

They are fond of singing, and some of them have good voices. Before he left they managed to sing one hymn without assistance; and, he says, "You ought to have heard the shout they gave the night they first sang it alone!"

The chief was very kind, as were some of the others. A proposal was made to erect a hut next summer, several of the men offering to help. This will be a great advantage, as a tent in cold, stormy weather is far from being comfortable.

On August 24th the encampment was broken up. One party moved up the river about fifty miles, and Mr. Stringer accompanied them. There they had very rough weather and fell short of food. He says: "We had to depend on the Eskimos for fish, and they hadn't many. But we were never in want, although for days we never had food for a meal ahead. It was living from hand to mouth; but somehow or other something generally came to the hand when the mouth was in need."

At Mr. Stringer's request the chief gave him his boy, Kalukotok, to stay with him at Fort McPherson for the winter. He is about fifteen years old, seems a bright, willing fellow, and is a good all-round specimen of an Eskimo. If he could be trained for a few years, he might be a great help.

The journey back was uneventful, "excepting for the struggle we had to clear Kalukotok of the vermin. Whew! weren't they plentiful! But I won't particularize—I couldn't find words large enough!" The fort was reached on September 11th.

The second visit was to Herschel Island, and was undertaken at the beginning of winter. Taking a train of dogs, sled, provisions, and everything necessary for a journey over the snow, and accompanied by an Indian, he left the mission on October 27th, and reached the island after fourteen days' travelling. It was a trying journey. A dense fog compelled them to hug the shore, and thus increase the distance. The sudden breaking off from the shore of a large sheet of ice nearly caused their being carried out to sea, and endangered their lives. They also narrowly escaped a visit, during the night, from a large polar bear, which was looking out for winter quarters, and perhaps for a supper too. They fell in with a party of Eskimos and stayed with them a day. They seemed to be utterly ignorant of the Gospel. He had there his first experience of living in a snow house, and had one of his own. "The first," he says, "I ever owned." About fifteen miles from the island they came across another party, whom they were glad to meet, as their provisions had run out. They were all strangers to Mr. Stringer, and many of them had never before seen a missionary. He says: "I had seen some of their relations last summer, and they plied me with questions about

them, for they had not heard of them since last winter. In most cases I was able to tell them some news of their distant friends, and I could scarcely get away from them. But I promised to come back in a few days, and at last broke away and made for the ships. . . . I was sorry to learn of the death of Oobouk, the Eskimo whom I accompanied to the fort last spring. He died the night before I arrived. A number of Eskimos were living near the ships. I visited those as much as possible, and taught them what I could. I made two trips to the village on the mainland, staying over night each time, and was much pleased with their eagerness to learn. They used to gather in the largest house, and were very attentive as I read them what I had translated and tried to explain to them the Gospel. Their houses were the half underground ones, built partly of poles, and covered with sods and snow. In the house where I stopped there were about twenty people living. The building was about six feet high in the centre, sloped to the sides, and would have a floor area of about fifteen square feet! I was kept busy while there holding little services with them, and trying to answer all the questions they asked. One man said he had killed another a long time ago, and eagerly enquired if there was a chance of his going to heaven. A woman wanted to know if they used tobacco in heaven! Some of them had been at Peel River some time ago, and Archdeacon McDonald or Bishop Bompas had given them some instruction, but most of them were from farther west, and had never been to the fort. And to think of these poor people living and dying without the opportunity of hearing the blessed Gospel! It was little that I could do in such a short time, and with my limited knowledge of the language. But it was a beginning, and surely it was a privilege to bring the good news to them, if only in an imperfect and limited way. They were as kind as could be, and wanted me to stay all winter. Then they wanted me to come back and stay all next winter, and said they would hunt for me and get me a supply of meat." The whalers, too, were very kind and entertained him right hospitably, and when he left, after a stay of about a fortnight, laden him with such things as were necessary for the journey.

The cold weather was now setting in, and the days were becoming so short that it was necessary to return without further delay. Already the sun peeped above the horizon for only a very short time; and, after leaving the ships, they did not see it at all for several days, until they got further south. The journey again occupied fourteen days, and was even more trying. Provisions again failed, the wolverines having destroyed two out of the four caches which they had made on the outward journey, and for a time they had to live on