

Bear. I shall not soon forget the intense interest with which we hung upon his words as he told the story of that terrible time—of the capture, the starvation, the joy of liberation, his success in hunting when every one of the party depended upon his gun, and the unspeakable gladness when he met the white men that were in search of them. Said he, "I reached my hand but could not speak." After our evening service, and an interesting chat before the blazing camp-fire, we lay down to sleep, but found it a failure. My clothes were damp with sweat from running, and the cold was so intense that I scarcely got even a doze. Next morning, while still the stars looked down upon us with steel-grey coldness, we were already on the tramp. That night we reached two Indian camps, in which four families were huddled; went in and received a warm welcome. One man had killed a deer, and we were given all the venison we wanted to eat. But with the exception of this deer they had nothing. One poor fellow and his wife had set five nets and visited them, finding only two small fish, and he was nearly starving. We gathered the people together in the largest camp, and preached to them; sang and prayed, baptized their children, gave them the sacraments, and commended them to God. Left next morning after sunrise, yet no moderation in the intense cold. For two days we pushed on through thick swamp and muskeg, across lakes and over portages, and down rivers. At last we reached three Indian camps, built of logs after old shanty fashion, about six feet high, perfectly flat roof, and about 12 x 16 feet. Here six families were living, some of them of the Norway House Band. They were pleased to see us, and though I assure you we were pretty well crowded, yet we knew we were as welcome as if we had been in our own home. A deer killed that day, and brought to the door while we were in the camp, was dressed with surprising dispatch, and two large kettles of meat set on the fire. When done—not over-done be assured—we ate supper. Then we called in the neighboring families and sang "Kutta yakwamemin" (A Charge to Keep I Have), and began our service, which was greatly enjoyed. I preached and administered the sacrament, which was received by some in tears of gladness. I also baptized two children. After service the people of the camp "lay to" and ate again, and before we rolled up for the night they ate once more, and long before day, again they "lay to," and before we started, once more they ate. In this camp we met with one Indian from Cross Lake, of untarnished reputation. For years he has been battling with consumption, while slowly and surely he is being worsted in the struggle, but he lives daily in the conscious presence of the Saviour. He told me that he holds almost constant communion with the Master, and is only waiting to hear His call to go.

We were now within two days of Split Lake. The two young men again struck the jump. Here let me say that I never before saw such endurance as these two young men showed. They were not more than sixteen years of age, and they ran two hundred miles in four short days, a great part of the way with snow shoes calculated only to make a track for the dogs, and not to keep them above the snow, into which they sank nearly knee-deep at every step. They slept during those intensely cold nights with one single blanket around them, and yet when we left the last fire, twenty miles from Hudson Bay Company's Post across a lake, they began to leave us, and when we had travelled ten miles they were not in sight. Let some of the athletes try that race; they may "go as they please," but I venture to say they would be pleased to go by cariole before the journey was completed. At dark, we reached the Post, there were not many Indians in. We sent a man early to tell the nearest camps, and soon we had a congregation. Services were held in a small house intended for servants. We conducted preaching services and prayer-meetings,

administered the sacrament, baptized the children, and married one couple. The services were highly appreciated. The York Indians are earnest Christians, well versed in the Scriptures. They have not united with us, holding on to the hope that a missionary of the Episcopal Church will be sent. The Indians were living well when we were there. Deer were plentiful; every river and lake and marsh, in fact the whole country, was literally tracked up, and we could see them standing on the lakes in hundreds. Sometimes they looked like islands, and when they fled off, it looked as if the forest was moving away.

Think not this is an over-drawn story; the deer travel that country by thousands. "Coming home was," as you expressed it yourself, Doctor, "very much like going out, only a little more so." We held services in the same places. Appointed one leader of services at the three camps. Held a very impressive fellowship-meeting with them, and reached home after nineteen days' absence. Never until the last half day did the intense cold let up.

THE BRITISH COLUMBIA CONFERENCE.

Letter from REV. G. F. HOPKINS, dated BELLA BELLA, B.C., March 3rd, 1892.

A FEW lines from this mission may not be out of place at this time of the year. Two or three years ago a subscription was started amongst the Indians here to build a new church. However, nothing further was done till this last fall. We then procured a suitable plan from Architect T. Hooper, of Victoria, B.C. Mr. Hooper kindly presented the plan, and aided the work in other ways. The lumber did not arrive as we expected, so that the rainy weather had set in before we hardly got under way. But the work went on slowly, but surely, till just before Christmas, when we had the outside carpenter work completed. The Indians of this place, with the superintendence of your missionary, had done all the work.

The main part of the building is 30 x 45 feet. There is also a pulpit recess 6 x 16 feet, thus making the building, in reality, 51 feet long. Then there is a porch 8 x 12 feet, above which rises a tower 8 x 8 feet, crowned with a four-square spire. The spire tip is about 80 feet from the ground. The whole makes a very neat and beautiful exterior. We hope, as soon as the weather permits, to finish the painting. Those who have seen the building, as far as completed, say that it will be the best looking church on the northern coast. We hope soon to send a photo of it for the OUTLOOK.

The interior will be in keeping with the outside. There will be a wainscot as high as the windows of 1 x 4 tongued and grooved cedar, stained in dark and light varnish. Then lining of 1 x 4, matched, will be put in, arched ceiling for pulpit recess, and a circle joining together the studs and collars in the ceiling in main building. This is all to be painted white. But, from all appearances, the inside will have to remain unfinished for the present, as the lumber is not dry enough, and then we have used about all of our available money. Our people promise to subscribe again after the fishing season next summer. We need about \$250; this not including lamps or stoves.

The two native trading companies here gave me money enough to purchase a 400-pound Buckeye bell. It has a very clear, sweet tone, and nicely finishes off our new church belfry.

There has been a great amount of sickness in the village this winter. The whooping cough attacked nearly every child, and fifteen or sixteen have died from its effects. We are thankful to say there are no new cases, and those who have had it are mostly improving. This sickness has necessarily interfered with our church attendance, yet we