

and with dog teams generally lame and broken up. Well, maybe Sinclair didn't pour in hot shot about keeping the Sabbath, and maybe they were not a disgusted crowd. Jews and all that were among them, as they heard how, while they had toiled on over slushy trails and were wearied, he took his Sabbath rest and rose early and with dogs

The greatest opportunities for dropping seed come by the wayside. Such scenes as below, "an axe to grind," come, and I know from the man's own lips the uplift that the chance conversation of a few minutes gave his life. The successful missionaries here are the men who can with tact and kindness use these chances.



The Missionary turns the Grindstone.

fresh and strong had beaten them out. It was a great object lesson, and a great joy to me to see the higher critics of an effete Sabbath go down before triumphant orthodoxy. Verily there is "wisdom that is profitable to direct."

The comradeship of Queen's men is proverbial, but just imagine what it is in the Yukon. Change the characters, but keep the spirit of these lines, and you have it.

"She loved me for the dangers I had passed,
And I loved her that she did pity me."

There are scores of men in here who met Sinclair when he kept the gateway to the Klondyke at Skagway in '98, and as these greeted him I learned something of the hold he had on that town during the stirring times of Soapy Smith's regime and the railway riots.

The work on the creeks is that of a circuit rider, with nothing to ride perchance but his hobby. Every Sunday a tramp of twenty or thirty miles, always climbing some dome a thousand feet high that lies between stations. Then the surroundings are not always solemn and decorous. The saloon keeper puts the dining room at your disposal, but a burro-team arrives, upsetting all calculations. Some men are there because they want to help; others lounge about the door because they want to be in it and yet not of it, while others again, maybe, are occupying the bunks that line the room, and these from under cover keep up a running comment on the whole business.

Here is another example of the nature of the work. The missionary drops into a camp and is invited to stay for the night. He has a short service. Then the men turn in and half a dozen or more are in the burks hung round the room. Some one, and he may be a graduate, thinking of something read or said during the evening, begins a discussion in which his superior knowledge of philosophy or some Oriental cult will stand him in good stead. The talk goes on till long past midnight, and when it is done he realizes that this sunbrowned hardy missionary has read as widely and thought as deeply as himself on these questions of good and evil, life and death, and the ways of God in nature and in history. He finds that the widest reading and most fearless spirit of inquiry are not inconsistent with faith in Jesus of Nazareth, as the soul's Lord and Saviour, and he finds too that for this man at least, the Gospel of the Christ is deeper than his greatest needs, higher than his noblest aims, and wider than his broadest charity.

Our Yukon pioneers have compelled respect for the cause and church which they represented here, inasmuch as these Westerners found them men who were unselfish, men of rock-like resolution, yet withal men of great kindness.

Sinclair also has proved himself worthy of a place in that Apostolic succession, and I trust that when he returns East the Church will greet him with a "Well done, faithful servant."