

# ALASKA,

AND

## MISSIONS ON THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST.

BY

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FULLY ILLUSTRATED.

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been suddenly taken with a severe hemorrhage. I feared that he would not live until morning. To-day he seems better, but has bad symptoms. I asked him that first night whether he was willing to go if it should be the Lord's will. He replied that he would like to have seen a minister here first, but that it was all right. The Indians are very much distressed about his being sick."

"October 19.

"Clah has had no return of the bleeding, but is very feeble, and to-day I find his hands and feet swollen very much. I also found Mrs. Dickinson very sick in bed with a severe cold. So you see how full my hands are.

"There have been three young men here from Fort Simpson attending school. One of them is a preacher, but he can only preach in his own language, and now that Mrs. Dickinson is sick and there is no one to interpret for him, I do not know how we shall get along.

"The Indians came flocking in yesterday upon the arrival of the steamer to know whether there was 'any word about a white man preacher coming.'

"The women and girls come to my house three afternoons in the week for a sewing-school. This, with being in day-school, visiting the sick, and attending to my household duties, keeps me very busy.

"Yours truly,      A. R. MCFARLAND."

"FORT WRANGELL, ALASKA, NOV. 10th, 1877.

"DEAR BROTHER: My hands are so full, and I feel so exhausted when evening comes, that it is an

effort for me to write. Clah is still sick, but seems to be improving slowly. He looks very badly, but is quite cheerful. I asked him if he did not feel more encouraged about getting well. He said, 'I don't know. If Jesus makes my wind strong, all right. Me get up and preach. Jesus make my wind (breath) stop, all right, me die.'

"I have three other sick ones on my hands. The boys from Fort Simpson have all gone home but one. I kept Andrew to do the preaching until Clah gets better. I feel so anxious for a minister to come for many reasons. One is, there are some young Indians here who wish very much to get married. I am also hopeful that some of the white men would marry the girls they are living with if there was a minister here. And it will make a great change for the better.

"I had a letter from Mr. Crosby, sending the church certificate of Clah and his wife and expressing a great deal of interest in the work here. Mrs. Dickinson, my interpreter, continues very zealous and faithful.

"I had a Hydah man come into my school today. He looks to be about forty-five years old. He says he came here to go to school, so that he can go back and teach his own people. He did not know the first letter of the alphabet. Yesterday a chief by the name of Hotchcox came to school. He said he was from Buffalo Island, and wanted to talk with me. He was a remarkably fine-looking man, and I felt that if the Christians of the East, who have abundant means, could have seen him with the tears run-

ning down his face, and heard what he said, there would be no lack of money to carry on the work in Alaska. Laying his hand upon his heart, he says, 'Me much sick heart. You come teach all Stickeens, all Hydahs, all Tongas about God. My people all dark heart. Nobody tell them that Jesus died. By and bye all my people die (pointing down), go down, down, dark.' He was completely overcome. Oh, how my heart ached. I tried to comfort him by telling him that we hoped to be able to send preachers and teachers to all these people soon.

"My sewing-school is getting along nicely, and I hope will be productive of much good. The women and girls are delighted with coming to my house to work, and to have me assist them with their sewing. We take a verse of Scripture, and while at work they memorize it, and I try to make them understand its meaning. I try to give them the right ideas about a great many other things. Then we close with singing and prayer. I would be glad if there was some person to take the school off my hands that I might devote my whole time to this kind of work. You know how much need there is of it. As I am now situated, I cannot attend to the sick as I would like. I think I am a very strong woman (physically), yet I have realized many times of late that I am not made of iron. Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt are very kind to me indeed.

"Since writing the above there has been an occurrence which, while it does not amount to much in itself, yet has made some excitement among this superstitious people. It seems that a young Indian

by the name of Johnson went with his father some distance to cut wood. While encamped there he had a wonderful dream. Upon his return he narrated the dream at an evening meeting. He dreamed that he died and went to heaven. He stood at the side of the gate and saw all the school Indians come up. The keeper allowed some of them to pass in, but others were kept out. He said that they were good people, but that they had been living in sin—because they had never been married to those with whom they were living. There was much more to his dream, and it has created great consternation. A number who have had no opportunity of getting married after the American way are very much troubled, and are more anxious that a minister may come quickly, who can marry them.

“Yours truly,                   A. R. MCFARLAND.”

On Friday, December 28th, 1877, Clah, whose English name was Philip McKay, died with consumption, aged thirty years. When the preaching of the Gospel was commenced among the Tsimpseans at Fort Simpson, by some converted Indians from Victoria, Clah was among the first to believe and be baptized. Giving himself faithfully to the study of the Bible and the advantages of the mission school, he made such rapid advances that he was stationed at Wrangell in 1876.

Upon my first visit he was teaching the day-school six days in the week, holding prayer-meetings Tuesday and Friday evenings, and preaching three times on the Sabbath. Though not understanding a word