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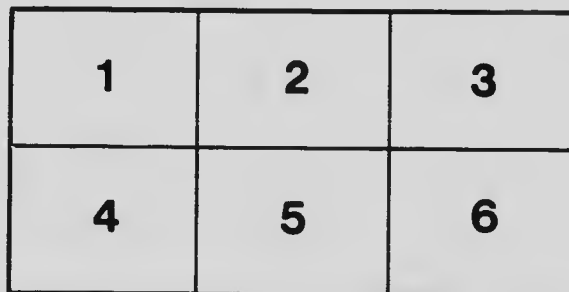
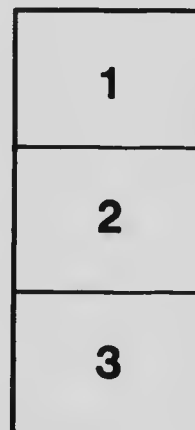
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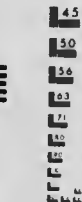
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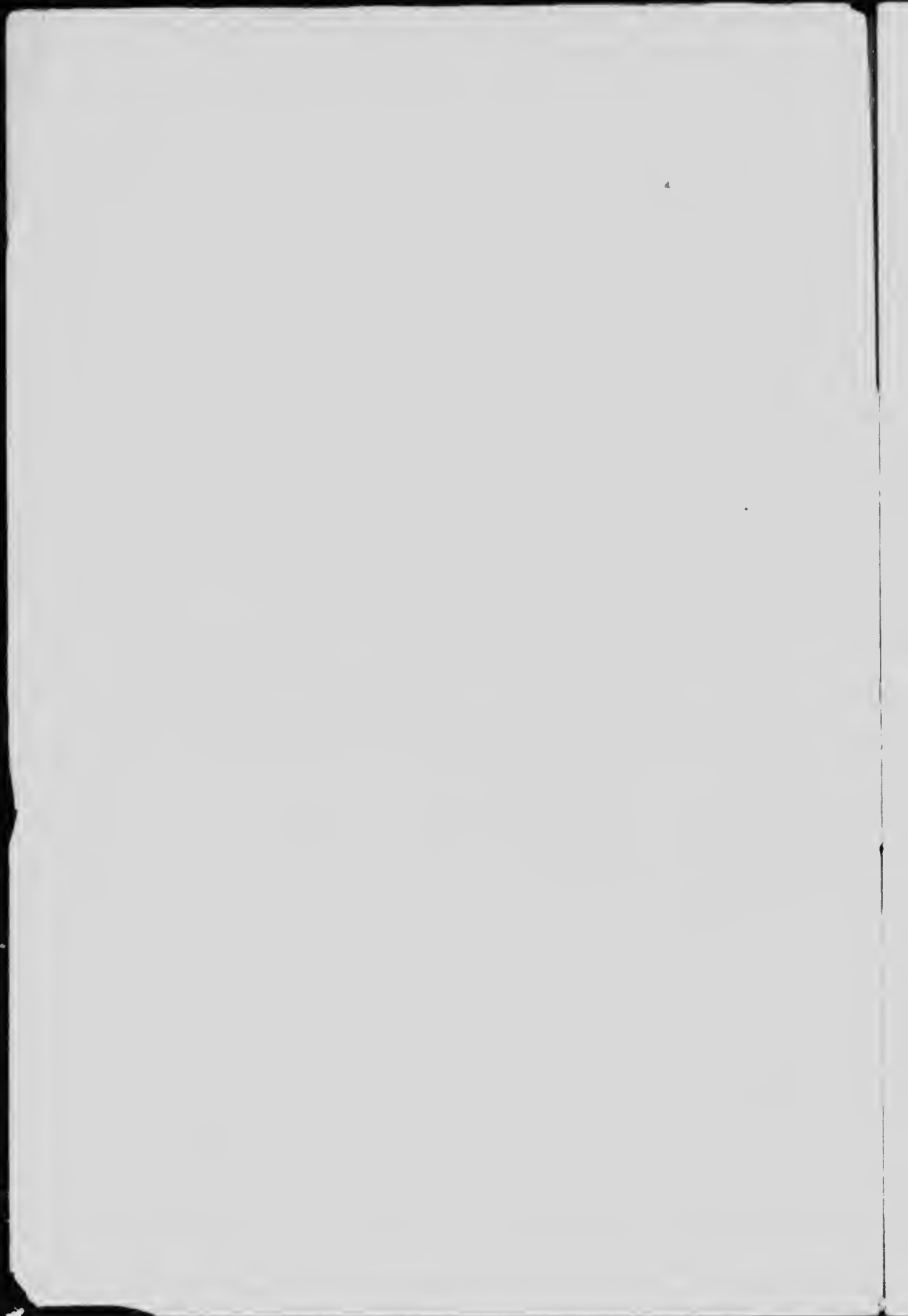
The
Arctic Mission

JOURNAL OF REV. E. J. PECK

JULY 22nd TO OCTOBER 1st
1909

*"O ye ice and snow; O ye children of men,
Bless ye the Lord; Praise Him and magnify Him
forever."*

Published by the Woman's Auxiliary to the M. S. C. C.



The Arctic Mission



Journal of the Rev. E. J. Peck

FROM JULY 22nd, 1909, to OCTOBER 1st, 1909



Thursday, July 22.—Arrived at St. John's, Newfoundland, from Barrie. Was met at the station by Mr. Peters (Doctor Grenfell's agent), and Mr. Fleming, who had arrived here some days before me. Both gave me a hearty welcome. Found matters, through Mr. Peters' kindness, well in hand. Mr. Fleming also, who is full of business energy, had seen to many things. We are waiting now for Mr. Bilby, who has nobly volunteered to go in Mr. Greenshield's place to the new sphere of work, Mr. Greenshield, brave as ever, having offered to go to Blackhead Island where his presence will do much to cheer and strengthen the native converts.

Saturday, 24th.—Was introduced to His Lordship the Bishop of Newfoundland, who most kindly invited me to stay for lunch. He evidently took a deep interest in the new scheme, and before parting he, in a most hearty manner, invited me to preach in the Cathedral on the morrow. Felt the importance of this opportunity, and was led, by earnest prayer and due preparation, to seek a message from the Holy Spirit Himself.

Sunday, 25th.—Good congregation. Spoke of the Holy Spirit's Power—His power to make us witnesses either at home or abroad. Drew a rapid sketch of proposed voyage and work, and also alluded to Mr. Stewart's work at Ungava Bay. The Bishop and others thanked me for what they heard, but I can truly say that the message was not mine, but the Lord's.

