

that of a well known fur trader; and, of course, we resolved on making connection, and for that purpose commenced rowing as vigorously as ever we could; the party in charge was, however, pleased to treat our kindly intention with contempt, and instead of stopping his boat, pushed on, as it appeared to us, all the harder. I expect we lost nothing. In justice to all the gentlemen this side the Rocky Mountains I may as well state that the party referred to comes from the other side of the Rockies.

At Keg River we landed for a few minutes and had the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Bottle and her children. Here we had some friendly, and I trust, beneficial conversation. Mrs. Moses Bottle willingly accepted one of my Sunday Almanacks.

Further down stream we met Mr. McKenzie, just retiring from the Hudson Bay Company's service, and on his way up to Peace River Landing, in the vicinity of which promising place, he intends to engage in farming. His manners seemed none the worse for his fur-trading, and, in pleasing contrast to the party referred to above, he stopped his boat as soon as he had caught sight of us, and we had a general hand-shaking, and an interchange of kindly inquiry and good news, a proper custom on the part of travellers who meet in this large lone land.

On the evening of July 5th we sighted Fort Vermilion; and as we approached, the banks were gradually fringed with spectators, among whom we soon recognized the Bishop (Bishop Young) and Mr. Trail, the officer in charge of the Company's post. We landed here, and after partaking of Mr. Trail's hospitality, went on to the Mission.

I found my old house at Unjaga pretty well renovated; and I hope Mr. Scott may by his improvements, succeed in making himself as comfortable, as he and Mrs. Scott made us during our stay.

Vermilion, which has always been an important trading-post begins to assume the appearance of a farming settlement; and its several groups of houses, standing on the river banks and pleasantly arresting the travellers notice, bear legible signs of energy, and aptitude in making the best of the surroundings: The Vermilionians evidently aimed at constructing themselves neat and comfortable abodes, and succeeded in doing so, without showing any vaulting ambition for architectural effect.

Among the new features that arrested my attention in the Unjaga Mission group of houses, was the Bishop's Palace, standing between Mr. Scott's place and the cathedral. It is a neat but unpretentious building. It is also solid, though built of spruce, and given to hospitality, though far from finished. The main point is to know that the occupants are satisfied, and given to making others satisfied.

Of our proceedings at Synod, I beg to say that a printed report may be looked for, so that here, more than a passing notice is unnecessary.

The Cathedral service, usual and proper, preceded actual business, and was in this instance so arranged that each ordained missionary should do his share in officiating; and I trust that we all remembered that to officiate properly is one thing, to worship God in spirit and in truth, another. After service we repaired to the Bishop's, where about twenty guests sat down to a lordly repast; and then we returned to the Cathedral, and the business of the Synod commenced. A Report of the proceedings has been published.

On Sunday, at morning service, Mr. Holmes was admitted to priest's orders. An excellent sermon was preached to us by the Ven. Archdeacon Reeve, who proved conclusively from scripture that there *were* originally three orders of clergy; but I think he forgot to inform us as to when it was first found necessary to have Archdeacons. I would just mention in passing that the Archdeacon was before any of us as a laborer in the Diocese of Athabasca as formerly constituted; that he is local secretary for the C. M. S.; missionary in charge at Lake Athabasca, teacher of a good school there; and, that, with it all, he has the grace to be "umble."

Of all our sayings and doings at Vermilion, the best to my mind, took place on Sunday afternoon, when we all met in the Cathedral for a genuine missionary meeting. There, in simple language, we related our experiences in the mission field. There we united in invoking the blessing of God upon our future efforts in the work of the Gospel. The service was one well fitted to unite us and warm us up to our work; to strengthen our faith, cheer our hearts, and widen our sympathies; and I expect we each came away from there saying,—"Now I'll go back and work harder than ever."

We commenced our homeward journey on Wednesday, July 11th, but the day was so rainy, that by the time we had reached the Hudson Bay post, we were thankful to accept Mr. Trail's kind invitation to spend the night there. It was a genuine pleasure to do so after what I had seen of Mr. Trail both at church and synod. It is most encouraging to the missionary to find one in Mr. Trail's position so sincerely desirous of promoting the spiritual welfare of the Indians and other natives of the country.

Next afternoon we took leave of our worthy host and hostess, and resumed our journey. We travelled in two dug-outs, of which the smaller one was navigated by Mr. Holmes and one man, and the larger one, containing family and outfit, by myself and two men. Our first night's encampment was at Mr. H. Lawrence's ranch, where again we were further fortified against the hardships of the way by a right kind reception. Mr. Lawrence is an enthusiastic farmer, and we heartily wish him and his good wife all success in their brave venture.

Early next morning we commenced our journey in real earnest. We propelled our dug-outs by means of paddle, pole or tow-line; but take it whichever way we pleased a liberal application of