

On September 14th, Captain Hawes, myself, and one man, started in a small boat for Churchill, but the wind being against us we only got some four miles down the river.

In the afternoon an Indian and his wife came down the river to us to have their two children baptized. They came into the post some hours after we left, but seeing our boat, and knowing that we could not get away that day, started out, at once, to have their little ones baptized. We had the baptismal service on the bank of the river, using a cup as a font, and they started back on the tramp, through deep mud and water, to the fort, it would be quite dark before they reached there. Until September 16th head winds kept up; and as heavy rains fell each night, and we had no shelter of any kind, we were glad when the wind changed, and we were able to get across the mouth of the Nelson River, which is nearly twenty miles wide, and rather a dangerous place for such a boat as we had. During the day we made about thirty miles, then anchored close in shore for the night. The rain again came down in torrents, and we were far from being comfortable or happy. Next day, Sunday, the wind continued fair, but soon after we started it fell light, and went round to sea. A gale springing up, we were obliged to run the boat close in shore, and there we had to stay for six days, rain and snow falling nearly the whole time, with 5° or 6° of frost. To make matters worse, we could get very little firewood. Thursday, September 21st, was a fearful day, bitterly cold, with heavy rain and sleet; we were all soaked to the skin. About 5 p.m. we started to walk to an Indian tent, some eight miles away. Nearly every step of the way was through water up to the knees, and just before reaching the tent we had to cross a river, wading up to the middle. The tent was but little better than being outside, the heavy wind beating the rain into it so much; but we had the comfort of a good fire, and were able to dry our garments, one article at a time. Rain continued all night, and we sat round the fire; we could not lie down.

The following morning was fine, and we walked back to the boat, and the day after got her off; but after toiling hard for about four hours were obliged to run ashore again, the gale returning with renewed strength. For two days we stayed there. We had now been away from York Factory for ten days, and were not more than forty miles on our journey. Our food was nearly finished; and as there seemed to be no chance of our reaching Churchill with the boat before winter, we determined to leave it and walk home. Heavy ice was already forming all along the shore. On September 25th, about 10 a. m., in a heavy snow storm, and with very heavy hearts, we left the boat and its contents, and started for Churchill, each one carrying a few pounds of provisions, a gun, and a blanket.

I have twice before walked from York Factory to Churchill in summer, but never saw so much water. The rivers and creeks were full of icy cold water. Every day we walked for hours in water up to the knees, and often above the knee. In crossing one river we were just two hours, wading up to the middle in water within about 2° degrees of freezing point; another took us an hour. The only way of crossing these rivers (unless we go miles inland) is by going a mile or so out into "the Bay," and crossing on the bar.

We were six days in reaching Churchill, and nearly every day we had rain and snow, and at night 4° or 5° of frost, so that when we started in the morning we generally broke the ice, which was not thick enough to bear us. Each night we lay down on the shore, under the lee of some driftwood. Oftentimes we were unable to dry any of our garments—in fact I was never really dry from the day we left the boat, and, I may say, from the time we left York Factory until we reached home. The last day we had the pleasure of starting out without food, so were truly thankful to see the Churchill River. There, fortunately for us, we found a boat; but it took us over an hour, pulling for very life, to cross, a strong wind and tide being against us. We reached home just after morning service, on Sunday, October 1st. Every one was very glad, for we had almost been given up. There had been nearly a foot of snow at Churchill, and it seemed as if winter had really set in.

I lost nearly twenty pounds of flesh on the trip, and for a fortnight after was unable properly to digest my food. Since coming to Hudson's Bay it has fallen to my lot to have some very hard trips, but this has, I think, been the hardest of any. Thank God I am now well and strong again, and I trust may live and take many more trips amongst our people, though I must say I have no desire to go through such another experience as this.

SOME SCENES AND PEOPLE OF THE DIOCESE OF NEW WESTMINSTER.

IN the *Mission Field* (S.P.G.) for 1892 there is an interesting account of a few of the mission stations in the diocese of New Westminster, which now unhappily mourns the loss of its first bishop. Leaving New Westminster by the Canadian Pacific Railway on Friday at 2.30 p.m., the writer of the account referred to reached Kamloops at 5 a.m. on Saturday, having travelled 242 miles. The scenery along the line towards the Pacific coast is spoken of as "superlatively grand and majestic," comprising lake, mountain, river, and forest scenery, in all its varied and imposing aspects, all of which can be seen to the very best advantage from the "observation car"