Tuesday, 27th.—Men busy loading the "Lorna Doone." This vessel belongs to Dr. Grenfell. Through the doctor's kindness we were able to charter her at a reasonable rate. She is a very strong schooner, and has made several trips along the coast. The captain is kind and most energetic, so we look forward, with God's blessing, to a prosperous voyage.

Thursday, 29th.—We are almost ready for sailing. Considerable interest is shown at St. John's in the Arctic Mission. A rather lengthy and interesting article was published in a local paper called "The Daily News." Some of the merchants also take a lively interest in the project, and one of them gave me his card, and promised later on to give some financial help. Thus does God cheer and help us on our way.

The Start

Friday, 30th.—Sailed at about 3:30 p.m., followed with the good wishes and earnest prayers of many. Borne along with a fair wind, we soon passed through the mountainous gate-like walls of St. John's magnificent harbor. And so the new Arctic Mission was practically started for Christ. No "North Pole expedition," but a definite and life-giving object having the presence, command, and power of the King of Glory behind it. Failure therefore under such conditions cannot be thought of. Moving on with a fair wind we passed on the early morn of

Saturday, 31st.—Cape Bonavista, which is about seventy miles from St. John's. Towards evening the wind moderated, but a heavy thunder storm with vivid flashes of lightning broke upon us. Out of a dark thunder cloud a heavy squall struck us. The vessel listed over with the force of the blow. The stove in cabin, together with boxes of sundry other articles, were driven together in one confused mass. Mr. Fleming, Mr. Bilby and myself were also carried down to leeward in the midst of these items. Fortunately we escaped with a few bruises and a good shaking up. The captain with all possible speed took in sail, and the vessel was soon in band again. Thankful did we feel to God for His preserving care. Many a vessel has been lost through sudden squalls.

A Glimpse of Dr. Grenfell

Sunday, August 1st.—Arrived at St. Anthony. This is Dr. Grenfell's chief station on the Newfoundland Coast. Here we found a hospital under the energetic care of Dr. Wakefield, an orphanage, a guest house, and other buildings belonging to the Mission. Certainly God has enabled Dr. Grenfell (this man of many gifts) to do a most needful and noble work. The doctor with his staff of nurses and skilled physicians is able to cope with the needs of the fisher folk, who in the summer time, cover a coast line about one thousand miles in extent. So practical and so eminently beneficial is this work that Dr. Grenfell, who has come in touch with many of our American cousins during his journeys in the States, has drawn much help from this direction. The American likes to put his dollars into what we may call some concrete form, so Dr. Grenfell—who is eminently practical—has been able to give direction to such desires. Thus we see individuals giving certain definite things for the Mission, the electric light, cots in the hospital and other useful items being the gifts of certain friends interested in this noble work.

After landing we attended a service held in a neat and fairly spacious church. I was invited to take part in the opening portion of the service, and then had the pleasure of listening to a very practical sermon bearing chiefly on our responsibility, "the measure" (quantity and quality) of our service to both God and man.

Monday, 2nd.—Having been most kindly invited by Miss Dwight—the matron of the Guest House—to spend the day and take meals with them, we went on shore ready for breakfast at 7 a.m. Here we met Dr. Wakefield, Miss Dwight, and a number of young men who had come from the States to help Dr. Grenfell. During the vacation season useful work is thus united with a thorough change into the bracing atmosphere of these northern parts. After breakfast Dr. Wakefield invited me to take prayers, during which I was led to plead for those who had come to help Dr. Grenfell. Shortly after our brief service an American gentleman came to me and said he would like to have a chat with me for half an hour. It appears that he had serious doubts about the Divinity of our Lord. I reasoned with him chiefly from the Scriptures and he was most kind and candid in replying to my remarks. A thoughtful, kind, inquiring soul this—one, I believe, not far from the kingdom of God.

Tuesday, 3rd.—Started about 4 a.m. A good stiff breeze soon took us through the Straits of Belle Isle. Passed many icebergs on the way. Some of these breaking in pieces and toppling over amidst the mighty waves, sounded like the report of heavy guns. Towards afternoon the wind fell light, so we did not make very much headway. However, the "Lorna Doone" forges ahead somehow, even with a light wind, and is in many respects a wonderful sailing craft. Went to see the men in the fore-castle. Had a profitable talk with them, and then commended both themselves and their dear ones to God. On Wednesday the wind was still light, but still we made some headway. Towards evening we drew near to a fishing village called Black Island, where the parents of our Captain reside.

Among the Fishermen

Thursday, 5th.—Having come to anchor at the above place, I went on shore. I was anxious to purchase a small boat to use on the voyage, and also to leave with the brethren at the proposed new station in Baffin Land. Met a Mr. Snow—a godly fisherman—who sold me a nice little craft just suited for our purpose. Had some conversation with him, and found that he had been engaged in the fishing occupation many years. In him I found one of the Saviour's loved ones, who tries to do what he can for the spiritual good of those with whom he comes in contact. Having invited me to his house we there commended each other and the Arctic Mission to the power and grace of God. A fishing village in these parts is indeed an interesting sight. Large wooden stages are built which are roughly roofed over. Here the codfish are landed, cut open, and salted. After remaining in salt about a week they are washed and placed in the sun to dry. The houses of these brave and hardy people are made in the most simple manner; some of them being roofed over with turf, but as

these are used just for the summer months while the fishing is going on, more substantial dwellings are not necessary.

Much kindness was shown to us by these hospitable folk. A large salmon and some codfish—practically alive from the cod-traps—were the tangible proofs of such kindness, and helped, in no small measure, to augment our food supply.

Wind being favorable we proceeded on our way. Towards evening we saw in the distance large patches of "drift ice." The coast this year is, in some places, blocked with ice. God, however, will not fail us. He knows our errand, and will do for us just as great things as He did for His servants of old. "Stand still, and see the salvation of God."

Friday, 6th.—Weather very calm. Busy portion of day settling up accounts with Mr. Fleming, and also writing out rough outline of second part of book which I am preparing for Messrs. Hedder & Stoughten.

Saturday, 7th.—Wind ahead, so we spent the day "beating to windward." Cape Harrison, about which point a strong current runs south, was rounded in the afternoon. Strange are the names of some of the places along this coast, "Cut Throat Point" being sample. Quite a number of fishing schooners are seen day by day. And when such are close to us they can on board speak of the surroundings as "very sociable;" "sociable weather," i.e. . . . weather, is also another local phrase used by the Newfoundland fishermen.

