

ways do, in a fringe across his forehead, and his face drawn with pain and neglect. It was Pomiuk! Poor little fellow! His thigh was broken, and diseased as well. What could we do in our short visit to a place so far from anywhere? Only one thing: take him away with us. Could that be done?

Mr. Ford told them that we were medicine men, and wished to make the boy well. He was not their boy. He could be of no use to them now, because he could not hunt. Would they give the boy to us?

'Ajaunamat,' said Kupah, shrugging his shoulders; which meant we could do as we liked.

So we improvised a stretcher and at once carried him to Mr. Ford's house. Here under chloroform, to ease him of his pain, we washed the poor child, cleansed and dressed his wound—and having left behind his only

and his sharp spear would fly true and straight. Or, creeping along in his kajak to the edge of an ice-pan, on which a lazy walrus is sleeping. Splash! splash! and away goes the monster, but not before Kupah has fixed into it his stout harpoon. Now all is quiet, but Kupah is watching like a cat. Suddenly there appears a great round thing on the surface of the sea a hundred yards, it may be, or more away, and like an arrow from a bow Kupah is after it. It is the seal-skin filled with air, which is fast to his harpoon. Now he steadies himself for another shot. Up comes the huge walrus. It catches sight of its enemy, and, raising itself high out of the water, rushes with its huge fierce tusks on Kupah. Quick as lightning he darts aside, seizes his long lance, and buries it in the walrus's heart. But the infuriated beast is not dead, and coming on the frail kajak tears it to pieces. Kupah

ald, sailing away to the south again, where a neat little hospital is built on an island, and a kind nurse from England was ready to take care of this little outcast?

And now I must leave Prince Pomiuk, for there he is still. Mr. Martin, who had written the letter to Nakvak, and some of his boy and girl friends help to raise enough money to keep him where he can be kindly treated, and well fed, and warmly clothed; for I am sorry to say the disease has not been stopped, and never again will he wander over the ice, hunting the deer and bears and seals. Too late was he found by the mission steamer, and now he is a cripple for life. Are you not sorry for him? But I am glad to tell you that he has become a Christian boy. He knows and loves his Saviour, and has been baptized with a Christian name, so that he is known now as 'Gabriel.' How I would like you to peep in on him as he lies there playing and singing his favorite hymn:

Takpanële, takpanële,	Up in heaven! up in heaven!
Merngotowikangillak,	There will be no sorrow there,
Storniorvikarane.	There will be no parting there
Takpanële, Takpanële,	Up in heaven! up in heaven!
Pillorikpagut illa	We shall all be happy there
Soralrata.	For evermore.

[For the 'Messenger.'

The S'ciety.

(By Margaret Joy.)

'Say, Sis, the S'ciety meets here to-night.'

Miss Haldane looked up from her writing as her brother Cyril made this announcement.

'The S'ciety, dear?' Her mind was with the far-off friend to whom she had been writing for the last half hour, while Cyril sat reading his well-thumbed volume of the 'Boys' Own.' 'The S'ciety?' she repeated wonderingly. Then she remembered—'Oh, yes, you mean your Debating Club, don't you?'

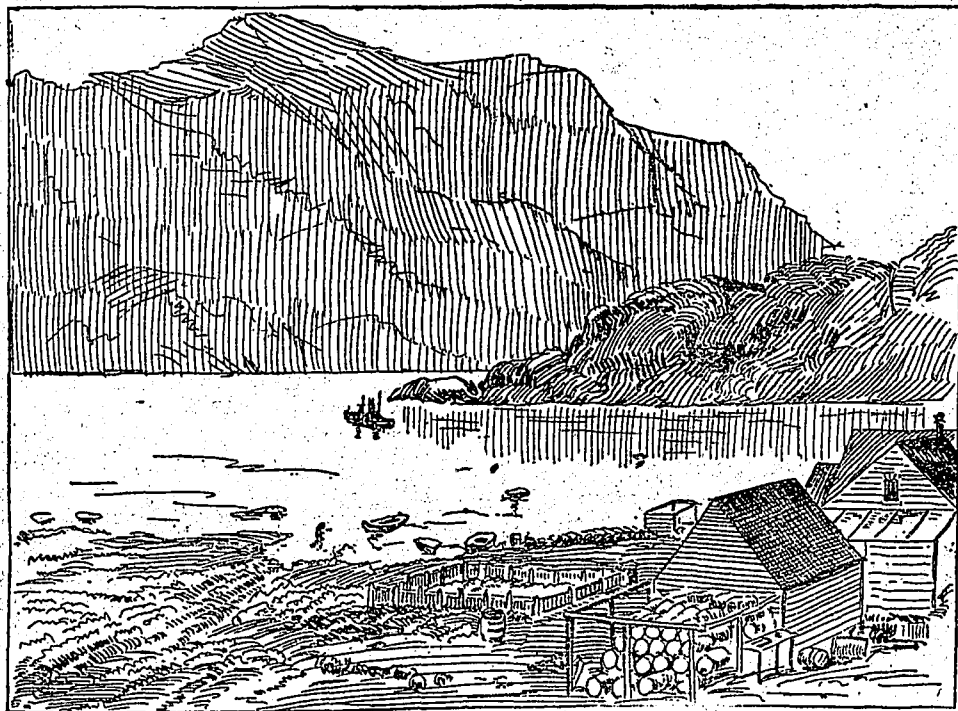
'Yes, but we call it "The S'ciety" now, and we're to hold the fourth duo-decim-annual meeting this evening. And, oh, say—I was to write a paper on being a citizen or something, and I had forgotten all about it! Say, Sis, what ever shall I do? It's near tea time now and I haven't a thought in my head!' The boy drummed on the table with his fingers and gazed expectantly in the face of his sister. He generally found help and comfort in those soft grey eyes, and 'sister' had helped to solve a great many problems for him since that sad day now six years ago when their mother had been suddenly called home to the land where all is bright and sunny for the glory of God makes it bright, and the Lamb is the light thereof.

