

Father for his loving and never-failing care.

There is at the camp, a small unfurnished C. M. S. Mission-house, into which we straightway bundled our things. I then hastened off to see our old chief Abraham, who was lying in his fish house dangerously ill. I found him suffering from congestion of the lungs, complicated by another complaint peculiar to the Indians (miltakau), really a bad bilious fever.

My entrance was greeted by an outburst of wailing from the women, Abraham ejaculating, "God is merciful in letting me see your face again. I had almost despaired, but my heart is strong now; I shall not die, but live"—unknowingly quoting Scripture.

What a miserable plight the poor man was in! No English farmer would keep his pigs in such a hovel; the would-be walls all open to the wind and weather; a large opening in the low leaky roof through which the smoke wriggled and struggled; the floor, a very bog, out of which the foul, black water oozed, and there lay my dear old friend on his couch of fir branches, wrapped in a few blankets. The sight quite unmanned me. I could only "hunker" down by his side in the silent sympathy of a breaking heart, while his horny hands held mine tremblingly and gratefully. The women standing round wailing, "hahera, hahera!" But something practical had to be done, and that quickly; so having spoken a few comforting words as I was able, I left to see about some medicine for him, though I hardly thought he could recover. But God's mercy is everlasting toward them that fear him.

The next morning, at 5.30, I was again by Abraham's side. He had been delicious during the night, but his temperature had gone down a little. After a hasty breakfast, I made a tour of the camp, visiting fifty or more houses, in each of which two or three persons were lying ill. What a spectacle of misery, helplessness, and utter wretchedness they presented! The grease had to be made, no matter who lived or died. Consequently, the weak and sick were, in most cases, left to the care of themselves, while the strong and healthy devoted all their attention and energy to the work out of doors. There they lay on the cold, damp ground, shivering by the smouldering embers of the fire, which had cooked the morning meal of the strong, in many cases too sick to care which way the current of life tended. My visit seemed to rouse their flagging spirits. Sometimes a poor smoke-dried old woman, too weak to work and too withered up to be sick, would extend her upturned hands towards me, shaking them entreatingly as she cried, "Anhka, anhka, ihgothqui, Nat" ("Show-master, slave-master (!) my child, sir"). Frequently the "child" indicated would turn out to be an old man or woman whose childhood was a thing of the remote past.

The next day (Saturday), in the afternoon, up came a pretty little steamer and hove-to in the bay in shapely style. It was our Bishop's steamer, the "Evangeline," with his Lordship on board, himself the captain.

Mr. Collison had also come up from Kincolith, so that we bade fair to have a good day on the morrow (Sunday).

The C. M. S. church at the camp partakes rather largely as yet of the shanty order of buildings; it is spacious enough, and the roof is good, but it still needs to be floored, lined, and seated. On the Sunday the church was well filled at three services; the Bishop, at the morning service, preached a splendid sermon in the native tongue, proceeding afterward to the communion. In the afternoon I preached, and in the evening Mr. Collison. Between afternoon and evening service we had a meal together in the little mission house. There was a small table, but no seats, so we had to set up some punks of fire-wood on end to serve for chairs. In travelling about in this country one has to dispense with everything not absolutely necessary; so you may imagine that our little two-foot-by-three table was not very luxuriously garnished—a tin of corned beef, a few soda biscuits, and a cup of tea.—O yes, and some mustard, not in a mustard-pot, however, but in the broken part of a tea-cup, to which the handle still adhered.

I have seen from the English papers that missionaries are accused of living in luxury. Alas for actual necessities, much less luxuries! We have only had a piece of fresh

beef four times on our own table in the course of seven years, and mutton never, nor venison.

One evening an Indian came to me, in much anxiety, asking me to pay a visit to his relative Tkanlakhatqu, who was taken suddenly and violently ill, dying by all accounts.

