

setting of ministry, and as a true missionary, from his earliest beginnings, he will be graciously permitted to bring his sheaves with him into the eternal storehouse.—*Spirit of Missions.*

LETTER FROM THE BISHOP OF MACKENZIE RIVER.

ST. DAVID'S MISSION, FORT SIMPSON,
MACKENZIE RIVER, N.W.T., CANADA.
January, 1868.

My Dear Dr. Davidson,

IN continuation of my Annual Report I must now, as promised, bring the northern missions under review.

As before mentioned I visited Peel River in July, and had the pleasure of ordaining Mr. Whittaker, and of meeting and addressing the Indians and Eskimo.

Besides this I had a most interesting interview with four of the Christian leaders. Each of them gave me a little account of his work, experience, etc., and they all seemed earnest and devoted, especially the youngest.

One of them spoke of himself as being "thirsty for the work," and described the difficulties of teaching during the long, cold, dark winter nights in a smoky camp, with no light but such as was given by the flickering fire, and often in the midst of great scarcity of food.

Another said he used to feel, and still felt like a little child learning to walk, and that the ministers, especially the Archdeacon, picked him up, and helped him along.

A third, who, together with his party, had suffered severely from starvation, was thankful for the hard times, because it drew them nearer to God.

The fourth had been in the work ten years. At first he taught only the children; then he held prayers on Sunday. He was always wishing to do more, and to know more. His desire was to do whatever is best and most likely to please God.

The native pastor and his party had also been in great straits. For days together they had been without food, and three men and eleven children had perished.

In the spring, when the Indians began to assemble at the fort, scarlet fever broke out, but, fortunately it was of such a mild type, that although every native was attacked, only one death occurred. Whilst it lasted Mr. and Mrs. Stringer were constantly engaged attending upon the sick, and the latter found her hospital experience of great service. School had to be suspended for a time, but in spite of all drawbacks most of the scholars have made good progress, and the work generally has progressed favorably.

One hundred and thirteen of the communicants assembled at the Lord's Table, and the offerings amounted to over fifty dollars.

An account of Messrs. Stringer and Whittaker's work amongst the Eskimo has appeared in some of the Church papers, so I need give only a summary of it here, but I would call attention to the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Stringer and Mr. Young are now residing at Herschel Island, and ask for special prayers for them in that trying position. It is the most northerly inhabited spot in the British Dominions, and perhaps the most inaccessible: a bleak, desolate, treeless island, ice bound for nine months of the year, and surrounded by floating masses of it during the short summer.

A few lines from Mr. Whittaker's report will give some idea of the dangers and difficulties of carrying on the work in these high latitudes.

Referring to his visit to the eastern village, Kiltigagzovit, he says: "The Huskies received me kindly, holding a big reception in the young chief's house on my arrival, and talking long with and about me. I remained at the village just two weeks, and a most uncomfortable time it was, principally on account of the cold. They are all in snow houses now, and the temperature required to preserve a snow house will not conduce to a white man's comfort. I suffered constantly and almost unremittingly with cold hands and feet, and no amount of clothing would keep them warm. My blood appeared to stagnate and to afford me no heat. Consequently I did little teaching, although my ears and tongue being in good working order, I was able to learn and apply very many new words and usages, besides systematically augmenting our vocabulary. . . . The intense cold made me ravenously hungry, and although deer meat was plentiful I craved fat, and at length was tempted to try some of the white whale that had lain in the ground since summer. It was strong, even burning my throat, but after a little I ate it with relish. It is eaten about half frozen, raw of course.

Occasionally I held service with singing and prayers, but the truth was, I could think of hardly anything else but how to get warm. Therefore, after two weeks I bade them good morning and started for the Island. No reference was made during my stay to the unpleasant episode of last summer. The chief was uniformly kind, and all the people friendly and courteous. In the house where I stayed were two Huskie families, seven of them and myself, all in one room, about the size of an ordinary bedroom. There we ate, drank, slept, and lived the daily round. The houses are just such as you may see in any pictures of arctic scenes. There is no fire in them except the big seal oil lamp over which they do so much of their cooking.

After taking leave of the Eskimo he had to travel 150 miles to the nearest ship. On the third morning a storm blew up, and in the