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The Crocodile That Killed Bwala at Lukolela.

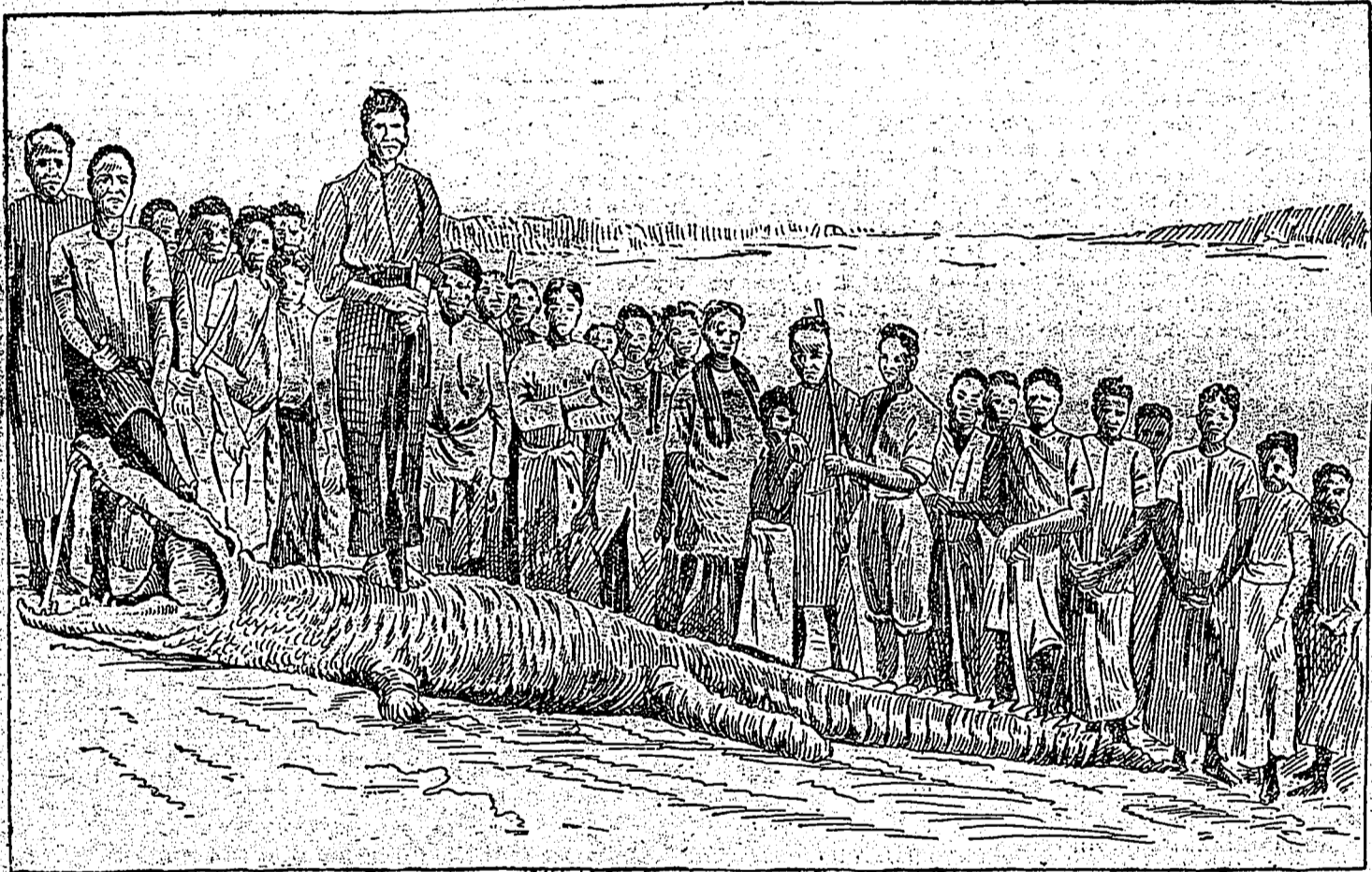
It was at midnight, says a Baptist missionary magazine, when his scream was heard one hundred yards away from the Mission House; at six o'clock Bwala had asked permission to be away a little while next morning in order to fetch his wife from over the other side of the river. He went to hire a canoe, and was making his way along the river near the shore when the crocodile seized him. His friends hastened to the spot, but all that was seen was the canoe floating down the river with the side knocked in. Thank God, we believe he was ready for that midnight call. His last act on earth was an act of forgiveness. His last work in

might take the boat and look; so they took the boat and borrowed Mr. Clark's rifle. I went with them and steered the boat. We went to the place dreamt of. There were marks of a crocodile eating his prey there, but it was impossible to land on account of the jungle, so we floated quietly down the river to seek a landing. The look-out over the wake of the boat cried out that the crocodile was over there. We turned the boat, and fired, and swiftly paddled to the place again; but the beast disappeared. We passed over the place where we had seen it, and again we saw it; we followed it silently. We reached within sixty yards; bang went the rifle, and the beast was wounded; a struggle, and it disappeared, and something floated. What was it? We went quickly down,

the body of Bwala to the station, and we prepared for the burial. At two o'clock the boat returned with the crocodile—dead. It was got to the land—seventeen feet six inches in length. We recovered the anklet of a woman who had been killed by the beast four years previously, and also the anklet of a man who was seized in a near part of the river two years before. The Bangalas at the State and several people from the villages shared the beast's flesh.

How to Find Out.

Among the congregation that listened every Sunday to a pastor's words, was a fashionable woman. She was in what is



CROCODILE KILLED AT LUKOLELA.

the printing office was to set a primer for a tribe on the Kasal, where our brethren of the American Presbyterian Mission are engaged. His poor wife was sent for, and oh, her anguish: 'I am punished, I and my husband, she cried. He died on the way to fetch her, that was the meaning of her cry. She came right up to our house, and the poor girl, naked and smeared with mud, threw herself down in despair. She would not be comforted. It is their custom to treat their bodies so when near relatives die; but at the funeral we managed to get her to rid herself of some of these customs. The day following, in the early morning, I was awakened by a knock at my bedroom door, and when I inquired the reason, with much sobbing several of his friends began to tell me how a woman had dreamt that Bwala was alive on the island opposite, and described the place. They suggested we

and with choked whispers we said, 'It's Bwala.' Some of us lifted his corpse, minus three limbs, carefully into the boat, while others looked for the wounded crocodile, and there he was. We wounded him again, and followed the beast to a little island six miles down the river, where he could get no farther, and our cartridges were spent. We tried with spears to tackle him, but could not get at him. And when we drew him out of his hiding he glared at our fine steel boat, his head and tail lifted up and back arched, and those protuberances on the back extended like so many iron spikes. Well were the men paralyzed for a moment or two—it was a frightful sight. We left him panting his last on the sand, and returned to a village, from whence we sent a messenger overland for more cartridges and men. They came and took the boat for the beast to bring him to the station. I returned with

called society, the mistress of a luxurious home, and waited upon by a bevy of servants.

The minister had refrained from speaking to this woman. He was a young man, devoted, enthusiastic, but dumb, as so many are, before cynical culture, or wealth and fashion. But he noticed that the lady seemed absorbed by what he had to say in church, and after service one Sabbath he spoke to her upon the topic of the sermon. Quite to his surprise, she listened to him both seriously and eagerly.

'The fact is,' she said, 'I don't understand myself. I have a general inclination to be good; but I don't know whether I am good or not. I don't think I am so awfully wicked, either,' she added, with a constrained laugh.

'May I say,' replied the minister, 'that it seems to me that you ought to know some-