After a few moments' delay, Mr. Collison and I started off to see this man, whose house was at the extreme end of the camp. It was getting dark as we picked our way through the mud and filth between the boilers. When about half way we could hear the poor fellow's cries of agony, yelping like a wolf in a trap. Hurrying our pace we presently reached the house, which was thronged with an excited crowd, through which we made our way, and stood over where the sufferer lay. Two men and four women were holding him to prevent his doing violence to himself, while an old witch, *Wi-dum-gesh* (Big-head) by name, a great and renowned medicine woman, sat near his head. Before our arrival she had, I was afterwards told, put on his soul three times (that is, breathed into her hands and passed them over his head with the exclamation, "Wanh!" "there now!" "look at that now!"), but with no avail. We had no trouble to find out what was the matter, the man had partaken largely of an Indian dish called *Duksh*, that is, snow whipped up with grease and sugar or molasses, which had set up instant and violent inflammation. We therefore made a division of labor; I remained with the patient while Mr. Collison returned for some medicine. I then had all the pots they could muster filled with water and set on the fire, giving employment to sundry in the crowd to keep the pots in position with long sticks. A large tin dish, two pieces of new blanket, and a strong towel, completed my arrangements. The water boiling, I poured a quantity into the dish upon the pieces of blanket, and then fishing up one piece into the towel, with a man to help me, wrung it dry, and quickly laid it on our roaring friend. Ruh! how he did kick and strike out, sending the four women sprawling in all directions. I therefore shouted somewhat sharply to him, "N'delth ahugin gon?" ("Where is your bravery now?"), which brought to his mind a previous meeting between us, known only to ourselves, when he came by night with seven other braves to exhume the body of a man who had died a Christian and was buried at Aiyansh (they wanted to have a feast and a dance over the corpse), on which occasion he had boasted of his *ahug* (bravery) to me, and the *ahug* of his ancestors for generations past, but as I could not see the *ahug*, it availed him nought! Of this, then, my words reminded him, upon which he snatched up a corner of his blanket and thrust it into his mouth, holding it tightly with both hands, while his eyes glared up at me as if to say, "Go on now, burn me up if you like." I did not, however, do that, but I kept on with the fomentation, the pain quickly abating. When Mr. Collison returned with the medicines we supplemented this treatment with what was necessary, leaving our patient about midnight at his ease and out of danger.

Three weeks at the camp brought me to the end of my own strength. Every one was beautifully convalescent, my old friend Abraham included; so I thought that while I could walk I would get away. But it was no easy matter to pack up; the Indians kept crowding in to the last moment. My head was throbbing with pain, and I longed for a breath of fresh air—for a less odorous atmosphere, which ere long we were enjoying on our return voyage to Aiyansh. And thus ended our sojourn at the Indian fishing camp.

It is not as though there were something of extraordinary interest to tell that the above paper has been written, but rather to give a faithful picture of the ordinary work and everyday life of a missionary in this remote corner of the earth.

A TEACHER'S INFLUENCE.

BY M. S. RIDGEWAY.

Some years ago there was a young girl in a Sunday-school class, which she attended very irregularly, not manifesting much interest in the lessons taught. After a short season she left the school, and for several years nothing was heard of her.

Then the teacher was notified that her

former scholar was very ill, and wished to see her. It was sad to find the young woman a victim of hasty consumption. But the meeting was delightful. The sick girl had now a triumphant faith, and was seeking to bring her relatives and friends to her own Saviour.

"You may have thought me wild and careless in the old days," she said to her teacher. "But I remember what you taught me. I have never forgotten the true story you told us about the verse 'What time I am afraid I will trust in thee.'"

During the remaining weeks of her life her faith was unclouded, and her efforts unceasing to have her companions share in her joy.

Eight months later there was another appeal from a wayward, irregular scholar. She had not seen her teacher for a year or two, but, when illness came, the young woman wrote requesting a visit. The teacher gladly responded, and found her old pupil very susceptible to the truth.

The Bible and Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" were read eagerly; but for constant help to the invalid there was nothing like "Heavenly Sunshine,"—a wall-roll with large type and attractive in appearance. One of its texts—"Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called children of God"—led to her conversion. The verse seemed to be illuminated and illuminating as she looked up to it from her couch. Her trust continued clear and joyous, and her chief delight was in Christian companionship. Her best earthly friend seemed to be her former teacher. She was summoned when death approached, and under the pillow of the released sufferer was found a package of letters and leaflets from her teacher.

