

a hearty vote of thanks was tendered to them, and a loving comment made upon the willingness with which the little ones had given up "holiday hours and pocket money," to help the mission cause; these practical proofs of their interest being an encouragement to their elders to a like "patient continuance in well doing." At the second meeting, held on 13th inst., a resolution of congratulation and welcome to the Bishop and Mrs. Baldwin was carried by a standing vote. Mention was made of the safe arrival of, and the satisfactory work already accomplished by, the Huron W. A.'s Lady Missionary at Omoksene; of an interesting letter from Mrs. Sillitoe, of New Westminster Diocese, and of the great need of some immediate help being sent to the Rev. F. Frost, the burnt-out missionary, at Sheguiandah, with grateful acknowledgments of the gifts already sent in answer to the appeal on his behalf. The special object of this meeting was to hear from Mrs. Spendlove, now returning to Mackenzie River, some account of her twelve years' work there. Her simple narrative was listened to with rapt attention, and but for questions put to her, she would have made no mention whatever of the daily self-denials and positive suffering, privation and loneliness such a life had entailed. Amongst the facts gleaned were, that during a time of special starvation, when death stared the missionaries in the face, and carried off 36 of their Indians, the Rev. Mr. Spendlove on one occasion tasted nothing but water for five days; that Mrs. S. and Mrs. Bompas (the Bishop's wife) "never actually went longer than two days quite without something," that something being a stray fish, caught by themselves, of a kind only eaten by Indians in their extremity—the good fish having failed as had all else—and their usual store of tinned food and groceries not reaching them. She told how God had almost worked a miracle to save them, and by it not only restored their poor bodies, but also the expiring faith of their starving converts. The story ran thus: "My husband, who had gone on a fruitless search for relief, was starting home. On the third day they were utterly exhausted. My husband knelt down on the track to pray. The Indians said it is no use, 'God will not hear.' . . . My husband loosed the dogs, and strange to say, instead of lying down, the dogs ran off into the woods. One of the dogs came back with his nose covered with blood. The Indians followed, and found a moose killed by the wolves, and actually left by them untouched. The Indians said we will never say again, 'There is no God,' and one of them wept. When that meat was brought to us, who had eaten none for so many weeks, you may imagine how good it tasted!" . . . In one quarter Mrs. Spendlove told of faithful Christian Indians, 300 being communicants; and spoke of the encouragements, which more than counterbalanced the hardships of the missionaries' lives in the frozen north. Of that most noble man, Bishop Bompas, she said he had, during his whole thirty years of service only left his