True Hospitality

Sunday, 8th.—Sailed on. As it was impossible to hold service for all on board we had prayer together and study of the word of life. In the afternoon we anchored at a fishing station called "Ooterveik" i.e., the returning place; probably so named by the Eskimo because this is one of the boundary lines from which the fishermen return, after the fishing is over, to St. John's. Went on shore and was most kindly received by the hospitable fisher folk. Was invited to partake of a cup of tea in one of their dwellings. My kind hostess made many apologies because she had no sugar but this item was supplied, in the most kindly spirit, by treacle, and such was the genial loving nature of my host and hostess that I really enjoyed that cup of tea. Having found the chief man of the station, a Mr. Bishop, I arranged with him to hold a service in his house in the evening. At 7 p.m. we had a full gathering—some ten crowding near the door to hear what was going on inside. I used our evening form of prayer with a number of well known hymns. These were sung with great force and feeling. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved" were the words which, I trust, the Holy Spirit then led me to dwell upon. Salvation through the Lamb that was slain. This is the story which brings rest and peace to weary souls.

A Troublesome Craft

Monday, 9th.—Having taken a motor boat, which was most kindly lent to us by Dr. Grenfell and which was in good working order at St. Anthony, but which through some mysterious cause had broken down, we tried to get it in working order again. One of the fishermen, who had considerable knowledge of these crafts, worked with Mr. Fleming during the whole forenoon, but still without success. As the wind was favorable we hoisted sail in the afternoon and proceeded on our way. We feel disappointed regarding the motor boat as we had hoped by this means to tow the vessel along in calm weather.

Tuesday, 10th.—We were sailing through a narrow passage between some islands when, at about 9 a.m., bump, bump, went the vessel on some rocks. Fortunately the wind was light, and the tide was also flowing, so we had every prospect of getting into deep water again. The crew of another fishing schooner, which was fortunately close at hand, headed by their brave captain, a Mr. Kelly, soon came to our rescue. A small anchor was first put out astern with which we tried to haul the vessel off the rocks. Casks full of water were also placed in the after part of the ship, and a boat was also filled with water, the object being to lighten the fore part of the ship, as she was aground in that direction. After a lot of hauling the craft, to our joy, began to move. We then, with the help of our friends, soon put things in order, and feeling thankful to God for His deliverance, we again sailed on our way.

A Moravian Settlement

About 2 p.m. we arrived at Hopedale—one of the Moravian Mission stations. For many a year I had longed to see this place. The work of the noble Moravian brethren had

become very near to my heart, and Hopedale had become quite a familiar name to me. And now my hopes were fulfilled. Sheltered from the north, and nestled in a small valley where some trees gave signs of life and beauty to the otherwise barren scenery, were placed a number of buildings. These consisted of a dwelling house, a church, stores, and a shed for wood. Going on shore we were most cordially welcomed by the two brethren located at this station. Inviting us, by many entreaties, to enter their house, we were introduced to their wives and families. We arrived just in time to partake of a social meal which had been prepared in honor of one of the children's birthdays. So we all gathered together and enjoyed right heartily this feast of love. We were then kindly invited to see the place and surroundings. The fine spacious church, so plain and so clean, was just suited to the needs of the station. The dwelling house is built in a strong, substantial manner, and every room is utilized to the best advantage. Although surprised to see these model buildings, my wonder grew deeper still when I went into the garden, where a number of choice vegetables were growing. These were planted in the most exact order, and hardly a weed could be seen. Connected with the garden was a little grove of trees through which various nice paths had been made, and in which summer houses had been erected. The fact which seemed to be impressed on me was the wonderful way in which these men of God had utilized their surroundings, and had, through hard work, and thoughtful use of means, turned what might have been a barren wilderness, into what one may call a little garden of the Lord. Turning from this wonderful spot we noticed close to the dwelling house a conservatory where various choice plants were in bloom. In the distance stood a number of wooden houses, some of which looked nice and snug, and in one house I noticed a number of beautiful flowers. These were the dwellings of the Eskimos. But as nearly all the people were away fishing I only saw one family. The poor people seemed so glad to see one and expressed not a little surprise when they heard the nature of the expedition on which we were going. What a blessing it would be if some of these Christian Eskimo could be utilized as messengers of life to the heathen Eskimo in other parts. I feel sure the devoted brethren would like to see them so employed, and it may be that the Holy Spirit is preparing some of them to carry the Gospel to the more northerly and westerly regions.

In the evening we had a blessed season of spiritual refreshment with our friends, and we then went on board the "Lorna Doone" for the night.

Perplexity—Encouragement

Wednesday, 11th.—A strong wind was blowing right ahead, so we remained at Hopedale. Our kind friends invited us on shore to share their hospitality, and we enjoyed much spiritual communion and kindly conversation with them. Our progress of late has not been rapid, and we have no light task before us. Feeling the strain of these facts, and knowing that only in God could real rest be found, I was led to go into the garden, and there, in the midst of the trees, spread this Arctic project out before the Lord. The assurance was given me that God would carry us safely through and that He, according to His promise, would neither fail nor forsake us. I was also greatly encouraged and strengthened when I thought of the hallowed spot on which I stood, and how the mighty God had enabled His servants (The United Brethren) to overcome many and great difficulties, and to plant His Gospel here at Hopedale, and in other places along this storm-swept coast.

Thursday, 12th.—Left Hopedale. The brethren and their devoted ladies wished us every blessing, and we feel that we have in them true helpers who will labor for us in prayer. Some time after we left a dense fog settled down on everything. We really groped our way along, and towards evening, I know not how, managed to find some islands, where we anchored. Mr. Bilby, Mr. Fleming, and the captain shortly after went away "jigging" for cod. This means that they used lines to which were attached two large hooks, but over which were formed imitations of small fish, which formed an attractive bait for the voracious fish. The cod rushing for the bait are struck with the hooks below which are continually kept in motion by the fisherman who continually keeps on "jigging" i.e., pulling the line up and down. Our friends returned in about two hours with some of those dainty fish.

Friday, 13th.—Started in the morning. Made a good run.

Saturday, 14th.—Drew near to Cape Mugford, which is about two hundred miles to the south of Cape Chudleigh. Wind suddenly chopped round to the north, and came on to blow with great force. We were obliged therefore to run into a harbor, which was situated some miles to the south of Cape Mugford. Shortly after we anchored, I went on shore, and was pleased beyond measure to meet a number of Eskimos who belonged to the Moravian Mission at Okkak. Although the dialect of these people is somewhat different to that of Baffin Land, yet we were soon able to converse together, and they with much heartiness invited me to hold service on the morrow.

The Good Tidings

Sunday, 15th.—Spent a happy and profitable day. Had service in the morning with our Eskimo friends. They were all nice and clean and well dressed. As the people had books which they could read well, I used the form of service with which they were acquainted. This was a litany, with which various beautiful verses of hymns were used, and which the Eskimos sang with much feeling and heartiness. I spoke to them afterwards of the work and person of the Holy Spirit, and mentioned how we, in obedience to the Holy Spirit's call, were going forward to teach their own people the glorious truth of the Gospel. Great was the interest shown in our words, and one of the men asked me in a most kind manner what message he might convey for me to the missionaries and the Christian Eskimo at Okkak.

