

to say he had not at present the means to help them. Surely such devotion and earnestness as theirs deserves recognition and aid. God grant that it may be forthcoming, and that before long those logs may be turned into the framework of a substantial little church in which our people of Silverwater may freely worship and give praise to God.

The next day the Bishop returned to Gore Bay, having driven over 110 miles in three days, and from there he boarded the steamer to return to the mainland, after a pleasant trip, but sad at heart that he was not able to do more both for the Indian and white population of the Manitoulin. *Algoma Missionary News.*

LETTER FROM THE BISHOP OF MACKENZIE RIVER.

ST. DAVID'S MISSION, FORT SIMPSON,
MACKENZIE RIVER, N.W.T., CANADA.
November, 1897.

My dear Dr. Davidson,



LETTER from me will be looked for about this time, so I will proceed to give a summary of the year's proceedings, and will begin with Fort Simpson.

In my last letter I mentioned the growing desire for instruction manifested by some of the Fort Simpson Indians, and expressed the hope that more of them would become communicants. This hope, thank God, has been realized. Last month four more women were confirmed, and received the Lord's supper for the first time; and we have been kept busy teaching. Last winter, besides holding school in the morning, I spent three or four hours in the after part of the day visiting and teaching six or eight women in their own homes; some of whom read through the greater part of the New Testament, and committed to memory whole chapters. In addition to these about the same number came to my wife individually, and have learnt, more or less perfectly, the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, the Decalogue (in brief), and some other prayers and hymns.

Committing to memory is real hard work for most of the Indians, so, as a stimulus, we invited Mrs. Reeve's scholars to afternoon tea, and, after a few words of encouragement and exhortation, gave each a good warm petticoat.

It is, therefore, with much thankfulness that I can report good attendance at Church, both on week-days and Sundays; a great improvement in the singing and responses; two adult baptisms, nine communicants added to the previous very small number, and that two families of Roman Catholics have joined us.

Episcopal visitations cannot, as a rule, be made in winter, owing to the difficulty of travel. They have to be postponed until the rivers and lakes are free of ice, and a passage

opened for boats and canoes. Early in June, and again in July, the Hudson Bay Company's steamer goes down the Mackenzie, and, through the kindness of the company, an opportunity is given me of reaching the northern missions, and, on its return, those in the southern part of the diocese.

In June, therefore, I began my usual tour, and first of all went to Fort Wrigley. Mr. Webb has been here since the summer of last year, and has had to carry on his work under difficulties, the chief being scarcity of food. So great was this that two Indians starved to death, and others would have perished but for the aid they received from the fort and mission. The same cause hindered some of the Indians from coming to the fort at the usual time, and thus prevented me from seeing them. Those who had assembled were ministered to in the usual way—daily evening prayers were held, which were pretty well attended, the young were taught in school, individual instruction was given as opportunity offered, a couple were married, an elderly woman and six infants were received into the Church by baptism, medicine was administered to the sick, and numerous little doles of flour were given to help to eke out their scanty supply of food.

Rare and valuable as these opportunities are they are not the best times for imparting religious instruction. Their minds are too much occupied with trading their furs, seeing their friends, talking over the events of the year, etc., to give the necessary attention to the concerns of their souls. The most satisfactory, the most encouraging time is when the missionary can follow them into the woods, and there quietly in their own homes, in the old fashioned way by line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little, day after day, drop the truths of saving grace upon their ears, and force them in by reiteration and constant application. This is what Mr. Webb hopes to do this winter, and what he would have done last, but for lack of food.

Another difficulty which he will have now to face is the presence of two Romish priests who have recently established themselves there. They are formidable adversaries, the more so, as he is not in holy orders, and cannot, therefore, baptize. Much prayer is needed on his behalf, as he has a difficult position to fill.

On the return of the steamer, which was delayed thirteen days by running aground on a sandbar, I accompanied it to Fort Simpson, where I remained over a week, and had the joy of ministering to the largest congregation of Indians I have ever seen in this church.

As I wished to reach Fort Norman a few days ahead of the steamer, so as to have a little longer time with the Indians, I started alone in a small canoe, accomplishing the dis-