

annual letter, which you will receive with this. As it deals with diocesan matters I need not refer to them here, but will confine myself to other things. The one most prominent is the fact of my dear wife's return; through God's providence she has been able to rejoin me at last. The journey was long, tedious and trying, but she bore it very fairly, and is in better health, I am thankful to say, than when I left her in England two years and a half ago. I met her at Fort McMurray and escorted her the last 700 miles of the journey. Part of it, some 200 miles, we accomplished *alone*, in a little skiff. Head winds delayed us somewhat, so that we had to camp out on the banks of the river five nights before we reached our destination. We did this, instead of waiting some ten or twelve days for the steamer, at a little lonely place, where there was nothing to see or do and because I wanted to spend a little time at Hay River with Mr. Marsh. The sitting all day long in such a confined place was rather trying for Mrs. Reeve, and so was the camping on the hard ground, but fortunately, we had no rain to make matters more uncomfortable. We fell in with several parties of Indians from whom we obtained some provisions and raspberries, but had no adventures. We heard a bear a few yards away from us, but did not see it, and I think it was more frightened than we were. We reached here early in September, glad to be at home at last, and glad that the summer's journeyings were safely over. It was to an almost empty larder that I brought my wife. For a long time the provision store was very bare. Mr. Cam-sell took most of his family to a small lake to live on wild fowl, but thanks to a bountiful supply of garden produce, and a few partridges which I was able to shoot, we did not have to trench much upon our reserve stock, and not only were we never short ourselves, we were able frequently to relieve the necessities of others. A good catch of fish which has been safely landed here has relieved our anxieties regarding provisions, but unfortunately they are not fresh, and are too much *in evidence* when put upon the table, and also when the winds blows from the stage where they are hanging. Rabbits are also likely to be very numerous, so that the Indians will be well off both for food and clothing. The ground is thickly covered with snow and the river is full of drifting ice, but the cold has not been very intense as yet. How are my dear little (and big) friends and helpers getting on? I hope they have had some very happy meetings together, and had a good sale of their work. I often think of them, and it is such a pleasure to know that they are working so earnestly and lovingly for Christ. Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me.' Give my love to them all, and say I hope I shall live to see them all and thank them personally some day. May the God of all grace be with you all."

[The "little friends," are St. James' Cathedral Juniors.—Editor LEAFLET.]