Ought not Sunday-school teachers to "watch and pray" that they may not unconsciously or thoughtlessly limit the influence once held? Rather, should they not seek to extend it? One of the readers of the *Sunday-school Times*, who has had scholars in different parts of the Union, is in the habit of petitioning for all who have ever been under her care, that her weak efforts may be supplemented by the divine Teacher.—*Sunday-school Times*.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON XI.—SEPT. 13, 1891.

CHRIST AND THE BLIND MAN.

John 9:1-11, 35-38.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 35-38.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see."—John 9:25.

HOME READINGS.

M. John 9:1-17.—Christ and the Blind Man.
T. John 9:18-41.—The Blind Man's Confession.
W. Mark 10:46-52.—Blind Bartimeus.
Th. Eph. 5:1-21.—Light in the Lord.
F. Isa. 42:1-18.—To Open the Blind Eyes.
S. Psalm 119:9-24.—Open Thou Mine Eyes.
S. 2 Cor. 4:1-10.—Light out of Darkness.

LESSON PLAN.

I. The Blind Man Cured. vs. 1-7.
II. The Blind Man Confessing. vs. 8-11.
III. The Blind Man Believing. vs. 35-38.
TIME.—A.D. 29, October, the Sabbath after the last lesson; Tiberius Caesar emperor of Rome; Pontius Pilate governor of Judea; Herod Antipas governor of Galilee and Peraea.
PLACE.—Jerusalem, near one of the gates of the temple.

HELP IN STUDYING THE LESSON.

V. 2. *Who did sin*—according to Jewish ideas, every special affliction was the effect of special sin. V. 3. *That the works of God should be made manifest in him*—in this sightless man being made to see. V. 4. *I must work*—Revised Version, "we must work." While it is day—day is the proper God-given time for work. *The night cometh*—the night of death. V. 5. *The light of the world*—John 1:9; 8:12; 12:35. V. 7. *Go, wash*—compare 2 Kings 5:10. *Sent*—symbolical of him who was sent to give the healing water of life. John 5:36-38. Read carefully the whole account. V. 38. *Lord, I believe*—he had found a personal Saviour, and like Thomas he could say, "My Lord and my God." John 20:28. *Worshipped him*—gave him reverence and adoration.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. THE BLIND MAN CURED. vs. 1-7.—Whom did Jesus see as he passed by? What did his disciples ask him? What did Jesus reply? What did he say of himself? What did he declare himself to be? What did he then do? Why did he use these means? What did he direct the blind man to do? What followed his obedience?

II. THE BLIND MAN CONFESSING. vs. 8-11.—What effect had this miracle on the neighbors? What did the man say of himself? What did they then ask him? What was his reply? What followed this reply? vs. 12-33. What punishment did the Jews inflict on the man? v. 31.

III. THE BLIND MAN BELIEVING. vs. 35-38.—What did Jesus say to the man when he found him? What did the man reply? How did Jesus declare himself? What did the man then do? What is effectual calling? What is faith in Jesus Christ?

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That Christ has given us an example of diligence in the great work of life.
2. That Christ is the Light of the world; he removes sin, sorrow and ignorance, and brings life, joy, peace, knowledge.
3. That we should come to him for life and light.
4. That we must use the means by which he imparts his grace.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW.

1. How did Jesus heal the blind man? Ans. Jesus anointed his eyes with clay, and said to him, Go, wash in the pool of Siloam. And he went his way, and washed, and came seeing.
2. What did Jesus say to the man after the Jews had cast him out of the synagogue? Ans. Dost thou believe on the Son of God?
3. What was the man's answer? Ans. Who is he, Lord, that I might believe on him?
4. What was Jesus' reply? Ans. Thou hast both seen him, and it is he that talketh with thee.
5. What did the man then do? Ans. He said, Lord, I believe. And he worshipped him.

LESSON XII.—SEPT. 20, 1891.

