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patch of barley I have in my garden is struggling hard to reach maturity, but of its success I am very doubtful. The ship brings to us our flour, tea, sugar, clothing, and all other necessaries, and is due here about the middle of August, when a vessel is sent off to lie at the mouth of the river, eight miles distant, to wait for her and bring her to her moorings. As soon as the ship is seen in the distance the small vessel signals to us by raising a flag to her masthead, the sight of which sends a thrill of intense joy through everyone in the place. The bereaved for the time forget their sorrow, the sick their weakness, every countenance beams with delight, as all exclaim "The ship's come." The cry has not been raised yet; there is still the possibility of its coming, but every day lessens our hopes and increases the general gloom. We all say, of course, "She is stopped by ice," that is the natural conclusion, seeing that frequently during the whole summer the Hudson's Straits and Hudson's Bay are but impassible from the heavy ice with which they are filled, and quite impassible to ships which are not specially and very considerably strengthened to bear the pressure to which they are necessarily subjected. In 1843 the ship was six weeks in the ice; in 1851, when I came to the country, she was a fortnight, while there is scarcely a year in which none is fallen in with, or in which she has not been in danger of destruction from the many dangers by which her path is beset. Should the ship not come, very great misery will, I fear, be experienced here, for the supplies on hand are totally inadequate for the wants of the place; of flour there is a considerable quantity, and of that alone, and even of that great restraint is already put on the purchase. This ought not to be needed, the theory of the Hudson's Bay Company being to keep a year's consumption of necessaries always on hand, so that no distress might be felt in case the ship should fail. But this teaches me that I must keep here at Moose a year's supply in stock for all our Missions in this quarter, so that for a year at least the missionaries may all be free from anxiety as to the ship's arrival. To do this I must lay out 5000, that sum at least being needed to purchase and bring here what is requisite. I trust the readers of the *Record*, seeing the absolute necessity of this plan, will come forward to my assistance, and enable me to feel that I have done all that in me lies to prevent avoidable anxieties pressing heavily on men who are so faithfully performing their duty as the clergy of Moosonee.

On August 22nd, Moose was visited by the most terrific storm ever known here; it commenced about 10 a.m., with the wind from the S. W., which continued to increase in violence until sunset, when it was at its height, although it subsided but little during the entire night, blowing still very hard for the next twenty-four hours; the forest trees bent like reeds, while scores of them were either torn up by the roots or broken off just above the ground. The river was a great sea, except when a more than usually fierce squall came, when it appeared as it does when frozen solid in winter, with thick snowdrift rushing along at mighty speed. The Mission boat *Eirene* was nearly lost, having been caught at the mouth of the river, where she had gone for a load of hay, but our excellent catechist managed her very well, and after a time, and with great difficulty, succeeded in getting her into a creek, where she was perfectly safe.

The Rev. Jno. Sanders having gone through his district, meeting with much encouragement, returned to Moose, and after a few days' rest just a fortnight ago, taking his wife and family with him, went on to his home at Matawakkumma; the journey is a long and trying one, but the weather has been very favourable, and I hope that by Saturday they will all be com-

fortably housed. The Ven. Archdeacon Vincent has been through his district, and returned to Albany on the last day of August, when he found his special charge in deep mourning, and some of the members of his own family suffering from the prevalent disease. He had no less than sixty-six baptisms, and felt that God had not withheld his blessing from his labours. The Rev. J. Lotthouse got on very well as far as Michipicoten on Lake Superior, where he was fortunate enough to catch the steamer after waiting only a day. I have not since had an opportunity of hearing from him; but I trust he is now at York Factory, if he has not been able to get on to Churchill, which is to be the scene of his future work. The Rev. J. E. Peck, of whom I spoke in my last as being on the way to Ungawa, at the entrance to the Hudson's Strait's was not able to prosecute his journey, the season was so unfavourable and the lakes N. E. of Little Whale R. so late in breaking their icy covering that the Indians could not come in time to take him there; he therefore wisely and loyally remains at Little Whale R. next winter again, hoping to be able to fulfil his design next season to carry the Gospel to the Eskimo of Ungawa, giving them the same glorious privileges as their brethren at Little White R., then proceed down the coast of Labrador to Quebec, most of the way in a steamer belonging to the Hon. Hudson Bay Company, where he will take steamer to England, from which he has been now several years absent.

