

early as the middle of September, and not leaving us till the first or second week in June. Although the winters are so long, and at intervals very severe (I have experienced 78 below zero and have been tripping when the thermometer stood at 60 below), they are decidedly preferable to the short summers, on account of the great heat (90 in the shade) and the swarms of flies and mosquitoes. Then again, travelling in the summer, which must be undertaken if the Indians are to be reached and taught, is much more difficult than in winter, there being no roads, and every part of the long journey having to be gone over in a boat or canoe. Going down stream at the rate of six or seven miles an hour (the current in many of the rivers is very strong, especially in some parts) is pleasant enough, and being away from land, we are almost entirely free from mosquitoes; but the return, the keeping close to the shore, the pulling or hauling against the stream, the myriads of mosquitoes at our camping-places, and, in consequence, our sleepless nights,—the memory of such occasions are present with me yet. Still the encouragement one often receives on these long trips, both summer and winter, compensates for all one has to endure. The journey, its difficulties, and the fatigue, are all soon forgotten, and one is quite ready when the time comes to set out again. The work is slow, and often very discouraging; the time given to the Indians met with on these long trips is after all very short, and very little instruction can be given. I have long looked upon the missionary in North-West America as one who is over-reaching himself, trying to do too much, and the result is he accomplishes very little. Someone may see and suggest a way out of the difficulty. We missionaries, who labor among these scattered tribes of Indians, envy those who can remain with their flock, ministering unceasingly to their spiritual necessities; but the *work* is God's, the *duty* ours, and if but one soul through our feeble instrumentality be saved, what a reward!

The Indians everywhere—and I have labored among them now for fifteen years, and at four different stations many hundred miles apart—are very much the same, and when met by the missionary for the first time are very ignorant and superstitious. They are filled with fear by their medicine-men, and it is some time before their confidence can be gained; but when this has been done, and they once understand that you have their interest at heart, they are, as a rule, most loyal, and in their way, which sometimes is a curious way—affectionate. They are all very poor, and depend entirely upon hunting, fishing and trapping. Should these fail they are very pitiable, as they say, which in their language is very expressive,

and means in very great straits, and unless help be given them, they must starve. As it is they live very much from hand to mouth, fasting much oftener than feasting. My observations have led me to this conclusion, viz., that they are sadly neglected. Who is altogether responsible for this I am not quite prepared to say. They need assistance, and surely the least return the Government could make them for the wealth which is now being taken out of their country, would be as our good Bishop remarked to me before leaving home—to enable them to share the blessings of civilization by educating their families. In addition to this they need something that shall raise them, raise them from death of sin to a life of righteousness, and this the Gospel can do and has done for many of them. We rejoice that the Gospel knows no limit, but is the power of God unto salvation, even to a poor Red Indian, if he only believe. The country of the Yukon district, which has, until the last few years, been closed—that is to say, the only residents in it being a few traders and a handful of missionaries—is opening up in a wonderful way. Especially is this so on the upper part of the Yukon river, where the rush to the Klondyke gold fields is causing great excitement, and not a little anxiety on the supply or provision question. The rush in these particular mines had not commenced when we left the country (July, 1896), but the spot and the adjacent neighborhood are familiar, and were the scene of our labors for two years.

Once on the River Yukon, at either end, one feels that the greatest difficulties are left behind. The quickest and more dangerous way to Klondyke, on account of several bad canyons to be got over, is the descent from its head-waters; the slower and surer way is via St. Michael's and up stream some 1500 miles. Klondyke lies on the left-hand side going up stream, and but for being near Forty Mile Creek, the headquarters of the Bishop—the distance is about thirty miles, and our stations have to be hundreds of miles apart—it would long ago have been chosen for a Mission station. A large number of Indians gather here during the summer season, and these have received occasional visits from C.M.S. missionaries. I found when visiting them that many of them could both read and write. The place is famous for its fishing. Great hauls of beautiful large salmon are taken in traps and nets each summer, which accounts for so many Indians being found here. The fact that the salmon were so plentiful at this point, decided a miner to establish himself there for the purpose of putting up salmon in barrels, to sell to the miners who were then working Forty Mile Creek. He was very successful, and made much more than he would have done at min-