

generally as follows:—Breakfast at 8 a.m., which was prepared by either Mr. Parker or myself. This generally consisted of fried seal-steak, coffee, and bread. The bread was made twice a week and was cooked in the oven of our stove. The yeast was made by the writer, and I found Edwards' preserved potatoes a good substitute for fresh potatoes in causing the other ingredients, viz., hops boiled in water, sugar, salt, and flour, to "work" well. After breakfast we had prayer together, and then went on with study of the language from 9 to 10 a.m. From 10 to 11.30 I went on with transposition and translation of the Gospels. From 11.30 to 12.30 had a walk, if possible, on the frozen sea. Dinner 1 p.m., which generally consisted of seal-steaks or some kind of preserved meat, together with some preserved vegetables. Rice or tapioca puddings were also sometimes made by adding five parts of water to one of condensed milk, and then were cooked by baking in a fairly hot oven. After dinner we generally had a little recreative reading to refresh the mind, and we then taught the children. Tea was at 5 p.m.; after tea prepared for evening meeting. Meeting at 7 p.m.; this generally continued until 8.30. After meeting some of our Eskimo friends often pay us a visit. They sometimes remained with us chatting away until prayer time. Prayers at 10 p.m., after which we retired to rest.

SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCES.

The Arctic cold, though so intense, is not our greatest trial. Clad in fur clothing and with proper attention to diet one can even enjoy the dry, bracing, Arctic atmosphere. What one does feel is the sense of utter loneliness, a desire to hear something, at least, of the loved ones far away, a hungering for some fresh mental food to break the monotony of one's surroundings. Perhaps these factors, through the grace of God, make one's spiritual experiences all the more real and deep. One seems, at times especially, to live in contact with the heavenly powers. Prayers and the study of God's holy Word become *realities* to one. Faith is strengthened by the felt need of the Saviour's presence and help, and I continually realized in our Arctic home a wonderful sustaining and upholding power. One also felt comforted by the Spirit of God, no doubt, in answer to the prayers of many in the home land.

THE DEATH OF MR. PARKER.

My friend and fellow-laborer (Mr. Parker) was our right hand in the work, and his influence over the people was very great. We laboured together for nearly two years, and were able to carry the Gospel to the Eskimo living on the frozen sea and other places.

When the ice was broken up in the month of August, Mr. Parker, with Mr. Hall (Mr. Noble's agent at Blacklead Island), a Captain Clisby, and four Eskimo left the island to go to a river, where they hoped to catch some salmon. A squall must have struck the boat, and, sad to say, every soul perished. I can hardly dwell upon that sad accident which deprived me of so helpful a companion; I can only hope that God may use that life, so freely consecrated to the Lord, to incite many a young man and woman to give up their all to Christ.

And now as I go forward again (D.V.), in the latter part of June or the beginning of July, to help our brave brother (Mr. Sampson) in the work, I need hardly say how much I shall value your prayers both for Mr. Sampson, myself, and the work. And not only do I ask your prayers for ourselves, but also for the loved ones who will be left behind "for His sake." Many a dear one in the home land bears as heavy a cross, yes, and perhaps heavier than those who go forward, so to speak, to the heat of the battle. Theirs is a time of anxious waiting and suspense. Let them not be forgotten at the Throne of Grace. In conclusion, I feel sure that friends will support us in our Arctic enterprise, which, of course, is not for purposes of discovery or for scientific objects (noble indeed as these are), but for an object of far more importance—the salvation of immortal souls.—*Church Missionary Gleaner.*

A SERVICE IN THE LOPSTICK SETTLEMENT.

BY THE REV. R. CONNELL,
In the S. P. G. Gospel Missionary.



ON the northern bank of the Saskatchewan River, some sixty miles below what was once *Fort Edmonton*, but is now the typical frontier town of Edmonton, and ten miles above Fort Victoria, there lies (in the Diocese of Calgary) what is known as the Lopstick Settlement. The situation is decidedly picturesque; the wide, calm but swiftly flowing river (Saskatchewan—swift current); the high sloping banks, the southern covered with the silvery poplar and dark spruce, the northern stretching away in successive terraces of rich grass interspersed with little natural plantations, and fringed on the riverside by large poplar, cotton-wood, and spruce trees, while the highest terrace is crowned with a long stretch of bluff or wood; and over all the deep blue of our western skies. Set in this landscape are the mud-washed houses of the settlement. The people are half-breeds of English or Scotch and Cree ancestry. It is a great many years now since they settled here—the days in fact of Indian