In the evening the fishermen from the various schooners which were in the harbor were invited on shore. As the weather was fine we held an open air service. As we had a gathering of Methodists, Presbyterians and but few Church people we thought it wise to make our meeting more of the evangelistic type. Well known hymns were therefore used, prayer offered up, both extempore and from our Prayer Book, which Mr. Bilby and Mr. Fleming read lessons from the Old and New Testament. And there on a sloping hill stood our audience, who listened most attentively, as one tried, through God's power, to unfold to them the practical and vital nature of the Holy Spirit's work. That it is His office and Whose delight it is to take of the things of Jesus, and to show them unto our needy and weary souls.

"They Accompanied Us Unto the Ship"

Before going on board the "Lorna Doone" I went to see the Eskimos. I noticed them speaking to each other and looking for their hymn books. As we went down to the boat they most lovingly followed us. We had scarcely pushed off from the shore when we heard their voices raised in a united and hearty song of praise. Resting on our oars we listened, with feelings which melted our hearts, to this token of Christian love and sympathy. So we were not sent away comfortless. Some of these poor creatures have been brought into the circle of Christ's love, and they looked upon us as brethren beloved in the Lord, and so sent us away with their prayers and with their praise. So also did the fishermen; for some of these noble fellows grasped my hand with a grip of iron, and promised to remember us to Him Who has passed on to the throne of glory.

"O World, Where All Things Change"

Monday, 16th.—A day of marvelous changes. Wind being fair and light our captain started at about 5 a.m. Moved on towards Cape Mugford. Sun, some time after, shone with intense heat, and the atmosphere seemed as that of fire. A thunderstorm now broke over us, and vivid flashes of lightning illuminated the sky. Rain now followed, the wind also veered round and came to blow with no small force off the land. On we moved at great speed, but, without a moment's warning, a terrible tempest beat down upon us, and every sail excepting one had to be taken in. The wind now moved right round to the north. The atmosphere changed to almost freezing point, and a thick fog finally obscured the land from view. Not knowing exactly where to go, and not being able to bear up against the wind, the captain let the vessel drive before the storm. On we went for some time in the gloom. To our joy, however, the fog lifted, and we saw close to us the towering cliffs of Cape Mugford some two thousand feet high.

The captain, a man of wonderful energy, fearlessness and resource, soon found a harbor inside the Cape, which, after some difficulty, we reached, and there we cast anchor at about 10 p.m. Thus ended this remarkable day, and heartily did we thank God for keeping us through all.

Tuesday, 17th.—Got under weigh early in the morning. The vessel was quite close to the high cliffs of Cape Mugford when the wind fell. All hands now set to work to move the craft from her critical position. The cook was busy getting breakfast ready, but four men manned a boat, and towed away with all their might, while Mr. Bilby and myself using a long oar pulled away on one side, while the captain, aided by a ready worker, pulled away on the other. After some hard work we had the pleasure of seeing the ship forge slowly ahead, so that we were soon out of the reach of the frowning rocks. After this a fair wind began to blow, which bore us onward at a brisk rate.

Wednesday, 18th.—Weather very calm. We practically made no headway. Employed myself in writing, and in having times of prayer and reading of the Scriptures. I think much of the loved ones and friends.

In the Ice Region

Thursday, 19th.—Weather during day was remarkably calm till about 7 p.m. Indeed I have never seen such a calm sea in all my experience. There must be a vast body of ice somewhere out to seaward of us. As the night set in the wind began to blow, and as the vessel moved north, blocks of ice arose on almost every hand. The captain and the men on watch were fully on the alert, and every few minutes we heard the orders, "luff," "steady," as the vessel was steered clear of these dangerous obstacles. The noise of the sea and ice was so dreadful that sleep was quite out of the question. At last, however, at about 3 a.m. on Friday, 20th, the wind almost died away and we, when the daylight appeared, found ourselves in a vast sea of ice which evidently stretched far away from the land. Large pans of ice appeared on every hand on the top of which could be seen vast numbers of walrus of every conceivable size and age. As the ship passed one of these ice cradles Mr. Fleming was able to take a photograph of them; for these creatures seemed to have lived out here in a state of happy security, and were evidently but little disturbed when we arose on the scene. The weather, which was dull in the morning, now began to clear and we could see, in the distance, the mountainous peaks of the rugged coast. We were fully thirty miles from the shore, and as the wind began to blow stiffly from the north, the question now was how were we to get through the floes to the land. Fortunately the ice was not very close in some places, so through these open leads, the captain, with great skill, piloted the vessel. Only once did we meet with a mishap which, however, did not seriously injure the ship. The captain wishing to pass two large pans of ice could not well steer the ship clear of both, so the vessel was run stem on to one of these. The impact was such that the "Lorna Doone" was fairly held on the floe, and some of the rigging forward was carried away. After some work, and not a little commotion, we got clear of the floe and on we went again. For several hours the captain kept steering the vessel in and out amidst the floes, and the ship answering her helm with wonderful quickness, moved on almost as a thing of life. Towards evening, much to our joy, we found an opening leading into the land, but a number of small islands with possible shoals between them now stood in our way. Soundings were taken as we moved on and at last at about 9 p.m. we anchored near a rugged looking point which must have been over two thousand feet high. About midnight large pans of ice were driven down on us, and the wind began to rage furiously. After not a little work the ice was shoved clear, and the second anchor let go. Fortunately towards the morning of Saturday, 21st, the wind moderated, and eventually became more fair for us.

Sunday, 22nd.—As the wind was fair and the season advancing we decided to start so, shortly after midnight, the anchor was weighed, and we bore away for Cape Chudleigh. We passed the Button Islands at about 11 a.m., and then made a course right across Hudson Straits to Resolution Island. As it was not possible to have morning service for all, Mr. Bilby, Mr. Fleming and myself had mutual prayers and study of God's Word together; neither did we fail to remember the captain and the men in our supplications. Shortly after we passed the Button Islands the wind freshened, and the rain fell with a steady down-pour. As we moved on the sea was also tossed about with conflicting currents. These are caused by the Polar current, part of which sweeps along the outside of Resolution Island, and part through Gabriel Straits. The same stream, passing over on the other side of the Straits, sweeps out of Ungava Bay with much force. A portion of this current evidently moves round Cape Chudleigh, and the remainder sweeps down to and through the Button Islands. When passing into the Straits from the north it is wise, therefore, to give the shores of Resolution Island a wide berth. Borne along with the wind we soon, however, passed out of these "tide rips." We now met large bodies of ice through which the captain piloted the vessel with great skill. As the night came on we heard amidst the tumult a great wash of sea on some large bodies of ice somewhere away to leeward. The captain, therefore, hauled the vessel more to the wind, and let her move on slowly during the night.

