

Saturday 13th. To-day I hoped to reach Churchill, but alas no chance of that. We did not move till ten and then the wind was contrary and we had to pull and it was so foggy that we could not see the land. B. and I took our share at the oars and very heavy work it was. At noon we were aground again, miles of mud and boulders between us and the sea to the N. E., I proposed to Joseph that he and I should land in the evening and walk to Churchill during the evening and early morning. But as we had twenty miles or so to walk and could not see to do it by night, and I was doubtful if I could manage it, bad walking and done in Husky boots, I was not sorry that it proved impossible. For we did not get off till 11 p.m. and then rowed all night B. and I sticking to our oar alternately and it was broad day at 3.30 a.m. when we anchored and of course I could not face a 20 mile walk on the top of that. Indeed it was not dark all night, I was reading rather fine print at 11 p.m.

Sunday 14th. We turned into our beds (?) at 3.30 and slept till 8.45 when the hot sun awoke me. Of course I need hardly say that sleeping in the open air and on the deck and floor one could not undress properly and the only times between York and Churchill (a week) that I had all my clothes off were then I bathed, one of the discomforts of such travelling. After breakfast we talked over our plans and as I did not see the advantage of an idle Sunday in the boat with nothing to do after the morning service and as there was a chance of reaching Churchill in time for evening service, I determined to travel half the day, giving the men a two hours rest at noon. So we had full morning service and I managed to give a little exposition in Cree which the men partly took in. Then as there was no wind we had to row and it was a very hot day. At 2.30 we stopped for dinner and rest and on at 4.30. The white whales and the seals seemed to know it was Sunday and were playing all around us, and far ahead we could see the Prince of Wales Fort and the beacon at the mouth of the Churchill river. A breeze helped us for nearly an hour and then died away. When we came near we were surrounded by Eskimo in their kyaks, unable to speak English but jabbering in Husky, they managed to let us know they wanted some tobacco, and that I was the expected great teacher and they tried hard to persuade us to stop at their camp near Prince of Wales Fort. But we camped near for tea and to wait for tide, and ate some lovely fresh salmon given us in exchange for "a biling of tay," and then sailed up in the

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