

## THE JOURNAL OF THE RIGHT REV. J. A. NEWNHAM.

## BISHOP OF MOOSONEE.

3rd<sup>d</sup> July, Fort York again.—Well here I am at last, going to steal a little time to get on with my journal. I hoped to do so at Churchill, but my whole time was taken up either with downright work, or with conversation with the lonely Lofthouses. I have been here two days, but until now, not a moment to myself till I went to bed. Now the rush of work is over and I MUST get on with my writing for the few days left me, between the many calls for *direct* work, e. g. to-night, Indian confirmation and Holy Communion, to-morrow business with the H. B. Company's Master, and preparation of Rev. William Dick, (Indian) for priest's orders, next day the Ordination service, besides, I suppose, daily service at 7. p.m., and countless other things to be settled. All has gone well so far. I have been wonderfully favoured with weather, so that I experienced none of the terrors, and little of the delays of the Coast trip, (barring the Mosquitos). I had a very profitable and happy time at Churchill; I have helped to lift a load off the back of the Lofthouses and to bring a little light and fresh air into their life; I have seen herds of reindeer quite close, though I have not yet shot one; and I have shot a polar bear! (that is, I was one of the three who shot it, for it took all our bullets to kill it), and am sending the skin to Montreal to be dressed.

Monday 8th July after countless vexations and needless delays we got our men on board the boat and started from York at 5. 30. p.m. The vessel was just a large rough open boat, pointed at both ends, about 30 feet long, about 6 feet at the widest part; with a very rough and open flooring. She carried one mast (? rough pole) and square sail; and four great sea-going oars and we had a crew of three. As we didn't intend to camp at night, we carried a "fire kettle" i. e. a great iron cauldron, with layer of sand at the bottom and great holes punched out to make a draught, in which we made our wood fire to cook our meals. Of course there had to be great hand shaking with all the Indians seeing us off, and the flag of the fort waved answer to my flag on the mast. The tide was ebbing, which would help us, but wind was contrary, so we borrowed a couple of boys and started with four oars going (they are very huge and heavy), the crew all joining in the boat song or hymn started by our "guide"; who was Joseph Kichy Keshik our native catechist. The time and tune are good for