

ran about 20 miles and took a second breakfast about 8.30, following the old adage,—“you can't do a good thing too often;” and, considering the climate, it is not a bad plan when you breakfast at 3 a.m. Here we found several families, as there were plenty of sturgeon at the fisheries.

We left an appointment to hold Sacramental service on our return, as we had to come back this way. After travelling 13 hours, the men prepared our second dormitory the same as the former one, only smaller. We found it much colder than last night. Our dormitory has all the disadvantages of the old Dutch fireplace, of cold one side and warm the other—multiplied by one hundred. I literally scorched my coat one side, while the other was only a little above the freezing point, and had to turn first one side, then the other to the fire, scarce knowing which was the worst, the cold on one hand or the heat on the other. Then add to these little inconveniences a shower of sparks, for they come thick and fast, and you have an idea of camping out in the North. The thermometer, two feet from where I wrote this and not ten feet from the fire, was 15 degrees below zero.

Its all very fine for some men to sit in their counting-rooms or offices, and say “the Missionaries have fine times,” but just let them change places with us a night or two and they will never again utter such a scandal. But these souls must be looked after, and there are those who do it, and there are those who supply the means.

“The love of Christ doth me constrain,
To seek the wand'ring souls of men.”

During the night I was wakened by a stinging sensation in my shoulder. My “breathing-hole” got too large and let the night air to my shoulder, causing the peculiar sensation. We sleep with all our clothing on. I had taken my wolf-skin coat off and wrapped around me, in addition to the robes and blankets. I drew my coat closer around my shoulder, made my breathing-hole smaller, then I felt a rheumatic pain in my hip, caused by lying in one position, for to turn over is to get the night air, which soon freezes whatever is exposed to it. I moved a little which gave me ease. Then I thought of others

who had suffered like things still farther North; they, forsooth, looking for “the North-west passage;” I, for goodly pearls, and fell beautifully asleep on the words,—

“If in the night I sleepless lie,
My mind with heavenly thoughts supply;
Thoughts that shall me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.”

We started the third day between five and six; it being cloudy, we could not start earlier travelled all day, and only found one family in the afternoon. At dark,—for we travelled later than usual, hoping to reach the Indians I wished to visit,—we had to make our camp, for the guide could not follow the trail any further. The weather is much milder than last night, yet far too cold for comfort.

My interpreter tells me the provisions are going to be short, and I have not yet seen the Indians I wished to see. Woke, Thursday, 3.15 a.m. What must be done? Provision is life in this country—three days from Hon. Hudson's Bay Company's Fort. my object not accomplished. I thought “my God whom I serve will provide,” and resolved to continue my journey till noon, when we must turn back. Woke the men, and started at 5.30, and found the people about 8 a.m. There are five families, and for four hours and a half I taught them in the largest wigwam, into which all gathered.

After speaking personally to each, I administered the Sacrament to eleven, who are all following the light they have, having been converted in former years. They pledged themselves to diligence in prayers, and faithfulness in the service of God. I also baptized three children.

After dinner, while arranging my cariole to return, a widow came to me and explained her circumstances, which were briefly these. She had no husband to provide clothing, &c., all of which her tattered garment told, for she said she had no under garments. What was I to do? To say “be warned” and bid her good-bye. No! I took one of my blankets I had so much felt the need of only two nights before, and handed it to her, feeling, “'tis more blessed to give than to receive.” Two cold nights were still between me and home, and yet without my blanket I was more