

snow-houses. These were built near large boulders of ice, and looked like large bee-hive-shaped piles of snow. This peculiar Arctic town, the inhabitants of which numbered in all fifty-five souls, was situated on the frozen sea some four miles from the main land. My snow-house was inhabited by three persons besides myself. My host had been a noted conjuror: his wife, who was rather young, was cleanly in appearance, which fact speaks volumes for an Eskimo, while their little foster-son, a nice, hearty little fellow about six years of age, made quite at home with me, so that we got on famously together.

Our daily life was as follows: Kettle filled with snow-water was placed over oil-lamp at about 6 a.m. I crept out of fur sleeping-bag about seven, and dressed. Breakfast then followed. This generally consisted of seal steak, biscuit and coffee. After breakfast, had prayer with the people, and then went out for a walk on the ice-floe. After walk, had private reading, and sought to realize in my own soul the presence of the Lord. From 10 to 12 a.m. visited the people in their snow-houses. The inmates were taught the leading facts of the Christian faith—man's lost, sinful state, Christ's all-sufficient salvation, and the power of God the Holy Ghost to convince, teach, and sanctify. After dinner, held school for children. We had sixteen on our list of names, and bright, intelligent little creatures they were. After school, took long walk on the vast plain of ice, and visited again till tea-time. When the men returned from hunting in the evening, they assembled in our snow residence, when by the light of an oil-lamp, we read our little books, sang the praises of God, and they then listened most attentively while I spoke to them of the Saviour's love. The people did show a remarkable desire for instruction, and some of them are now able to read. The reading-sheets which I gave them the previous year had been used to good purpose, and as I promised to give a book to every one who mastered the Syllabic characters, and could read the sheets, I was besieged with applicants, who, after passing through a rather stiff examination successfully, carried off the books they had won with many exclamations of joy and pleasure. While preaching the Gospel on the frozen waste, God did not leave me without tokens of His blessing. One day I entered into a snow-house, cold and gloomy, and there I saw a poor man wasted away in the last stage of consumption. I was informed that he had not sought help from any of the conjurors, and he certainly showed a marked desire for instruction, and seemed to have a clear view of the plan of salvation. He was with us at Blacklead Island during the winter of 1894, and had heard much of Jesus. The Word of God had thus been

cast into "good ground," and had brought forth fruit to the praise and glory of God. Before I returned from the frozen sea to Blacklead Island I had many opportunities of teaching him, and he was most pleased to hear several of our Lord's precious words, such as Matt. xi, 28, "Come unto Me," etc. When I spoke of the Saviour's unfailing love, he said, "Jesus is good, I thank Him." He also used the few words of praise and prayer it had been our privilege to teach him: "Jesus, I thank Thee, because Thou hast died for me." Through the ravages of the terrible disease from which he suffered, he finally passed away—passed away, I believe, into life; fulness of life in the presence of the Lord who ransomed this lost one, and drew him by the cords of love into His fold.

Friends who read this brief account will have heard, no doubt, of the terrible loss the Mission suffered through the death of Mr. Parker. Mr. Sampson, our fellow-laborer, who only went out last year, is now alone at Blacklead Island, and I shall, (D.V.) go out again in the latter part of June or the beginning of July, to help our brave brother in the work. I earnestly desire the prayers of Christian friends, both for Mr. Sampson, myself, and the dear ones who will be left behind "for His sake" in the home land. We cannot all go out to the mission field, but we can "labor together in prayer." Pray then that the Arctic wilds may be lit up with the glorious light of the Gospel, and that we may have all needful grace given to bear that feeling of isolation and desolation which sometimes creeps into the soul, while living far away in the ice regions of the North!

KEEPING THE SABBATH.—A missionary writing about the Indians living in the far northern diocese of Moosonee, Canada, says:—"What has rejoiced me is the fact that several have tried hard to keep the Sabbath-day holy. I had a most encouraging conversation with one, who told me that even when they have nothing to eat, he finds it hard to go hunting on Sundays, knowing Whose day it is. Another one told me that they do not even visit the nets if they have a little for one meal on Sunday. Several have family prayers daily, and for this purpose I printed them a book of morning and evening prayers."

Fiji is the remotest British possession where there is an organized Anglican Church and clergy, and Levuka owing to its geographical position 178°51'E. Greenwich, enjoys the peculiar distinction of commencing the "wave of song" which taking its rise there passes on through Suva, New Zealand, Australia, India, Africa, England and America with the sun until it has encircled the globe.