At Baffin's Land

Monday, 23rd.—Wind veered to the northwest and the mist, which hitherto had obscured everything, began to clear away. To our joy, we now saw land on the lee side, so we bore away towards the shore. In moving in, however, we encountered long belts of ice the pieces composing which were often closely welded together. To avoid these terrible ice reefs we had sometimes to work the vessel to windward of them, or find out some place where the ice seemed slacker. The captain, then on the jibboom, "conned" the ship, i.e., he

directed the helmsman which way to steer. On we sometimes went through narrow lane like passages—vast masses of ice rising up on each side of us. Truly exciting work, for had we struck one of these floating barriers the how of the vessel would have been smashed to pieces. About 6 p.m. we got clear of the ice, and we then saw an open space leading right up to the land. We now came in the track of vast icebergs some of which were aground. These wonderful masses had evidently been swept into the Hudson Straits by the Arctic current which passes along the northern and to the western side of the Straits. As we drew nearer to the land we saw a number of islands. Indeed, the aspect of the coast here is by no means so forbidding as parts of the Labrador coast, and studded along the coast are a number of good harbors. This "unknown land," which is scarcely marked on modern maps, at least from Resolution Island to Big Island, offers an inviting field for geological research, and for a thorough survey of its coast. As we wished to find a harbor, the captain on the jibboom looked out ahead for possible shoals, while one of the men cast the lead to find out the depth of water. Finding a capital harbor among some islands which we called, in honor of our captain, Fradsham Harbor, we cast anchor and thus were brought safely to Baffin's Land. As God has done such wonders for us so far we feel sure He will lead us on.

Anchorage—Doone Harbor

Tuesday, 24th.—Started early, but as the wind was ahead we did not make much progress. Towards noon, however, the wind veered round to the south, so we made our way to some islands where we hoped to see some Eskimos. We fired a gun several times, and made a great noise with a fog horn, but not a soul appeared. Naturally enough we would like to see some of these brave people, not only that we might teach them, but also that we might gain reliable information from them regarding the true situation of their fellow countrymen. So many conflicting records are given in books, and from other sources, that I am longing to get reliable information from the Eskimos themselves regarding the best place to found a station. Moving along the coast—we saw in the afternoon something of the vast Grinnell glacier which stretches away to Frobisher Bay. Possibly its height may be some five thousand feet, and breadth over fifty miles. It was wonderful to see the white glow which this inland sea of ice made in the heavens. Passing on we came to a group of Islands, which we supposed to be those marked on the map as the "Saddle Back Islands." Shortly before we reached these the wind began to blow, and the rain fell heavily. We determined therefore to try, if possible, to find an anchorage amongst these, to us, unknown parts. The main sail was first lowered so as to decrease the vessel's speed. We then moved in cautiously not knowing what rocks or shoals might be in our way. Passing in where the islands became more numerous a small boat was sent ahead to find out the depth of water. After waiting for some considerable time, the men returned, saying that the place we were heading for was too shoal. The boat then went on to another place and after searching about a suitable anchorage was found. We had now to beat to windward into a small bay running up between the narrow points of one of the islands. The wind blew and the rain began to fall heavily, but we all worked with a will, and at about 8 p.m. we cast anchor in a snug harbor which we called "Doone Harbor." We thought this a suitable name because the "Doones" in Mr. Blackmore's wonderful story, were only overcome by repeated and persevering attacks, and so we only gained this place of safety after much hard work and persevering effort. A great cause of thankfulness was the fact of our having been this day delivered from what might have been a terrible disaster. In the midst of our work on deck smoke arose from the fore part of the ship near the galley. The planking near the cooking stove had ignited, and as this was cased over with some other boards, the actual seat of the fire was hid from view. With all possible speed this casing was torn down, a liberal supply of water applied to the burning part and the fire was finally extinguished. Thus have we cause again to thank God for His preserving care.

Lake Harbor—A Happy Meeting

Wednesday, 25th.—It was quite calm in the early morning, but about 8 a.m. the wind began to blow from the south. We therefore weighed anchor and proceeded on our way. We sailed for about a few hours, when the wind went round to the northwest, and began to blow very heavily. We now proceeded to a place which we supposed to be that marked on the map as "Icy Cove." Judging, however, from the size and bearings of the harbor we reached this can hardly be the same place. We cast anchor in what we considered very deep water, but so great was the fall of the tide—over twenty feet—that we were obliged to lift the anchor and move into deeper water. I have been busy for some time past going over the Eskimo Grammar with Mr. Fleming, and writing up rough material for our book. I am led by prayer and faith to repeatedly cast this expedition upon God. For from the human point of view naturally the chief responsibility rests upon me. Happily the captain

is brave and says or does nothing that would tend to discourage one, but, on the other hand, takes a warm interest in this new venture.

Thursday, 26th.—Weighed the anchor in good time. Wind died out shortly after we started, so we just tozed about in a perfect calm. In the afternoon a light wind began to blow from the south which gradually grew in strength and at last became very strong. We now tried to make a harbor, and after some nerve-straining experiences sailing in through shoals, we anchored under the lee of a large island.

Friday, 27th.—The day of days. Reached the Eskimos. In the morning the wind was so light that we had to tow the vessel out of the position in which we anchored the previous day. After some time a light breeze sprang up so we began to move ahead. We sailed on for a few hours when a thick fog obscured everything. We groped our way along, and then a lift in the fog showed us that the land was close on our lee. The captain thought of making a harbor, but as the fog cleared away he determined to sail on. As we moved on I noticed on one of the islands a beacon which had doubtless been erected as a guide to the vessel which goes in to Lake Harbor. Here it may be well to explain, that from information received from Mr. Bilby, and knowing that a steamer from Dundee visited the above position, it seemed the wisest plan to go to this place, could we definitely find out where the Eskimo were congregated. Ashe Inlet was only thirty miles away, but why go there if the Eskimo concentrated at the nearer place? All doubts on this point were soon set at rest, for we soon saw, with feelings of joy, an Eskimo proceeding towards us in his kiyak (canoe). We hauled the ship to the wind, and took our friend on board. Heartily did we greet him, and we soon learned that the Eskimo were not now living at Ashe Inlet, but were, many of them at Lake Harbor. As we moved on towards this harbor with a strong fair wind, I spoke to our pilot, and to my surprise, but deep joy, found out from him that over twelve years ago he had been at Blacklead Island. Being at that time a weakly youth he had been practically kept alive by food received from the Mission. And now he stood before us—a hearty man—guiding us to our new field of labor. Truly wonderful are the ways of our God. Borne along with the wind, and under the able guidance of our friend, we passed various islands and, at last, sailed up into a bay almost surrounded with hills. Here we cast anchor, and shortly after, went on shore to see the Eskimoa.

