

Mrs. Stringer was not averse to an occasional dish. This life was a strange one for her, and not altogether pleasant, but she was happy amidst it all, and the "Huskies" were delighted that she had come to visit them. As often as was convenient we held services in the Council House, and visited them in their igloos, and also attended to their physical ailments. Mr. Whittaker's medicine case was in constant demand. The people seemed kindly disposed to us, as usual, and all went very smoothly, with the exception of one rather serious incident caused by the introduction of a bottle of liquor obtained from a whale ship. The chief partook of it, and because of a fancied offence seemed determined to do violence to Mr. Whittaker, and ordered us all to depart from the place immediately, never to return. Through the Providence of God the loss of life was averted and the good will of the people was shown by the prompt manner in which they carried off the chief. The uppermost thought in the mind of an Eskimo, when he is angry, is to kill someone, but when this man returned to our house half an hour afterwards, it was in a more conciliatory mood, and the affair was settled quietly by shaking hands all around. Many of the Huskies showed their sympathy and appreciation that day, and seemed much concerned whether or not we would come back next year. We remained there for several days after this, going about amongst them as usual. The morning we left, the chief showed his good will by paying us a social visit, and expressed the hope that he would soon see us again. Since reaching home we have received the sad news of a murder amongst those people. It is to be hoped that this will not lead to others, as was the case a few years ago when murders were committed almost every year. May your prayers be joined with ours for those poor Huskies.

After leaving Kittygagzyooit we proceeded across the Delta, making good progress till we reached Shingle Point. From there to Herschel Island we met with much ice that had drifted in, and we had to work our way in and out amongst the floes. We reached Herschel Island on the 25th of August, and found that the whaling ships had already assembled—the Tender from San Francisco having arrived several days before. We spent a busy three weeks at this place. We lived ashore in our sod house, visiting around amongst the ships while they remained. I had two funerals while here, one of them being that of an officer of a ship, who was shot by a fellow officer. I had a long talk with the murderer, who seemed quite repentant. The two funerals offered opportunities of speaking directly to the many who attended. Services were held on Sundays in the Whaling Company's house ashore. In another small house we gathered the Eskimos together as often as possible, teaching them hymns and prayers, and instructing them in the simple truths of the Gospel. Many of the Eskimos at this place work on the ships during the summer months and spend the winter idly. So far there has been very little encouragement, but none show opposition to Christian work being carried on, and there is a general desire expressed, both by the whites and the natives, that a mission be established permanently at this place. Material for the build-

ing of a mission house was sent up from San Francisco, but it was not thought advisable to begin building last summer because of the uncertainty of the place remaining a permanent whaling station. Very few whales were caught in the Arctic Ocean during the last few years, and if this state of affairs should continue, the ships will soon cease to winter here, and in that case many of the Eskimos will also leave. For the present there is an open door and much room for evangelistic work at this place, and we need to be much in prayer for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit to soften the hard hearts and to turn many to repentance.

About the middle of September we started for Peel River, having now with us two whale boats, one intended for Mr. Marsh, of Hay River. We spent one day at Shingle Point, where there were a number of Eskimos, and at different places along the coast met several other families. On the 25th and 26th of September a terrific gale swept the Arctic coast. Snow fell heavily, and the lakes and shoal waters became frozen over. Three of the whale ships that had intended to winter at Herschel Island were prevented from reaching the harbor, and were frozen in along the coast between the mouth of the Mackenzie River and Herschel Island. At the time of the gale we, fortunately, were well within the mouth of the Mackenzie, but even in this shelter on the river the winds and the waves were tremendous, and we were glad to reach a small river, where some Indians were camped, at which place we found shelter for the night, but we were still 100 miles from home, and could not delay. For the next three days we had fair winds, and expected to reach home safely, but on the evening of Sept. 30th the ice was running thick in the river. After some difficulty we got ashore about 10 o'clock at night, being now only fifteen miles from home. It was rather a trying experience, especially for Mrs. Stringer. But, in her native deerskin costume, she was much more comfortable than during the journey to the coast, when the weather was extremely warm, and we were very much troubled with that miserable pest, the mosquito, in its myriad form. I never before saw them so bad. But I am digressing. At this place we met a family of Huskies and some Indians, who were on their way from the fort to their camps, 100 miles down the river, and who, like us, had calculated on at least two weeks more of open water. The next morning it was out of the question to make any progress against the ice, so we unloaded our boats, hauled one ashore, and with the other made our way across to the fort side of the river. We camped for the night, and next morning Mr. Whittaker and one of the men pushed on for the fort, while we came on behind with our traps, making our way slowly on foot along the bank of the river. After another night's camping in the snowy woods, we started again, and were met by two dog trains sent by Mr. Whittaker and Mr. Firth, the Hudson's Bay Co.'s officer, and on that day—October 3rd—we arrived at the mission. Mr. Young was as glad to see us as we were to reach home. He had charge of the mission from the time we left in July, teaching day school in English and holding the services on Sundays, besides attending