

# Northern Messenger

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## Congo Cruelties.

The following letter, says the 'Juvenile Missionary Herald,' from the Rev. George Grenfell, of Bolobo Station, Upper Congo River, gives a sad account of Congo cruelties and superstitions. Mr. Grenfell sends a photograph of three persons condemned to death for witchcraft whom he has been able to save by giving them shelter at Bolobo Mission Station:—

The woman who figures to the left of this picture is Ketumba, the mother of the boy, Lingenji, to whom Stanley refers in his 'Founding of the Congo State.' Stanley says: "There is a little boy at Bolobo, aged six, who would make more profit out of a pound's worth of cloth than an English boy of fifteen would make out of ten pounds' worth." However, his smariness never availed him very much, for he died comparatively poor and quite decrepit. He certainly was a smart fellow, and in the early days helped us greatly with the language. During

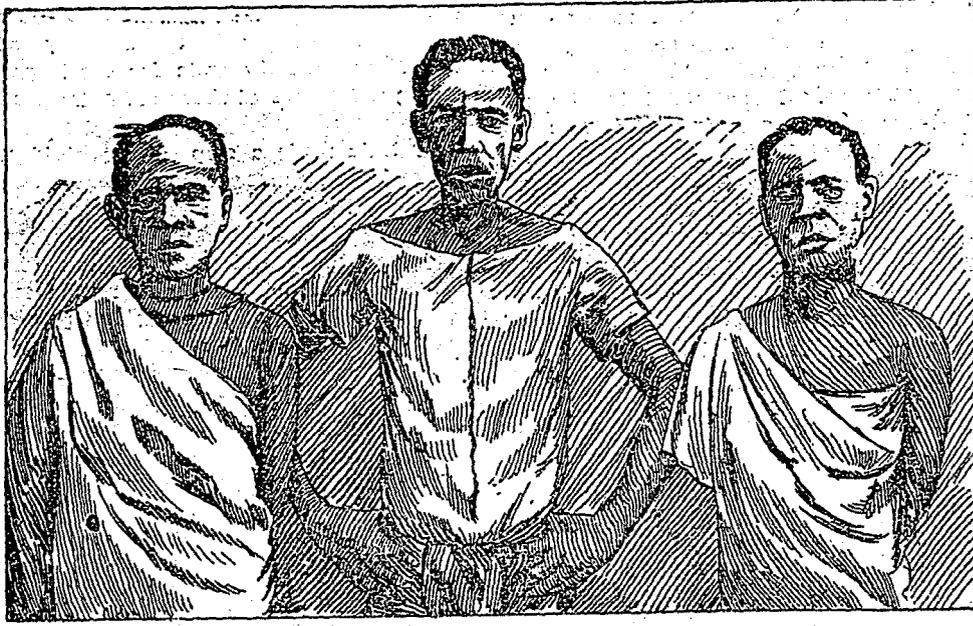
by selling some of her belongings, managed to raise it and pay the demanded figure. 'It is all right now,' said the step-brother; 'the spell is gone, the sickness will soon be finished.' Lingenji's mind being relieved, he showed signs of recovery for a few days, but a relapse soon followed. Upon this he sent for his step-brother again and told him he felt he was dying, but that if he died it would be his fault. 'If I die,' threatened Lingenji, 'I won't rest quiet in the spirit-land till I have been back to fetch you.' The sickness, however, was beyond the control of any witchcraft, and before I came down river again Lingenji was dead, and his step-brother seriously ill. The sick man was full of fright that Lingenji was carrying out his threat, and gradually became worse and worse. It was impossible to get at Lingenji; but his mother being there they tied her up for acting on her son's behalf.

Hearing the news I sent a message into the town reminding the people of the pro-

after waiting till morning, all that could be found of the witch was the stain of blood in the place where she had been killed.

