

effected by Divine Grace. But I see you will soon be asleep, in spite of the best intentions. We'll talk out our three 'nots' at length on other Sunday evenings; and I think we agree so far."

"Yes, I follow you every step; but 'knots' they are,

and I don't see my way to the undoing of them a bit further than you have taken me."

"We've got over the worst: the rest you will do as much as I towards thinking out, and very interesting. We shall find it."
CHARLOTTE M. MASON.

CHRISTIAN WORK AMONG THE ESKIMOS.

BY THE RIGHT REV. JOHN HORDEN, D.D., BISHOP OF MOOSONEE.



ESKIMO FINISHING HIS SNOW HOUSE.
(From a Drawing by A. DICKSON PATTERSON, R.C.A.)



FIVE hundred miles north-east of Moose Factory, the London of Hudson's Bay, and which lies a few miles up the great Moose River, we first meet with the Eskimos, a deeply interesting people, and among whom I have a most excellent missionary labouring — the Rev. E. J. Peck, who has made

himself thorough master of their difficult language, and who is devoted to them with an intense love. And much they needed a loving and energetic pastor, for they were steeped in wickedness of every kind; a gentleman who was long a resident trader among them told me that there was scarcely one among them whose hands had not been imbrued in a brother's blood.

In one of my northern journeys, being in a canoe with some Cree Indians, we came upon a blind Eskimo, who was in difficulty with his nets, which had become much disordered by a recent

storm. We set them right for him, gave him a quantity of provisions, and then went on our way. In a subsequent journey I made inquiries respecting this man, and a terrible tale was told me. He and his wife were reduced almost to starvation, when they were taken under the protection of another Eskimo; they rewarded his kindness by murdering him, that they might become possessed of his few earthly goods. News of what they had done soon reached the ears of a relative of the murdered man, and he instantly vowed vengeance. He came to the station of Little Whale River, and told his tale, saying that he should have no rest until he had avenged his friend's death. The humane trader of the post strongly endeavoured to divert him from his purpose, and thought he had succeeded. The Eskimo left, and did not return to the station for about two months, and his first exclamation on seeing the trader was, "I have done it! I have done it!"—"What have you done?" asked the trader.—"I have killed both of them," replied he. "But I thought," said the trader, "you were going to leave the matter



ESKIMO MOTHER AND CHILD.

(From a Drawing by A. DICKSON PATTERSON, R.C.A.)

in God's hands?" "And so I had intended," replied he; "but it could not be. I was haunted day and night, and I felt that I should get no rest until I

had destroyed the murderers. I arose and went in search of them. I found them, and instantly speared the man. The woman ran off at her utmost speed. I soon overtook her, and raised my spear with the intention of despatching her. She begged piteously for her life, and for a moment I relented; but it was only for a moment; the thought of my comrade steeled my heart against her, and I thrust her through likewise. Now I have nothing to trouble me; appetite and sleep have returned, for my friend's blood has been avenged."

Mr. Peck has been among the Eskimos for many years; hardship daunts him not; danger is his frequent companion; and his superior is not to be found in the mission field. He is always at work, and is as content to sleep in the *igloo* or snow house, surrounded by his somewhat odoriferous flock, as in his own comfortable bed at Fort George, if by that means he can speak a word for his Master, or cause an extra ray of light to shine in the hearts of those committed to his care. He has translated several books, which are now in the hands of his people; and he has some young Eskimos under training who, I trust, will eventually become ministers to their brethren.

Among our Eskimo friends two have stood out very prominently, and my disappointment was great that they were not allowed to labour longer for the good of their fellow-countrymen. They were both baptised by me, one receiving my own name (John Horden), the other that of Timothy—his Eskimo name being Komuk (the Great Worm). The former was a young man of great promise, and was married to an equally good young woman. They lived at the Hudson's Bay Company's establishment at Little Whale River, where their means of usefulness were very extensive, as they saw and instructed every Eskimo who came to the place for the purpose of trade. The man was a great favourite among the Europeans of the post, who all respected him for the



WATCHING A SEAL HOLE.

(From a Drawing by A. DICKSON PATTERSON, R.C.A.)



AN ESKIMO WOMAN.

(Drawn by A. DICKSON PATTERSON, R.C.A.)

amiability of his temper and the consistency of his life, but in one year both he and his wife died.

Timothy Komuk was the strongest Eskimo I have ever met. He was thoroughly good-tempered, and one day, being insulted by an Indian, he simply took him up and laid him gently on the ground, showing him what he might have done had he felt inclined to resent the injury. He received the Gospel readily, quickly acquired the power of reading and writing, and was indefatigable in committing his one book (consisting of a catechism of the Christian faith, a few hymns, prayers, and texts of Scripture) to memory. He was a hunter, and wandered far and wide in search of food and furs. On one occasion he was two months on one comparatively small field of ice, drifting hither and thither according to the direction of wind and tide. My readers might think that his destruction was inevitable; he, however, felt quite comfortable; he made his snow house, and then patiently awaited the arrival of seals. He secured sufficient for the support of his wife and family, until, carried by wind towards land, he was enabled once more to make his way to the trading-post, where he interested all by the narration of his adventures. He constantly visited all the *igloes* in his neighbourhood, and with book in hand exhorted their inmates to accept the religion he had found so profitable for himself. Many rejected his proposals, but not a few listened to his instructions. Sickness, I thought, would scarcely touch him; he would for years be able to carry on his useful work; but God had ordered otherwise. He was attacked by that great enemy of both Indian and Eskimo, consumption, and after lingering for a time he was called home. His faith never wavered, and he died in peace.

