

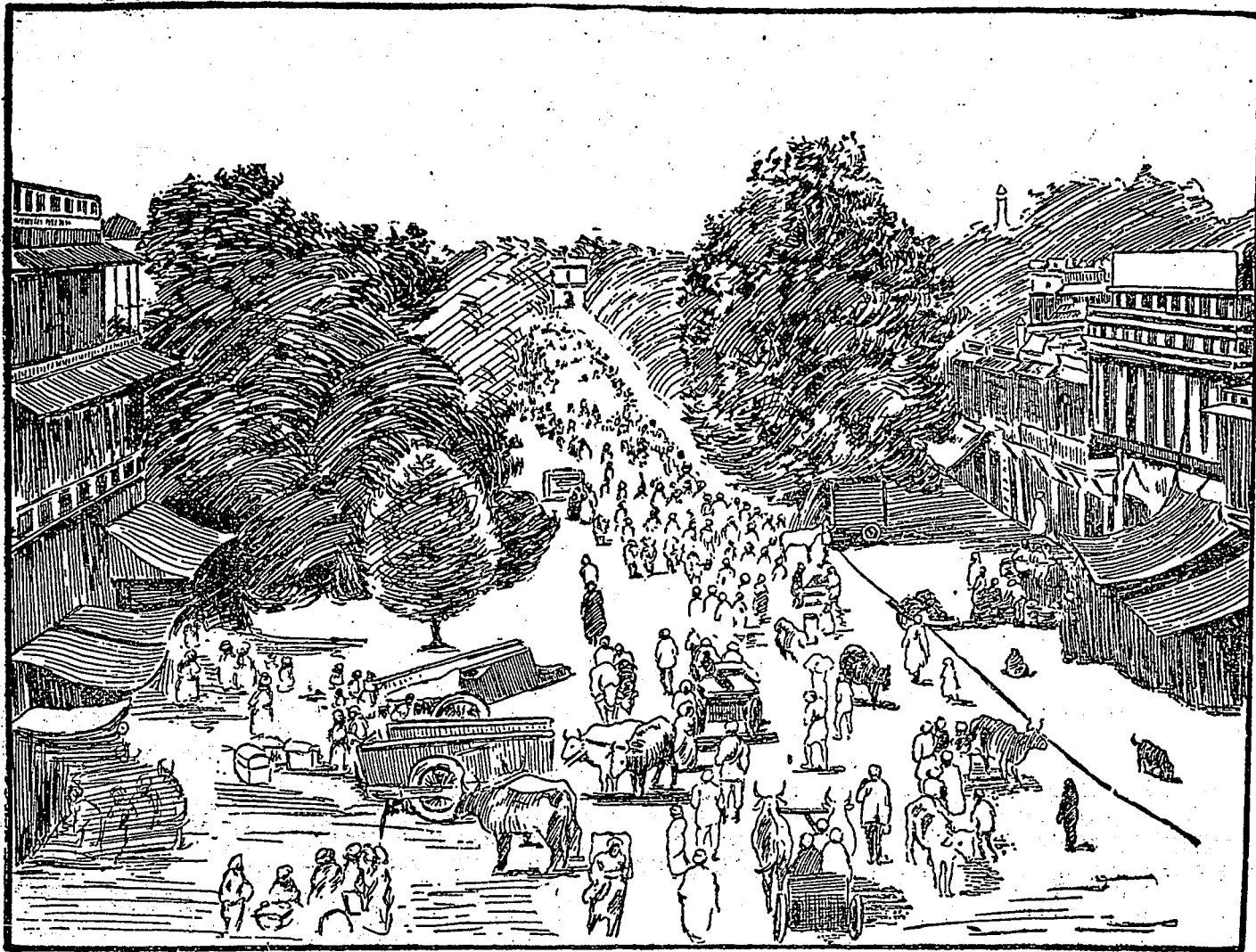
Northern Messenger

AUBERT GALLON
QUE.
MRS W. H. POZET
8 COP

VOLUME XXV., No. 5.

MONTREAL, FEBRUARY 2, 1900.

30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid



STREET SCENE IN DELHI.

A Story of the Mutiny.

(Friendly Greetings.)

During the Indian Mutiny of 1857, there were few Europeans or native Christians that were not exposed to the peril of death; and many had to suffer martyrdom for the cause of Christ. Among these latter was Walayat Ali. He had been converted through the preaching of the Gospel by the missionaries, and soon became distinguished for his consistent and holy life. He lived in Delhi, and was known amongst the people of that city as a fearless and intrepid evangelist. When, therefore, the people rose in rebellion against the rule of England, Walayat Ali, as a Christian and a friend of the English, was sure to find but little mercy at their hands.

This was well known to his friends, and one ran to tell him that fifty rebel horsemen were on their way to his dwelling. There was, however, no time to flee, except to the Lord in prayer. Then, according to an account which was afterwards furnished by his wife, who was permitted to escape the fate of her husband—then he called those with him to prayer.

'O Lord,' said he, 'many of Thy people have been slain before this by the sword, and burned in the fire for Thy name's sake. Thou didst give them help to hold fast in the faith. Now, O Lord, we have fallen into the fiery trial. Lord! may it please Thee to help us to suffer with firmness. Let us not fall or faint under this sore tempta-

tion. Even to the death, oh, help us to confess, and not to deny Thee, our dear Lord. Oh, help us to bear the cross, that we may, if we die, obtain the crown of glory.'

He then kissed his family, and urged upon them to be faithful to the Lord, saying, 'Come what will, don't deny Christ.' His wife wept bitterly; but, turning to her, he said, 'Remember God's word and be comforted;' and yet again, as he thought of the fearful trial which might befall his wife through her children, he said, 'If the children are killed before your face, oh, then take care you do not deny Him who died for us.'

His dwelling was soon entered by the rebel troops, and, amid deadly threats, he was urged to abjure his faith in Christ. But he replied, 'I was at one time blind; but now I see. God mercifully opened my eyes, and I have found a refuge in Christ, and I am resolved to live and die a Christian.'

They then dragged him about on the ground, maltreating him, while some said, 'Now preach Christ to us. Now where is the Christ in whom you boast?' Others again begged him to recant. But he answered, 'No; I never will. My Saviour took up His cross and went to God. I take up my life as a cross, and will follow Him to heaven.'

They then continued their insults and injuries, until a sepoy coming up, urged on by the Mussulmans, smote him with his sword. The words, 'O Jesus, receive my soul,

escaped his lips, and he departed to be with Christ. Walayat Ali was thus ready to die, and so met with calmness and courage a martyr's death.

Answered Prayer.

(By the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes.)

Faith, mighty faith the promise sees,
And looks to that alone--
Laughs at impossibilities
And cries, it shall be done.

Some time since the West London Mission was greatly in need of money, as has generally been its experience since it began. It would seem as though God could not trust us with any margin. Perhaps if we had a considerable balance in the bank, we should put our trust in that, instead of realizing every moment our absolute dependence on God. Like the children of Israel in the wilderness, we have had supplies of manna just sufficient for our immediate needs. Always in want, always tempted to be anxious, it has always happened at the last moment, when the case seemed absolutely desperate, that help has been forthcoming, sometimes from the most unexpected quarter. But a short time ago the situation appeared to be unusually alarming, and I invited my principal colleague to meet me near midnight—the only time when we could secure freedom from interruption, and rest from our incessant work.

We spent some time, in the quietness of that late hour, imploring God to send us