



THE RT. REV. W. D. REEVE,
Bishop of Mackenzie River.

managed the sled; made but little way all day Sunday—spent the day in camp, all needing rest; two hearty services, realizing “Where two or three . . . there am I.” Then followed five days of fearfully heavy travelling and bad weather till they reached Fort York in blinding snow 7 p.m. Friday. Next day an Indian came in hardly able to stand, having been buried in the snow all the night, and no blanket. On Monday the march home to Churchill began, and a terrible time it was. Sunday, April 19th—We tried to get home yesterday, but it was no use, so, having no food, we were obliged to travel to-day, and reached Churchill after twelve hours’ heavy walking. Thank God! I found all well at home, though my wife has been very poorly and is very lame with rheumatism; being quite alone has tried her health and spirits greatly. During my absence the Huskies have been in, some of whom have not been here for four or five years, and may not return for the same length of time. Chipe-wyans have also been coming in, so that my work has suffered somewhat by my absence. Yet, I am truly thankful that I went to Split Lake, and thank God for bringing me safely through. Thirty-five nights spent in winter

camps, thirty-five days spent on snowshoes, tramping fully one thousand miles, is not pleasant or easy work. I was often footsore, and weary, yet always truly happy, for I was fully assured I was doing my Master’s work; and the path of duty is ever the path of pleasure, even though it be through much pain.”

The Rt. Rev. Dr. Reeve, Bishop of Mackenzie River, was enabled to be present at the General Synod from his distant northern diocese, but he had to return speedily, that the fast approaching winter stop him not. As it is he will have a race with old Boreas, who never stays away for any long period of time from Mackenzie River.

Bishop Bompas was not at the General Synod. Will nothing ever tempt him to leave the frozen north? How many thousands would be glad to see this now aged hero of the Arctic regions, if he would only visit these more favored lands!

After the building of a church in an Indian mission—mainly by the congregation—on the first Sunday when service was held in the new church, the people were asked to bring a thank-offering for the Lord and lay it on the altar. These were willingly brought. “Blankets, furs, baskets, all found their way to the Lord’s table; but there was one old, crippled man who seemed to have nothing to give, and yet he, too, was thankful. He had thought about it a long time. Must he come before the Lord empty-handed? But the idea came to him that if he could only get a suitable stick, he could shave it and make a wooden broom. The journey to the woods was a painful and a tedious one, for he had to go on his hands and knees. The broom was finished, and on the appointed Sunday the old Indian himself carried the broom to the altar.”

When we give thanks for “all the blessings of this life,” do we try to think of all, or do we just say the words, without thinking much about them? “Every good gift, and every perfect gift” should fill our hearts with that love for the Giver which will not let us rest until we offer Him our best service.