

large as England! The mission, of which the present writer once had charge in a cold country, embraced nearly three hundred miles of coast line, upon which were fifty-two settlements, in each and all of which a portion of his people lived. Then again there is the hard fare which is, generally speaking, inevitable. The changes are mostly from year's end to year's end upon salt pork, salt fish, spruce beer, molasses and sometimes tea; of course there is bread, but even that by no means always. Still the hardy dwellers in cold regions possess the warmest hearts and are the most hospitable. Their habits are simple as their toil is hard and unremunerative; they are easily impressed and usually very amenable to discipline. They receive instruction gladly and willingly and will do oftentimes even more than they are well able to do for their pastor. These are distinctively encouraging aspects in the work we have been describing, and it is our earnest hope that what we have written may have moved some one to offer himself for missionary work to such bishops as those of Moosonee, Mackenzie River, and Newfoundland. The two former prelates have long been asking for helpers, indeed, more than for money, which, in their case, seems more readily forthcoming than workers. The day has gone forever, when, for a young man of good education and gentle birth, it was thought a fall, in the social scale, to become a Missionary. At the present day there are no nobler nor more intellectual men to be found in the luxurious surroundings of an English Episcopal palace than in the most remote corner of our Colonial and Foreign Missionary field. To work, to live, aye, even to die, for an Eskimo or a Terra del Fucgian savage is as valuable in the eyes of God eternal, and all wise, as to give one's life on the field of battle for a great and mighty monarch; it is certainly much more noble and ennobling than to hoard money to become a snare and a hindrance to ourselves, and often a stumbling block in the way of others. Let our young men learn to see—they cannot but admire it when once beheld—the splendid unselfishness of Jesus, His kindness, condescension and love, all of which He possessed as a man. Let them then hear and obey His command to “go,” and the Great Captain of our and their salvation will no longer find Himself upon the field of conflict with few or no followers.

Missions and Missionaries, the supporting of the former, and educating and sending forth the latter, should be the one absorbing interest for the Church Catholic or any branch thereof. Canada is beginning to realize her duty in this particular, and she is setting about fulfilling it, although, perhaps, somewhat tardily, and it would appear, unwillingly. We hope and expect much from our older brothers and sisters in the way of giving of their abundance to the work of the Church; we hope and expect much more from our younger brothers and sisters—even that they will not be

content with giving merely a share either of their pocket money or their own hard earnings, but what is far, far better, offer themselves. Waiting ever and anxiously upon the will of God, crying, “Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?” hearing, in response thereto, the heavenly command: “Son, go work in my vineyard,” then joyfully acquiescing therein with the Blessed Virgin, and in her own undying words, “Be unto me according to thy word.”

MISSIONS IN THE FAR NORTH-WEST.

By MRS. BOMPAS, OF MACKENZIE RIVER.*

I am asked, my dear friends, to tell you a little about the Mission work in the far North-west. I am delighted to do so, being cut off from my wonted occupation among our dear Indians, partly by my own ill health, and partly from my husband's dread of my having to undergo the privations that we had to endure in the winter of '86-'87. I have to accept as my greatest comfort any call to work for our Mission, as I may not work in it. I am so glad to see some zeal for the cause of Missions springing up among the church women of Canada, but yet it must be confessed there is room for improvement even in this. I am afraid that our English love of ease and luxury and refinement has spread to Canada. When people are leading easy, effeminate lives they get unconsciously deadened to the wants of their poorer neighbours. It is the same, I fear, in spiritual matters, and yet, sad it is to think, that the very abundance of our privileges should be apt to make us, perhaps, even amid our thankfulness, painfully unmindful and indifferent to those who lack such blessings. Permit me to remind you of some of the blessings you enjoy in this, now highly favoured Canada. Your hearths safe and sheltered from the sight or sound of evil; your little ones baptized and trained from the first to pure and Christian lives; your Bibles ever at hand with the blessed psalms which have cheered and sustained and comforted us through so many and such varied troubles; the words from Gospel or Epistle, which have been to us as hallowed strain of music in our way-worn lives, as sunshine in our dark places, think of the holy lives, both past and present, whose bright examples stir us up and reprove our laggard footsteps; think of your holy seasons, the Lenten calm and retirement of self restraint, the Easter joy and rapture, and of the blessed feast of love which crowns and ennobles all the rest. Am I not right in saying that you live in the midst of plenty? and that it is but fair to expect that, with no niggard hand, not grudgingly or of necessity, you should seek to extend to others these blessings which you have so freely received? Can you realize for a moment that there are, on your own continent, thousands of men and women utterly cut off from the blessings which you enjoy?

* Address to the Woman's Missionary Auxiliary, Ottawa.