

Northern Messenger

Lillie Poyer 2899

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The Eskimo Bulletin.

THE CAPE PRINCE OF WALES YEARLY.

These three young men are the composers of 'The Eskimo Bulletin,' the newspaper published at the American Mission Station, and of which Mr. Popp is editor. Their names are Ad-loo-at, Ke-ok and I-yatung-uk. Adlocoat is the one in the centre, and is, I suppose, the foreman, a fine-looking fellow. The paper has four pages, seven by ten inches in size. It is not a daily, it is a yearly—said to be 'the only yearly in the world.' The (July) 1897 issue of this remarkable paper accompanies the photograph, and I quote a few local items.

The squirrel crop was a failure.

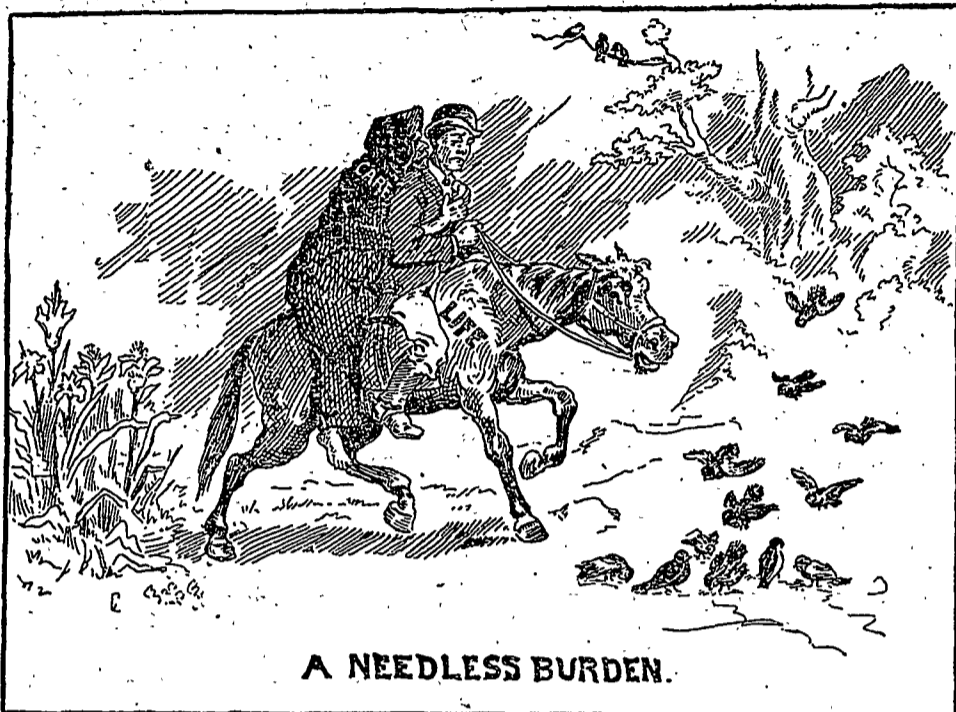
Pikuenna shot a white bear in Jan.

Ne-ak-pook caught eleven seals in one night, with nets placed under the ice.

The 'Narwhal' tied up to the ice here on May 24, and gave us the news that McKinley was elected.

W. T. Lopp and Kivyearzruk drove two deer sleds down through the mountains in Jan., visiting the station and herd.

That means the reindeer station at the Cape, where, says the paper, 'the mission herd of domestic reindeer has increased from 115 to 360.' They are under the care



A NEEDLESS BURDEN.

—'Ram's Horn.'

'It is an exhilarating pleasure to drive a team of fleet-footed deer. They trot along at the rate of four to eight miles per hour. Often when travelling at a great speed they skim their noses over the surface of the

A Pastor's Emergency.

