

C-221-5-6

# Northern Messenger

Wm. Bronscombe-30206

VOLUME XLII. No. 4

MONTREAL, JANUARY 26, 1906.

40 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid



ON A MIDNIGHT PROWL.

## The Wolf.

In the mountains of South Africa there are still many wolves, which at times are very daring. One evening a little Kaffir girl, about eight years old, was lying near the door of her father's dwelling, when four wolves rushed in upon her. One seized her by the head, another by the shoulder, and two others by the legs, and carried her off. Her screams were heard, and the wolves were overtaken and forced to release the poor child, who was dreadfully hurt by the teeth of the hungry beasts. The parents nursed the little sufferer, but could not heal her wounds.

As they thought their child would die, they wished to get her out of the hut before she expired: for the Kaffirs fear to touch a dead body. Her father carried her to a great distance from her home, and laid her down near some trees, where no one could hear her groans, and there left her to die.

As the poor little girl lay in this place,

she thought of the missionary. She knew where he lived, and she said, 'I will try and creep to his house, for he is kind—he will not cast me out.'

She slowly moved with great pain over the rough places, and at length got to his dwelling. When he saw the bleeding child his heart was filled with pity. He heard her story, and counted fourteen wounds made by the teeth of the wolves. He laid the child upon his bed, washed her wounds, put ointment on them, and then bound them up with linen.

Day after day he watched her till she got well. While he nursed her, he told her of that Saviour who had done more for her than he could do. When the marks were almost gone, he asked her if she wished to go back to her parents. 'Oh, no,' she said, 'they will cast me out. You took me in; I will stay with you.'

One day, as the missionary was walking near his house, he heard a voice. It was the

voice of a child, engaged in prayer. He looked, and soon saw the little stranger among some tall weeds, praying to her Father in Heaven. From this time he had hope that she was one of the lambs of Christ.

How much had this little Kaffir girl to thank God for! If she had not fallen into the power of the wolves, she might never have listened to the teaching of the Gospel, and would have died in her sins.

## A Professor and the Sabbath.

Professor E. W. Clark was engaged a number of years ago by the Japanese government to take charge of a scientific school, and teach chemistry and physics. It was when the 'Yankeeland of the East' was just opening its gates to the foreigner, and the Daijokan—the council of state—was in deadly fear of the religious doctrines of the strangers who were pushing into the country.

When the professor arrived in Yokohama,