

Rampart House at midnight. At the time it was broad day light, as the sun did not quite disappear below the horizon, we had paddled our canoe down stream about 350 miles when we came upon the first camp of Indians, who were delighted to see us, and expressed a hope that I had come to stay. Before leaving the river, so earnest were their requests for a teacher, that I promised to see that a minister was sent to them, or to return myself. Here were hundreds of Indians almost begging for instruction, and no Mission or resident missionary on the whole river, 2000 miles, except an apology for one connected with the Russian Church, which I visited on my way down. It is useless, now, speaking of what might have been; but I could not help thinking then, and have often thought since, if recruits could have been placed all along the line, what a harvest might have been reaped. A part of this encouraging field has now been taken up by Jesuits, and the doors are closed to us. The late Rev. V. C. Sim, who went up and down this river and labored each year almost beyond his strength to reach these Indians, pleaded for immediate help. His letter appeared in the *C. M. Intelligencer* for February, 1878, as "A voice from an Arctic grave." Twelve years have passed, and the work which lay so near his heart and drew forth that eloquent plea, still calls for laborers. I reached home (Peel River) after five months' absence, and had travelled about 3000 miles.

We gladly welcomed in the autumn of 1886 the Rev C. G. Wallis and Mr. J. W. Ellington, (ordained the same year), the former to fill the vacancy at Rampart House, the latter the next year to proceed to the Yukon. The very difficult task (increased by the miners who were then beginning to crowd into the country) of starting a Mission for the Indians on the Upper Yukon was taken up by our dear brother most courageously. He labored faithfully till, completely broken down, he had to return home in 1891. His case is a sad one. We had hoped with rest and change he might soon recover, and be permitted to labor for many years in the work he had commenced and prosecuted so zealously, but, mysterious as it seems to us, God has ordered it otherwise.

Three years before this (1838) I had been sent to the Indians on the Lower Yukon. Here we were permitted to labor four years, erecting in the meantime St. James' Mission. In 1891, this interesting Mission was handed over to the American Board of Missions, being in the American territory of Alaska, and I with Mrs. Canham, took up new work at Fort Selkirk on the Upper Yukon.

The same year saw the formation of the new diocese of Selkirk. It is the youngest of the eight, was formed out of that of Mackenzie

River, as already mentioned, and contains that part of the North West Territory of Canada which lies west of the Rocky Mountains, and covers an area of 200,000 square miles, *i.e.*, nearly four times as large as England, or larger than England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales put together. The Bishop of Selkirk, the Right Rev. W. C. Bompas, D.D., first went out to North West Canada as a missionary, in response to an earnest appeal made in a sermon preached by the late Bishop Anderson at St. Bride's, Fleet Street, London. For ten years he labored assiduously, travelling through the country and acquainting himself with the people, their manners and their language. For all he had a message, and his mode of delivering it could not but win the hearts of his hearers. 1874 he was consecrated first Bishop of Athabasca. On the division of the diocese of Athabasca, ten years later (1884) Dr. Bompas chose the northern portion, and took the title of Mackenzie River; and when in 1891 the diocese of Mackenzie River was divided, he again voluntarily took the new and more difficult field. His staff of workers for the whole diocese at that time comprised two clergy and a young layman; the latter Mr. B. Totty, was afterwards ordained. We thus see the venerable Bishop gladly bearing the brunt of one new diocese after another, and during the twenty-two years of his episcopate, and thirty-two years of a missionary's life, he has nobly, faithfully, and often painfully held on. Nothing has succeeded in tempting him to leave his charge, even for a well-earned and needed furlough. A more devoted, self-denying and humble chief pastor could nowhere be found.

The diocese sustained a great loss in 1893 by the departure from the country of the Rev. C. G. Wallis, who had worked diligently at Rampart House since the winter of 1886, and for a time the staff of workers in the dioceses remained at a low ebb. In the summer of 1895, Mr. R. J. Bowen was sent out by the C.M.S. to join the Mission. I had the pleasure of welcoming him on his way to St. John's Mission, Buxton, the residence of the Bishop. Since then, recruits have gone out from both England and Canada, and the latest report received from the Bishop speaks of all as actively engaged and doing well. In the same letter the Bishop urges the necessity of special effort being made to raise the much-needed funds.

Life in the far North, though terribly isolated, is at times as pleasant and enjoyable as one could wish it. There are, of course, four seasons in the year, but it would be a little difficult to say when they begin and where they end. Spring, summer, and autumn are all crowded into four months, winter setting in as