Neither should I forget to mention the aged Melukto. He received the Gospel on my very first visit to Little Whale River, now more than thirty years

ago, and ever since he has been most untiring in his exertions for the good of his fellow-Eskimos. He must now be quite eighty years of age, lame, and almost blind; but he rejoices in believing that Christ is his Saviour, and will deem the day a happy one which terminates his earthly pilgrimage.

On the north-western side of the bay, at Fort Churchill, I have likewise an excellent labourer at work, the Rev. J. Lofthouse, who has also made himself familiar with the Eskimo language. The natives of this quarter are not so much addicted to murder as those on the north-east coast, but are some of the most arrant thieves in existence. In the beginning of 1880 I spent two months at Churchill, travelling there from York Fort by means of dogs and sledge. The arrival of a body of Eskimos was always announced by two or three runners who preceded their companions by about a day. As soon as they arrived, everyone belonging to the establishment was summoned to keep watch, lest anything should be stolen.

A large band came in one day, and it was not long before they were with me. They were loud in their protestations of honesty, declared they had never stolen anything, that the thievish Eskimos belonged to another tribe, and begged that they might not be kept shut up at night during their stay at the fort. Some of them showed a great desire to receive instruction, and during their short sojourn made considerable progress in learning to read, as well as in committing some texts of Scripture to memory. Well, one morning they were astir very early, their dogs were harnessed, the sledges were loaded, and the whole body set off. From the vigilant watch kept, it was thought nothing could have been taken; but by-and-by it was discovered that a few at least were both clever and dishonest, for they had during the night got upon the roof of the trading



AN ESKIMO.

(Drawn by A. DICKSON PATTERSON, R.C.A.)

room, which was covered with lead, and had cut off a large piece of it, which they had carried away with them, intending therewith to make bullets for their guns. Let us hope that in a few years Christianity may be to these long, long neglected aborigines a living power, transforming them more and more into the image of Christ.

As soon as I have the means placed at my disposal (and for it I require about three thousand pounds), I intend to establish another mission among the Eskimo at Ungava Bay, at the entrance of the Hudson's Straits, where the poor creatures would hail with joy the residence of a man of God among them. The man is forthcoming, one suitable in every respect, who has already spent two years among Eskimo tribes in the Hudson's Straits in the service

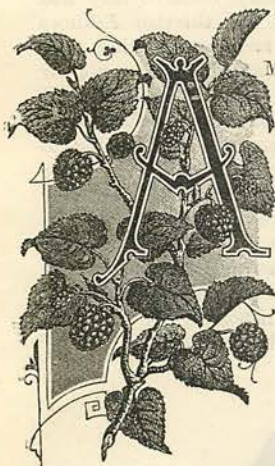
of the Canadian Government, and who longs to be once more doing his best to enlighten those children of the North who are yet lying in the region and shadow of death.

I may mention that "Eskimo" is not a name these people have given to themselves; it is a nickname from their formerly deadly enemies the Indians, and means a raw-flesh eater; their own name is "Innuït," "the people;" their idea being that God made the rest of the world by way of experiment, and then, as His work of perfection, He created "Innuït." It is just as well, perhaps, that we Englishmen should see that other peoples, as well as ourselves, claim to be the superior part of God's creation. It is, of course, very impertinent of them to indulge in such ideas, but so it is.



SOME EVERY-DAY THOUGHTS.

BY E. C. RICKARDS, AUTHOR OF "HERE AND HEREAFTER."



THE FIEND OF THE MAGNIFYING-GLASS.

AMONGST our tormentors is a teasing little fiend, who goes about with a magnifying-glass in his pocket. His great delight is to take it out—especially if he observes that we are at all out of sorts—and hold it between our eyes and some little sore spot in our minds. If it is no larger than a pin's prick, his glass will make it look big enough to cover the whole range of our vision. When he thinks he has teased us enough, he pockets his

magnifying-glass again; leaving us to wonder, when next we look for the little spot, how our eyes could ever have been sharp enough to notice anything so small.

UNISON AND HARMONY.

To hear the members of a circle perpetually re-echo the same opinions is as wearisome as to listen to tunes always sung in unison. Variety is needed in thought, as in music, to give the charm of harmony.

OFFER OF APOLOGY.

To allow our pride to make the occasion of an apology the opportunity of a fresh offence, is to take away with the left hand what we give with the right.

LOVE OF COMBAT.

How fully and how wisely does Christianity respond to the combative instinct that is so strong in some people!

"Behold!" it exclaims, "the battle set in array against you—a combat worthy of your ambition!

Here are the forces of the World, the Flesh, and the Devil! In the power of the Divine Majesty attack and conquer them."

THE WORD OF GOD.

What a simple thing, in the thought of a child, is a daisy!

To the mind of a thoughtful man what wonders are contained in that tiny plant! How delicate, how elaborate is its construction; how beautiful the harmony of the laws by which its existence is maintained; how inexplicable the mysterious principle of life, without which the laws would be useless!

So is it with the Word of God. How many of the truths it contains the simple mind of a child is able to receive!

Yet the mature and thoughtful man finds in it ever newer and profounder depths of truth, traces therein fresh proofs of the working of the Hand of God, new signs of that mystery of its Life, breathed into it by the Holy Spirit.

WASTE OF TIME.

How many people would feel aggrieved if they were told that in future each day, for them, would be shortened by two or three hours. Yet how continually do they recklessly throw away as much and more time every day of their lives, as if for them it were without value!

STANDARD OF DEATH.

Grateful may we well be to Death, that at least for a time he forces upon our view the true standard by which to measure our earthly aims and ambitions. How incessantly have poets, philosophers, theologians, insisted upon their insignificance, and we could not realise it; but lo! Death enters, and compels us to see them in their littleness. Alas! that they should so soon again fill up the foreground as to conceal the larger distance; but at least Death forces their insignificance for a time upon our view.