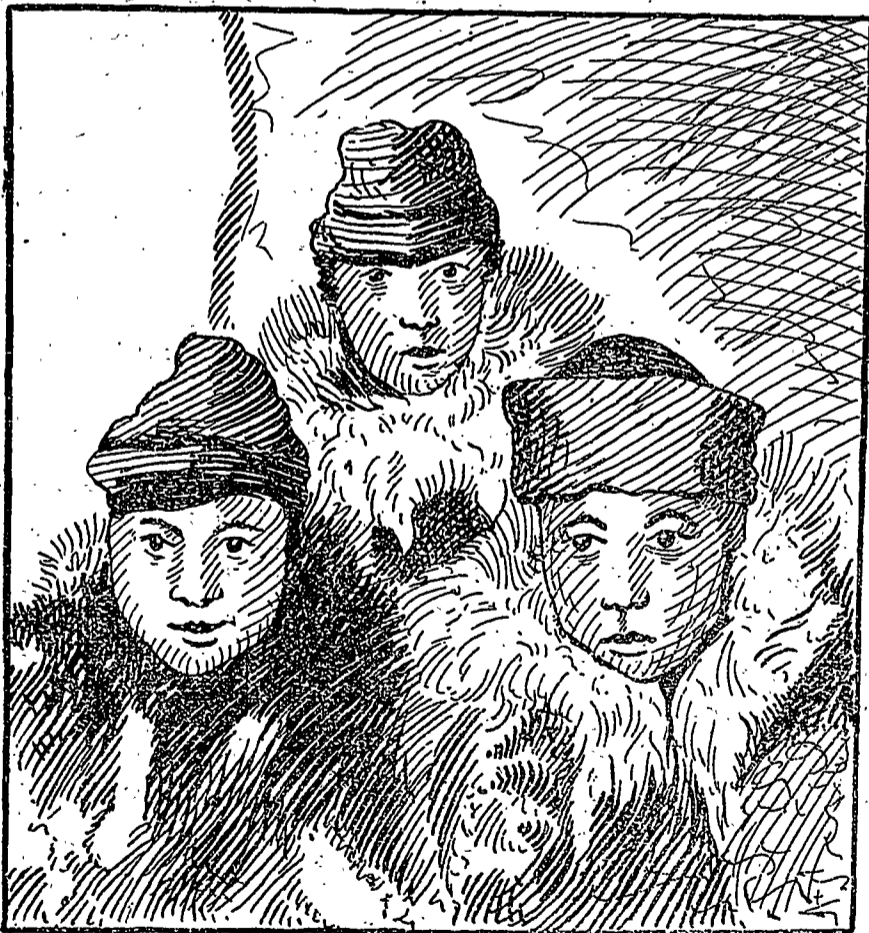
It was on a Sunday evening in the summer of 1895 that the Rev. W. D. Couch went into his pulpit in Lennox Road Church, Brooklyn, having prepared a sermon specially for the help of some backsliders in the community, who had promised him to be present. It was a warm evening, and rainy. As often happens in the experience of an earnest minister, the persons expected did not come. He lingered as long as he could, feeling that his sermon was not at all adapted for the audience. He knew not what to do. He lifted his voice to God and said, 'Help me.' A text that he had used a long time before came to his mind, and opened before his vision with great clearness. Turning to the leader of the choir, he said, 'I shall be glad to change the hymns.' That functionary replied, 'Give us something familiar.' Mr. Couch said, 'We'll sing "Just as I am" and "What a Friend we have in Jesus."'

Immediately afterward he arose, and announced Charlotte Elliott's hymn,

'Just as I am, without one plea.'

The church windows were open. A young lawyer, the son of a minister, was lying in his room in the second house from the church, the windows of his room open also. He was listening to every word of the hymn. The minister did not know at the time that they had sung the same hymn at the Epworth League Meeting, in the room below, a few minutes before.

The next morning Mr. Couch received a note from the lawyer, saying, 'I desire to see you as early as ten o'clock on Tuesday morning. Do not fail to be here at that time. I believe that I have something important to tell you.' At the hour appointed the next morning the pastor was in his room. The young man met him with outstretched hand, and with streaming eyes and a voice full of emotion said, 'I want to tell



THREE ESKIMO PRINTERS

of our Eskimo herders, all of whom are Christians.

The paper shows a reindeer team, and the editor says:

snow and scoop up a mouthful, reminding one of a locomotive taking water when at full speed.—The Rev. C. C. Carpenter in 'Congregationalist.'