

and has ministered to the Eskimos as far as Herschel Island. Many of the Mackenzie river Eskimos have embraced Christianity, and no longer have more than one wife; take a bath occasionally and in many respects have become civilized white men.

On the subject, the following conversation of a mounted policeman who has spent some fifteen years among the Eskimos is interesting, giving as it does the views of a man who has had plenty of time and opportunity to judge how far our Christian religion really sinks into the Eskimo mind.

"The missionaries have done the Eskimo good; but not in the way they think. The Eskimo has been taught to be cleaner, to take a wash at least once a week; not to trade wives, and many other trivial things. But as far as having any real conception of the deeper meaning of Christianity,—pouf! he has none. The missionaries have worked no spiritual change on the most of the Eskimos, because these people lack sufficient education to understand the bigger, broader side of the things the missionaries have labored so hard to teach. This, of course, applies to the older people. Catch them young enough, educate them, and the next generation will be just as good and understanding Christians as any white child brought up under similar conditions. But with the older ones—well, it's pretty hard to teach an old dog new tricks." Memory of a humorous episode coming to him, the policeman smiled broadly, and went on: "One of the greatest causes for misunderstanding between the Eskimo and missionary is in the matter of the missionaries collecting from the natives for the church. True to his

teachings, the Eskimo has come to know the Supreme Being as something beyond the needs of mortal man. So the missionaries constant request for contributions of furs to be sold for the church are a vast puzzle to the simple native mind. One of them came to me very much distressed one day, and after considerable preliminary conversation, suddenly blurted out: 'Say, tell me, who is this fellow Jesu Christ, all time want fox skin?' From this you can understand that his embracing of the teachings of the missionaries was but in name only."

But, despite the slowness of their progress, these sturdy men who have given up soft berths in the world of civilized things to go and labor among the natives of the harsh Arctic regions, can only come in for commendation. Perhaps, with the rising generation, their work may bear better fruits.

An amusing incident occurred to Bishop Stringer recently when on a visit to the northland. Perhaps for its very uniqueness, the slightly indelicate language used may be overlooked.

During his travels the Bishop came upon some Eskimos whose experience with white men had been confined to mixing with the crews of what whaling vessels came to their vicinity. The language used by whalers is not of the finest, and during their stay the Eskimos had picked up one form of expression often used by the whitemen when addressing each other. As a consequence the Eskimos came to believe this expression quite the proper thing when addressing any new come white. In fact they were quite proud of the word. So when Bishop Stringer walked into their camp, the spokesman of the Eskimos greeted him joyously with: "Hello, you old son of a b—." The bishop, while enjoying the heartiness of the welcome, and seeing the evident sincerity that backed the use of the words, later took the trouble to go to the root of the subject, and explained to the Eskimo the error of the use of an expression which he had so fondly treasured.

The stories of and about the Eskimo as heard by one in the northland would fill many books; and these simple, savage people are without doubt one of the most interesting races upon the North American continent, and a people much superior to the Indians living in the same land.



Kogmolluck, 15 year old wife and baby, Herschel Island.



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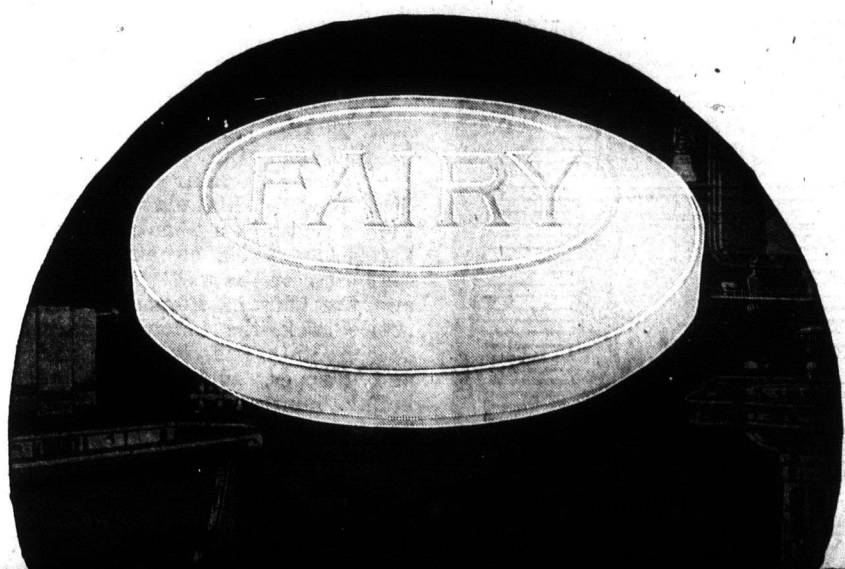
Prolonging Life

A formula for lengthening a man's lifetime by a sixth would receive eager consideration. But the real life span is only the sum of its well-used hours.

The waste in the best ordered life is considerable, and in the ordinary life well-nigh appalling. Pure laziness does not show excessively in these reckonings. Prolonging play into deep fatigue, working wearily at the wrong time or the wrong side of the task, moody waiting, daily repetition of the half-well-done—these are the often unrecognized ways in which the precious time-gift is squandered.

And there are the so-called "bad days." A modern "efficiency expert," set at the life and time problem of an average person, would quickly pounce upon these. From a sixth to a fourth of the days are, after dubious hesitations, pronounced "bad" for rural and suburban dwellers, children, vacationers, persons alive with good intentions and new things to do, men on the tenter of doubt, and women pretty generally. And all these, hearing the old worn words, draw the blinds on eye and mind and heart, and consuming about the usual amount of food and service, await the morrow. Some one says it is too rainy, or too cold, or too hot, or too late, or it is threatening to do something, and a day goes by that, with its irritations and subtle weakening of the will, may be reckoned a little worse than lost.

Subservience to weather in this organized and equipped zone of earth is the heritage of superstition. Many of the old fears bred in the pioneer and ill-protected past are acting yet upon us. But now we have ample outfitings to meet the changing outdoor conditions, and backed by the long-term records of the comparative harmlessness of getting "wet through," or sleeping out, we may rise almost playfully above those old dreads, and add some-what to life.



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