

fullest enjoyment of the blessed in the home above. He could not see any reason why his sister should not be in the immediate presence of her Saviour, and occupy one of the seats prepared for her, although she has become so miserable in this world in the flesh. This is a strange idea, certainly, and like every other idea that the Indians get hold of, clings to them most tenaciously. I should imagine that it must be a part, or connected in some way, with their former heathen superstitions or beliefs. The poor man was greatly comforted with my answer; and especially when I said that the righteous, when they leave the body, are "as angels of God." "If that be so," he ejaculated, "then it is all right with my sister." But I did not forget to make it plain to him that she must become righteous here before she can expect to be with the righteous hereafter; and that the only means made known to her is the precious blood-shedding of Christ on the cross of Calvary. This my answer developed into a sort of sermonette on the finished work of Christ, and an appeal to his own conscience and to that of his brother, who had been present all the time. I have not seen anything definite of these people up to date. It has often occurred to me to visit the Indians of that tribe, but as they are always moving about, it is difficult knowing where to find them. But one is comforted with the thought that every person hears a portion of God's Word read every morning and evening, for in every tent and house, or rather hut, there is a joyful sound of singing, reading the Scriptures and prayers. It is quite the exception for an Indian to travel without some book for private devotions, and many of them are scarcely reliable from constant use. The Indians are very much scattered in this district, and as there is no reserve, not more than two families can camp together. All through the winter there was an encampment of two tents about 17 or 18 miles from here, on the other side of North River, that is, the Nelson. I started off one morning to visit the poor people, but it proved to be the coldest walk I ever had. It was 40 degrees below zero, and when we got out on the immense river, and with the wind full in our face, we had as much as we could do to get across. My nose, cheeks and throat got frost-bitten repeatedly, but by the application of snow, circulation was restored (as I thought). When, however, I got to the tent, my left ear and my throat became very painful, showing I had not discovered the frost-bites soon enough. My ear and throat bore the marks for about two weeks. I remained with the poor people for the night, holding service in each tent the same night and the following morning. It was a real treat to converse with an old Indian, the oldest in the district. He is a Christian of the genuine sort, and is not ashamed to let it be known. There is no one who responds so heart-

ily in church as he does; and he seems to instil life and energy into the other members of the congregation. Last week he and his people were driven away from their tents by starvation, and, he particularly, had a most terrible walk through the swamp of several miles. He is living about half a mile from the church; but nothing would keep him away yesterday, although he had to rest several times coming down. I was so thankful and happy to hear his voice once more."

Letters have been received announcing the safe arrival of the Bishop of Mackenzie River at Fort Smith, on the southern boundary of his diocese.

The bishop has been much encouraged by the warm interest in his work, manifested in Canada, the United States and England. There can be no doubt of the benefit he has conferred upon the Church by his simple, yet powerful and touching addresses during his tour. Many hearts have been stirred to a deeper sense of their responsibility for the spread of the gospel in the north. The gift of the personal service of two devoted men from Wycliffe College, Toronto, is a delightful proof of how God has blessed his efforts to stir up the missionary spirit in the Church. We trust that others may yet come forward for personal service. And to those who stay at home the writer would commend for thoughtful consideration the suggestion once before made in these columns; that each diocese in the Ecclesiastical Province of Canada should assume the responsibility for the support of at least one missionary in what must for long, if not always, be the great Lone Land.

The following is a summary of the receipts by the bishop toward the support of his work:

UNITED STATES—BY DIOCESES

Minnesota.....	\$257 25
Chicago.....	264 07
S. Dakota.....	8 50
Michigan.....	185 00
Massachusetts.....	576 62
New York.....	1,343 21
Collection on board <i>Majestic</i> S.S....	283 00
England.....	561 00

CANADA—BY DIOCESES.

Niagara.....	\$1 40
Montreal.....	400 25
Toronto.....	440 77
Huron.....	403 65
Ontario.....	13 00
Quebec.....	134 72
Rupert's Land.....	225 85
Total from all sources received by the bishop direct	5,098 29

A most pleasing and encouraging incident occurred on board the *Majestic* en route to England, when, after an address by the bishop, a collection being proposed, a Chicago merchant stood up and gave unsolicited testimony to the value of missions to the Indians. He said he