“Whom, When Paul Saw, He Thanked God”

As Mr. Bilby, Mr. Fleming and myself drew near the beach we noticed quite a number of the people looking at us. A loud cry soon arose, and as we walked up we were soon surrounded by these expectant people. Heartily were our hands grasped, and exclamations arose on every hand, such as: “How joyful!” “How loving!” “We wanted ministers and now they are come.” And what was the cause of this hearty welcome? Surely the Lord God had gone out before us and prepared the way. But how? The influence of the work at Blacklead Island had spread even to here, and not only so, but God had sent some of the Christian adherents before us to this very spot. I looked therefore into the faces of some old friends, and heard with joy that they had become “light bearers” for their own people. Surrounded by a noble throng, I told them how God had sent to them the Gospel, and how we had come as God’s messengers to do them good. After each clause of my speech a mighty shout of joyful assent arose, so much so, indeed, that I felt quite embarrassed by the volume of sound. As soon as I could leave this demonstrative band we went to see the white men living here. Some of these were away at the mining camp. Mica is found some distance inland, and some of the Eskimo are employed to help the miners in obtaining this valuable mineral. Mr. Ross, the agent at the station, received us very kindly, and thoughtfully gave us some refreshment. We also found here a young man who had been shipwrecked at Frobisher Bay in a vessel called the “Snowdrop,” which had left Scotland on a trading expedition last year. Miraculous have been his experiences and his life amongst the Eskimos, who treated him with the greatest kindness, had been of the most romantic nature. Travelling from Frobisher Bay with two Eskimos across the Grinnell glacier, he finally reached the shores of Hudson Straits, from where, after some more thrilling adventures, he finally managed to reach Lake Harbor where we found him. We will take him home on the “Lorna Doone,” and trust that he may again see his loved ones to whom he will be as one that was lost, but is found.

Shortly after we landed a great storm arose, and as we were afraid of being swamped in our small boat had we tried to return to the ship, we had to remain on shore. Mr. Ross did what he could for our comfort, and although the wind roared and the rain fell, yet we slept in peace. Peace in knowing that the Prince of Peace had been with us and had brought us here with the message of life to this people.

Building

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Saturday, 28th.—We commenced work at 6 a.m. Having selected a site for the new house we began to clear away the stones, and prepare the foundation. Quite a number of Eskimo, both men and women, came to help us, and they worked with a will. Hand-shaking was again vigorously performed, the mothers even telling their dear little ones, whom they carried in their hoods, to stretch out their hands towards us. After a hard day's work we had the pleasure of seeing the foundation of the house laid, and several articles from the ship landed.

Our First Service

Sunday, 29th.—Quite a day of spiritual comfort and blessing through the power of the Holy Spirit. Had the Eskimos together morning and afternoon, and had service for the white men in the evening. About 10:30 a.m. we went on shore. The day was bright with a light wind blowing from the north. Having no place to gather the people in, but seeing a snug spot close to some high rocks we thought it would make a capital place for our meeting. So under the shadow of these rocks—sheltered from the north but open to the genial rays of the sun—we held our first service in Central Ballin Land. The people when called came together in large numbers. They clustered around Mr. Bilby and myself. Mr. Bilby kindly took the opening part of the service, and as I looked at the people I saw several with books in their hands. These they had obtained, as I afterwards found out, from Eskimos whom they had met in their travels, who had also met us at Blacklead Island and Frobisher Bay and had obtained from us these silent but wonderful records of love. Having sung a few hymns in which some of our friends heartily joined, I read the opening verses of the third chapter of St. John's Gospel. Dwelling upon the main truths of this wonderful portion of God's word, I was led to speak of man's fallen state by nature, and the absolute necessity of a total change, even a new birth, wrought in the soul by the power of the Holy Spirit. As these wonderful facts were dwelt upon acclamations of assent were loud and frequent, neither did I feel led to check this earnest spirit. Poor creatures, their hearts were full. What they felt they expressed, and doubtless there was joy in the presence of the angels of God over such a gathering. It may well be asked, how could these people understand the truths proclaimed? Here we can see again the leading of God. For one of their number, with the help of a copy of the Gospels, which she had carefully read and studied, had tried to teach her neighbors. Sunday after Sunday she had gathered the Eskimos together, and had taught them what she could. I told her how delighted I was to hear of her work for God, but she replied, "I feel like an unbeliever, because I know so little."

The afternoon meeting was a repetition of the morning's as regards the earnestness of the people, and the meetings for the white men were also very encouraging. Perhaps the position cannot be better realized than by referring to the spontaneous statements of the traders themselves, who told me that the Eskimos had actually asked the trader to send for missionaries to teach them. They also stated that the Eskimos were happy because the desire of their hearts had been realized. And so the Lord has set His seal upon this new effort. The prayers and the offerings of the saints have not been in vain.

Monday, 30th.—Rose at 5:30, when the cook of the "Lorna Doone" brought us a cup of coffee. Set to work at 6. Quite a number of our Eskimo friends gave willing and valuable help. The ladies in particular, some of them with their little babies in their hoods, carried up with no small stir the various articles as they were landed from the ship. Some of the men also helped to fill in with stones and turf the inside space between the foundation logs. This, of course, is necessary to keep out the cold and wind. We kept on with little intermission till 6 p.m., when we felt tired out, and were only too glad to rest for a time.

Tuesday, 31st.—Another hard day's work. The men of the "Lorna Doone" help us in a remarkable manner. With their assistance part of the flooring has been laid, and some of the lining boards for the walls have been placed in position.

Wednesday, Sept. 1st.—Busy again with house from 6 a.m. to 6 p.m. Everyone ready to help us in every possible way.

Thursday, 2nd.—Harbor frozen over. We had literally to force our boat through the ice when we went on shore at 6 a.m. Later in the day, however, the sun's genial rays, together with a light breeze, scattered the ice. But this is a reminder that the time for stopping here must be brief. We might easily be frozen in as we have only sail power to

depend upon. As regards spiritual work, I cannot hold regular services during week days, as the Eskimos are all employed either by ourselves or by the traders. We have, however, during breaks in the work informal chats, and great is the earnestness shown to know more about spiritual things.