I insisted that Ketumba must go with me; and while I was arguing the matter outside the hut in which she lay, one of my boys was busy inside cutting the ropes with which her feet were tied. As soon as she was free to stand I caught hold of her hands, still bound, and pushed my way through the crowd, some of whom were still threatening us. Once clear of the crowd her hands were soon free of their bonds, and in a few minutes we were safely on our station again. Ketumba is very, very grateful for our help, and scarcely ventures beyond the shadow of our house, lest those who still continue to threaten her should once more get her into their power. Poor woman! she has had many troubles. It is barely two years since her husband died, and now the loss of her son and her own narrow escape. Strangely enough, the man who was paid to kill her received from her husband shortly before his death the payment for killing a slave, whom he accused of having bewitched one of his children.

It is an awfully dark place this Congo land in which we are laboring! The sorrows of the poor people are very, very many, and are all the heavier because of the superstitions which possess their hearts, and because of the cruel fears they have of those around them. God grant that we who have the light may let it shine more brightly, so that those who sit in the darkness may see him who came for the healing of the nations!—'Juvenile Missionary Herald.'



THREE PERSONS CONDEMNED FOR WITCHCRAFT, AND WHO FOUND REFUGE AT BOLOBO MISSION STATION.

his intercourse with us he got the main facts of the Gospel pretty clearly into his head, but they never got a grip of his heart. He was clever enough to see the Gospel would interfere with his way of living, for he was precocious in his wickedness as well as in trade—he had a couple of wives before he was more than half way through his teens. He was clever enough also to see that the belief of the people in witchcraft was fostered by the witchfinders as a source of profit—in fact, as a very easy way of getting a very good living—and that it had no other foundation whatever than the superstitious fears of his own country people.

This however, did not prevent him, when at the opening of the New Year his illness became more serious, from becoming possessed with the idea that his step-brother was bewitching him—a belief very fervently shared by his mother, Ketumba. So they sent for his step-brother and begged him to take the spell away, and this, seeing there was a chance of making a profit of their fears, he agreed to do if they would only pay the sum of fifty brass rods. Lingenji had not that much money, but his mother,

mise they made a few months ago to respect the law against the killing of "witches." My messenger brought word that they were not going to kill Ketumba, and that she was only tied up by way of frightening her into taking the spell away. But the step-son died that same day, and after dark they brought me word that Ketumba was now tied hand and foot, and that she would be killed before the morning, the executioner having already received his fee (thirty brass rods, the equivalent of half-a-crown) that he might rid them of the witch. Calling a few of our bigger boys to follow me, I started off at once, and in ten minutes or so we were in the midst of a crowd of mourners, who stopped their singing and dancing as soon as they found we had come to take the witch away, and clamored against our being allowed to do so. Some of the young men fetched their spears and knives and threatened us; others said, "Wait till morning—it is dark now; you can take her away to-morrow." But this attempt to put us off would not do; I remembered too vividly how I had been fooled in a similar case a few months ago, when,

## Three Kinds of Christians.

There are three conditions in which the water in that engine may be. The boiler may be full and the water clean and clear; or the boiler may not only be full but the water may be hot, very hot, hot enough to scald you if you put your hand in the boiler, almost boiling; or thirdly, it may be just one degree hotter and at the boiling point, giving forth its vapor in clouds of steam, pressing through the valves and driving the mighty piston which turns the wheels and propels the train of cars across the country.

In all cases there is water, plenty of water. It is good, clean water, but what a difference! So there are three kinds of Christians. The first we will call cold water Christians, or, perhaps better, clean water Christians. They are saved, truly saved; they are honest and earnest in the faith of Jesus, and they are living lives perhaps as clean as the water, lives of morality, honesty and reasonable consistency; but there is no warmth in their life, no fervor in their love, no force in their influence for God.

Secondly, there are hot water Christians. They are almost at the boiling point. They are very earnest, especially by spasms, but they just come short of one degree more. There is just enough of 'if' and 'but' and 'when' in their consecration to take the real edge off it, the real motive power out of them, and to prevent thorough effectiveness. They are consecrated to a certain degree, they are thoroughly in earnest up to a certain point, but there is always a limita-