CHRIST THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

John 10:1-16.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 14-16.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want."—Ps. 23:1.

HOME READINGS.

M. John 10:1-16.—Christ the Good Shepherd.
T. John 10:17-18.—Laying down his Life for the Sheep.
W. Luke 15:1-10.—Seeking the Lost Sheep.
Th. Isa. 40:1-11.—Feeding his Flock.
F. Ezek. 34:1-15.—Delivering his Flock.
S. Ezek. 34:16-31.—Saying his Flock.
S. Psalm 23:1-7.—"The Lord is my Shepherd."

LESSON PLAN.

I. The True Shepherd. vs. 1-5.
II. The Thieves and Robbers. vs. 6-10.
III. Christ and his Sheep. vs. 11-16.
TIME.—A.D. 29, soon after the last lesson; Tiberius Caesar emperor of Rome; Pontius Pilate governor of Judea; Herod Antipas governor of Galilee and Peraea.
PLACE.—Jerusalem.

HELP IN STUDYING THE LESSON.

V. 1. *Sheepfold*—a roofless enclosure surrounded by a wall, with a single door. This represents the Church of God; the door is Christ; the sheep, the children of God; the robbers, false prophets and teachers generally, and here the Pharisees in particular. V. 2. *He that entereth in*—by the one appointed entrance. *Is the shepherd*—a true shepherd, who cares for the flock. V. 3. *Hear his voice*—sheep in the east know the voice of their shepherd and follow him. V. 5. *A stranger will they not follow*—no matter how much he may seek to entice them away. V. 9. *Find pasture*—spiritual food. Ps. 23; Rev. 7:17. V. 10. *Life*—spiritual, eternal life. The thief takes life; the shepherds protect life; the Good Shepherd gives life. V. 11. *I am the good shepherd*—as it regards entrance to the fold, the door (vs. 7, 9); as it regards care over them within it, the shepherd. (Compare John 11:6; Eph. 2:18.) *The good shepherd*—exclusively and emphatically the Shepherd of the shepherds and of the flock. Isa. 40:11. *Giveeth his life for the sheep*—five times repeated with great force in this chapter. Matt. 20:28; Zech. 13:7. V. 12. *A hireling*—one serving only for gain. *The wolf*—the enemy of God and his people. V. 16. *Other sheep*—of the Gentiles. Isa. 49:6; 56:8. *One fold*—Revised Version, "one flock," all knowing the one Shepherd, and known of him. Eph. 2:14, 18-22.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. THE TRUE SHEPHERD. vs. 1-5.—What does Jesus here say? Describe the sheepfold. How is the shepherd known from the thief? How do the sheep show their knowledge of the shepherd? How does the shepherd show his knowledge of the sheep? What is meant by the *fold*? Who by the *shepherd*? The *pasture*? The *sheep*? The *robber*?

II. THE THIEVES AND ROBBERS. vs. 6-10.—Who is the *door*? Is there any other? Acts 4:12. What did Jesus say of those who came before him? Who are meant by these? How did the sheep receive them? What did Jesus again declare himself to be? What did he promise those who enter by him? For what purpose does the thief come? For what purpose did Jesus come?

III. CHRIST AND HIS SHEEP. vs. 11-16.—Who is the *Good Shepherd*? What does he do for the sheep? What does the hiring do when he sees the wolf coming? Who is meant by the *hireling*? Why does the hireling flee? What did Jesus say of himself and his sheep? Of himself and his Father? What about the other sheep? What did he mean by this?

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That Jesus is the Good Shepherd, the only Saviour.
2. That he laid down his life for his sheep.
3. That we should seek to belong to the flock of the Good Shepherd.
4. That we should live only for him who gave his life for us.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW.

1. Who is the Good Shepherd? Ans. Jesus said, I am the Good Shepherd.
2. Who are his sheep? Ans. All who truly love and obey him.
3. What has he done for his sheep? Ans. He laid down his life for them.
4. How do his sheep show their regard for him? Ans. They hear his voice and follow him.
4. How does he care for them? Ans. He leads, supports and protects them, and gives them eternal life.