Progress of the Mission House

Friday, 3rd.—The last of the coal was landed to-day. How willingly these poor people have worked for us. The men of the "Lorna Doone" almost finished to-day the covering of asbestos which is placed on the roofing boards. The windows—which were fitted at St. John's—are also in their place so the house looks almost ready for occupation. In this connection it is a source of much joy to us that the children of God have given us the means of starting this new station on satisfactory lines. The brethren have a dwelling in which they can live in comfort; while the fact of our having come here on a separate footing from the traders, places the Mission in a right light in the minds of the Eskimos. What is needed now is a proper vessel belonging to and controlled by the Mission. The cost of charter for a good ship must be costly. Personally I quite agree with Dr. Grenfell's plans and the practical scheme he suggests to solve the communication problem. He has purchased vessels, which not only carry supplies to his stations, but which are employed, when not needed for his own special work, in carrying freight, such as cod fish, lumber, etc., to Boston and other places, and thus the cost of upkeep is sometimes more than covered. Why should we not, therefore, adopt this sensible plan? Two thousand pounds will fully cover the cost of a vessel with motor engine included, and with proper accommodation to carry missionaries and their wives to Baffin Land. As the vessel would not be needed for the Arctic work till the middle of July, and would return again by the end of September, there would be time for her to make some trips with freight both before and after her return. As a matter of fact the "Lorna Doone"—the very vessel we chartered from Dr. Grenfell—arrived with freight from Boston just before we secured her, and is now away again doing good work for Dr. Grenfell's Mission.

Saturday, 4th.—Busy again with house. In the evening everything was put in order ready for service on the morrow. We feel that we cannot use this Arctic edifice in a better manner than for the service of God.

Sunday, 5th.—Another wonderful day. We left the vessel at about 10:30, but before we reached the shore we saw a goodly company of our friends moving on towards the house where, they knew, the meeting was to take place. Mr. Bilby again took the opening part of service, which consisted of the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, and some other parts of our Prayer Book. I then read from the fourteenth chapter of St. John's Gospel, and explained the meaning of the opening verses—particularly dwelling on the words—"I am the way, the truth, and the life." The same hearty spirit was shown as on the previous Sabbath, and not a few found, I hope, in the Saviour's words a means of comfort for their souls. In the afternoon another service was held in the house, which was again most encouraging and soul inspiring. In the evening a service was held for the white men which was very hearty. Mr. Bilby and Mr. Fleming read the lessons, and indeed, try to help me in every possible way.

Monday, 6th.—Busy lining the house. We all work with a will, and it is wonderful how much has been done.

"He Shall Teach You All Things"

Tuesday, 7th.—As the Eskimos were not employed, I went to visit the various tents, and to speak to the people individually. Certainly in all my experience amongst the Eskimos I have never noticed such signs of the Holy Spirit's power as is manifest amongst this people. True repentance has been wrought in not a few hearts, and their desire to know more of Christ, and to follow Him was most sincere. Some, with tears in their eyes, spoke of the Saviour's love, and one poor creature, who had recently lost her husband, mentioned most feelingly the comfort she had received by trusting in the Lord. Inquiring closely into the cause of these remarkable signs they told me that, through reading the Gospels and other books which they had received from the Eskimos, they had been led to see the need of repentance and a true faith in Christ. The Spirit of God had evidently taken of the things of Jesus and showed them to these weary souls. It was also remarkable what clear views they had of the true nature and work of the Holy Spirit. As I passed from tent to tent the same wonderful account cheered my heart, and truly thankful did I feel to God for such signs of His power and grace.

Wednesday, 8th.—A kind friend having written out in the syllabic character a number

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of short prayers in Eskimo, I again visited most of the tents, and gave them a prayer which they hung up in some conspicuous place. Having pointed out the need and nature of prayer, and the promise of Jesus to answer our prayers, I then dwelt upon His wonderful person and work. Hearty as ever were the responses made to my remarks, and greatly did I feel strengthened and encouraged. The stoves for the house being placed in position, Mr. Fleming and Mr. Bilby took up their quarters in their new abode. Both have worked hard to erect the building, and we also owe a deep debt of thanks to the men of the "Lorna Doone" who took the most difficult tasks in hand, and worked with a will.

Old Friends

Being myself on board the "Lorna Doone," and having some letters to write, I was occupied till nearly 11 p.m. I then went on deck. The night was calm. The Eskimos were holding a meeting on shore. Hymns were being sung and the sounds of many voices were borne across the waters. Thoughts of God's kindness and goodness both to myself and these people arose in my soul. Presently, during a pause in the singing, I heard the sound of oars, and soon out of the darkness a boat drew near. I then called out in Eskimo: "Nakit Pevese?" i.e., "Where do you come from?" Immediately I heard voices saying: "Is that he?" And soon our sturdy friends were elambering over the ship's side. Coming close to me and looking into my face, they said: "Truly it is he." Then grasping my hand they gave me a hearty welcome, and soon in the interchange of greetings I recognized some Eskimo who years ago had paid a visit to Blacklead Island. These poor creatures had, as I soon discovered, in nowise forgotten the truths they had heard, and one woman, in particular, was able to read remarkably well. Touching was it to see the manner in which she had kept a copy of the Gospels, and not only so, but she evidently knew the contents and could quote passages and confirm my statements by "the book said." It appears that one of the Eskimos from Lake Harbor had, while away hunting, met this party and having told them of our arrival they had left their camp, manned their boat, and after a long pull had reached the vessel at about 11 p.m. As the "Lorna Doone" had been ballasted with large stones ready for the return voyage, there was not much comfort under hatches, but they gladly took up their quarters in the hold, and there in the midst of stones and other strange things, we knelt down and offered up prayer and thanksgiving to God for His goodness and love to us.

Mr. Peck's Departure

Thursday, 5th.—Heard our friends amidst the stones on the move early in the morning, so I went to see them, and we had a little meeting together. Shortly after this the Captain came on board, the anchor was weighed, and we were soon on the move. Seeing nothing of the brethren, I took the Eskimo boat which had arrived the previous night, with some of the men for crew, and we pulled for the shore. The brethren, who had been wearied out with the hard work of the previous day, were surprised to see me, and to know that the vessel was actually sailing away. Commending each other to God in prayer they, with a large party of Eskimo, accompanied me to the beach. Here my hand was firmly grasped by many a warm-hearted Eskimo, and as I looked into the brave faces of Mr. Bilby and Mr. Fleming, I knew that the work, in their hands, through God's grace, would be prosecuted with all earnestness and vigour. Gladly would I have remained with them could either my dear wife or myself stand the strain of still more separation. The will of the Lord now seems to point in another direction. If I can help and support the younger men in the field, and increase interest in and support for the work, God may still design to use my life indirectly, but none the less surely, for the benefit of the Eskimos. Pushing off from the shore amidst touching words from those truly kind people, we pulled away vigorously to the ship. As the boat I used belonged to the Eskimo who had arrived last night, and as their camp was situated in a place which we would have to pass in moving out to sea, their boat was taken in tow and a lively conversation then took place regarding the truths of the Christian faith. I spoke to them of Christ's love, and gave them information regarding points they wished to know. Arriving at their camping place, they, with many kind words, left us, and we then stood out to sea. About noon a fair fresh breeze sprang up. All sails were set, and the vessel's course was set for Cape Chudleigh. On we moved at the rate of some eight miles an hour. Towards evening the wind became very strong, and as there was a nasty tide and sea running, the mainsail was stowed, and we let her drive before the wind under the foresail.

