

decided and that these first fruits of all these years of sowing will be followed by an increased harvest. I was to have held an evening service for the Hudson Bay servants but a headache increased by my cold and the Husky odour sent me to bed instead.

Tuesday, 16th. Fortunately the bad weather kept the men from going off to their whale nets (porpoise) so we had service at 9.30, and I preached to all the English speaking people of the place, (half breeds mostly) some 12 adults and 15 children. The service was quiet and hearty and the people most reverent and attentive. Afterwards I visited Mrs. Hawes, wife of the trader, absent at York and Allstone, the clerk, nephew of Bishop Oxenden, and of a good Royal Navy family.

Churchill is a decayed, dirty, poverty-stricken place. The labourer's families are half breeds, underfed and half clothed and in pigsties, with no attempt except on the part of the Lofthouses to raise them to better habits, and Mr. Allstone's accommodation is of the barest and meanest kind possible. While I was there the men shot a huge Polar bear just at the back of the house. In the afternoon I visited these cabins or pigsties of the Company's servants. But much of the day was spent with the Lofthouses talking over their work and plans and the prospects of enlarged work in North Moosonee. Mrs. L. cannot go home by sea as she is a terrible sailor and will not go without Mr. L. and he cannot well go home even next year, so we hope they will manage it in '97. Mrs L. is not strong and must sooner or later have good medical advice, but she is better than she was and now that they have seen me and talked over things, they say they can hold on till '97. I was very much pleased in the afternoon to receive a message from the men, praying for another service and address from myself that evening, the morning one had done them so much good. God grant it may be real and lasting. Of course we had the service and I also had interviews with one or two candidates for confirmation. It was late when I went to bed.

Wednesday, 17th. Still much business and specially accounts with Lofthouse, but I managed to get a stroll round the environs of the place, not very extensive. You can't imagine Churchill till you have seen it, but I will try to describe it in a few words. "The jumping-off place, end of the world t'other side of nowhere." In front is the