Respecting what has taken place in the northern part of the diocese since I last wrote I know nothing. With the good people of York and Churchill I can exchange but one letter a year, and I fear it will be a long time before there will be much change. The Churchill Railway, connecting that important port, the only good one in the whole of Hudson's Bay, with the valley of the Saskatchewan, will, I suppose, be constructed by-and-by; but, I should think the promoters thereof should first ascertain the nature of the seas through which the connecting steamers have to pass, and whether the Hudson Straits are open sufficiently long for the purpose required—the conveyance of the Saskatchewan wheat to Liverpool. Not the slightest attempt has yet been made to solve this, the most important problem of all. We know there will be no very great difficulty in constructing the railroad; what if when the railroad is made the sea should be found impracticable? Even that would not facilitate my communication with Churchill. A railroad to connect L. Superior with Moose has been long talked of, but will not very soon be executed. In a couple of years we may be brought within fifteen days' journey of a railroad, when a part of the Canadian Pacific Line will probably come within about sixty miles of the boundary of Moosonee, N. of L. Superior; even this will be a great boon, bringing me much nearer to England than I am now, and enabling me to get to Winnipeg and thence to York and Churchill in less time by several days than I can perform the journey now. But things are moving with wonderful rapidity; there is no knowing from year to year what strides may be made therein. A few years since I passed Mattawa on the Ottawa R.; it was some days' journey from the nearest point of civilization, deep in the wilderness; I passed it again last autumn; I found it a flourishing town, with good shops and stores, with a resident clergyman, with Roman Catholic and Wesleyan chapels, and with a railroad running through it. One can be surprised at nothing now. How necessary is it that before the land of the Indian is taken possession of by the white, the Indian should be prepared by the preaching of the Gospel to face his changed position, and to resist the new forms of temptation to which he is sure to be subjected!

The Bishop writes again, under date Oct. 3:—
My last letter, detailing our fears and anxieties as to the non-arrival of our annual ship, had not left Moose twenty-four hours before an entire change took place in the feelings and countenances of all here. Early in the morning of August [September (?)] 21st, I was aroused from my bed by the joyful cry, "The ship's come!" and a weighty load of anxiety instantly fell from my shoulders; visions of want and half-starved Indians vanished, the heavens above were no longer brass, nor the earth beneath iron; there would be plenty for everyone. People in England cannot possibly understand the magic charm of the words, "The ship's come," to an inhabitant of Moose or York Factory. The voyage of our ship Prince of Wales was one of the most dangerous she has ever experienced, the ice having been exceptionally heavy and closely packed. It was first met with 3 deg. east of Cape Farewell, first loosely, and then in pack. Four weeks of hard and almost incessant labour were required to work her to North Bluff, a cape about the middle of the Hudson's Straits; there they left the ice and seeing a clear sea before him, our experienced and skilful captain, Captain Bishop, thought his troubles were over, and that no more than ordinary difficulties lay between him and Moose; but in Hudson's Bay the ice was quite as bad as it had been in the Straits; here they were frequently powerless, imbedded in the floe, they were carried according to the set of the current; twice they were driven, with an interval of several days, between one of the Bear Islands and the Cub, a smaller island of the same group. As opportunity offered the captain pushed on, taking the ice with him to within a hundred miles of his destination. There was no sickness on board, and all the passengers and crew arrived in good health and deeply thankful for their preservation. Since the ship's arrival all possible haste has been made in unloading and reloading her, so as to give her as good a chance as possible of returning to England. And now she is nearly ready to take her departure; she will probably sail the day after to-morrow, and we shall wish her godspeed. The whooping cough is still among us, but its violence has abated; this week we have had but one death. The Rev. H. Nevitt, who visited Rupert's House and Mistasinee during the summer, returned home last Monday week, having had a very successful journey. He baptized twenty-three persons at Rupert's House, and ten at Mistasinee, and at each place administered the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. After partaking of the Lord's Supper together on Sunday next most of our hunters will go off to their hunting grounds in the beginning of next week; some of them will come in occasionally, but most of them I shall not see again until next May, the grounds being so very distant. How thankful I am to know that all take off the Word of Life with them, and that the tent witnesses the reading thereof, as well as the exercise of prayer and praise, when the little family is alone in the wilderness, and only God is near. JOHN MOOSONEE.

Children's Corner.

DICK AND HIS DONKEY; or, HOW TO PAY THE RENT.

CHAPTER V. (Continued.)

Dick lost no time in going. He could do so without difficulty, as there was a railway between the two towns. He would scarcely have recognised Ben, so altered was he by his prison dress and look of utter wretchedness and misery; and though only about three years older than Dick, he might have passed for double his age. "I wasn't sure that you'd come to me," said he; "you hadn't much cause to like me years ago when we were boys."