

speaks of the Rev. Mr. Spendlove, after fifteen years in the arctic region *with only three months furlough*, and most of the time at a peculiarly trying station, finds his health breaking down.

Hay River is spoken of in the same letter as "a bright spot in the diocese, the Indians having already learned to esteem Mr. Marsh." At Fort Simpson the Bishop noted a marked improvement in the attendance at the week-day services, and in the desire for instruction. At Fort Macpherson when the Indians assemble during the summer, Archdeacon Macdonald holds daily services, also Sunday and day schools, and Bible Classes, on one Sunday fifty-three partook of the Holy Communion, four being admitted on their own application, who had formerly been members of the Church of Rome.

In 1893 Mr. Stringer paid two visits to the Eskimo of Mackenzie River and Herchel Island, receiving from them a most hearty welcome, one man exclaiming with great earnestness, "Oh, I hope you will be able to teach us all soon. Hurry up and learn our language well, so that we may understand everything. We may soon die, and we are not prepared. Kyeta! Kyeta! (Quick! quick!)" and Mr. Stringer adds, "Something about the manner of the man, and the eager assent of the others went through me like a thrill, and I realized what a responsibility rested upon me, and how little I had been doing." During that visit the chief gave Mr. Stringer his son, a boy of fifteen, to stay with him during the winter at Fort Macpherson. While at Herchel Island Mr. Stringer lived in a snow house, "The first," he says, "I ever owned," and the people promised if he would come back the next winter they would hunt for him, and keep his larder supplied with meat.

The name of the Rev. John Itssieltla, working at Peel River under Archdeacon Macdonald, calls for more than a passing mention. Mr. "Not-afraid-of-mosquitoes"—for that is the translation of his name—was the first native ordained within the Arctic Circle, he had labored most faithfully and earnestly as a catechist among his fellow tribesmen, and that together with his consistent and godly life, seemed to point him out as a fit person for the office of the ministry. The ordination took place at St. Matthew's, Peel River, on July the 15th, 1894. Mr. Stringer being admitted to the priesthood at the same time, the service partly in English and partly in Indian, was listened to with reverent and earnest attention, Indians and Eskimos joining with heartiness in hymns, prayers and responses; it was a glad and solemn time. The Bishop thus describes him: "Picture to yourself an elderly man, below the middle height, with a slight stoop of the shoulders, short grizzly hair, dark com-

plexion, pleasant expression of countenance, spectacles on nose when reading, and dressed somewhat like a laborer in his Sunday best. He is a married man; with a small family, his wife, a godly woman, helps to teach her own sex." And he adds, "Of Mr. Stringer's new and interesting work among the Eskimo, I have already written, but would here add how thankful I am that God has provided a man, and *such* a man, for this special work; for there is now a prospect of these hitherto almost neglected people being brought to a knowledge and I trust a *saving* knowledge of redeeming love.

Of Fort Wrigley the Bishop says, "It is pressing most upon my mind, as the Indians there have been unavoidably neglected of late, and are becoming indifferent and inclined to Romanism. I spent an encouraging ten days there visiting and teaching by day, and holding services every evening. I expected a young clergyman from Montreal, who I proposed to locate there, and they were very pleased, saying, "That is what we want, our young people are growing up in ignorance. A minister comes to see us, he is here to-day, to-morrow he is gone, and we do not see him for a year or more, but if one *lives* with us, he will be able to teach us, and give us a little tea." To the Bishop's great disappointment, the young man did not come, so he wrote at once to England, knowing that the Roman Catholics were ready and waiting to take up the work, and that there was great danger of our losing all our Indians, notwithstanding the fact that one family had come over from Romanism, "because we see that the Protestant Indians are so much better instructed than ourselves."

In January, 1895, the Bishop and Mrs. Reeve suffered from a disastrous fire, which destroyed nearly the whole of their house and its contents, they found temporary shelter at the Hudson Bay Post, but eventually moved into their own back kitchen, which had fortunately been saved from the flames, and in the last letter from the Bishop he says that their new house is not yet finished, and we may truly say that no one but themselves will ever know the hardships and inconvenience that they have been put to during these last five years.

There is so much of interest in the lives of our missionaries and the history of their work, that is impossible to tell in the limited space allotted to a paper—of their encouragements and discouragements, of their earnest and self-denying efforts in their Master's service, of the hardships and isolation they endure so uncomplainingly, that we can only thank God that He has raised up such men and women to carry on His work—and to pray that He will give them strength and courage to persevere in the work that He has given them to do.