

natural self-retirement, and perhaps even this amount of gratitude to the mission should not be publicly expressed.

"BEGINNINGS."

There have been predecessors to the present missionary at Churchill, and of the mission itself and its history you probably all know more than a casual passer by can tell you. One incumbent some years ago, became so depressed with his existence there that he folded his blanket like an Indian one morning when the annual ship was in the harbour, and slipped on board of her just as she was starting, leaving his coffee still warm upon the breakfast table.

But the present more stable and permanent post was started, as you know, by Bishop Horden.

FIRST MOVE.

Our missionary had in the first place to go and meet his intended wife who was coming out on the ship to Churchill.

He travelled from York, over the 200 miles of intervening swamp, with endless creeks and rivers to wade across, sometimes up to the armpit, tramping and carrying just the blanket and as much food as possible, trusting to his gun and good pot luck for the rest.

CHECK MATE.

The ship arrives, but the intended wife does not. She has been told at the last moment there is no room for her, that some company's officer and his family required all the small space available.

So the missionary tramps mournfully back through the swamps, feeling that marriage, or the expectation of it, is sometimes a failure in the north country,

Next year the lady does arrive, and they are married on board the "Alert," a gun boat that is taking soundings, and making charts of the Bay.

SETTLING.

They proceed to York again, for they have no house yet at Churchill but next summer they return to build their house, and start their mission together. The house is strewn upon the bay shore, just as it was landed from the ship, nobody to put the timber under shelter

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