



FORT SIMPSON, DIOCESE OF MACKENZIE RIVER.

made to yield to the power which has swayed their souls. It has linked men together who were strangers and enemies before; it has, in an hour, made them friends to those whose faces they had never seen; it has bound in close sympathy persons of different tastes, customs, manners, habits, and education; and has sent men forth, relinquishing their dearest ambitions and their highest hopes, sojourning as strangers in lands unknown, and separated from the fellowships and kinships in which their hearts had found delight. They have traversed deserts; they have crossed seas; their feet have pressed the sands of every shore; they have made their homes in far-off islands; they have climbed to Alpine heights; they have made their dwelling among barbarians, savages, and cannibals; they have gone forth from abodes of luxury and ease, to lives of poverty and toil, they have braved the terrors of the arctic circle and have sweltered beneath the burning heat of the tropics: they have voluntarily consented to endure hunger, and thirst, and hardship, and reproach, and poverty, and toil; they have allied themselves to suffering, and have endured scourging, and chains, and imprisonment, and death itself. These men have not been reckless, nor indifferent to their own interests. They have been persons of wisdom, and understanding and culture, fitted to grace the highest positions in

society; they have sacrificed the love of friends, and faced the fury of foes; they have left the delights of home for the struggles of exile; and they have done this, not for honour, not for grandeur, not for gain, not for fame.

They have endured without complaint; they have suffered without repining; they have died without a murmur of disappointment or a word of regret. And this has been going on for many, many centuries, and is going on to-day. There are thousands still ready to lead a forlorn hope, and ten thousands more of their comrades are standing behind them, ready to press forward and fill the broken ranks whenever a hero falls. They have fought on thus for ages, and yet they have not won wealth, nor honour, nor power. They have had a heritage of toil, and conflict, and affliction; they have been hunted through life, hated and defamed in death, and yet they have triumphed amid it all.

What mighty force has bound such a brotherhood together? What mysterious power has launched them into the world, and held them steadfast through the roll of passing centuries? Under whose command did they go? Under whose direction have they acted? They spurn human authority in matters of the highest moment; they bow to no ruler's behest; emperors cannot awe them, kings cannot control them, warriors cannot frighten them. What, then, is