

survive in the annals of Newfoundland as models of what good soldiers of the Cross should be, enduring hardness, ready to devote, and actually devoting, their lives in the cause of the Master whom they served. It was the privilege of St. Augustine's College, Canterbury, to have trained some of her hardest sons for the arduous struggles of ministerial life in Newfoundland and Labrador, where without hope of worldly advancement, without winning other applause than the consciousness of a faithful discharge of duty, they were content to labor on for a small pittance, which was more-over precarious. It was doubtless Bishop Feild's noble heroism which first induced some of them to join his standard—but their steady perseverance amid all the discouragements of poverty, cold and hunger, proves that they were animated by some nobler and higher sentiment than either hero-worship or a brief enthusiasm. The annals of the Colonial Churches, multiplied as they are now throughout the known world, nowhere present a picture more suggestive of faith and devotion than in the daily life of a missionary in the Diocese of Newfoundland.

ALASKA MISSIONS.

FROM THE "HELPING HAND," BROOKLYN, N. Y.

I AM writing you from Anvik, on the Yukon River, at the junction of the Anvik with it. The Yukon ranks, so it is said, as the sixth or seventh largest river in the world. It has not, however, been officially surveyed yet, hence this is uncertain. We are about 500 miles up the river, and after leaving Anvik it is said one may ascend this river over 2,000 miles. We live in a three-roomed log house, purchased for us by the Board of Missions. One room is 12 by 16—the other two about half that size.

The larger room serves as chapel, schoolroom, kitchen, dining, and sitting room. We use the other two as bedroom and storeroom. From Monday morning till Friday evening we teach school, and a most interesting school we have. Four or five of our boys are reading and beginning to speak English quite intelligently for Indians. On Saturday we wash, iron, and bake for the week. My colleague and I keep bachelor's hall strictly. On Sunday we hold divine service, which has always been fairly attended.

Our house being a mile and a half from the village, we found it impossible for the children to go home to dinner and return, so we give them a meal of tea, crackers, and dried salmon every day except Saturday. Sometimes we take in sick boys. Only lately we discharged two convalescents who had been with us respectively seven and nine days. What do we get for this? The privilege of feeding, doctoring and nursing them, and adding to their wardrobe on their departure. Our tithe helps to defray the expense of such matters. I sometimes wish we had a barrel of children's underwear :

for the thermometer goes as far as ours will register (52 degrees below zero). Little or no under-clothing is worn.

On Sunday, before and after service, we throw open our room as a reading room—at least the pictures are read. I regret that the two or three picture books we have are almost worn out. You would be much interested to see how grown people and children will sit perfectly satisfied if a nicely illustrated book is placed in their hands. We like the people very much. They are quite superior physically, and by no means lacking mentally. The children are bright, teachable and easy to get along with.

In the summer all travel is by water; in winter by snow, with sled and dogs. We have a nice sled, and some fine dogs. Nine dogs with loaded sleds will average 30 miles a day.

The latter end of May we shall prepare our boat, and early in June make our way down the Yukon and across Norton Sound to St. Michael's, distant about 580 miles. Here we wait for or meet the annual mail steamer, get and briefly answer our mail; receive and pack in our boat our year's provisions from San Francisco, and then slowly make our way back to Anvik. The round trip occupies over a month, during which we live on our boat, except perhaps a few days at St. Michael's. A word about this boat, which I think would be wrecked were a storm to overtake us on Norton Sound. She is a crazy, leaky, flat-bottomed, unsafe affair, 30 by 8. The work needs a good, staunch, light-draught, sailing boat, 40 feet long.

A word about provisions. We have almost forgotten the taste of beef, mutton or potatoes. But we have, in the summer, salmon and salmon trout, nice enough to satisfy the most fastidious of epicures. In winter we get white fish, caught in large traps placed away down under the ice. Geese and ducks abound in summer, grouse and rabbits in winter. Deer and moose are plentiful in other sections. In their season we get salmonberries, blueberries, huckleberries, raspberries, red and black currants, and cranberries. The latter are very fine, and we have feasted on them all winter. Fish, game and berries are brought us in small lots all winter, frozen almost as hard as stones. We give in exchange tea, sugar, flour, biscuits, thread, needles, combs, thimbles, powder, shot, lead, caps, beads, salt, drill, calico, ticking, etc. Indians are sharp traders, but I think they deserve all they get. Of course you know our work is with Indians, in fact, I have seen but two white men for months, and two or three half-breeds.

Such isolation is most trying, but we will not complain, but rather hope that the dear, good Lord will give us souls for our hire. We have a grand field, only needing faithful, self-denying, unselfish work. Please pray for us that we may be such.

OCTAVIUS PARKER.

It is the part of fools to find difficulties and the part of wise men to remedy them.