"Ask and Ye Shall Receive"

Friday, 10th.—About noon we sighted the Button Islands, which are situated some

miles to the north of Cape Chudleigh. The Captain, wishing to go close to Cape Chudleigh, and believing, as I also did, that the current would sweep us round the Cape, tried to go to the south of these islands. We found, however, a perfect chaotic succession of fearful "tide rips" rushing out of Ungava Bay, and in other directions, so we were finally driven down close to the Button Islands. Here, to make matters worse, the wind fell, and for a time we were in a critical condition. The rocks were close at hand and the surf was rolling over them. As prayer, at least in these northern wilds, becomes a reality, and we expect what we ask for, it will strengthen the faith of many to know that shortly after speaking to God, and supplicating His help, a breeze sprang up, and, just in time, swept us away into safer waters.

Saturday, 11th.—Shortly after midnight the wind veered round to the north east and began to blow. As this was accompanied with rain and mist we could not see the land. We knew, however, that we had got round the Button Islands and were somewhere on the Labrador coast. On we drove in a southerly direction, the wind increasing as we went on. Towards evening we had, on account of the violence of the wind, to "lay the vessel to." And now we passed through a trying time. Through the violence of the wind and the vessel's motions, it was positively dangerous to light a fire in the cabin. The wind was also bitter cold and a snow storm arose which swept over everything on deck. Although covered with a good supply of bed clothes, yet I could not keep warm, and the roar of the wind and sea was almost bewildering. Committing all to God, we had simply to let the vessel drive, but had we come in contact with ice our position would have been one of the greatest danger.

Sunday, 12th.—Almost a repetition of the previous night. Cold, wet and tossed about, I could only carry the vessel, its crew, the Eskimo, loved ones and others continually to God in prayer. To hold service for the men was impossible.

Monday, 13th.—Driven south at a rapid rate we hardly knew our correct position, but the Captain and men surmise we are somewhere about Cape Harrigan.

Tuesday, 14th.—To our delight we saw some fishing schooners which were sailing south. We also found out that we were close to Cape Harrison, which is over a hundred miles to the south of Cape Harrigan. Thus we have been driven over one hundred miles further south than we supposed.

Wednesday, 15th.—Wind being fair again, we moved on in grand style. The swell was very heavy after the late gale, but as this rolled up under our stern it only helped to drive us along. Towards evening we saw the Light House and Marconi Station at Indian Harbour, and to this place we steered. We were not, however, able to reach the inside of the harbour as the wind fell, so we anchored at about 10 p.m. in an outside position.

Wednesday, 15th.—As Doctor Grenfell has formed a station here we went on shore at about 8 a.m. Doctor Stewart, who is in charge of this medical centre, was away on a visit to some outlying places, but Mrs. Stewart,—a most brave and practical lady—received the Captain and myself in a most cordial manner. To our surprise we heard that Commander Peary had called here last Sunday week, with the news that he had discovered the North Pole. We were also informed that another competitor for this much sought spot—Doctor Cook—had also found the northern goal. Although we have the greatest admiration and respect for these brave men who try to throw light upon the Creator's handy work, yet to be a bearer of heavenly light to the souls of men seems to us an object of far greater importance. Applause from men, as a whole, we as missionaries do not gain, for not a few, sad to say, fail to grasp the true purposes of God towards the sons of men. The honour which cometh from God is the missionaries' reward—an honour, I need hardly say, which is beyond all earthly gain or fame.

Having been invited by Mrs. Stewart to tea, the Captain and myself spent a very pleasant evening with this hospitable lady. After tea Mrs. Stewart invited me to see some patients. Before I, however, spoke to these weary ones, Mrs. Stewart herself dressed their aching limbs, and did all she could for their comfort. Truly wonderful is the way God uses these devoted workers belonging to Doctor Grenfell's Mission. Isolated at times, but still going on with their work of love, and doing much for the bodies and souls of the fishermen, they are in truth bright and shining lights for the Lord.

Thursday, 16th.—Started at about 8 a.m. The wind was "crimp," which means that we had to sail very close to the wind to keep our course. Wind freshened so that the ship was literally driven through the sea. Towards evening the wind was more in our favour, so we moved on at a brisk rate.

Friday, 17th.—Wind during day was light and variable. We, however, worked on towards the Straits of Belle Isle.

Saturday, 18th—Arrived at St. Anthony at about 12 a.m. Doctor Little, who is now in charge here, and Mr. Webster, the business manager, soon came on board and received me in the kindest possible manner. I was invited on shore and am now writing these notes in Doctor Grenfell's study. And so God has kept me so far on the way, and I thank and praise Him for all His goodness both to myself and the brethren now far away in Baffin Land. Truly wonderful are the ways of our God. To Him be glory, and dominion for ever and ever. Amen.

From Saturday, 18th, to Monday, 27th, had to wait at St. Anthony till the mail boat arrived. But these were happy and profitable days. Kindness was shown to me on every hand. I had also several opportunities of visiting the patients in the hospital, and of becoming acquainted with Doctor Grenfell's willing and able agents. Doctor Little is loved for his genial spirit, and trusted by suffering ones for his wonderful skill. Miss Storr, who is in charge of the Orphanage, has a powerful influence over the little ones committed to her care; while Mrs. Webster—the kindly matron of the Guest House; Mr. Forbes, Miss Mac-Nair, Miss Kennedy and others, fill up the measure of life by their many kind deeds.

The steamer "Prospero" arriving on Monday. I bid farewell to these kind friends. The voyage south was one of much interest. Various fishing villages and towns were called at, where passengers were continually leaving or joining us. All was, therefore, life and change, while some of the places visited were charming for their natural beauty and situation.

St. John's, Newfoundland, was reached on the night of Friday, October 1st, from which port I pass on to Barrie, Ontario, where Mrs. Peck is now residing.

Pray Ye

In closing these records the fact must be plainly clear to all that God has abundantly answered prayer, and prayer, deep, wrestling prayer, is what we still need. Such prayer will, no doubt, be concentrated upon the noble brethren, Messrs. Greenshields, Bilby and Fleming, who now "hold the fort" for God in the Arctic wilds. We need prayer also that the work may be fully developed, and placed on sound working lines. To this end, as stated, a proper means of communication is absolutely necessary, and such will be given, we feel sure, in answer to the prayers of God's people.



"Blessed are they that sow beside all waters"

