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The Rescue.

It was a stormy day. The wind blows fiercely, and the sea is covered with big waves, which break here and there into white foam. Then the wind catches the foam and tosses it high into the air, so that it blows towards the land, and falls as spray on the people who walk on the shore. Not a pleasant day to be out! And yet at the little seaside village I am going to tell you of, there is a crowd of people gathered on the sea-wall. They are all looking in the same direction. Far out at sea there is a dark object to be seen tossing up and down with the waves. This morning

to take care of the brave men and those they are saving from death.

Now three strong fishermen leave the crowd on the sea-wall, and go down on to the sand close to the water's edge. The oldest and wisest carries his telescope, so that he may be able to look far out to sea. The others hold a thick, strong rope. The wind blows so hard the fisherman cannot hold his glass still enough to see through, so he steadies it on the shoulder of one of his young companions. Then he looks eagerly through. How slowly the life-boat comes; it is hard work for the men to row in such a sea.

the boat is pulled over the shingle, and then the people on the sea-wall shout with gladness. 'Hurrah! hurrah!' they cry, as the drenched men and their frightened, half-drowned passengers are helped to land.

All saved! Not one life lost! 'Thank God!' says some one, and the words go round the crowd. The men raise their hats. 'Thank God!' they say. How right it is that they should thank the good Father in heaven. Has he not been good to them all? It was he who put it into the brave men's hearts to venture out on the stormy sea; he who helped them to rescue all the crew of the sinking ship; and he who guided the little life-boat safely through the dreadful waves back to the land again.

No wonder all the crowd, who have been watching so long and anxiously, say: 'Thank God!'—A. S. Rowe, in the 'Sunday Scholars' Treasure.'

'Only a Woman's Life.'

(Willma H. House, in the 'Fuhkien Bulletin'.)

A hot, June day was drawing to a close in the plague-stricken city of Foochow. A funeral party stood aside for an idol procession which, with all the usual pomp and commotion, was making its way through the crowded streets, then took up its march, again, toward the burying ground. Funeral processions were a too common sight, and the pedestrians noted only that the coffin was unpainted, indicating that the deceased had died of plague, and that the funeral had been hurried. If some one had asked the hired coffin bearers, 'Who has died?' the answer would have been: 'Only a woman.' Yes, readers, it was only a woman, and a Chinese woman, too, but come with me to my 'ludai,' where we can look down on this noisy city with its pagodas, supposed to protect the people from the influence of evil spirits, with its temples filled with hideous idols, with its moving, hurrying, crowding, seething mass of humanity pushing on to eternity, and let me tell you the story of that life, the last chapter in whose drama you have just witnessed.

Listen, you who think Chinese women are stolid; that they can not feel as you feel, that they cannot love as you love, that they do not know how to hate as you might have known if the God of Love had not come into your heart.

Forty years ago, in that little street over there, a baby's voice sounded on the midnight air. A watchman, going his rounds picked the little one up and pressed it to his heart. No need to inquire as to the sex of the little waif; no boy would have been thrown out there to die. The watchman had a soft heart, and the gods had denied him the sons he had longed for. Something of a father's love came into his heart as the baby nestled in his arms. Something strangely like a tear came to his eye, but he resolutely put the child down again, and commenced to pace his beat. He was too poor to adopt a child—especially a girl—and she would bring him nothing but sorrow. Did not the books of the sages teach that?

The infant wailed, and the watchman hurried away telling himself that if the gods had been



HE LOOKS EAGERLY THROUGH.

it was a beautiful ship sailing gaily over the waters, taking many useful things to the other lands. Now it is a wreck. But between the shore and the sinking vessel is a small dark spot, and it is this that all the anxious crowd are watching. Two hours ago the life-boat started from the shore, full of brave men who were willing to risk their lives that they might save the drowning crew of the sinking ship. They reached it a little while ago, and now the boat is returning. Will she get safely to land? How anxiously the people watch; and how earnestly they pray to God

Sometimes he loses sight of her altogether, as she is covered by a huge breaker. Then all the people on shore almost hold their breath with anxiety till she appears again high on the top of another wave. Still the man with the glass never moves his eye! He knows just the length of the rope, and the best time for throwing it. He waits till the life-boat is near enough. Then, 'Ready!' he says, and they throw the rope. The men in the boat catch it, and fasten it; and then the fishermen on shore pull with all their might.

There is a grating noise as the bottom of