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Heroes of the Dark Continent

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The following story is founded on fact, and shows us that as true and kindly hearts beat in the boys and girls of a dark, uncivilized land as in this cultured Christian country of ours.

Cisamba, a Canadian mission in West Central Africa, founded by the Rev. Walter Currie in the year 1888, is situated in the country of Bihe, and the province of Angola, about three hundred miles inland from Benguela, which is on the coast. To the south is the Kuanza river, and clustered round are the villages, looking very picturesque with their mudded houses of dark red color, and brown thatched roofs. Here and there tall, dark green trees, and numerous ant-hills rising to the height of twelve or fourteen feet (peculiar to this neighborhood), add much to the beauty of the scenery.

In this striking spot our story opens. The sun is nearing the horizon, tinging the sky with streaks of gold and red, and making the ripples on the river sparkle and shine. Here and there native boys and girls may be seen, each intent on his or her assigned duty. Owing to impaired health Mr. Currie had been obliged to return to America for some months' rest, and during his absence the Rev. Wilberforce Lee had charge of the station.

On this particular evening Mr. Lee had just dismissed his school and turned his face homeward, when he was met by a native boy in scant dress and bare feet.

'The Ondona is worse; I was just going for you,' he said, in the Umbundu, or native tongue, referring to Mrs. Lee, who had been ailing for some time.

With a sinking heart Mr. Lee entered the kitchen and passed through into his wife's room. A few minutes later he came out, looking troubled and anxious, hastening towards the school-house, he met Miss Clarke, the assistant teacher.

'My wife is very ill; seriously so, I am afraid. Will you come over?'

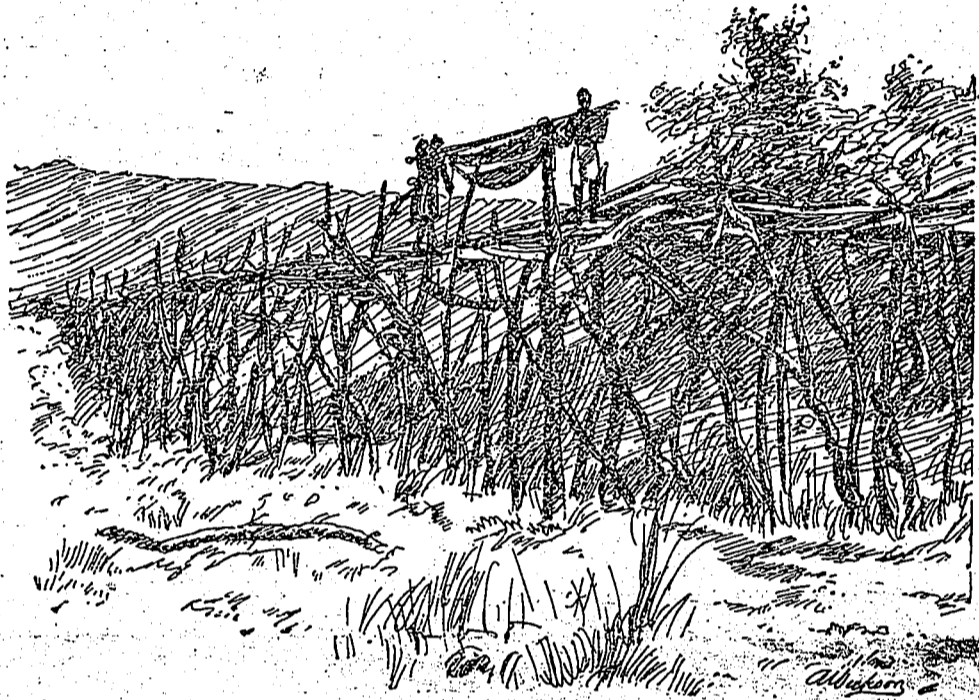
'She should have the doctor as soon as possible,' said Miss Clarke, a little later on.

Dr. Clowe lived at Kamondongo station, thirty-six miles distant.

Who would be willing to risk their lives, for a risk it would be to travel through those dense forests in the darkness of night, when the wild beasts are seeking for prey?

'I don't doubt it, boys, but as no time must be lost, let me give you something to eat, and see you safely started; already the sun is sinking fast.'

'Don't be anxious,' said Ngulu, looking back at Mr. Lee and the group of girls and boys watching them as they started on their journey. Both turned and looked at the villages, so homelike and pretty in the fading light. How little idea had they wheth-



'How can I send for him? The night is already coming on,' said Mr. Lee, and almost before he had time to say more several from a group of boys standing near had volunteered their services.

With moist eyes and full heart Mr. Lee tried to express his thanks.

'Boys, I would not allow you to go tonight were it not so urgent, but to-morrow may be too late. However, I do not need you all; two will be enough.' He chose two of the older boys, Ngulu and Muenekanye by name.

'We'll be glad to go, Nana, if we can bring relief to the Ondona,' they said.

er or not they would ever see them again, but the boys were no cowards, and love for their kind teacher conquered other feelings. They carried a lantern and rifle which Mr. Lee had provided.

By quickening their pace almost to a run they were well on their way by the time the sun had disappeared. It was a very calm night; not a sound was heard save their own footsteps and occasionally the crackle of a branch or rustle of dead leaves as some animal scampered away at their approach. In the distance tall trees loomed high against the still bright sky. The boys were nearing the opening to the forest through which

