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The Bechuana Chiefs at Windsor.

When the Bechuana chiefs, Khama, Sebele, and Bathoen, came to England a few years ago they paid a visit to 'the Great White Queen' at Windsor Castle. After the formal introduction in the White Drawing-room, each chief advanced and laid his present at Her Majesty's feet. Khama and Bathoen each gave a leopard rug, and Sebele a silver jackal kaross. The Queen then said in clear tones: 'I am glad to see the chiefs, and to know that they love my rule. I confirm the settlement of their case which my Minister has made. I approve of the provision excluding strong drink from their country. I feel strongly in this matter, and am glad to see that the chiefs have determined to keep so great a curse from the people. The chiefs must obey my Minister and my High Commissioner. I thank them for the presents which they have made to me, and I wish for their prosperity and that of their people.' The Queen's presents were then handed to the chiefs, who each in turn thanked Her Majesty for her kindness and good wishes. Each chief received a handsomely-bound copy of the Bechuana Testament, with the Royal arms embossed on the cover, and a large framed photograph of Her Majesty for himself, and an Indian shawl for his wife. The chiefs expressed the highest satisfaction at having beheld one whom they had almost been inclined to regard as a myth, saying, 'Now, when we return, we shall be able to tell our people that England has truly a Queen, for we have seen her face and spoken with her; and should any doubters speak, we can show them her presents to us.' Sebele said, 'Her Majesty is charming; she has a kind face and a sweet voice. I have long desired to see the chief of so many millions, as my father did before me; but I have seen her now, and shall go back home contented.'

Advanced.

(The 'Christian.')

One of the wisest of modern teachers has stigmatized a widespread tendency in the following scathing words:—

'There is no greater misnomer applied to creeds and opinions than that which lurks in the word "advanced." The man whose creed is the smallest, the most crude and colorless and flimsy, is called "advanced"; while he whose beliefs are richest and most full of hope and liberty is called "slow," "behind the times," and other tardy names. . . . It is no advance, but inertia—no free thought, but dullard slavery—which leads a man into a state like that. Exactness, earnestness, and precise fidelity to the truth of things, are better than a limp negation, and make a man a true, free, and advanced thinker.'

Such 'advanced' thinkers as are described in these words are soon left behind by the world, which at the time idolizes them, while the great teachers of the centuries



DOORWAY OF MOSQUE, CORDOBA.

Our picture represents the door of the far-famed mosque of Cordoba—rather, it is the gate of the very extensive court through which the main entrance to the mosque passes. This patio, or court, is planted with orange trees and interspersed

with artificial fountains, which, when in play, make quite a fairy-like scene.

In the fifteenth century the mosque was converted into a Roman Catholic Cathedral.

—'Irish Missionary Herald.'

are ever reappearing above the storms of controversy. The lamps of yesterday are burnt out; the stars shine on for ever.

Not Chance, but God.

(The 'Faithful Witness.')

From the notes of the Acting General Secretary of the Bombay Y.M.C.A., we transfer the following:

The other day a young globe-trotter walked into our office who eight months before had set out on a tour around the world with no faith in Christ. After reaching Japan he had been so impressed with the evil effects of heathenism, in contrast with the fruits of Christian Missions, that he became deeply dissatisfied with his own attitude toward Christ. Just then, coming in contact with a missionary who had been driven from China by the Boxer persecution, he was given a letter of introduction to one of our Association Secretaries in India, whom the writer of the letter supposed to be in Madras, and

accordingly directed the inquirer there, in the hope that he might thus be brought into the Light.

Meanwhile, that Secretary had removed some hundreds of miles from Madras, and was living in an out-of-the-way corner far from any Europeans, with a view to more readily learning a vernacular.

The tourist at length landed in India, having altered his plans, in the hope of thus finding rest to his soul. Stopping over a train in order to visit a certain famous temple, he was driving back to the railway station when he noticed a lighted room with the sign 'Y.M.C.A.' in front, and a meeting of Indian young men addressed by a young European. Dismissing his carriage, he went in, and after the meeting found that the speaker was the very man to whom he was on the way to present the letter of introduction, hundreds of miles distant. Our friend the Secretary had come in that very day, for the first time in weeks, and the two went away together to his home out in the dis-