

twenty years Mr. Kirkby—afterwards raised to the rank of Archdeacon—continued his work in the North-West.

On Christmas Day, in the year 1865, to the great astonishment of Mr. Kirkby, a clergyman from England arrived at Fort Simpson. The joy with which such a visitor was welcomed may be imagined when it is remembered that Mr. Kirkby had been working alone for six years, utterly isolated during that long period from the rest of the world, working hard, as the scarlet-fever had broken out among the Indians, and the whole of his family had been prostrated by it. With a heavy heart he had ministered to the sick and dying Indians with no one near to cheer him or help him. Such a thing as an arrival in winter was never thought of in that lonely spot. The thermometer falls there sometimes sixty degrees below zero, and is never above twenty! After the boats left in the fall, no visitors were looked for till the following June. The arrival then of the Rev. W. C. Bompas (now Bishop of Mackenzie River), was an unexpected pleasure. He arrived in time for the morning service on Christmas day, and in the evening preached from the words, "Behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people."*

How strange must have been this life at Fort Simpson, during those long winters, with the nights of twenty hours duration! The house, too, was somewhat cheerless, with parchment for windows, instead of glass. They had to depend upon the Hudson's Bay ship for supplies, and when they gave an order they had to wait two years to have it filled. "Fancy," he drily remarked in Toronto, "waiting for two years for a dress for the baby!" And then the orders were not always filled. Once after waiting two years for a suit of clothes, he found that it had been forgotten. His wife then made him a coat (and a very good one too, he says), out of a large black shawl!

The church which is shown in the picture was built for the Slave and other Indians under Mr. Kirkby's care, and was opened on Easter Day, 1867. With this church he was greatly delighted, and spoke of it as "a little gem." In 1868, after sixteen years of unremitting labours, Mr. Kirkby visited England, where his graphic speeches did good service in the mission cause. In 1870 he once more started for the North-West, but on arriving at Red River in June of that year, had the mortification of finding that he was too late for the boats. They had all stopped running, and would not resume their trips till the following year. This altered the whole course of his life. It was decided that he should not return to his former post at all, but proceed to York Fort, 1,500 miles in another direction, to take charge of a vacant station

there. Though this involved great hardship and the acquirement of a new language—Cree instead of Chippewyan, Mr. Kirkby, like a good soldier, obeyed orders. At Churchill, however, (the most northerly of the Hudson's Bay Company's forts on the bay) some Chippewyan Indians were found who were delighted to hear the Gospel message in their own tongue. When Mr. Kirkby arrived at this place he found the house of the Hudson's Bay Company's agent surrounded by a drift of snow fifteen feet deep, and all the men available digging out the inmates; "but," he says, "in this snow house I met with a hearty welcome," and he adds, "it is strange to feel that one is at the last house in the world, and yet this truly is so on this side of the continent; there is not another between this and the Polar sea, or the end of the earth!" Mr. Kirkby was one of the first, if not the first, to cross into the Arctic Circle, and he describes how strange it was to see the sun going round and round in a circle, the day and night the same. He speaks of the Eskimos as being great thieves. He was warned of this, and on meeting with them for the first time he sat upon his box, which contained all the valuables he had, and was amused at their attempts to induce him to leave it. In this cold region Archdeacon Kirkby laboured for many years, and earned the right to minister in the latter portion of his days in a better country and among a civilized people, a privilege which he now enjoys as Rector of Rye in the Diocese of New York. His son, Rev. D. N. Kirkby, continues his father's work as a devoted missionary in the distant North-West.

THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERHOOD.

FROM "CORRUPTIONS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT," BY H. L. HASTINGS, BOSTON.



HERE are certain secret fraternities which sometimes are very efficient. Invisible leaders direct their course of action, and terrible oaths, enforced by horrid penalties, leave the members of these associations no choice but to obey or die. But their influence is usually shortlived, and most of them soon pass and are forgotten.

There is, however, to-day a brotherhood of men which has long existed in the earth, and which is subject to a control more mysterious than any other of which this world affords us an example. For eighteen centuries the members of this fraternity have felt themselves bound by laws which were paramount to earthly obligation. The ties of kinship, the charms of pleasure, the authority of monarchs, and all the motives that sway the hearts of men from the highest to the lowest, had given way to some more potent bond. Every earthly ambition, appetite, passion, desire, and hope has been

* See "Day Spring in the Far West," Chapter VII., where an account of Mr. Bompas' journey is given.