Miss Haldane smiled at Cyril's perplexed countenance, 'I have a book on "Good Citizenship" out of which you might get a few hints.'

'Wouldn't do, the papers all have to be original, and I would not have time to write one even if I knew what to put in it. No,' he sighed, 'can't possibly do it.'

Miss Haldane took up her crochet work, 'she could always think best when she was working,' she often declared. And Cyril, sure of some light on the subject, sat now on the arm of her chair with his arm round her neck and his curly head close to hers, 'helping to think it through.'

They sat thus for several minutes while the little kettle in the next room sang its cheerful song and the cat purred on the hearth. Presently Cyril sprang up, and, executing a kind of war dance in the middle of the room, cried out—'I've thought it through first this time, Sis, promise you'll do it.'



NAKVAK, HUDSON BAY COMPANY'S STATION, THE 'SIR DONALD' AT ANCHOR

covering, the dirty old reindeer skin, we put on him some clean linen and carried him to the 'Sir Donald.' Here we laid him in the cabin on the skin of a polar bear, and, indeed, there were no beds aboard.

But I must not forget one possession he had. It was the only thing in the world he possessed—a letter from a gentleman in Boston named Mr. Martin, who had seen Pomiuk at the World's Fair, and had tried to tell him of his Saviour. The letter had, after long journeyings, reached this port in the company's vessel, 'Erik,' on her voyage to Hudson's Bay, and was lying there till Kupah should come with his catch of trout and salmon. Now the letter was handed to me; so we opened it and Mr. Ford in Eskimo told Pomiuk what it said. Already it was getting time for the 'Sir Donald' to be off once more. Oh, how sorry they were to say good-bye, so seldom does anyone visit their lonely station. But away we must go, as we might perhaps never be able to get south after the equinoctial gales should once set in and rouse the fury of the gigantic waves of the Atlantic.

But what are we to do for food? Pomiuk couldn't eat our 'kableniak' (i.e., European) food. He kept asking for 'ivik' (walrus) and 'ekoulak' (trout); so we laid in a stock of both of these, just as they eat them, raw and dried in the sun. 'Eskimo' means 'raw meat eater.'

Kupah from his kajak waved us good-bye. Soon he would be far out on the edge of the frozen sea hunting for walruses and seals. Watching hour after hour by the 'blow-hole' till a seal puts up its head, when 'whir-r-r,

is out of the sinking boat in a moment, holding to his paddle for support in the icy waves. In the confusion of blood and foam the walrus misses its enemy, and floats close beside him, frantically kicking in its death struggle. But hark! A cheering shout gives courage to the drowning Kupah. A second kajak darts to his rescue. It is Kalleligak, his good friend. He soon drags Kupah into the back of his little boat, and seeing the walrus safe, they speed to the ice edge to get help to tow it home. And now on the way back, every man must confess all his wicked deeds to the others. Each man must forgive all the wrongs any of the others may have done to him before they reach the shore, else they will never get another walrus. Then a spear is driven firmly into the ice. Ropes of walrus hide are made fast to their victim, and all the little men, laughing and chattering over their good fortune, keep shortening the ropes round the spear until the walrus lies out of water on the ice floe. Then they must give it at once a drink of water in order that its spirit may not be offended, and in order that plenty more walruses may come along. Then its head must be carefully split in two, and one tusk taken away from the other, so that the next walrus they kill may not be able to hurt their kajaks. You see how many superstitions they have.

But all this while poor Pomiuk would have been lying cold and neglected on the icy floor of the floating snow house, to die or get well as best he could, had it not been for our visit. Are you not glad he was on the bear skin in the cabin of the 'Sir Don-