

Tuesday, 8th: Arrived at St. John's, Newfoundland.

Wednesday, 9th: A very encouraging meeting was held in the evening, which was preceded by a most happy social meal. These were arranged by the thoughtful kindness of our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Barton. His Lordship, the Bishop of Newfoundland, in a most kindly manner, introduced Bishop Anderson and myself to the audience, and we both spoke of God's marvelous doings amongst the Eskimo.

Thursday, 10th: As we travel, via the Reid Newfoundland Co. route to Sydney, and from there to Montreal, we bid farewell to our friends on board the "Naseopie" all of whom have shown us not a little kindness and whose gentlemanly spirit we cannot forget. As the train leaves St. John's at 1 p.m. I was busy at the station the latter part of that forenoon and therefore did not know the nature of the telegram which had reached my friend Mr. Barton, but which he most kindly and wisely explained and handed to the Bishop. After the train started our Bishop, in a most sympathetic manner, told me that our son, Henry Martyn, had died on the 28th of September, from wounds received in France. There is something so sacred, so touching as his bright, loving face still lives before me, that I could not mention his pathetic death if I did not believe that God will, through that distant and unknown grave, cause some witnesses for Christ to go forth and join in Christ's everlasting work and victory in the Polar wastes. There is a mine of truth and comfort in our Saviour's words, "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."

Monday, 14th: Arrived at Ottawa; found Mrs. Peck wonderfully sustained by God's grace and love.

Deeply thanking all kind friends for their true sympathy, and for their unceasing and prevailing prayers,

Gratefully and truly yours,

E. J. PECK.