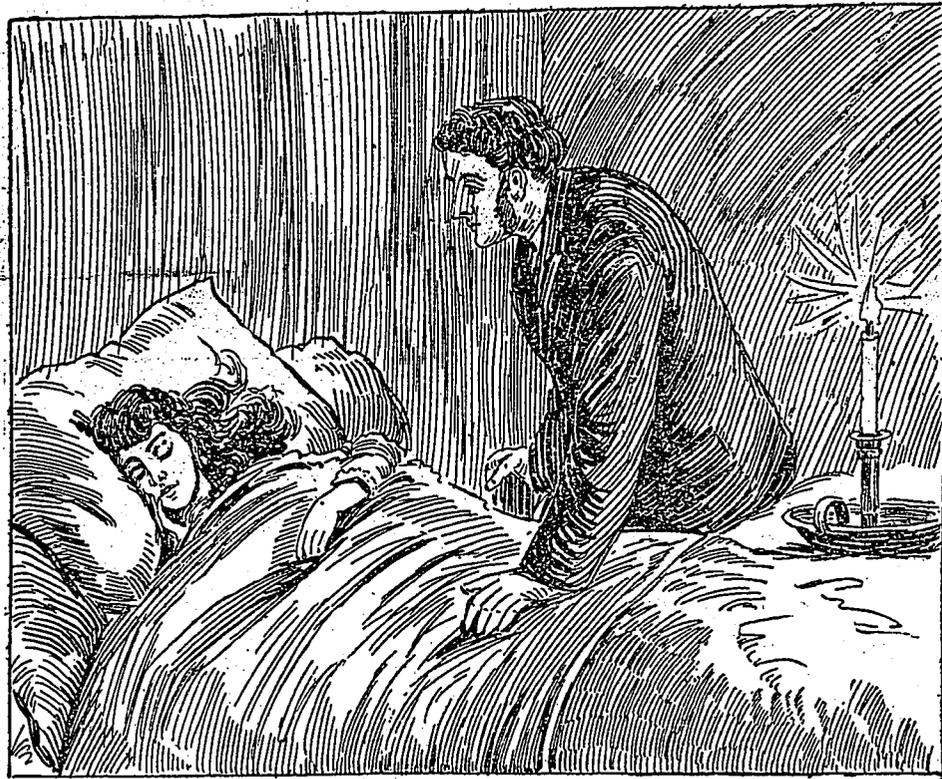
My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for His child,
I can no longer fear.
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba Father, cry.

Perhaps he could not have explained how the change came about; but who can explain conversion? 'The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth; so is everyone that is born of the Spirit.'

He only knew that the joy was in proportion to the long distress of soul under which he had labored. But how often a glorious spring full of promise and beauty succeeds a long and bitter winter; and so it is in the Kingdom of Grace.

Bertie's bright face told everyone that his winter was over and gone, and that the spring flowers had appeared upon the earth. Best of all, he early learned the sweet secret of keeping those flowers always in bloom, for Bertie laid hold on prayer and made it a power in his life.

He came home every day at twelve to his lunch, and his mother noticed how quiet he was in his room upstairs. One day she toiled up the stairs after he had gone, and pushed open the door of her boy's room. There, on the edge of the cot were two dents where his elbows had rested, and she read his secret at once. The young man spent the middle of the day on his knees pleading for grace to be kept from temptation. Like Daniel of old, he knelt three times a day; and always, after that day, the loving mother



LITTLE FATIMA CAME BACK TO LIFE,

missionary, 'but I will do my best; and I do not want your jewels.'

They hurried through the narrow, crooked streets of Tangier, jostled by donkeys, by water-carriers, by beggars, by richly-dressed Turkish gentlemen, by long-haired fakirs, by soldiers with long guns. The filth of these narrow streets was indescribable, though the white walls and roofs of Tangier made it look, at a little distance, like a pure snow-drift.

'It is so with these poor lives,' thought the missionary, as she sped along with her silent companion; 'travellers come to Morocco and write charming essays on "the barbarous Moor," but they say nothing of his ignorance, his cruelty, his tyranny, his suffering.'

It was a long walk. They had almost reached the dilapidated wall of the city, when the woman turned down a narrow alley, running along the wall of a small one-

Here the poor mother burst into tears, and the lady from the hospital wept with her.

It seemed that she must die; but in the cool of the twilight she was gently moved to the hospital, built by Christian hands as a witness to the love of God in Jesus Christ. There, with soothing drinks, with cool baths, and tender care, little Fatima came back to life, and to a belief in the heavenly Father and in Jesus Christ his Son.

She has learned to read in the missionary schools, and her favorite page is the story of the little maid of Galilee whom Jesus raised from the dead.

'Teacher,' she says, 'perhaps Jesus came with you that day to my bedside, though we could not see him?'

'I am sure he was there,' answered the missionary, 'and though we could not hear him, he was saying, "Little maid, arise!"'—'Presbyterian Review.'