

VISIT TO FORT CHURCHILL.

HUDSON'S BAY.

The following are merely a few rough journal notes of the kind of life a missionary leads at Fort Churchill on Hudson's Bay.

Of the life as it appears to a visitor—for the missionary, perhaps, has a gloomier vision of it himself—(if his secret thoughts could be read.)

Our own opinion of the place may naturally have been very high, for we had travelled out on the barren grounds a pretty long time, since the middle of June—our outward journey terminating with a grand flourish of equinoxial gales for almost three weeks, during which the sun was never seen, these followed by a rather cold, cheerless and very fatiguing paddle of three hundred miles down the flat, Hudson Bay shore. And under such circumstances the animal nature begins to assert itself very thoroughly. The desire and craving for food, the constant endeavour to relieve some extremity from the pain of cramp and cold, and the longing for rest and relief from toil, are perhaps a little too absorbing to be pleasant, and are detrimental to the self-controlling power and dignity of man!

So, when we arrived at Churchill on October 1st we felt ourselves once more to be in the very heart of civilization and of comfort, luxury and ease, looking at things from our animal standpoint.

After we had time to satiate our wolfish hunger, (this took about a week, and it never quite controlled itself within seemly bounds all the time we were at Churchill) we began once more to appreciate the higher qualities of human beings; and these were only too well portrayed in the lives of our kindest and best of hosts.

To give a slight idea of the place, as it first appears from the sea coming in from the north.

We put out the last morning of our canoe travel, the 1st day of October, with considerable difficulty, through a quarter of a mile or more of thickly packed cakes of shore ice, breaking the way with tent poles, and almost wearing the bows of the poor little Peterborough canoe through against the jagged edges of the cakes. They were already fringed and frayed by many previous encounters.

After paddling an hour or two through the crisp, keen air of the frosty October morning, looking with unbounded pleasure on the